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Elegant Extracts:

OR,

useful and entertaining

PASSAGES in PROSE,

Selected for the Improvement

of Young Persons:

being similar in Design to

ELEGANT EXTRACTS in POETRY.

Studio Fallente Laborem. *Hor.*

LONDON:

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ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE SEVENTH AND LAST EDITION.

THERE cannot be a doubt but that a Book, like this, purpoſely adapted to the uſe of young perſons of both ſexes, copious beyond former examples, ſingularly various in its contents, ſelected from writers whoſe characters are eſtabliſhed without controverſy, abounding with entertainment and uſeful information, inculcating the pureſt principles of morality and religion, and diſplaying excellent models of ſtyle and language, muſt effectually contribute to the improvement of the RISING GENERATION *in knowledge, taſte, and virtue. The Public have, indeed, already felt and acknowledged by the leaſt fallible proof, their general reception of it, its great utility. It has been adopted in all the moſt reſpectable places of education, and has ſown the ſeeds of excellence, which may one day arrive at maturity, and add to the happineſs both of the community and of human nature.*

What ENGLISH *book ſimilar to this volume, calculated entirely for the uſe of young ſtudents at ſchools, and under private tuition, was to be found in the days of our fathers? None certainly. The conſequence was, that the* ENGLISH PART *of education (to many the moſt important part) was defective even in places moſt celebrated for claſſic diſcipline; and boys were often enabled to read Latin perfectly, and write it tolerably, who, from the diſuſe, or the want of models for practice, were* wretchedly qualified to do either in their native language. *From this unhappy circumſtance, claſſical education was brought into ſome degree of diſgrace; and prepoſterous it certainly was, to ſtudy during many of the beſt years of life, foreign and dead languages, with the moſt ſcrupulous accuracy, and at the ſame time entirely to neglect that mother tongue, which is in daily and hourly requiſition; to be well read in* TULLY, *and a total ſtranger to* ADDISON; *to have* HOMER *and* HORACE *by heart, and to know little more than the names of* MILTON *and* POPE.

Claſſical learning, thus defective in a point ſo obvious to detection, incurred the imputation of pedantry. It was obſerved to aſſume great pride, the important air of ſuperiority, without diſplaying, to the common obſerver, any juſt pretenſions to it. It even appeared with marks of inferiority, when brought into occaſional colliſion with well-informed underſtandings cultivated by Engliſh literature alone, but greatly proficient in the ſchool of experience. Perſons who had never drunk at the claſſic fountains, but had been confined in their education to Engliſh, triumphed over the ſcholar; and learning often hid her head in confuſion, when pointed at as pedantry *by the finger of a* DUNCE.

It became highly expedient therefore to introduce more of Engliſh reading into our claſſical ſchools; that thoſe who went out into the world with their coffers richly ſtored with the golden medals of antiquity, might at the ſame time be furniſhed with a ſufficiency of current coin from the modern mint, for the commerce of common life: but there was no ſchool book, *copious and various enough, calculated entirely for this purpoſe. The Grecian and Roman Hiſtory, the Spectators, and Plutarch's Lives, were indeed ſometimes introduced, and certainly with great advantage. But ſtill, an* uniformity of Engliſh books *in ſchools, was a deſideratum. It was deſirable that* all the ſtudents of the ſame claſs, *provided with copies of the ſame book, containing the proper variety, might be enabled to read it together, and thus benefit each other by the emulous ſtudy of the ſame ſubject or compoſition, at the ſame time, and under the eye of their common maſter.*

For this important purpoſe, the large collections entitled "ELEGANT EXTRACTS," *both in Proſe and Verſe, were* projected *and completed by the preſent Editor. Their reception is the fulleſt teſtimony in favour both of the deſign and its execution.*

The labour of a Compiler of a book like this is indeed humble; but his beneficial influence is extenſive; and he feels a pride and pleaſure in the reflection that in this inſtance he has been ſerving his country moſt effectually, without ſacrificing either to avarice or to vanity. The renown attending public ſervices, is indeed ſeldom proportioned to their utility. Glitter is not always the moſt brilliant on the ſurface of the moſt valuable ſubſtance. The loadſtone is plain and unattractive in its appearance, while the paſte on the finger of the beau ſparkles with envied luſtre. The ſpade, the plough, the ſhuttle, have no ornament beſtowed on them, while the ſword is decorated with ribbands, gold,

and

and ivory. Yet REASON, *undazzled in her deciſions, dares to pronounce, while ſhe holds the ſcales, that the* USEFUL, *though little praiſed, preponderates; and that the ſhewy and unſubſtantial kicks the beam of the balance, while it attracts the eye of inconſiderate admiration.*

Things intrinſically good and valuable have indeed the advantage of ſecuring permanent eſteem, though they may loſe the eclat *of temporary applauſe. They carry with them to the cloſet their own letters of recommendation. And as this volume confidently claims the character of good and valuable, it wants not the paſſport of praiſe. Every page ſpeaks in its own favour, in the modeſt language of merit, which has no occaſion to boaſt, though it cannot renounce its right to juſt eſteem. The moſt valuable woods uſed in the fine cabinet work of the artiſan, require neither paint nor varniſh, but appear beautiful in their own veins and colours variegated by nature.*

As it is likely that the ſtudent who reads this volume of Proſe with pleaſure, may alſo poſſeſs a taſte for POETRY, *it is right to mention in this place, that there is publiſhed by the ſame Proprietors, a volume of* Poetry, *ſimilar in ſize and form; and as he may alſo wiſh to improve himſelf in the very uſeful art of* Letter-Writing, *that there is alſo provided a moſt copious volume of Letters from the beſt authors, under the title of* ELEGANT EPISTLES.

This whole Set of Extracts, *more copious, more convenient in its form, and valuable in its materials, than any which have preceded it, certainly conduces, in a very high degree, to that great* national object, *the* PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, *to promote which has been the primary object of the compiler.*

MARCH 1, 1797.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS book derives its origin from a wiſh expreſſed by perſons who have the conduct of ſchools, that ſuch a compilation might be publiſhed, as by means of a full page, and a ſmall, yet very legible type, might contain, in one volume, a little Engliſh library for young people who are in the courſe of their education. A common-ſized volume, it was found, was ſoon peruſed, and laid aſide for want of novelty; but to ſupply a large ſchool with a great variety, and conſtant ſucceſſion of Engliſh books, is too expenſive and inconvenient to be generally practicable; ſuch a quantity of matter is therefore collected in this volume as muſt of neceſſity fill up a good deal of time, and furniſh a great number of new ideas before it can be read to ſatiety, or entirely exhauſted. It may therefore very properly conſtitute, what it was intended to be, a Library for Learners, from the age of nine or ten to the age at which they leave their ſchool: at the ſame time it is evident, upon inſpection, that it abounds with ſuch extracts as may be read by them at any age with pleaſure and improvement. Though it is chiefly and primarily adapted to ſcholars at ſchool; yet it is certain, that all readers may find it an agreeable companion, and particularly proper to fill up ſhort intervals of accidental leiſure.

As to the Authors from whom the extracts are made, they are thoſe whoſe characters want no recommendation. The Spectators, Guardians, and Tatlers, have been often gleaned for the purpoſe of ſelections; but to have omitted them, in a work like this, for that reaſon, would have been like rejecting the pureſt coin of the fulleſt weight, becauſe it is not quite freſh from the mint, but has been long in circulation. It ought to be remembered, that though the writings of Addiſon and his coadjutors may no longer have the grace of novelty in the eyes of veteran readers, yet they will always be new to a riſing generation.

The greater part of this book, however, conſiſts of extracts from more modern books, and from ſome which have not yet been uſed for the purpoſe of ſelections. It is to be preſumed that living authors will not be diſpleaſed that uſeful and elegant paſſages have been borrowed of them for this book; ſince if they ſincerely meant, as they profeſs, to reform and improve the age, they muſt be convinced, that to place their moſt ſalutary admonitions and ſentences in the hands of young perſons, is to contribute moſt effectually to the accompliſhment of their benevolent deſign. The books themſelves at large do not in general fall into the hands of ſchool-boys; they are often too voluminous, too large, and too expenſive for general adoption; they are ſoon torn and diſfigured by the rough treatment which they uſually meet with in a great ſchool; and, indeed, whatever be the cauſe of it, they ſeldom are, or can be conveniently introduced; and therefore EXTRACTS are highly expedient, or rather abſolutely neceſſary.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE approbation with which the firſt edition of this book has been received by the Public, has operated as an encouragement to improve it. It has been judged proper to change the form and ſize from a *duodecimo* to an *octavo*; not only for the ſake of giving it a more agreeable appearance, but alſo of adding to the quantity and variety of the contents. Some extracts have indeed been omitted, to make room for new matter; but the additions, upon the whole, are very conſiderable.

The utility of the collection is obvious. It is calculated for claſſical ſchools, and for thoſe in which Engliſh only is taught. Young perſons cannot read a book, containing ſo much matter, without acquiring a great improvement in the Engliſh Language; together with ideas on many pleaſing ſubjects of Taſte and Literature; and, which is of much higher importance, they will imbibe, with an increaſe of knowledge, the pureſt principles of Virtue and Religion.

The book may be employed in various methods for the uſe of learners, according to the judgment of various inſtructors. The pupils may not only read it in private, or in the ſchool at ſtated times, but write out paragraphs in their copy books; commit paſſages to memory, and endeavour to recite them with the proper action and pronunciation, for the improvement of their powers of utterance. With reſpect to the Art of ſpeaking, an excellence in it certainly depends more on practice, under the ſuperintendance of a maſter, than on written precepts; and this book profeſſes to offer *matter for practice*, rather than ſyſtematic inſtructions, which may be more advantageouſly given in a rhetorical treatiſe or *viva voce*. To learn the practical part of ſpeaking, or the art of managing the voice and geſture, by written rules alone, is like learning to play upon a muſical inſtrument, with the bare aſſiſtance of a book of directions without a maſter.

The books from which theſe Extracts are taken, are fit for the young readers libraries, and may be made the companions of their lives; while the preſent compilation offers itſelf only as an humble companion at ſchool. In the character of a companion, it has a great deal to ſay to them; and will probably improve in the power of affording pleaſure and inſtruction, the more its acquaintance is cultivated.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH EDITIONS.

A DESIRE to render this Book ſingularly uſeful, and to deſerve a continuance of that approbation with which it has been already received, has induced the Editor to enlarge and improve it in the preſent, as well as in every preceding edition.

To the firſt book a great variety of moral and religious extracts has been added, with a deſign to furniſh a ſalutary employment for ſchools and families on a day which affords peculiar leiſure. In the ſubſequent books have been inſerted Orations, Characters, entertaining Eſſays on men and manners, pleaſing paſſages on Natural Hiſtory, a collection of old Proverbs, and other pieces, conducive to the prime purpoſe of uniting the uſeful with the agreeable.

The volume thus improved, together with the enlarged edition of ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN VERSE, will, it is hoped, be highly agreeable to young perſons in their vacant hours, as well as uſeful to them in the claſſes of a ſchool, and under the tuition of a preceptor.

As the book unavoidably became large by ſucceſſive additions, it was judged proper to inſert a Title Page and ornamental Deſign, nearly in the middle, that it may be optional to the purchaſer to bind the Collection either in one, or in two volumes, as may beſt correſpond with his own ideas of convenience.

INTRODUCTION.

ON

PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

FROM DR. BLAIR's LECTURES.

I.

HOW much ſtreſs was laid upon Pronunciation, or Delivery, by the moſt eloquent of all orators, Demoſthenes, appears from a noted ſaying of his, related both by Cicero and Quinctilian; when being aſked, What was the firſt point in oratory? he anſwered, Delivery; and being aſked, What was the ſecond? and afterwards, What was the third? he ſtill anſwered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he ſhould have rated this ſo high, and that for improving himſelf in it, he ſhould have employed thoſe aſſiduous and painful labours, which all the Ancients take ſo much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To ſuperficial thinkers, the management of the voice and geſture, in public ſpeaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the caſe. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public ſpeaking, Perſuaſion; and therefore deſerves the ſtudy of the moſt grave and ſerious ſpeakers, as much as of thoſe, whoſe only aim it is to pleaſe.

For, let it be conſidered, whenever we addreſs ourſelves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make ſome impreſſion on thoſe to whom we ſpeak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and geſtures, interpret our ideas and emotions no leſs than words do; nay, the impreſſion they make on others, is frequently much ſtronger than any that words can make. We often ſee that an expreſſive look, or a paſſionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouſes within them ſtronger paſſions, than can be communicated by the moſt eloquent diſcourſe. The ſignification of our ſentiments, made by tones and geſtures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is underſtood by all; whereas words are only arbitrary, conventional ſymbols of our ideas; and, by conſequence, muſt make a more feeble impreſſion. So true is this, that, to render words fully ſignificant, they muſt, almoſt in every caſe, receive ſome aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery, and he who, in ſpeaking, ſhould employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indiſtinct impreſſion, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, ſo cloſe is the connection between certain ſentiments, and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never perſuade us, that he believes, or feels, the ſentiments themſelves. His delivery may be ſuch, as to give the lye to all that he aſſerts. When Marcus Callidius accuſed one of an attempt to poiſon him, but enforced his accuſation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earneſtneſs of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accuſed perſon, improved this into an argument of the falſity of the charge, "An "tu, M. Callidi niſi fingeres, ſic ageres?"

In Shakeſpear's Richard II. the Dutcheſs of York thus impeaches the ſincerity of her huſband:

> Pleads he in earneſt?—Look upon his face,
> His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jeſt;
> His words come from his mouth; ours, from our breaſt:
> He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
> We pray with heart and ſoul.

But, I believe it is needleſs to ſay any more, in order to ſhew the high importance of a good Delivery. I proceed, therefore, to ſuch obſervations as appear to me moſt uſeful to be made on this head.

The great objects which every public ſpeaker will naturally have in his eye in forming his Delivery, are, firſt, to ſpeak ſo as to be fully and eaſily underſtood by all who hear him; and next, to ſpeak with grace and force, ſo as to pleaſe and to move his audience. Let us conſider what is moſt important with reſpect to each of theſe *.

In order to be fully and eaſily underſtood, the four chief requiſites are, A due degree of loudneſs of voice; Diſtinctneſs; Slowneſs; and, Propriety of Pronunciation.

The firſt attention of every public ſpeaker, doubtleſs, muſt be, to make himſelf be heard by all thoſe to whom he ſpeaks. He muſt endeavour to fill with his voice the ſpace occupied by the aſſembly. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is ſo in a good meaſure; but, however, may receive conſiderable aſſiſtance from art. Much depends for this purpoſe on the proper pitch, and management of the voice. Every man has three pitches in his voice; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uſes in calling aloud to ſome one at a diſtance. The low is, when he approaches to a whiſper. The middle is, that which he employs in common converſation, and which he ſhould generally uſe in public diſcourſe. For it is a great miſtake, to imagine that one muſt take the higheſt pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard by a great aſſembly. This is confounding two things which are different, loudneſs, or ſtrength of ſound, with the key, or note on which we ſpeak. A ſpeaker may render his voice louder, without altering the key; and we ſhall always be able to give moſt body, moſt perſevering force of ſound, to that pitch of voice, to which in converſation we are accuſtomed. Whereas, by ſetting out on our higheſt pitch or key, we certainly allow ourſelves leſs compaſs, and are likely to ſtrain our voice before we have done. We ſhall fatigue ourſelves, and ſpeak with pain; and whenever a man ſpeaks with pain to himſelf, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Give the voice therefore full ſtrength and ſwell of ſound; but always pitch it on your ordinary ſpeaking key. Make it a conſtant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than you can afford without pain to yourſelves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as you keep within theſe bounds, the other organs of ſpeech will be at liberty to diſcharge their ſeveral offices with eaſe; and you will always have your voice under command. But whenever you tranſgreſs theſe bounds, you give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is an uſeful rule too, in order to be well heard, to fix our eye on ſome of the moſt diſtant perſons in the aſſembly, and to conſider ourſelves as ſpeaking to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with ſuch a degree of ſtrength, as to make ourſelves be heard by one to whom we addreſs ourſelves, provided he be within the reach of our voice. As this is the caſe in common converſation, it will hold alſo in public ſpeaking. But remember, that in public as well as in converſation, it is poſſible to offend by ſpeaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indiſtinct maſſes; beſides its giving the ſpeaker the diſagreeable appearance of one who endeavours to compel aſſent, by mere vehemence and force of ſound.

In the next place, to being well heard, and clearly underſtood, diſtinctneſs of articulation contributes more, than mere loudneſs of ſound. The quantity of ſound neceſſary to fill even a large ſpace, is ſmaller than is commonly imagined; and with diſtinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the ſtrongeſt voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every public ſpeaker ought to pay great attention. He muſt give every ſound which he utters its due proportion, and make every ſyllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces,

* On this whole ſubject, Mr. Sheridan's Lectures on Elocution are very worthy of being conſulted; and ſeveral hints are here taken from them.

be heard diſtinctly; without ſlurring, whiſpering, or ſuppreſſing any of the proper ſounds.

In the third place, in order to articulate diſtinctly, moderation is requiſite with regard to the ſpeed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of ſpeech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. I need ſcarcely obſerve, that there may be alſo an extreme on the oppoſite ſide. It is obvious, that a lifeleſs, drawling pronunciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the ſpeaker, muſt render every diſcourſe inſipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of ſpeaking too faſt is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded againſt, becauſe, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of ſlowneſs, and with full and clear articulation, is the firſt thing to be ſtudied by all who begin to ſpeak in public; and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to their diſcourſe. It is a great aſſiſtance to the voice, by the pauſes and reſts which it allows it more eaſily to make; and it enables the ſpeaker to ſwell all his ſounds, both with more force and more muſic. It aſſiſts him alſo in preſerving a due command of himſelf; whereas a rapid and hurried manner, is apt to excite that flutter of ſpirits, which is the greateſt enemy to all right execution in the way of oratory. "Promptum ſit os," ſays Quinctilian, "non præceps, moderatum, non lentum."

After theſe fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to diſtinct articulation, and to a proper degree of ſlowneſs of ſpeech, what a public ſpeaker muſt, in the fourth place, ſtudy, is Propriety of Pronunciation; or the giving to every word, which he utters, that ſound, which the moſt polite uſage of the language appropriates to it; in oppoſition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requiſite, both for ſpeaking intelligibly, and for ſpeaking with grace or beauty. Inſtructions concerning this article, can be given by the living voice only. But there is one obſervation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the Engliſh language, every word which conſiſts of more ſyllables than one, has one accented ſyllable. The accent reſts ſometimes on the vowel, ſometimes on the conſonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented ſyllable in any Engliſh word, however long; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that ſyllable by a ſtronger percuſſion, and to paſs more ſlightly over the reſt. Now, after we have learned the proper ſeats of theſe accents, it is an important rule, to give every word juſt the ſame accent in public ſpeaking, as in common diſcourſe. Many perſons err in this reſpect. When they ſpeak in public, and with ſolemnity, they pronounce the ſyllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the ſame word; from a miſtaken notion, that it gives gravity and force to their diſcourſe, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. Whereas, this is one of the greateſt faults that can be committed in pronunciation; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affected air to ſpeech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableneſs, and its impreſſion.

I proceed to treat next of thoſe higher parts of Delivery, by ſtudying which, a ſpeaker has ſomething farther in view than merely to render himſelf intelligible, and ſeeks to give grace and force to what he utters. Theſe may be compriſed under four heads, Emphaſis, Pauſes, Tones, and Geſtures. Let me only premiſe in general, to what I am to ſay concerning them, that attention to theſe articles of Delivery, is by no means to be confined, as ſome might be apt to imagine, to the more elaborate and pathetic parts of a diſcourſe; there is, perhaps, as great attention requiſite, and as much ſkill diſplayed, in adapting emphaſes, pauſes, tones, and geſtures, properly, to calm and plain ſpeaking: and the effect of a juſt and graceful delivery will, in every part of a ſubject, be found of high importance for commanding attention, and enforcing what is ſpoken.

Firſt, let us conſider Emphaſis; by this is meant a ſtronger and fuller ſound of voice, by which we diſtinguiſh the accented ſyllable of ſome word, on which we deſign to lay particular ſtreſs, and to ſhow how it affects the reſt of the ſentence. Sometimes the emphatic word muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a ſtronger accent. On the right management of the emphaſis, depends the whole life and ſpirit of every diſcourſe. If no emphaſis be placed on any words, not only is diſcourſe rendered heavy and lifeleſs, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphaſis be placed wrong,

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we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To give a common inſtance; ſuch a ſimple queſtion as this: "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphaſis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do *you* ride to town to-day? the anſwer may naturally be, No; I ſend *my ſervant* in my ſtead. If thus; Do you *ride* to town to-day? Anſwer, No: I intend to *walk*. Do you ride *to town* to-day? No; I ride out into *the fields*. Do you ride to town *to-day?* No; but I ſhall *to-morrow*. In like manner, in ſolemn diſcourſe, the whole force and beauty of an expreſſion often depend on the accented word; and we may preſent to the hearers quite different views of the ſame ſentiment, by placing the emphaſis differently, In the following words of our Saviour, obſerve in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, betrayeſt thou the Son of Man with a kiſs?" *Betrayeſt* thou—makes the reproach turn, on the infamy of treachery. —Betrayeſt *thou*—makes it reſt, upon Judas's connection with his maſter. Betrayeſt thou the *Son of Man*—reſts it, upon our Saviour's perſonal character and eminence. Betrayeſt thou the Son of man *with a kiſs?* turns it upon his proſtituting the ſignal of peace and friendſhip, to the purpoſe of a mark of deſtruction.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphaſis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule poſſible to be given, is, that the ſpeaker ſtudy to attain a juſt conception of the force and ſpirit of thoſe ſentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphaſis with exact propriety, is a conſtant exerciſe of good ſenſe and attention. It is far from being an inconſiderable attainment. It is one of the greateſt trials of a true and juſt taſte; and muſt ariſe from feeling delicately ourſelves, and from judging accurately of what is fitteſt to ſtrike the feelings of others. There is as a great difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain proſe, read by one who places the ſeveral emphaſes every where with taſte and judgment, and by one who neglects or miſtakes them, as there is between the ſame tune played by the moſt maſterly hand, or by the moſt bungling performer.

In all prepared diſcourſes, it would be of great uſe, if they were read over or rehearſed in private, with this particular view, to ſearch for the proper emphaſes before they were pronounced in public; marking at the ſame time, with a pen, the emphatical words in every ſentence, or at leaſt the moſt weighty and affecting parts of the diſcourſe, and fixing them well in memory. Were this attention oftener beſtowed, were this part of pronunciation ſtudied with more exactneſs, and not left to the moment of delivery, as is commonly done, public ſpeakers would find their care abundantly repaid, by the remarkable effects which it would produce upon their audience. Let me caution, at the ſame time, againſt one error, that of multiplying emphatical words too much. It is only by a prudent reſerve in the uſe of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a ſpeaker attempts to render every thing which he ſays of high importance, by a multitude of ſtrong emphaſes, we ſoon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every ſentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with italic characters, which, as to the effect, is juſt the ſame with uſing no ſuch diſtinctions at all.

Next to emphaſis, the Pauſes in ſpeaking demand attention. Theſe are of two kinds; firſt, emphatical pauſes; and next, ſuch as mark the diſtinctions of ſenſe. An emphatical pauſe is made, after ſomething has been ſaid of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before ſuch a thing is ſaid, we uſher it in with a pauſe of this nature. Such pauſes have the ſame effect as a ſtrong emphaſis, and are ſubject to the ſame rules; eſpecially to the caution juſt now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For, as they excite uncommon attention, and of courſe raiſe expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully anſwerable to ſuch expectation, they occaſion diſappointment and diſguſt.

But the moſt frequent and the principal uſe of pauſes, is to mark the diviſions of the ſenſe, and at the ſame time to allow the ſpeaker to draw his breath; and the proper and graceful adjuſtment of ſuch pauſes, is one of the moſt nice and difficult articles in delivery. In all public ſpeaking, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, ſo as not to be obliged to divide words from one another, which have ſo intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the

ſame breath, and without the leaſt ſeparation. Many a ſentence is miſerably mangled, and the force of the emphaſis totally loſt, by diviſions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is ſpeaking, ſhould be very careful to provide a full ſupply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great miſtake to imagine, that the breath muſt be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may eaſily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is only ſuſpended for a moment; and, by this management, one may have always a ſufficient ſtock for carrying on the longeſt ſentence, without improper interruptions.

If any one, in public ſpeaking, ſhall have formed to himſelf a certain melody or tune, which requires reſt and pauſes of its own, diſtinct from thoſe of the ſenſe, he has, undoubtedly, contracted one of the worſt habits into which a public ſpeaker can fall. It is the ſenſe which ſhould always rule the pauſes of the voice; for wherever there is any ſenſible ſuſpenſion of the voice, the hearer is always led to expect ſomething correſponding in the meaning. Pauſes in public diſcourſe, muſt be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourſelves in ordinary, ſenſible converſation; and not upon the ſtiff, artificial manner which we acquire from reading books according to the common punctuation. The general run of punctuation is very arbitrary; often capricious and falſe; and dictates an uniformity of tone in the pauſes, which is extremely diſagreeable: for we are to obſerve, that to render pauſes graceful and expreſſive, they muſt not only be made in the right place, but alſo be accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of theſe pauſes is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can never be exactly meaſured. Sometimes it is only a ſlight and ſimple ſuſpenſion of voice that is proper; ſometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and ſometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which denotes the ſentence finiſhed. In all theſe caſes, we are to regulate ourſelves, by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to ſpeak when engaged in real and earneſt diſcourſe with others.

When we are reading or reciting verſe, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauſes juſtly. The difficulty ariſes from the melody of verſe, which dictates to the ear pauſes or reſts of its own; and to adjuſt and compound theſe properly with the pauſes of the ſenſe, ſo as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the underſtanding, is ſo very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we ſo ſeldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauſes that belong to the muſic of verſe; one is, the pauſe at the end of the line; and the other, the cæſural pauſe in the middle of it. With regard to the pauſe at the end of the line, which marks that ſtrain or verſe to be finiſhed, rhyme renders this always ſenſible, and in ſome meaſure compels us to obſerve it in our pronunciation. In blank verſe, where there is a greater liberty permitted of running the lines into one another, ſometimes without any ſuſpenſion in the ſenſe, it has been made a queſtion, Whether, in reading ſuch verſe with propriety, any regard at all ſhould be paid to the cloſe of a line? On the ſtage, where the appearance of ſpeaking in verſe ſhould always be avoided, there can, I think, be no doubt, that the cloſe of ſuch lines as make no pauſe in the ſenſe, ſhould not be rendered perceptible to the ear. But on other occaſions, this were improper: for what is the uſe of melody, or for what end has the poet compoſed in verſe, if, in reading his lines, we ſuppreſs his numbers; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere proſe? We ought, therefore, certainly to read blank verſe ſo as to make every line ſenſible to the ear. At the ſame time, in doing ſo, every appearance of ſing-ſong and tone muſt be carefully guarded againſt. The cloſe of the line, where it makes no pauſe in the meaning, ought to be marked, not by ſuch a tone as is uſed in finiſhing a ſentence, but without either letting the voice fall or elevating it, it ſhould be marked only by ſuch a ſlight ſuſpenſion of ſound, as may diſtinguiſh the paſſage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of muſical pauſe, is that which falls ſomewhere about the middle of the verſe, and divides it into two hemiſtichs; a pauſe, not ſo great as that which belongs to the cloſe of the line, but ſtill ſenſible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæſural pauſe, in the French heroic verſe, falls uniformly in the middle of the line; in the Engliſh, it may fall after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th ſyllables in the line, and no other. Where the verſe is ſo conſtructed, that this cæſural pauſe coincides with the ſlighteſt pauſe or diviſion in the

the ſenſe, the line can be read eaſily; as in the two firſt verſes of Mr. Pope's Meſſiah,

> Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong;
> To heavenly themes, ſublimer ſtrains belong;

But if it ſhall happen that words, which have ſuch a ſtrict and intimate connection, as not to bear even a momentary ſeparation, are divided from one another by this cæſural pauſe, we then feel a ſort of ſtruggle between the ſenſe and the ſound, which renders it difficult to read ſuch lines gracefully. The rule of proper pronunciation in ſuch caſes is, to regard only the pauſe which the ſenſe forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the cæſural pauſe may make the line ſound ſomewhat unharmoniouſly; but the effect would be much worſe, if the ſenſe were ſacrificed to the ſound. For inſtance, in the following line of Milton.

> ——What in me is dark,
> Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport.

The ſenſe clearly dictates the pauſe after "illumine," at the end of the third ſyllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" ſhould be connected with what follows, and the pauſe not made till the 4th or 6th ſyllable. So in the following line of Mr. Pope's (Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot):

> I ſit, with ſad civility I read;

The ear plainly points out the cæſural pauſe as falling after "ſad," the 4th ſyllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pauſe there, ſo as to ſeparate "ſad" and "civility." The ſenſe admits of no other pauſe than after the ſecond ſyllable "ſit," which therefore muſt be the only pauſe made in the reading.

I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphaſis and pauſes; conſiſting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of ſound which we employ in public ſpeaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of diſcourſe, muſt depend on theſe, will appear from this ſingle conſideration; that to almoſt every ſentiment we utter, more eſpecially to every ſtrong emotion, nature hath adapted ſome peculiar tone of voice; inſomuch, that he who ſhould tell another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not ſuit ſuch emotions, inſtead of being believed, would be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the moſt powerful principles by which perſuaſive diſcourſe works its effect. The ſpeaker endeavours to transfuſe into his hearers his own ſentiments and emotions; which he can never be ſucceſsful in doing, unleſs he utters them in ſuch a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them *. The proper expreſſion of tones, therefore, deſerves to be attentively ſtudied by every one who would be a ſucceſsful orator.

The greateſt and moſt material inſtruction which can be given for this purpoſe is, to form the tones of public ſpeaking upon the tones of ſenſible and animated converſation. We may obſerve that every man, when he is much in earneſt in common diſcourſe, when he is engaged in ſpeaking on ſome ſubject which intereſts him nearly, has an eloquent or perſuaſive tone and manner. What is the reaſon of our being often ſo frigid and unperſuaſive in public diſcourſe, but our departing from the natural tone of ſpeaking, and delivering ourſelves in an affected, artificial manner? Nothing can be more abſurd than to imagine, that as ſoon as one mounts a pulpit, or riſes in a public aſſembly, he is inſtantly to lay aſide the voice with which he expreſſes himſelf in private; to aſſume a new, ſtudied tone, and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery; this has given riſe to cant and tedious monotony, in the different kinds of modern public ſpeaking, eſpecially in the pulpit. Men departed from nature; and ſought to give a beauty or force, as they imagined, to their diſcourſe, by ſubſtituting certain ſtudied muſical tones, in the room of the genuine expreſſions of ſentiment, which the voice carries in natural diſcourſe. Let every

* "All that paſſes in the mind of man may be "reduced to two claſſes, which I call, Ideas, and "Emotions. By Ideas, I mean all thoughts "which riſe and paſs in ſucceſſion in the mind: "By Emotions, all exertions of the mind in ar"ranging, combining, and ſeparating its ideas; "as well as all the effects produced on the mind "itſelf by thoſe ideas, from the more violent "agitation of the paſſions, to the calmer feelings "produced by the operation of the intellect and "the fancy. In ſhort, thought is the object of "the one, internal feeling of the other. That "which ſerves to expreſs the former, I call the "Language of Ideas; and the latter, the Lan"guage of Emotions. Words are the ſigns of the "one, tones of the other. Without the uſe "of theſe two ſorts of language, it is impoſſible "to communicate through the ear all that paſſes "in the mind of man."

SHERIDAN on the Art of Reading.

public ſpeaker guard againſt this error. Whether he ſpeak in a private room, or in a great aſſembly, let him remember that he ſtill ſpeaks. Follow nature: conſider how ſhe teaches you to utter any ſentiment or feeling of your heart. Imagine a ſubject of debate ſtarted in converſation among grave and wiſe men, and yourſelf bearing a ſhare in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflexions of voice, you would on ſuch an occaſion expreſs yourſelf, when you were moſt in earneſt, and ſought moſt to be liſtened to. Carry theſe with you to the bar, to the pulpit, or to any public aſſembly; let theſe be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there; and you will take the ſureſt method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and perſuaſive.

I have ſaid, let theſe converſation tones be the *foundation* of public pronunciation; for, on ſome occaſions, ſolemn public ſpeaking requires them to be exalted beyond the ſtrain of common diſcourſe. In a formal, ſtudied oration, the elevation of the ſtyle, and the harmony of the ſentences, prompt, almoſt neceſſarily, a modulation of voice more rounded, and bordering more upon muſic, than converſation admits. This gives riſe to what is called, the Declaiming Manner. But though this mode of pronunciation runs conſiderably beyond ordinary diſcourſe, yet ſtill it muſt have, for its baſis, the natural tones of grave and dignified converſation. I muſt obſerve, at the ſame time, that the conſtant indulgence of a declamatory manner, is not favourable either to good compoſition, or good delivery; and is in hazard of betraying public ſpeakers into that monotony of tone and cadence, which is ſo generally complained of. Whereas, he who forms the general run of his delivery upon a ſpeaking manner, is not likely ever to become diſagreeable through monotony. He will have the ſame natural variety in his tones, which a perſon has in converſation. Indeed, the perfection of delivery requires both theſe different manners, that of ſpeaking with livelineſs and eaſe, and that of declaiming with ſtatelineſs and dignity, to be poſſeſſed by one man; and to be employed by him, according as the different parts of his diſcourſe require either the one or the other. This is a perfection which is not attained by many; the greateſt part of public ſpeakers allowing their delivery to be formed altogether accidentally, according as ſome turn of voice appears to them moſt beautiful, or ſome artificial model has caught their fancy; and acquiring, by this means, a habit of pronunciation, which they can never vary. But the capital direction, which ought never to be forgotten, is, to copy the proper tones for expreſſing every ſentiment, from thoſe which nature dictates to us in converſation with others; to ſpeak always with her voice; and not to form to ourſelves a fantaſtic public manner, from an abſurd fancy of its being more beautiful than a natural one *.

It now remains to treat of Geſture, or what is called Action in public diſcourſe. Some nations animate their words in common converſation, with many more motions of the body than others do. The French and the Italians are, in this reſpect, much more ſprightly than we. But there is no nation, hardly any perſon ſo phlegmatic, as not to accompany their words with ſome actions and geſticulations, on all occaſions, when they are much in earneſt. It is therefore unnatural in a public ſpeaker, it is inconſiſtent with that earneſtneſs and ſeriouſneſs which he ought to ſhew in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance; and to let the words drop from his mouth, without any expreſſion of meaning, or warmth in his geſture.

The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the ſame with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and geſtures, in which earneſtneſs, indignation, compaſſion, or any other emotion, diſcovers itſelf to moſt advantage in the common intercourſe of men; and let theſe be your model. Some of theſe looks and geſtures are common to all men; and there are alſo certain peculiarities of manner which diſtinguiſh every individual. A public ſpeaker muſt take that manner which is moſt natural to himſelf. For it is here juſt as in tones. It is not the buſineſs of a ſpeaker to form to himſelf a certain ſet of motions and geſtures, which he thinks moſt becoming and agreeable, and to practiſe

* "Loquere," (ſays an author of the laſt century, who has written a Treatiſe in Verſe, de Geſtu et Voce Oratoris)

——"Loquere; hoc vitium commune, loquatur
"Ut nemo; at tenſâ declamaret omnia voce.
"Tu loquere, ut mos eſt hominum; Boat & latrat ille;
"Ille ululat; rudit hic (fari ſi talia dignum eſt);
"Non hominem vox ulla ſonat ratione loquentem."

JOANNES LUCAS, de Geſtu et Voce, Lib. II. Paris 1675.

theſe

theſe in public, without their having any correſpondence to the manner which is natural to him in private. His geſtures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expreſſion which nature has dictated to him; and, unleſs this be the caſe, it is impoſſible, by means of any ſtudy, to avoid their appearing ſtiff and forced.

However, although nature muſt be the ground-work, I admit that there is room in this matter for ſome ſtudy and art. For many perſons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulneſs might, in part, at leaſt, be reformed by application and care. The ſtudy of action in public ſpeaking, conſiſts chiefly in guarding againſt awkward and diſagreeable motions, and in learning to perform ſuch as are natural to the ſpeaker, in the moſt becoming manner. For this end, it has been adviſed by writers on this ſubject, to practiſe before a mirror, where one may ſee and judge of his own geſtures. But I am afraid, perſons are not always the beſt judges of the gracefulneſs of their own motions: and one may declaim long enough before a mirror, without correcting any of his faults. The judgment of a friend, whoſe good taſte they can truſt, will be found of much greater advantage to beginners, than any mirror they can uſe. With regard to particular rules concerning action and geſticulation, Quinctilian has delivered a great many, in the laſt chapter of the 11th Book of his Inſtitutions; and all the modern writers on this ſubject have done little elſe but tranſlate them. I am not of opinion, that ſuch rules delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much uſe, unleſs perſons ſaw them exemplified before their eyes *.

I ſhall only add further on this head, that in order to ſucceed well in delivery, nothing is more neceſſary than for a ſpeaker to guard againſt a certain flutter of ſpirits, which is peculiarly incident to thoſe who begin to ſpeak in public. He muſt endeavour above all things to be recollected, and maſter of himſelf. For this end, he will find nothing of more uſe to him, than to ſtudy to become wholly engaged in his ſubject; to be poſſeſſed with a ſenſe of its importance or ſerioufneſs; to be concerned much more to perſuade than to pleaſe. He will generally pleaſe moſt, when pleaſing is not his ſole nor chief aim. This is the only rational and proper method of raiſing one's ſelf above that timid and baſhful regard to an audience, which is ſo ready to diſconcert a ſpeaker, both as to what he is to ſay, and as to his manner of ſaying it.

I cannot conclude, without an earneſt admonition to guard againſt all affectation, which is the certain ruin of good delivery. Let your manner, whatever it is, be your own; neither imitated from another, nor aſſumed upon ſome imaginary model, which is unnatural to you. Whatever is native, even though accompanied with ſeveral defects, yet is likely to pleaſe; becauſe it ſhows us a man; becauſe it has the appearance of coming from the heart. Whereas a delivery, attended with ſeveral acquired graces and beauties, if it be not eaſy and free, if it betray the marks of art and affectation, never fails to diſguſt. To attain any extremely correct, and perfectly graceful delivery, is what few can expect; ſo many natural talents being requiſite to concur in forming it. But to attain, what as to the effect is very little inferior, a forcible and perſuaſive manner, is within the

* The few following hints only I ſhall adventure to throw out, hoping they may be of ſervice. When ſpeaking in public, one ſhould ſtudy to preſerve as much dignity as poſſible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect poſture is generally to be choſen: ſtanding firm, ſo as to have the fulleſt and freeſt command of all his motions; any inclination which is uſed, ſhould be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expreſſion of earneſtneſs. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it ſhould correſpond with the nature of the diſcourſe, and when no particular emotion is expreſſed, a ſerious and manly look is always the beſt. The eyes ſhould never be fixed cloſe on any one object, but move eaſily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, conſiſts the chief part of geſture in ſpeaking. The Ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but I am not ſenſible that theſe are always offenſive, though it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands correſponding together. But whether one geſticulates with one or with both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions ſhould be free and eaſy. Narrow and ſtraitened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reaſon, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the ſhoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too with the hands, that is, in the ſtraight line up and down, which Shakeſpeare, in Hamlet, calls, "ſawing the air with the hand," are ſeldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the moſt graceful. Too ſudden and nimble motions ſhould be likewiſe avoided. Earneſtneſs can be fully expreſſed without them. Shakeſpear's directions on this head are full of good ſenſe; "uſe all gently," ſays he, "and in the very torrent and tempeſt of "paſſion, acquire a temperance that may give it "ſmoothneſs."

power

power of moſt perſons; if they will only unlearn falſe and corrupt habits; if they will allow themſelves to follow nature, and will ſpeak in public, as they do in private, when they ſpeak in earneſt, and from the heart. If one has naturally any groſs defects in his voice or geſtures, he begins at the wrong end, if he attempts at reforming them only when he is to ſpeak in public: he ſhould begin with rectifying them in his private manner of ſpeaking; and then carry to the public the right habit he has formed. For when a ſpeaker is engaged in a public diſcourſe, he ſhould not be then employing his attention about his manner, or thinking of his tones and his geſtures. If he be ſo employed, ſtudy and affectation will appear. He ought to be then quite in earneſt; wholly occupied with his ſubject and his ſentiments; leaving nature, and previouſly formed habits, to prompt and ſuggeſt his manner of delivery.

II.

Means of improving in Eloquence.

I have now treated fully of the different kinds of public ſpeaking, of the compoſition, and of the delivery of a diſcourſe. Before I finiſh this ſubject, it may be of uſe to ſuggeſt ſome things concerning the propereſt means of improvement in the art of public ſpeaking, and the moſt neceſſary ſtudies for that purpoſe.

To be an eloquent ſpeaker, in the proper ſenſe of the word, is far from being either a common or an eaſy attainment. Indeed, to compoſe a florid harangue on ſome popular topic, and to deliver it ſo as to amuſe an audience, is a matter not very difficult. But though ſome praiſe be due to this, yet the idea, which I have endeavoured to give of eloquence, is much higher. It is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being perſuaſive and commanding; the art, not of pleaſing the fancy merely, but of ſpeaking both to the underſtanding and to the heart: of intereſting the hearers in ſuch a degree, as to ſeize and carry them along with us; and to leave them with a deep and ſtrong impreſſion of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, muſt concur for carrying this to perfection! A ſtrong, lively, and warm imagination; quick ſenſibility of heart, joined with ſolid judgment, good ſenſe, and preſence of mind; all improved by great and long attention to ſtyle and compoſition; and ſupported alſo by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a preſence not ungainly, and a full and tuneable voice. How little reaſon to wonder, that a perfect and accompliſhed orator ſhould be one of the characters that is moſt rarely to be found!

Let us not deſpair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate ſpaces, which may be filled up with honour; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who ſtand in the higheſt claſs is, perhaps, ſmaller than the number of poets who are foremoſt in poetic fame; but the ſtudy of oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one muſt be an eminently good performer, or he is not ſupportable;

——— Mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non Di, non conceſſêre columnæ*.

In Eloquence this does not hold. There one may poſſeſs a moderate ſtation with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms; plain and ſimple, as well as high and pathetic; and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may ſhine with much reputation and uſefulneſs in the former.

Whether nature or art contribute moſt to form an orator, is a trifling enquiry. In all attainments whatever, nature muſt be the prime agent. She muſt beſtow the original talents. She muſt ſow the ſeeds; but culture is requiſite for bringing thoſe ſeeds to perfection. Nature muſt always have done ſomewhat; but a great deal will always be left to be done by art. This is certain, that ſtudy and diſcipline are more neceſſary for the improvement of natural genius in oratory, than they are in poetry. What I mean is, that though poetry be capable of receiving aſſiſtance from critical art, yet a poet, without any aid from art, by the force of genius alone, can riſe higher than a public ſpeaker can do, who has never given attention to the rules of ſtyle, compoſition, and delivery. Homer formed himſelf; Demoſthenes and Cicero were formed by the help of much labour, and of many aſſiſtances derived from the labour of others.

* For God and man, and lettered poſt denies,
That poets ever are of middling ſize.
FRANCIS.

After

After theſe preliminary obſervations, let us proceed to the main deſign of this lecture; to treat of the means to be uſed for improvement in eloquence.

In the firſt place, what ſtands higheſt in the order of means, is perſonal character and diſpoſition. In order to be a truly eloquent or perſuaſive ſpeaker, nothing is more neceſſary than to be a virtuous man. This was a favourite poſition among the ancient rhetoricians: "Non poſſe oratorem "eſſe niſi virum bonum." To find any ſuch connection between virtue and one of the higheſt liberal arts, muſt give pleaſure; and it can, I think, be clearly ſhewn, that this is not a mere topic of declamation, but that the connection here alledged, is undoubtedly founded in truth and reaſon.

For, conſider, firſt, Whether any thing contributes more to perſuaſion, than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, diſintereſtedneſs, candour, and other good moral qualities of the perſon who endeavours to perſuade? Theſe give weight and force to every thing which he utters; nay, they add a beauty to it; they diſpoſe us to liſten with attention and pleaſure; and create a ſecret partiality in favour of that ſide which he eſpouſes. Whereas, if we entertain a ſuſpicion of craft and diſingenuity, of a corrupt, or a baſe mind, in the ſpeaker, his eloquence loſes all its real effect. It may entertain and amuſe; but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of ſpeech; and, viewed in this light, whom can it perſuade? We even read a book with more pleaſure, when we think favourably of its author; but when we have the living ſpeaker before our eyes, addreſſing us perſonally on ſome ſubject of importance, the opinion we entertain of his character muſt have a much more powerful effect.

But, leſt it ſhould be ſaid, that this relates only to the character of virtue, which one may maintain, without being at bottom a truly worthy man, I muſt obſerve farther, that, beſides the weight which it adds to character, real virtue operates alſo in other ways, to the advantage of eloquence.

Firſt, Nothing is ſo favourable as virtue to the proſecution of honourable ſtudies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to induſtry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, maſter of itſelf, diſencumbered of thoſe bad paſſions, and diſengaged from thoſe mean purſuits, which have ever been found the greateſt enemies to true proficiency. Quinctilian has touched this conſideration very properly: "Quod ſi "agrorum nimia cura, et ſollicitior rei ſa- "miliaris diligentia, et venandi voluptas "et dati ſpectaculis dies, multum ſtudiis "auferunt, quid putamus facturas cupidi- "tatem, avaritiam, invidiam? Nihil enim "eſt tam occupatum, tam multiforme, tot "ac tam variis affectibus conciſum, atque "laceratum, quam mala ac improba mens. "Quis inter hæc, literis, aut ulli bonæ "arti, locus? Non hercle magis quam "frugibus, in terra ſentibus ac rubis oc- "cupata *."

But, beſides this conſideration, there is another of ſtill higher importance, though I am not ſure of its being attended to as much as it deſerves; namely, that from the fountain of real and genuine virtue, are drawn thoſe ſentiments which will ever be moſt powerful in affecting the hearts of others. Bad as the world is, nothing has ſo great and univerſal a command over the minds of men as virtue. No kind of language is ſo generally underſtood, and ſo powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings. He only, therefore, who poſſeſſes theſe full and ſtrong, can ſpeak properly, and in its own language, to the heart. On all great ſubjects and occaſions, there is a dignity, there is an energy in noble ſentiments, which is overcoming and irreſiſtible. They give an ardour and a flame to one's diſcourſe, which ſeldom fails to kindle a like flame in thoſe who hear; and which, more than any other cauſe, beſtows on eloquence that power, for which it is famed, of ſeizing and tranſporting an audience. Here art and imitation will not avail. An aſſumed character conveys nothing of this powerful warmth. It is only a native and unaffected glow of feeling, which can tranſmit the emotion to others. Hence the moſt renowned orators, ſuch as Cicero and Demoſthenes, were no leſs diſtinguiſhed for ſome of the high virtues, as public ſpirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence.

* "If the management of an eſtate, if anxious "attention to domeſtic œconomy, a paſſion for "hunting, or whole days given up to public "places and amuſements, conſume ſo much time "that is due to ſtudy, how much greater waſte "muſt be occaſioned by licentious deſires, avarice, "or envy! Nothing is ſo much hurried and agi- "tated, ſo contradictory to itſelf, or ſo violently "torn and ſhattered by conflicting paſſions, as a "bad heart. Amidſt the diſtractions which it "produces, what room is left for the cultivation "of letters, or the purſuit of any honourable art? "No more, aſſuredly, than there is for the growth "of corn in a field that is over-run with thorns "and brambles."

Beyond

Beyond doubt, to theſe virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and thoſe orations of theirs, in which there breathes moſt of the virtuous and magnanimous ſpirit, are thoſe which have moſt attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more neceſſary for thoſe who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the ſeveral virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever theſe become dead, or callous, they may be aſſured, that on every great occaſion, they will ſpeak with leſs power, and leſs ſucceſs. The ſentiments and diſpoſitions particularly requiſite for them to cultivate, are the following; the love of juſtice and order, and indignation at inſolence and oppreſſion; the love of honeſty and truth, and deteſtation of fraud, meanneſs, and corruption; magnanimity of ſpirit; the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble deſigns, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and ſceptical turn of mind is extremely adverſe to eloquence; and no leſs ſo, is that cavilling diſpoſition which takes pleaſure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a diſpoſition beſpeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but leaſt of all in oratory. A true orator ſhould be a perſon of generous ſentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all thoſe great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he ſhould, at the ſame time, poſſeſs ſtrong and tender ſenſibility to all the injuries, diſtreſſes, and ſorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart that can eaſily relent; that can readily enter into the circumſtances of others, and can make their caſe his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modeſty, muſt alſo be ſtudied by every public ſpeaker. Modeſty is eſſential; it is always, and juſtly, ſuppoſed to be a concomitant of merit: and every appearance of it is winning and prepoſſeſſing. But modeſty ought not to run into exceſſive timidity. Every public ſpeaker ſhould be able to reſt ſomewhat on himſelf; and to aſſume that air, not of ſelf-complacency, but of firmneſs, which beſpeaks a conſciouſneſs of his being thoroughly perſuaded of the truth or juſtice, of what he delivers; a circumſtance of no ſmall conſequence for making impreſſion on thoſe who hear.

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ELEGANT

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§ 1. *The Viſion of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, Surely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in Paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with that muſic, who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts, by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery; and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea, that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life; conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſur-

vey of it, I found that it conſiſted of three-ſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them, to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and, in the midſt of a ſpeculation, ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, ſaid he, and tell me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, ſeveral little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. Theſe, ſaid the genius, are envy, avarice, ſuperſtition, deſpair, love, with the like cares and paſſions that infeſt human life.

I here fetched a deep ſigh: Alas, ſaid I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured in life, and ſwallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compaſſion towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. Look no more, ſaid he, on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius ſtrengthened it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the farther end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean, planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me at the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie

to

ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſands on the ſea-ſhore; there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him.—I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, Shew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no anſwer, I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, ſheep, and camels, grazing upon the ſides of it. *Spectator.*

§ 2. *The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.*

'Life,' ſays Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progreſs of which we are perpetually changing our ſcenes: we firſt leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleaſing part of old age.'—The peruſal of this paſſage having excited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of Infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now on the main ſea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of ſecurity than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuſe, among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs; and, firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands, all was darkneſs; nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

Before me, and on either ſide was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicacious eyes could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who, by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for, by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was

purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed: nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him: and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage, ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement of the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Eaſe ſpread couches of repoſe; and with ſhades, where Pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks, all who ſailed on the ocean of Life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon indeed was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom Reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the firſt approach of the gulph of Intemperance.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches and ſtop the leaks of the veſſels which had been ſhattered on the rocks of Pleaſure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking

ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked, that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued afloat longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of Infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of Pleaſure, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and haraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce Hope herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyſelf art ſinking. Whence is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, ſtarted and awaked. *Rambler.*

§ 3. *The Journey of a Day, a Picture of Human Life; the Story of Obidah.*

Obidah, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from the heart.

Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhade, and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect; he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt, when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the

unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into ſudden rage by wint'ry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, 'Tell me,' ſaid the hermit, 'by what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' ſaid the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day. We riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the ſtrait road of piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy, and venture to approach what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure. We approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our ſight, and to which we propoſe to return. But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age begins to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores ſtrength and courage from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe; commit thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.' *Rambler.*

§ 4. *The preſent Life to be conſidered only as it may conduce to the Happineſs of a future one.*

A lewd young fellow ſeeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, "Father," ſays he, "you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world." "True, ſon,"

ſon," ſaid the hermit: "but what is thy condition if there is?"—Man is a creature deſigned for two different ſtates of being, or rather, for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient; his ſecond, permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, In which of thoſe two lives is it our chief intereſt to make ourſelves happy? or, in other words, whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmoſt length, of a very inconſiderable duration; or to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures of a life that is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every man, upon the firſt hearing of this queſtion, knows very well which ſide of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that, in practice, we adhere to the wrong ſide of the queſtion. We make proviſions for this life, as though it were never to have an end; and for the other life, as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a ſpirit of ſuperior rank, who is a ſtranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a ſurvey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think, that we are a ſpecies of beings made for quite different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine, that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe; that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ſteady eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years; and that the greateſt part of this buſy ſpecies fall ſhort even of that age! How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which ſcarce deſerves the name of exiſtence; when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon, than that men, who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that which, after many myriads of years, will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may, after all, prove unſucceſsful; whereas, if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years: Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

It muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed heap. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo overſet by the imagination, as to diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration which is to ſucceed it. The mind, I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuſe to be

happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten years, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might ſay, of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice!

I here put the caſe, even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us miſerable in this life; but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy, even in this life, than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice!

Every wiſe man, therefore, will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity. *Spectator.*

§ 5. *The Advantages of a good Education.*

I conſider an human ſoul without education like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties, until the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, makes the ſurface ſhine, and diſcovers every ornamental cloud, ſpot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the ſame manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without ſuch helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the alluſion ſo ſoon upon him, I ſhall make uſe of the ſame inſtance to illuſtrate the force of education, which Ariſtotle has brought to explain his doctrine of ſubſtantial forms, when he tells us that a ſtatue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the ſtatuary only clears away the ſuperfluous matter, and removes the rubbiſh. The figure is in the ſtone, and the ſculptor only finds it. What ſculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human ſoul. The philoſopher, the ſaint, or the hero, the wiſe, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have diſ-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of ſavage nations, and with contemplating thoſe virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to ſee courage exerting itſelf in fierceneſs, reſolution in obſtinacy, wiſdom in cunning, patience in ſullenneſs and deſpair.

Men's paſſions operate variouſly, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or leſs rectified and ſwayed by reaſon. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their maſters, or upon changing their ſervice, hang themſelves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expreſſes itſelf in ſo dreadful a manner? What might not that ſavage greatneſs of ſoul, which appears in theſe poor wretches on many occaſions, be raiſed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuſe can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our ſpecies; that we ſhould not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we ſhould only ſet an inſignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we ſhould, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the proſpects of happineſs in another world, as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it!

It is therefore an unſpeakable bleſſing to be born in thoſe parts of the world where wiſdom and knowledge flouriſh; though it muſt be confeſſed there are, even in theſe parts, ſeveral poor uninſtructed perſons, who are but little above the inhabitants of thoſe nations of which I have been here ſpeaking; as thoſe who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, riſe above one another by ſeveral different degrees of perfection. For, to return to our ſtatue in the block of marble, we ſee it ſometimes only begun to be chipped, ſometimes rough-hewn, and but juſt ſketched into an human figure; ſometimes we ſee the man appearing diſtinctly in all his limbs and features; ſometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but ſeldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give ſeveral nice touches and finiſhings. *Spectator.*

§ 6. *The Diſadvantages of a bad Education.*

Sir, I was condemned by ſome diſaſtrous influence to be an only ſon, born to the apparent proſpect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that time of life when ſatiety of common diverſions allows

lows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenſeneſs. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feaſts, and dances, and bagpipes; congratulations were ſent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents diſcovered, in my firſt cries, ſuch tokens of future virtue and underſtanding, that they declared themſelves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happineſs, and the encreaſe of their eſtate.

The abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in playhouſes, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their times called in as auxiliaries againſt the intruſion of thought.

When there is ſuch a parity between two perſons aſſociated for life, the dejection which the huſband, if he be not completely ſtupid, muſt always ſuffer for want of ſuperiority, ſinks him to ſubmiſſiveneſs. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and, except that my father ſtill retained ſome authority in the ſtables, and now and then, after a ſupernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glaſs or *china*-diſh to prove his ſovereignty, the whole courſe of the year was regulated by her direction, the ſervants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or diſmiſſed at her diſcretion.

She therefore thought herſelf entitled to the ſuperintendance of her ſon's education; and when my father, at the inſtigation of the parſon, faintly propoſed that I ſhould be ſent to ſchool, very poſitively told him, that ſhe would not ſuffer a fine child to be ruined; that ſhe never knew any boys at a grammar-ſchool, that could come into a room without bluſhing, or ſit at the table without ſome aukward uneaſineſs; that they were always putting themſelves into danger by boiſterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that, for her part, ſhe would rather follow me to the grave, than ſee me tear my cloaths, and hang down my head, and ſneak about with dirty ſhoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered, and my hat uncocked.

My father, who had no other end in his propoſal than to appear wiſe and manly, ſoon acquieſced, ſince I was not to live by my learning; for indeed, he had known very few ſtudents that had not ſome ſtiffneſs in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domeſtic tutor ſhould be procured; and hired an honeſt gentleman of mean converſation and narrow ſentiments, but whom having paſſed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a ſcholar. He thought himſelf ſufficiently exalted by being placed at the ſame table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmoſt flexibility of ſubmiſſion to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, leſt I ſhould mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally bruſhed my coat before he diſmiſſed me into the parlour.

He had no occaſion to complain of too burthenſome an employment; for my mother very judiciouſly conſidered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and ſuffered me not to paſs any more time in his apartment than my leſſon required. When I was ſummoned to my taſk, ſhe enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was ſeldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admoniſhed not to lean on my chair, croſs my legs, or ſwing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very ſeriouſly deliberated upon his total diſmiſſion, becauſe I began, ſhe ſaid, to learn his manner of ſticking on my hat, and had his bend in my ſhoulders, and his totter in my gait.

Such, however, was her care, that I eſcaped all theſe depravities; and when I was only twelve years old, had rid myſelf of every appearance of childiſh diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickneſs of my replies; and many a ſcholar five years older than myſelf, have I daſhed into confuſion by the ſteadineſs of my countenance, ſilenced by my readineſs of repartee, and tortured with envy by the addreſs with which I picked up a fan, preſented a ſnuff-box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was compleatly ſkilled in all the niceties of dreſs, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of ſilks, and diſtinguiſh the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and obſerve every deviation from the reigning mode. I was univerſally ſkilful in all the changes of expenſive

expenſive finery; but as every one, they ſay, has ſomething to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Bruſſels lace.

The next year ſaw me advanced to the truſt and power of adjuſting the ceremonial of an aſſembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every ſtranger applied for introduction. My heart now diſdained the inſtructions of a tutor; who was rewarded with a ſmall annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myſelf.

In a ſhort time I came to London, and as my father was well known among the higher claſſes of life, ſoon obtained admiſſion to the moſt ſplendid aſſemblies, and moſt crowded card-tables. Here I found myſelf univerſally careſſed and applauded; the ladies praiſed the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the ſoftneſs of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themſelves to my notice; and invited, by a thouſand oblique ſolicitations, my attendance to the play-houſe, and my ſalutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmoſt extent of my conception; I paſſed every morning in dreſs, every afternoon in viſits, and every night in ſome ſelect aſſemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were ſuffered to moleſt us.

After a few years, however, theſe delights became familiar, and I had leiſure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of ſatiety, or recreate wearineſs, by varied amuſement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the ſphere of my pleaſures, and to try what ſatisfaction might be found in the ſociety of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man whoſe name I had heard mentioned with reſpect, received me with a kind of tenderneſs nearly bordering on compaſſion; and that thoſe whoſe reputation was not well eſtabliſhed, thought it neceſſary to juſtify their underſtandings, by treating me with contempt. One of theſe witlings elevated his creſt, by aſking me in a full coffee-houſe the price of patches; and another whiſpered, that he wondered Miſs Friſk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her ſquirrel.

When I found myſelf thus hunted from all maſculine converſation by thoſe who were themſelves barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and reſolved to dedicate my life to their ſervice and their pleaſure. But I find that I have now loſt my charms. Of thoſe with whom I entered the gay world, ſome are married, ſome have retired, and ſome have ſo much changed their opinion, that they ſcarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addreſſes, ſuffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myſelf welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either uſe or dignity to life, are content to paſs their hours between their bed and their cards, without eſteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I cannot but think, Mr. Rambler, that I have reaſon to complain; for ſurely the females ought to pay ſome regard to the age of him whoſe youth was paſſed in endeavours to pleaſe them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to puniſh it in the man. Yet I find, that though they laviſh their firſt fondneſs upon pertneſs and gaiety, they ſoon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their laſt years in ſtupidity and contempt.

I am, &c. *Florentulus.*

Rambler.

§ 7. *Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the Deity, together with the Immenſity of his Works.*

I was yeſterday, about ſun-ſet, walking in the open fields, till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The galaxy appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs, and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought aroſe in

in me, which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. David himſelf fell into it in that reflexion, 'When I conſider the 'heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon 'and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained, 'what is man that thou art mindful of 'him, and the ſon of man that thou re-'gardeſt him!' In the ſame manner, when I conſider that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed, more than a grain of ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other: as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. Huygenius carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the immenſity of nature, and loſt among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves, is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us, that his attributes are infinite: but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch, that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either ſo diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection

fection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another, or to draw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which he diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſophers, he is a being whoſe centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades; and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace, is that of Sir Iſaac Newton, who calls it the *ſenſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *ſenſoriola*, or little *ſenſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. 'Oh that I knew where 'I might find him! (ſays Job.) Behold 'I go forward, but he is not there; and 'backward, but I cannot perceive him: 'on the left hand, where he does work, 'but I cannot behold him: he hideth him'ſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee 'him.' In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation, aſſure us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion; for, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures; ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them. *Spectator.*

§ 8. *Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the Deity.*

In one of your late papers, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the ſame time to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence: or, in other words, that his omniſcience and omnipreſence are co-exiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light in which I have not ſeen it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great

principle

principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of theſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! 'Why 'haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, 'ſo that I am become a burden to my-'ſelf?' But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know the ſpirit of God is preſent with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul, to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe

can

can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that being who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the ſcripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles; *Sacer inest in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is 'a holy ſpirit reſiding in us, who watches 'and obſerves both good and evil men, 'and will treat us after the ſame manner 'that we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation; 'If a man love 'me, he will keep my words; and my 'Father will love him, and we will come 'unto him, and make our abode with 'him.' *Spectator.*

§ 9. *On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments that eſtabliſh this great point, which is the baſis of morality, and the ſource of all the pleaſing hopes and ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs drawn,

Firſt, from the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, from its paſſions and ſentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——— ——— *Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſuperveni unda.
HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. v. 175.

——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

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He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurprizing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperiors. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs! *Spectator.*

§ 10. *The Duty of Children to their Parents.*

I am the happy father of a very towardly ſon, in whom I do not only ſee my life, but alſo my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to ſociety, if you would frequently reſume ſubjects which ſerve to bind theſe ſort of relations faſter, and endear the ties of blood with thoſe of good-will, protection, obſervance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will neceſſarily occur ſo many ſecret inſtincts and biaſſes of human nature, which would paſs unobſerved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence againſt my own excellent parents to anſwer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my paſt life, from my earlieſt infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myſelf became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he ſees his child do a laudable thing, or the ſudden damp which ſeizes him when he fears he will act ſomething unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorſe touched me for a long train of childiſh negligences of my mother, when I ſaw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as aſhes upon ſeeing my younger

younger boy ſliding upon the ice. Theſe ſlight intimations will give you to underſtand, that there are numberleſs little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they ſhall themſelves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmoſt ſorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before thoſe whom they offended were to be no more ſeen. How many thouſand things do I remember, which would have highly pleaſed my father, and I omitted for no other reaſon but that I thought what he propoſed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reaſon and good ſenſe in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no conſequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long ſince in their graves, who uſed to ſit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were ſometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the houſe. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in theſe great duties of life, though we have a ſtrong inſtinct towards the performing of them, we ſhould be on both ſides very deficient. Age is ſo unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood ſo deſirable to all, that reſignation to decay is too difficult a taſk in the father; and deference, amidſt the impulſe of gay deſires, appears unreaſonable to the ſon. There are ſo few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come ſlow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his deſires, and a ſon, were he to conſult himſelf only, could neither of them behave himſelf as he ought to the other. But when reaſon interpoſes againſt inſtinct, where it would carry either out of the intereſts of the other, there ariſes that happieſt intercourſe of good offices between thoſe deareſt relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down bleſſings on the ſon, and the ſon endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of ſuch a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his firſt-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleaſing and indolent old age, in which paſſion is ſubdued and reaſon exalted. He waits the day of his diſſolution with a reſignation mixed with delight, and the ſon fears the acceſſion of his father's fortune with diffidence, leſt he ſhould not enjoy it or become it as well as his predeceſſor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an eaſy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his ſon's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is ſo well cemented, that without the pomp of ſaying, Son, be a friend to ſuch a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to ſucceed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. Theſe gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the ſame effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My ſon and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to ſo many as theſe gentlemen do; but I will be bold to ſay, my ſon has, by the applauſe and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occaſioned that many an old man, beſides myſelf, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpreſſible happineſs of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and ſay, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

Spectator.

§ 11. *The Strength of parental Affection.*

I went the other day to viſit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of ſeveral children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that ſhe might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's requeſt, had juſt taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A ſmiling boy was at the ſame time careſſing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, becauſe it pleaſes the children; and ſhe, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, ſo divided her converſation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, ſhe ſaid with a bluſh, 'Mr. Ironſide, though you are an old batchelor, you muſt not laugh at my tenderneſs to my children.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I ſaid in anſwer to the lady, whoſe matron-like behaviour gave me infinite ſatisfaction: ſince I myſelf take great pleaſure in playing with children,

children, and am ſeldom unprovided of plums or marbles, to make my court to ſuch entertaining companions.

Whence is it, ſaid I to myſelf when I was alone, that the affection of parents is ſo intenſe to their offspring? Is it becauſe they generally find ſuch reſemblances in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themſelves renewed in their children, and willing to tranſmit themſelves to future times? or is it becauſe they think themſelves obliged by the dictates of humanity to nouriſh and rear what is placed ſo immediately under their protection; and what by their means is brought into this world, the ſcene of miſery, of neceſſity? Theſe will not come up to it. Is it not rather, the good providence of that Being, who in a ſupereminent degree protects and cheriſhes the whole race of mankind, his ſons and creatures? How ſhall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, ſo ſignally diſplayed throughout every ſpecies of the animal creation, without which the courſe of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Inſtances of tenderneſs in the moſt ſavage brutes are ſo frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unneceſſary.

If we, who have no particular concern *in them*, take a ſecret delight in obſerving the gentle dawn of reaſon in babes; if our ears are ſoothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate ſounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and ſurpriſed at the unexpected ſtarts of wit and cunning in theſe miniatures of man: what tranſport may we imagine in the breaſts of thoſe, into whom natural inſtinct hath poured tenderneſs and fondneſs for them! how amiable is ſuch a weakneſs of human nature! or rather, how great a weakneſs is it to give humanity ſo reproachful a name! The bare conſideration of paternal affection, ſhould, methinks, create a more grateful tenderneſs in children towards their parents, than we generally ſee; and the ſilent whiſpers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

Theſe ſilent whiſpers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cauſe hath been unknown. There are ſeveral examples in ſtory, of tender friendſhips formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation: Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a ſympathy betwixt ſouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the ſenſe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one, whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her huſband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having conſumed his paternal eſtate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceaſed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warſaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I ſhall relate in his own words.

"I had been in this condition for four days, when the counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way. She was informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, and her charity led her to ſee me. I remembered her, for I had often ſeen her with my wife, to whom ſhe was nearly related; but when I found ſhe knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if ſhe had the charity to ſend me to Warſaw, the queen would acknowledge it, I having the honour to be known to her Majeſty. The counteſs had the goodneſs to take compaſſion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warſaw, where I was lodged in her houſe until my health ſhould allow me to wait on the queen.

"My fever increaſed after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the counteſs firſt ſaw me, ſhe had a young lady with her, about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better ſhaped than the Poliſh women generally are. She was very fair, her ſkin exceedingly fine, and her air and ſhape inexpreſſibly beautiful. I was not ſo ſick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart ſuch emotions at the firſt view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me ſufficiently againſt the charms of the fair ſex.

" The amiable creature ſeemed afflicted at my ſickneſs; and ſhe appeared to have ſo much concern and care for me, as raiſed in me a great inclination and tenderneſs for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I aſked who ſhe was, and I was anſwered, that ſhe was niece to the counteſs of Venoſki.

" I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians gave me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had the ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a ſtronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her conſtant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of ſeeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He ſeemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and friendſhip.

" They both of them often aſked me if I were in reality a German? which when I continued to affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered, that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have imagined that I was the perſon for whom the picture was drawn, becauſe it exactly reſembled me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my ſurpriſe, when I found it to be the very painting which I had ſent to the queen five years before, and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children! After I had viewed the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my own features, and at that moment I ſaid to myſelf, Are not theſe my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain, I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opinion; and falling upon her neck, 'Ah, my dear child,' ſaid I, 'yes, I 'am your father!' I could ſay no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that nature inſpires more lively emotions and pleaſing tenderneſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite." *Spectator.*

§ 12. *Remarks on the Swiftneſs of Time.*

The natural advantages which ariſe from the poſition of the earth which we inhabit, with reſpect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical ſpeculation, by which it has been diſcovered, that no other conformation of the ſyſtem could have given ſuch commodious diſtributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleaſure to ſo great a part of a revolving ſphere.

It may be perhaps obſerved by the moraliſt, with equal reaſon, that our globe ſeems particularly fitted for the reſidence of a Being, placed here only for a ſhort time, whoſe taſk is to advance himſelf to a higher and happier ſtate of exiſtence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are ſuch as human nature does not willingly perform, and ſuch as thoſe are inclined to delay who yet intend ſome time to fulfil them. It was therefore neceſſary that this univerſal reluctance ſhould be counteracted, and the drowſineſs of heſitation wakened into reſolve; that the danger of procraſtination ſhould be always in view, and the fallacies of ſecurity be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conſpire. Whatever we ſee on every ſide, reminds us of the laps of time and the flux of life. The day and night ſucceed each other, the rotation of ſeaſons diverſifies the year, the ſun riſes, attains the meridian, declines and ſets, and the moon every night changes form.

The day has been conſidered as an image of the year, and a year as the repreſentat

ſentation of life. The morning anſwers to the ſpring, and the ſpring to childhood and youth; the noon correſponds to the ſummer, and the ſummer to the ſtrength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night with its ſilence and darkneſs ſhews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life ſhall ceaſe, with its hopes and pleaſures.

He that is carried forward, however ſwiftly, by a motion equable and eaſy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus ſilently along, paſſed on through undiſtinguiſhable uniformity, we ſhould never mark its approaches to the end of the courſe. If one hour were like another; if the paſſage of the ſun did not ſhew that the day is waſting; if the change of ſeaſons did not impreſs upon us the flight of the year; quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobſerved. If the parts of time were not variouſly coloured, we ſhould never diſcern their departure or ſucceſſion, but ſhould live thoughtleſs of the paſt, and careleſs of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already loſt with that which may probably remain.

But the courſe of time is ſo viſibly marked, that it is even obſerved by the paſſage, and by nations who have raiſed their minds very little above animal inſtinct: there are human beings, whoſe language does not ſupply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

Yet it is certain that theſe admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with ſuch accuracy the courſe of time, appear to have little ſenſibility of the decline of life. Every man has ſomething to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurpriſe us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an abſence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet thoſe whom we left children, and can ſcarcely perſuade ourſelves to treat them as men. The traveller viſits in age thoſe countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of buſineſs, wearied with unſatisfactory proſperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the laſt years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, ſo general and ſo miſchievous, let it be every man's ſtudy to exempt himſelf. Let him that deſires to ſee others happy, make haſte to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember, that every moment of delay takes away ſomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him who propoſes his own happineſs, reflect, that while he forms his purpoſe the day rolls on, and 'the night cometh, when no man can work.'

Idler.

§ 13. *The Folly of miſ-ſpending Time.*

An ancient poet, unreaſonably diſcontented at the preſent ſtate of things, which his ſyſtem of opinions obliged him to repreſent in its worſt form, has obſerved of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the reſt, ſome is encumbered with naked mountains, and ſome loſt under barren ſands; ſome ſcorched with unintermitted heat, and ſome petrified with perpetual froſt; ſo that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the paſture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

The ſame obſervation may be tranſferred to the time allotted us in our preſent ſtate. When we have deducted all that is abſorbed in ſleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irreſiſtibly engroſſed by the tyranny of cuſtom; all that paſſes in regulating the ſuperficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the diſpoſal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of diſeaſe, or ſtolen imperceptibly away by laſſitude and languor; we ſhall find that part of our duration very ſmall of which we can truly call ourſelves maſters, or which we can ſpend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are loſt in a rotation of petty cares, in a conſtant recurrence of the ſame employments, many of our proviſions for eaſe or happineſs are always exhauſted by the preſent day; and a great part of our

exiſtence ſerves no other purpoſe, than that of enabling us to enjoy the reſt.

Of the few moments which are left in our diſpoſal, it may reaſonably be expected, that we ſhould be ſo frugal, as to let none of them ſlip from us without ſome equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however ſtraitened by rock and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to conſume, our lives, tho' much contracted by incidental diſtraction, would yet afford us a large ſpace vacant to the exerciſe of reaſon and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence, for great performances; and that we ſquander much of our allowance, even while we think it ſparing and inſufficient,

This natural and neceſſary comminution of our lives, perhaps, often makes us inſenſible of the negligence with which we ſuffer them to ſlide away. We never conſider ourſelves as poſſeſſed at once of time ſufficient for any great deſign, and therefore indulge ourſelves in fortuitous amuſements. We think it unneceſſary to take an account of a few ſupernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were expoſed to a thouſand chances of diſturbance and interruption.

It is obſervable, that, either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjuſt great things by diviſion, and little things by accumulation. Of extenſive ſurfaces we can only take a ſurvey, as the parts ſucceed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive, till they are united into maſſes. Thus we break the vaſt periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we muſt agglomerate them into days and weeks.

The proverbial oracles of our parſimonious anceſtors have informed us, that the fatal waſte of fortune is by ſmall expences, by the profuſion of ſums too little ſingly to alarm our caution, and which we never ſuffer ourſelves to conſider together. Of the ſame kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with ſatisfaction upon paſt years, muſt learn to know the preſent value of ſingle minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall uſeleſs to the ground.

It is uſual for thoſe who are adviſed to the attainment of any new qualifications, to look upon themſelves as required to change the general courſe of their conduct, to diſmiſs their buſineſs, and exclude pleaſure, and to devote their days or nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that ſhould ſteadily and reſolutely aſſign to any ſcience or language thoſe interſtitial vacancies which intervene in the moſt crowded variety of diverſion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and diſcover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perſeverance, than from violent efforts and ſudden deſires; efforts which are ſoon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and deſires which, if they are indulged too often, will ſhake off the authority of reaſon, and range capriciouſly from one object to another.

The diſpoſition to defer every important deſign to a time of leiſure, and a ſtate of ſettled uniformity, proceeds generally from a falſe eſtimate of the human powers. If we except thoſe gigantic and ſtupendous intelligences who are ſaid to graſp a ſyſtem by intuition, and bound forward from one ſeries of concluſions to another, without regular ſteps through intermediate propoſitions, the moſt ſucceſsful ſtudents make their advances in knowledge by ſhort flights, between each of which the mind may lie at reſt. For every ſingle act of progreſſion a ſhort time is ſufficient; and it is only neceſſary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

Few minds will be long confined to ſevere and laborious meditation; and when a ſucceſsful attack on knowledge has been made, the ſtudent recreates himſelf with the contemplation of his conqueſt, and forbears another incurſion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curioſity calls upon him for freſh gratifications. Whether the time of intermiſſion is ſpent in company, or in ſolitude, in neceſſary buſineſs, or in voluntary levities, the underſtanding is equally abſtracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations leſs pleaſing, it returns again to ſtudy with greater alacrity than when it is glutted with ideal pleaſures, and ſurfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not ſuffer himſelf to be diſcouraged by fancied impoſſibilities, may ſometimes find his abilities invigorated by the neceſſity of exerting them in ſhort intervals, as the force of a current is increaſed by the contraction of its channel.

From ſome cauſe like this, it has probably proceeded, that among thoſe who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have riſen to eminence, in oppoſition to all the obſtacles which external circumſtances could place in their way, amidſt the tumult of buſineſs, the diſtreſſes of poverty, or the diſſipations of a wandering and unſettled ſtate. A great part of the life of Eraſmus was one continual peregrination: ill ſupplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; he yet found means, by unſhaken conſtancy, and a vigilant improvement of thoſe hours, which, in the midſt of the moſt reſtleſs activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the ſame condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and ſolicitation, and ſo much verſed in common life, that he has tranſmitted to us the moſt perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world ſuch application to books, that he will ſtand for ever in the firſt rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained, he ſufficiently diſcovers, by informing us, that the Praiſe of *Folly*, one of his moſt celebrated performances, was compoſed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit vectandum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, leſt the hours which he was obliged to ſpend on horſeback ſhould be tattled away without regard to literature.

An Italian philoſopher expreſſed in his motto, *that time was his eſtate*; an eſtate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of induſtry, and ſatisfy the moſt extenſive deſires, if no part of it be ſuffered to lie waſte by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for ſhew rather than for uſe. *Rambler.*

§ 14. *The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of ſpending it.*

We all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſays he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf, in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life, in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad, in moſt parts of our lives, that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wiſh away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follow:

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant,

relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuitable to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt inactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to be dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage?—But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

The ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſoothes and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are capable of edifying and entertaining thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualities that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occaſions, have recourſe to ſomething rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte in muſic, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe, when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The florift, the planter, the gardener, the huſbandman, when they are only as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways uſeful to thoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

Spectator.

§ 15. *Miſ-ſpent Time how puniſhed.*

I was yeſterday comparing the induſt

of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant employ, after the ſame manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater variety of buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our nature, are filled with complaints, that "The day hangs heavy on them," that "They do not know what to do with themſelves," that "They are at a loſs how to paſs away their time," with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are filled reaſonable beings. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body, to furniſh them with proper employments; who, beſides the buſineſs of their proper callings and profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of uſeful books, to diſcourſe; in a word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for ſome time in this courſe of thought, I diverted myſelf with a book, according to my uſual cuſtom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to ſleep. The book I made uſe of on this occaſion was Lucian, where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated on his tribunal. On his left-hand ſtood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elyſium. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived, who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. Madam, ſays he to the firſt of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! ſays ſhe, really I do not know what I have been doing: I deſire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pauſe, ſhe told him that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into cuſtody. And you, madam, ſays the judge, that look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air; I think you ſet out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of buſineſs on my hands, ſays ſhe, being taken up the firſt twelve years of my life in dreſſing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, ſays he, you have employed your time to good purpoſe. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman; Well, miſtreſs, ſays Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't pleaſe your worſhip, ſays ſhe, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my huſband ſeven daughters, made him nine thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, and who, I may venture to ſay, is as pretty a houſewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elyſium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, ſays he, what have you been doing theſe five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I aſſure you, ſir, ſaid ſhe. That is well, ſaid he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confuſion at this queſtion, and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elyſium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examination when he was more at leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented herſelf next at the bar, and being aſked what ſhe had been doing? Truly, ſaid ſhe, I lived threeſcore-and-ten years in a very wicked world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts,

that I paſſed moſt of my laſt years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the ſilly conduct of people about me, in order to deter thoſe I converſed with from falling into the like errors and miſcarriages. Very well, ſays Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the ſame watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, ſays ſhe, I was ſo taken up with publiſhing the faults of others, that I had no time to conſider my own. Madam, ſays Rhadamanthus, be pleaſed to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that ſtands behind you. Old gentlewoman, ſays he, I think you are fourſcore: you have heard the queſtion, what have you been doing ſo long in the world? Ah, Sir! ſays ſhe, I have been doing what I ſhould not have done, but I had made a firm reſolution to have changed my life, if I had not been ſnatched off by an untimely end. Madam, ſays he, you will pleaſe to follow your leader: and ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a huſband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldeſt ſon is bleſt by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of Elyſium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her, but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glowed with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elyſium, was ſo great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; ſo that preſſing through the crowd, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five-and-twenty years that ſhe had paſſed in the world? I have endeavoured, ſays ſhe, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, to make myſelf lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it, I paſſed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white waſhes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, ſinking my ſtays.—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurpriſed with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, ſinging, and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive, that Rhadamanthus would ſpoil their mirth: But at their nearer approach the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me,

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs of this dream, and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination, If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worſe, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of 'leaving undone thoſe things which they ought to have done, and of doing thoſe things which they ought not to have done.' *Guardian.*

§ 16. *A Knowledge of the Uſe and Value of Time very important to Youth.*

There is nothing which I more wiſh that you ſhould know, and which fewer people do know, than the true uſe and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatterns away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, ſome trite common-place ſentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetneſs of time. The ſun-dials, likewiſe, all over Europe, have ſome ingenious inſcription to that effect; ſo that nobody ſquanders away their time, without hearing and ſeeing, daily, how neceſſary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if loſt. But all theſe admonitions are uſeleſs, where there is not a fund of good ſenſe and reaſon

ſon to ſuggeſt them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myſelf, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical eſſay upon the uſe and abuſe of time; I will only give you ſome hints, with regard to the uſe of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not ſolidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be maſter of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and neceſſary retreat and ſhelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no ſhade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impoſſible; and it may even, in ſome caſes, be improper; this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you ſhould ſometimes think it a little laborious, conſider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a neceſſary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the ſooner you will be at your journey's end. The ſooner you are qualified for your liberty, the ſooner you ſhall have it; and your manumiſſion will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promiſe you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

Lord Cheſterfield.

§ 17. *On a lazy and trifling Diſpoſition.*

There are two ſorts of underſtandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being conſiderable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of any thing; but, diſcouraged by the firſt difficulties (and every thing worth knowing or having is attended with ſome) ſtops ſhort, contents itſelf with eaſy, and, conſequently, ſuperficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance, to a ſmall degree of trouble. Theſe people either think, or repreſent, moſt things as impoſſible; whereas few things are ſo to induſtry and activity. But difficulties ſeem to them impoſſibilities, or at leaſt they pretend to think them ſo, by way of excuſe for their lazineſs. An hour's attention to the ſame object is too laborious for them; they take every thing in the light in which it at firſt preſents itſelf, never conſider it in all its different views; and, in ſhort, never think it thorough. The conſequence of this is, that when they come to ſpeak upon theſe ſubjects before people who have conſidered them with attention, they only diſcover their own ignorance and lazineſs, and lay themſelves open to anſwers that put them in confuſion.

Do not then be diſcouraged by the firſt difficulties, but *contra audentior ito:* and reſolve to go to the bottom of all thoſe things, which every gentleman ought to know well. Thoſe arts or ſciences, which are peculiar to certain profeſſions, need not be deeply known by thoſe who are not intended for thoſe profeſſions. As, for inſtance, fortification and navigation; of both which, a ſuperficial and general knowledge, ſuch as the common courſe of converſation, with a very little enquiry on your part, will give you, is ſufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of ſome uſe to you; as the event of war, in ſieges, make many of the terms of that ſcience occur frequently in common converſations; and one would be ſorry to ſay, like the Marquis de Maſcarille, in Moliere's *Précieuſes Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demie Lune: Ma foi c'étoit bien une Lune toute entiere.* But thoſe things which every gentleman, independently of profeſſion, ſhould know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them. Such are languages, hiſtory, and geography, ancient and modern: philoſophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and for you particularly, the conſtitutions, and the civil and military ſtate of every country in Europe. This, I confeſs, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with ſome difficulties, and requiring ſome trouble, which, however, an active and induſtrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid.

The trifling and frivolous mind is always buſied, but to little purpoſe; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deſerve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, ſhells, inſects, &c. are the objects of their moſt ſerious reſearches. They

They contemplate the dreſs, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the ſenſe of it; and to the ceremonies of a court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an abſolute loſs of it. *Lord Cheſterfield's Letters.*

§ 18. *The bad Effects of Indolence.*

No other diſpoſition, or turn of mind, ſo totally unfits a man for all the ſocial offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he ſeems made for no end, and lives to no purpoſe. He cannot engage himſelf in any employment or profeſſion, becauſe he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can ſucceed in no undertaking, for he will never purſue it; he muſt be a bad huſband, father, and relation, for he will not take the leaſt pains to preſerve his wife, children, and family, from ſtarving; and he muſt be a worthleſs friend, for he would not draw his hand from his boſom, though to prevent the deſtruction of the univerſe. If he is born poor, he will remain ſo all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a perſon of fortune, his ſtewards will acquire immenſe eſtates, and he himſelf perhaps will die in the Fleet.

It ſhould be conſidered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a ſtate of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which ſhould ſeem to intimate, that we ſhould labour to render ourſelves excellent. Very few are ſuch abſolute idiots, as not to be able to become at leaſt decent, if not eminent, in their ſeveral ſtations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any poſſeſſed of ſuch tranſcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unneceſſary. Perſeverance will overcome difficulties, which at firſt appear inſuperable; and it is amazing to conſider, how great and numerous obſtacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here, the trite example of Demoſthenes, who got over the greateſt natural impediments to oratory, but content myſelf with a more modern and familiar inſtance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the ſurpriſing feats of activity there exhibited; and at the ſame time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it muſt have coſt the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into ſuch various and unnatural contortions. But I was moſt taken with the ingenious artiſt, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the ſame number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played ſeveral tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Chriſt-church Hoſpital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artiſt had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at leaſt a tolerable modern rhymer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would uſe equal diligence, they might faſhion their minds as ſucceſsfully, as Madam Catharina diſtorts her body.

There is not in the world a more uſeleſs, idle animal, than he who contents himſelf with being merely a gentleman. He has an eſtate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no ſuch thing in nature as a negative virtue, and that abſolute idleneſs is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do miſchief; and the mind, if it is not ſtored with uſeful knowledge, will certainly become a magazine of nonſenſe and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to riſe to open his ſhop, or work at his trade, ſhould always find ſome ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wiſdom, he will become more and more a ſlave to folly; and he that does nothing, becauſe he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or, at beſt, ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object, than a man of an honeſt heart, and fine natural abilities, whoſe good qualities are thus deſtroyed by indolence. Such a perſon is a conſtant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happineſs; and ſuffers himſelf to take rank among the loweſt characters, when he might render himſelf conſpicuous among the higheſt. Nobody is more univerſally beloved and more univerſally avoided, than my friend Careleſs. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man

of

of unſhaken integrity, on whom it is impoſſible to depend. With the beſt head, and the beſt heart, he regulates his conduct in the moſt abſurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do juſtice to himſelf, muſt inevitably wrong thoſe with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himſelf.

Virtue then is not to be conſidered in the light of mere innocence, or abſtaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day ſlip undiſtinguiſhed by ſome act of virtue, cried out, 'I have loſt a day.' If we regard our time in this light, how many days ſhall we look back upon as irretrievably loſt! and to how narrow a compaſs would ſuch a method of calculation frequently reduce the longeſt life! If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occaſion ſtrange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We ſhould ſee ſome few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with ſeveral young fellows of fourſcore.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating his exiſtence from the time of his reformation from evil courſes. The inſcriptions on moſt tomb-ſtones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the perſons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have thoſe people, whoſe lives have been uſeleſs, rendered of ſome ſervice after their deaths, by affording leſſons of inſtruction and morality to thoſe they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wiſh, that, in every pariſh, ſeveral acres were marked out for a new and ſpacious burying-ground: in which every perſon, whoſe remains are there depoſited, ſhould have a ſmall ſtone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abuſed the time allotted them in their lives. In ſuch circumſtances, the plate on a coffin might be the higheſt panegyric which the deceaſed could receive; and a little ſquare ſtone inſcribed with Ob. Ann. Æta. 80, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 19. *The innocent Pleaſures of Childhood.*

As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied pleaſure from a thouſand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myſelf into a ſhort tranſport, forgetting my age, and fancying myſelf a ſchool-boy.

This imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the preſence of ſo many young boys, in whoſe looks were legible the ſprightly paſſions of that age, which raiſed in me a ſort of ſympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of thoſe enjoyments that once gave me pleaſure, put on more lively colours, and a thouſand gay amuſements filled my mind.

It was not without regret, that I was forſaken by this waking dream. The cheapneſs of puerile delights, the guiltleſs joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the ſoul in the aſcent of life, the pleaſure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reaſon, made me think moſt men found that ſtage the moſt agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diverſions which exalted the ſpirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreſhing ſlumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the ſoul with anguiſh, and the body with diſeaſe. The grateful employment of admiring and raiſing themſelves to an imitation of the polite ſtile, beautiful images, and noble ſentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that ſwarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taſte, and infeſt the public. The ideas of virtue, which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, inſenſibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life, when the ſoul firſt makes her entrance into the world, all things look freſh and gay; their novelty ſurpriſes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour tranſports the ſtranger. But by degrees the ſenſe grows callous, and we loſe that exquiſite reliſh of trifles, by the time our minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiſeration of that ſpecies called beaus, the happineſs of thoſe men neceſſarily terminating

minating with their childhood, who, from a want of knowing other purſuits, continue a fondneſs for the delights of that age, after the reliſh of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleaſures for the various ſtages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of thoſe objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and diſplay by gentle degrees, we riſe from the gratifications of ſenſe, to reliſh thoſe of the mind. In the ſcale of pleaſure, the loweſt are ſenſual delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer pleaſures of reaſon, which diſcover the cauſes and deſigns, the frame, connection, and ſymmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public ſchools and univerſities, not only as nurſeries of men for the ſervice of the church and ſtate, but alſo as places deſigned to teach mankind the moſt refined luxury, to raiſe the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taſte for thoſe entertainments which afford the higheſt tranſport, without the groſſneſs or remorſe that attend vulgar enjoyments.

In thoſe bleſſed retreats men enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt genii that have appeared in every age; wander through the delightful mazes of every art and ſcience, and as they gradually enlarge their ſphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs proſpect of future diſcoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirſt of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the ſtock of learning, tranſmitted down from the ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily increaſe; and it is thence propagated by men, who, having finiſhed their ſtudies, go into the world, and ſpread that general knowledge and good taſte throughout the land, which is ſo diſtant from the barbariſm of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the ſchools and univerſities; ſo it cannot be denied, that theſe are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious conſiderations that princes, as well as private perſons, have erected colleges, and aſſigned liberal endowments to ſtudents and profeſſors. Upon the ſame account they meet with encouragement and protection from all chriſtian ſtates, as being eſteemed a neceſſary means to have the ſacred oracles and primitive traditions of chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known, that, after a long night of ignorance and ſuperſtition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of courſe engaged men in the ſtudy of the learned languages and of antiquity. *Guardian.*

§ 20. *On Chearfulneſs.*

I have always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred Perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

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If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of the ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good-humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſunſhine, that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenneſs and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the ſoul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a diſbelief of a Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever title it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his entire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in

in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs! The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy that he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind is, its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we are made to pleaſe. *Spectator.*

§ 21. *On the Advantages of a chearful Temper.*

Chearfulneſs is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings and ſecret murmurs of heart give imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions, which they raiſe in the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with many old men, or with ſuch, who (to uſe our Engliſh phraſe) wear well, that had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſoothes and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this laſt conſideration, I ſhall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleaſure. The ſun, which is as the great ſoul of the univerſe, and produces all the neceſſaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Thoſe ſeveral living creatures which are made for our ſervice or ſuſtenance, at the ſame time either fill the woods with their muſic, furniſh us with game, or raiſe pleaſing ideas in us by the delightfulneſs of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreſhing to the imagination, as to the ſoil through which they paſs.

There are writers of great diſtinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being ſuch a right mixture of light and ſhade, that it comforts and ſtrengthens the eye inſtead of weakening or grieving it. For this reaſon, ſeveral painters have green cloth hanging near them, to eaſe the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philoſopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and diſſipate the animal ſpirits which are employed in ſight; on the contrary, thoſe that are more obſcure do not give the animal ſpirits a ſufficient exerciſe; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in ſuch a due proportion,

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that they give the animal ſpirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the ſtruggle in a juſt balance, excite a very pleaſing and agreeable ſenſation. Let the cauſe be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reaſon, the poets aſcribe to this particular colour the epithet of *chearful*.

To conſider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the ſame time, both uſeful and entertaining, we find that the moſt important parts in the vegetable world are thoſe which are the moſt beautiful. Theſe are the ſeeds by which the ſeveral races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or bloſſoms. Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation. The huſbandman, after the ſame manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landſkip, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harveſt, and increaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may further obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulneſs in the mind of man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from ſeveral objects which ſeem to have very little uſe in them; as from the wildneſs of rocks and deſerts, and the like groteſque parts of nature. Thoſe who are verſed in philoſophy may ſtill carry this conſideration higher, by obſerving, that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with thoſe real qualities which it actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us ſuch imaginary qualities, as taſtes and colours, ſounds and ſmells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is converſant in the lower ſtations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable ſenſations? In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him the viciſſitude of day and night, the change of ſeaſons, with all that variety of ſcenes which diverſify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual ſucceſſion of beautiful and pleaſing images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral entertainments of art, with the pleaſures of friendſhip, books, converſation, and other accidental diverſions of life, becauſe I would only take notice of ſuch incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themſelves to perſons of all ranks and conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhew us that Providence did not deſign this world ſhould be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys herſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated French noveliſt, in oppoſition to thoſe who begin their romances with a flowery ſeaſon of the year, enters on his ſtory thus: 'In the gloomy 'month of November, when the people of 'England hang and drown themſelves, a 'diſconſolate lover walked out into the 'fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a ſatiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind with ſorrow, or deſtroying that chearfulneſs of temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr. Locke, in his Eſſay upon Human Underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

'Beyond all this, we may find another 'reaſon why God hath ſcattered up and 'down ſeveral degrees of pleaſure and 'pain, in all the things that environ and 'affect us, and blended them together, in 'almoſt all that our thoughts and ſenſes 'have to do with; that we, finding imper'fection, diſſatisfaction, and want of com'plete happineſs in all the enjoyments 'which the creatures can afford us, might

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'be led to ſeek it in the enjoyment of him, 'with whom there is fulneſs of joy, and 'at whoſe right hand are pleaſures for 'evermore.' *Spectator.*

§ 22. *On Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the ſhew of any thing be good for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity is better: for why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in the world for a man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what we would ſeem to be. Beſides, that it is many times as troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will eaſily diſcern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herſelf one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every body's ſatisfaction; ſo that, upon all accounts, ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of diſſimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world; it has leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtrait line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them that uſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe; and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to do to repoſe the greateſt truſt and confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in the buſineſs and affairs of life.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out: it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a falſe foundation, which continually ſtands in need of props to ſhore it up, and proves at laſt more chargeable than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial building at firſt upon a true and ſolid foundation; for ſincerity is firm and ſubſtantial, and there is nothing hollow or unſound in it, and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no diſcovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are ſo tranſparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the laſt man that finds himſelf to be found out, and whilſt he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himſelf ridiculous.

Add to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs; it creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man ſooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, whatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted perhaps when he means honeſtly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and nothing will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſhood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wiſdom, hid from men of falſe and diſhoneſt minds, the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the proſperity even of our worldly affairs; theſe men are ſo blinded by their covetouſneſs and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a preſent advantage, nor forbear to ſeize upon it, though by ways never ſo indirect; they cannot ſee ſo far as to the remote conſequences of a ſteady integrity, and the vaſt benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at laſt. Were but this ſort of men wiſe and clear-ſighted enough to diſcern this, they would be honeſt out of very knavery, not out of any love to honeſty

honeſty and virtue, but with a crafty deſign to promote and advance more effectually their own intereſts; and therefore the juſtice of the divine providence hath hid this trueſt point of wiſdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the juſt and upright, and ſerve their own wicked deſigns by honeſt and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (ſpeaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of converſation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will laſt and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

Spectator.

§ 23. *Rules for the Knowledge of One's Self.*

Hypocriſy, at the faſhionable end of the town, is very different from that in the city. The modiſh hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is; the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the ſhew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of; the latter aſſumes a face of ſanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a ſeeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocriſy, which differs from both theſe, and which I intend to make the ſubject of this paper: I mean that hypocriſy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often impoſes on himſelf; that hypocriſy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or miſtake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocriſy and ſelf-deceit, which is taken notice of in theſe words, 'Who can underſtand his errors? 'cleanſe thou me from my ſecret faults.'

If the open profeſſors of impiety deſerve the utmoſt application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may thoſe lay a claim to their care and compaſſion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themſelves engaged in a courſe of virtue! I ſhall therefore endeavour to lay down ſome rules for the diſcovery of thoſe vices that lurk in the ſecret corners of the ſoul; and to ſhew my reader thoſe methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himſelf. The uſual means preſcribed for this purpoſe, are to examine ourſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in ſacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that perſon who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding example, as well as the great guide and inſtructor, of thoſe who receive his doctrines. Though theſe two heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following methods to the conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret faults, and make a true eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt place, let them conſider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their repreſentations, after ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, "that, by the reproaches which it caſts upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors."

In order likewiſe to come to a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider, on the other hand, how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which

the world beſtow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues, which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinion of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs, that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and perſecution, for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons, eminent for piety, ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own, I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe actions, which proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe or the like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thouſand errors and ſecret faults find admiſſion, without being obſerved or taken notice of. A wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he is directed by ſomething beſides reaſon, and always apprehend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that is of a diſputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and examine all theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſtabliſh our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue as will turn to account in that great day, when it muſt ſtand the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with obſerving, that the two kinds of hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing on ourſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred thirty-ninth pſalm. The folly of the firſt kind of hypocriſy is there ſet forth by reflections on God's omniſcience and omnipreſence, which are celebrated in as noble ſtrains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either ſacred or profane. The other kind of hypocriſy, whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated in the two laſt verſes, where the pſalmiſt addreſſes himſelf to the great ſearcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; "Try "me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my "heart; prove me and examine my "thoughts: look well if there be any way "of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the "way everlaſting." *Spectator.*

§ 24. *No Life pleaſing to God, but that which is uſeful to Mankind. An Eaſtern Story.*

It pleaſed our mighty ſovereign Abbas Caraſcan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to ſet Mirza his ſervant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of diſtribution was ſuſpended with impartiality; and under his adminiſtration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced bleſſings upon his head. But it was obſerved that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffuſed; he became penſive and melancholy; he ſpent his leiſure in ſolitude; in his palace he ſat motionleſs upon a ſofa; and when he went out, his walk was ſlow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the buſineſs of ſtate with reluctance; and reſolved to relinquiſh the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permiſſion to approach the throne of our ſovereign; and being aſked what was his requeſt, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the world "forgive the ſlave whom he has honoured, if Mirza preſume again to lay his "bounty of Abbas as his feet. Thou haſt "given

" given me the dominion of a country,
" fruitful as the gardens of Damaſcus;
" and a city glorious above all others, ex-
" cept that only which reflects the ſplen-
" dour of thy preſence. But the longeſt
" life is a period ſcarce ſufficient to pre-
" pare for death: all other buſineſs is vain
" and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the
" path of the traveller, under whoſe foot
" they periſh for ever; and all enjoyment
" is unſubſtantial and evaneſcent, as the
" colours of the bow that appears in the
" interval of a ſtorm. Suffer me, there-
" fore, to prepare for the approach of
" eternity; let me give up my ſoul to
" meditation; let ſolitude and ſilence ac-
" quaint me with the myſteries of devo-
" tion; let me forget the world, and by
" the world be forgotten, till the moment
" arrives in which the veil of eternity ſhall
" fall, and I ſhall be found at the bar of
" the Almighty." Mirza then bowed himſelf to the earth, and ſtood ſilent.

By the command of Abbas it is record-ed, that at theſe words he trembled upon the throne, at the footſtool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king firſt broke ſilence, after it had continued near an hour.

" Mirza, terror and doubt are come
" upon me. I am alarmed as a man who
" ſuddenly perceives that he is near the
" brink of a precipice, and is urged for-
" ward by an irreſiſtible force: but yet I
" know not whether my danger is a rea-
" lity or a dream. I am as thou art, a
" reptile of the earth: my life is a mo-
" ment, and eternity, in which days, and
" years, and ages, are nothing, eternity is
" before me, for which I alſo ſhould pre-
" pare: but by whom then muſt the Faith-
" ful be governed? by thoſe only, who
" have no fear of judgment? by thoſe
" only, whoſe life is brutal, becauſe like
" brutes they do not conſider that they
" ſhall die? Or who, indeed, are the
" Faithful? Are the buſy multitudes that
" crowd the city, in a ſtate of perdition?
" and is the cell of the Derviſe alone the
" gate of Paradiſe? To all, the life of a
" Derviſe is not poſſible: to all, there-
" fore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to
" the houſe which has in this city been
" prepared for thy reſidence: I will me-
" ditate the reaſon of thy requeſt; and
" may He who illuminates the mind of the
" humble, enable me to determine with
" wiſdom."

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it, he preſented it with his right-hand. " My Lord!" ſaid he, " I have
" learned by this letter, which I received
" from Coſrou the Iman, who ſtands now
" before thee, in what manner life may
" be beſt improved. I am enabled to
" look back with pleaſure, and forward
" with hope; and I ſhall now rejoice ſtill
" to be the ſhadow of thy power at Tauris,
" and to keep thoſe honours which I ſo
" lately wiſhed to reſign." The king, who had liſtened to Mirza with a mixture of ſurprize and curioſity, immediately gave the letter to Coſrou, and commanded that it ſhould be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary ſage, whoſe countenance was ſuffuſed with an honeſt bluſh; and it was not without ſome heſitation that he read theſe words.

" To Mirza, whom the wiſdom of Ab-
" bas our mighty Lord has honoured with
" dominion, be everlaſting health! When
" I heard thy purpoſe to withdraw the
" bleſſings of thy government from the
" thouſands of Tauris, my heart was
" wounded with the arrow of affliction,
" and my eyes became dim with ſorrow.
" But who ſhall ſpeak before the king
" when he is troubled; and who ſhall boaſt
" of knowledge, when he is diſtreſſed by
" doubt? To thee will I relate the events
" of my youth, which thou haſt renewed
" before me; and thoſe truths which they
" taught me, may the Prophet multiply to
" thee!

" Under the inſtruction of the phyſician
" Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge
" of his art. To thoſe who were ſmitten
" with diſeaſe, I could adminiſter plants,
" which the ſun has impregnated with the
" ſpirit of health. But the ſcenes of pain,
" langour, and mortality, which were per-
" petually riſing before me, made me of-
" ten tremble for myſelf. I ſaw the grave
" open at my feet: I determined, there-
" fore, to contemplate only the regions
" beyond it, and to deſpiſe every acquiſi-
" tion which I could not keep. I con-
" ceived an opinion, that as there was no
" merit but in voluntary poverty, and
" ſilent meditation, thoſe who declined mo-

" ney were not proper objects of bounty;
" and that by all who were proper objects
" of bounty money was despised. I,
" therefore, buried mine in the earth;
" and renouncing society, I wandered
" into a wild and sequestered part of the
" country: my dwelling was a cave by
" the side of a hill; I drank the running
" water from the spring, and ate such
" fruits and herbs as I could find. To
" increase the austerity of my life, I fre-
" quently watched all night, sitting at the
" entrance of the cave with my face to
" the east, resigning myself to the secret
" influences of the Prophet, and expecting
" illuminations from above. One morn-
" ing after my nocturnal vigil, just as I
" perceived the horizon glow at the ap-
" proach of the sun, the power of sleep
" became irresistible, and I sunk under it.
" I imagined myself still sitting at the
" entrance of my cell; that the dawn in-
" creased; and that as I looked earnestly
" for the first beam of day, a dark spot
" appeared to intercept it. I perceived
" that it was in motion; it increased in
" size as it drew near, and at length I dis-
" covered it to be an eagle. I still kept
" my eye fixed stedfastly upon it, and saw
" it alight at a small distance, where I now
" descried a fox whose two fore-legs ap-
" peared to be broken. Before this fox
" the eagle laid part of a kid, which she
" had brought in her talons, and then dis-
" appeared. When I awaked, I laid my
" forehead upon the ground, and blessed
" the Prophet for the instruction of the
" morning. I reviewed my dream, and
" said thus to myself: Cosrou, thou hast
" done well to renounce the tumult, the
" business, and vanities of life: but thou
" hast as yet only done it in part; thou
" art still every day busied in the search
" of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest,
" neither is thy trust in Providence com-
" plete. What art thou taught by this
" vision? If thou hast seen an eagle com-
" missioned by Heaven to feed a fox that
" is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven
" also supply thee with food; when that
" which prevents thee from procuring it
" for thyself, is not necessity but devotion?
" I was now so confident of a miraculous
" supply, that I neglected to walk out for
" my repast, which, after the first day, I
" expected with an impatience that left
" me little power of attending to any other
" object: this impatience, however, I la-
" boured to suppress, and persisted in my
" resolution; but my eyes at length began
" to fail me, and my knees smote each
" other; I threw myself backward, and
" hoped my weakness would soon increase
" to insensibility. But I was suddenly
" roused by the voice of an invisible being,
" who pronounced these words: 'Cos-
rou, I am the angel, who by the command
of the Almighty, have registered the
thoughts of thy heart, which I am now
commissioned to reprove. While thou
wast attempting to become wise above that
which is revealed, thy folly has perverted
the instruction which was vouchsafed thee.
Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou
not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise,
let the Eagle be the object of thy emula-
tion. To pain and sickness, be thou again
the messenger of ease and health. Virtue
is not rest, but action. If thou dost good
to man as an evidence of thy love to God,
thy virtue will be exalted from moral to
divine; and that happiness which is the
pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward
upon earth.'

" At these words I was not less asto-
" nished than if a mountain had been
" overturned at my feet. I humbled my-
" self in the dust; I returned to the city;
" I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I
" became rich. My skill in restoring health
" to the body gave me frequent opportu-
" nities of curing the diseases of the soul.
" I put on the sacred vestments; I grew
" eminent beyond my merit; and it was
" the pleasure of the king that I should
" stand before him. Now, therefore, be
" not offended; I boast of no knowledge
" that I have not received: As the sands
" of the desert drink up the drops of rain,
" or the dew of the morning, so do I
" also, who am but dust, imbibe the in-
" structions of the prophet. Believe then
" that it is he who tells thee, all know-
" ledge is profane, which terminates in
" thyself; and by a life wasted in specu-
" lation, little even of this can be gained.
" When the gates of Paradise are thrown
" open before thee, thy mind shall be irra-
" diated in a moment; here thou canst
" little more than pile error upon error;
" there thou shalt build truth upon truth.
" Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision;
" and in the mean time emulate the Ea-
" gle. Much is in thy power; and, there-
" fore, much is expected of thee. Though
" the ALMIGHTY only can give virtue,
" yet, as a prince, thou may'st stimulate
" those to beneficence, who act from no
" higher

" higher motive than immediate intereſt: " thou canſt not produce the principle, but " may'ſt enforce the practice. The re- " lief of the poor is equal, whether they " receive it from oſtentation, or charity; " and the effect of example is the ſame, " whether it be intended to obtain the fa- " vour of God or man. Let thy virtue " be thus diffuſed; and if thou believeſt " with reverence, thou ſhalt be accepted " above. Farewell. May the ſmile of " Him who reſides in the Heaven of Hea- " vens be upon thee! and againſt thy " name, in the volume of His will, may " happineſs be written!"

The King, whoſe doubts like thoſe of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know "that no life is pleaſing to " God, but that which is uſeful to Man- " kind." *Adventurer.*

§ 25. *Providence proved from Animal Inſtinct.*

I muſt confeſs I am infinitely delighted with thoſe ſpeculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural hiſtory, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occaſion, the ſeveral remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own obſervation; the arguments for Providence, drawn from the natural hiſtory of animals, being, in my opinion, demonſtrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the leaſt turn in the muſcles or twiſt in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life, than any other caſt or texture of them would have been.

The moſt violent appetites in all creatures are *luſt* and *hunger:* the firſt is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preſerve themſelves.

It is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different degrees of care that deſcend from the parent of the young, ſo far as is abſolutely neceſſary for the leaving a poſterity. Some creatures caſt their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as inſects, and ſeveral kind of fiſh; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depoſit them in, and there leave them, as the ſerpent, the crocodile, and oſtrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to ſhift for itſelf.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to obſerve a particular plan in the ſtructure of its neſt, and directs all of the ſame ſpecies to work after the ſame model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it ſee any of the works of its own kind, the neſt it makes ſhall be the ſame, to the laying of a ſtick, with all the neſts of the ſame ſpecies. It cannot be *reaſon*; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propoſe to themſelves.

Is it not remarkable that the ſame temper of weather which raiſes this general warmth in animals, ſhould cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with graſs, for their ſecurity and concealment, and produce ſuch infinite ſwarms of inſects for the ſupport and ſuſtenance of their reſpective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent ſhould be ſo violent while it laſts, and that it ſhould laſt no longer than is neceſſary for the preſervation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I ſhall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning ſuch an inſtance of cruelty, becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew the ſtrength of that principle in animals of which I am here ſpeaking. "A perſon, who was well ſkilled in " diſſections, opened a bitch, and as ſhe lay " in the moſt exquiſite torture, offered her " one of her young puppies, which ſhe im- " mediately fell a licking; and for the " time ſeemed inſenſible of her pain: on " the removal, ſhe kept her eye fixed on it, " and began a wailing ſort of cry, which " ſeemed rather to proceed from the loſs " of her young one, than the ſenſe of her " own torments."

But notwithſtanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intenſe than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it ſhould be no longer troubleſome to the parent than it is uſeful to the young; for ſo ſoon as the wants of the latter ceaſe, the mother withdraws her fondneſs, and leaves them to provide for themſelves: and what is a very remarkable

circumſtance in this part of inſtinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its uſual time, if the preſervation of the ſpecies requires it; as we may ſee in birds that drive away their young as ſoon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the neſt, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of ſupplying their own neceſſities.

This natural love is not obſerved in animals to aſcend from the young to the parent, which is not at all neceſſary for the continuance of the ſpecies: nor indeed in reaſonable creatures does it riſe in any proportion, as it ſpreads itſelf downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted, and favours beſtowed, are greater motives to love and tenderneſs, than ſafety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear ſceptical men diſputing for the reaſon of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the uſe of that faculty.

Reaſon ſhews itſelf in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no diſcovery of ſuch a talent, but what immediately regards his own preſervation, or the continuance of his ſpecies. Animals in their generation are wiſer than the ſons of men; but their wiſdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compaſs. Take a brute out of his inſtinct, and you find him wholly deprived of underſtanding.—To uſe an inſtance that comes often under obſervation:

With what caution does the hen provide herſelf a neſt in places unfrequented, and free from noiſe and diſturbance! When ſhe has laid her eggs in ſuch a manner that ſhe can cover them, what care does ſhe take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When ſhe leaves them, to provide for her neceſſary ſuſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the ſummer you ſee her giving herſelf greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the ſeaſon would chill the principles of life, and deſtroy the young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her attendance, and ſtays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does ſhe help the chick to break its priſon! Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nouriſhment, and teaching it to help itſelf; nor to mention her forſaking the neſt, if after the uſual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that ſhew an infinitely greater ſagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the ſame time the hen, that has all this ſeeming ingenuity (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the propagation of the ſpecies) conſidered in other reſpects, is without the leaſt glimmerings of thought or common ſenſe. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner: ſhe is inſenſible of any increaſe or diminution in the number of thoſe ſhe lays: ſhe does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another ſpecies; and when the birth appears of never ſo different a bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe circumſtances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the ſubſiſtence of herſelf or her ſpecies, ſhe is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more myſterious in nature, than this inſtinct in animals, which thus riſes above reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the ſame time works after ſo odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themſelves, nor from any laws of mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt notions of the greateſt philoſophers, is an immediate impreſſion from the firſt Mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures. *Spectator.*

§ 26. *The Neceſſity of forming religious Principles at an early Age.*

As ſoon as you are capable of reflection, you muſt perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You ſee tha thoſe who are born with the ſame advantages of fortune, are not all equally proſperous in the courſe of life. While ſome of them, by wiſe and ſteady conduct, attain diſtinction in the world, and paſs their days with comfort and honour; others of the ſame rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themſelves in much miſery, and end in being

ing a diſgrace to their friends, and a burden on ſociety. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourſelves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappineſs, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the moſt ſerious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, inſtead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpoſe, you deliver yourſelves up, at ſo critical a time, to ſloth and pleaſure; if you refuſe to liſten to any counſellor but humour, or to attend to any purſuit except that of amuſement; if you allow yourſelves to float looſe and careleſs on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of faſhion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from ſuch beginnings? While ſo many around you are undergoing the ſad conſequences of a like indiſcretion, for what reaſon ſhall not theſe conſequences extend to you? Shall you only attain ſucceſs without that preparation, and eſcape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happineſs grow up to you of its own accord, and ſolicit your acceptance, when, to the reſt of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquiſition of labour and care?—Deceive not yourſelves with ſuch arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your ſake, reverſe its eſtabliſhed order. By liſtening to wiſe admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of ſerious thought, you may enſure chearfulneſs for the reſt of your life; but by delivering yourſelves up at preſent to giddineſs and levity, you lay the foundation of laſting heavineſs of heart. *Blair.*

§ 27. *The Acquiſition of virtuous Diſpoſitions and Habits a neceſſary Part of Education.*

When you look forward to thoſe plans of life, which either your circumſtances have ſuggeſted, or your friends have propoſed, you will not heſitate to acknowledge, that in order to purſue them with advantage, ſome previous diſcipline is requiſite. Be aſſured, that whatever is to be your profeſſion, no education is more neceſſary to your ſucceſs, than the acquirement of virtuous diſpoſitions and habits. This is the univerſal preparation for every character, and every ſtation in life. Bad as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs it will be found, that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity, than the brighteſt parts without probity or honour. Whether ſcience, or buſineſs, or public life, be your aim, virtue ſtill enters, for a principal ſhare, into all thoſe great departments of ſociety. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and uſeful buſineſs; with diſtinction, in every public ſtation. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous ſentiments which it breathes; the undaunted ſpirit which it inſpires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and diſhonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in ſucceſs among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſſary requiſite, in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre. Feeble are the attractions of the faireſt form, if it be ſuſpected that nothing within correſponds to the pleaſing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is ſuppoſed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at firſt attract the attention, you can hold the eſteem and ſecure the hearts of others only by amiable diſpoſitions and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſſed away. *Ibid.*

§ 28. *The Happineſs and Dignity of Manhood depend upon the Conduct of the youthful Age.*

Let not the ſeaſon of youth be barren of improvements, ſo eſſential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in ſome meaſure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and ſoft. Habits have not eſtabliſhed their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your underſtanding. The world has not had time to contract and debaſe your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, diſembarraſſed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulſe you now give to your deſires and paſſions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to

run; nay, it may determine an everlaſting iſſue. Conſider then the employment of this important period as the higheſt truſt which ſhall ever be committed to you; as, in a great meaſure, deciſive of your happineſs, in time and in eternity. As in the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in courſe; ſo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill ſpent, influences the happineſs of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſſes of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular courſe, diſorder takes place in the moral, juſt as in the vegetable world. If the ſpring put forth no bloſſoms, in ſummer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miſerable. *Blair.*

§ 29. *Piety to God the Foundation of good Morals.*

What I ſhall firſt recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a diſpoſition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, deſtitute of ſome of the beſt affections which belong to that age. Youth is the ſeaſon of warm and generous emotions. The heart ſhould then ſpontaneouſly riſe into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the diſcovery of tenderneſs and goodneſs. Where can any object be found, ſo proper to kindle thoſe affections, as the Father of the univerſe, and the Author of all felicity! Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majeſty which his works every where diſplay? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profuſion of good, which, in this pleaſing ſeaſon of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of thoſe with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inſpirer of all the friendſhip which has ever been ſhewn you by others; himſelf your beſt and your firſt friend; formerly, the ſupporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood: now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expreſſion of gratitude to him for all his goodneſs. Conſider it as the ſervice of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom in former ages your anceſtors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and bleſſed in heaven. Connected with ſo many tender ſenſibilities of ſoul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offſpring of ſpeculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. *Ibid.*

§ 30. *Religion never to be treated with Levity.*

Impreſs your minds with reverence for all that is ſacred. Let no wantonneſs of youthful ſpirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane ſallies. Beſides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and preſumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Inſtead of being an evidence of ſuperior underſtanding, it diſcovers a pert and ſhallow mind; which, vain of the firſt ſmatterings of knowledge, preſumes to make light of what the reſt of mankind revere. At the ſame time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and ſolemn in your manners than others of the ſame years; or to erect yourſelves into ſupercilious reprovers of thoſe around you. The ſpirit of true religion breathes gentleneſs and affability. It gives a native unaffected taſte to the behaviour. It is ſocial, kind, and chearful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal ſuperſtition which clouds the brow, ſharpens the temper, dejects the ſpirit, and teaches men to fit themſelves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable diſcharge of the duties of active life. Of ſuch religion diſcover, on every proper occaſion, that you are not aſhamed; but avoid making any unneceſſary oſtentation of it before the world. *Ibid.*

§ 31. *Modeſty and Docility to be joined to Piety.*

To piety join modeſty and docility, reverence of your parents, and ſubmiſſion to thoſe who are your ſuperiors in knowledge, in ſtation, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modeſty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been eſteemed a preſage of riſing merit. When entering on the career of life,

life, it is your part, not to aſſume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourſelves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wiſe by the wiſdom of thoſe who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its preſent appearance, or blaſt the proſpect of its future proſperity, more than ſelf conceit, preſumption, and obſtinacy. By checking its natural progreſs in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity: and frequently produce miſchiefs which can never be repaired. Yet theſe are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprize, and elated by hope, they reſolve to truſt for ſucceſs to none but themſelves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous ſuggeſtions of age. Too wiſe to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be reſtrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiſcretion, into the midſt of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Blair.*

§ 32. *Sincerity and Truth recommended.*

It is neceſſary to recommend to you ſincerity and truth. This is the baſis of every virtue. That darkneſs of character, where we can ſee no heart; thoſe foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, preſent an object, unamiable in every ſeaſon of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are ſtrong, and when nature is expected to ſhew herſelf free and open, you can already ſmile and deceive, what are we to look for, when you ſhall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when intereſt ſhall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience ſhall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Diſſimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its firſt appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future ſhame. It deforms parts and learning; obſcures the luſtre of every accompliſhment; and ſinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the eſteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and conſiſtent. Ingenuity and candour poſſeſs the moſt powerful charm; they beſpeak univerſal favour, and carry an apology for almoſt every failing. The path of truth is a plain and ſafe path; that of falſehood is a perplexing maze. After the firſt departure from ſincerity, it is not in your power to ſtop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increaſes, you are left entangled in your own ſnare. Deceit diſcovers a little mind, which ſtops at temporary expedients, without riſing to comprehenſive views of conduct. It betrays, at the ſame time, a daſtardly ſpirit. It is the reſource of one who wants courage to avow his deſigns, or to reſt upon himſelf. Whereas, openneſs of character diſplays that generous boldneſs, which ought to diſtinguiſh youth. To ſet out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to intereſt, betokens one who is deſtined for creeping through the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they ſtand in competition; to deſpiſe every advantage, which cannot be attained without diſhoneſt arts; to brook no meanneſs, and to ſtoop to no diſſimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the preſages of future eminence and diſtinction in life. At the ſame time this virtuous ſincerity is perfectly conſiſtent with the moſt prudent vigilance and caution. It is oppoſed to cunning, not to true wiſdom. It is not the ſimplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who ſcorns deceit, becauſe he accounts it both baſe and unprofitable; and who ſeeks no diſguiſe, becauſe he needs none to hide him. *Ibid.*

§ 33. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

Youth is the proper ſeaſon of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happineſs is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render ſuch connections comfortable. Let a ſenſe of juſtice be the foundation of all your ſocial qualities. In your moſt early intercourſe with the world, and even in your youthful amuſements, let no unfairneſs be found. Engrave on your mind that ſacred rule, of 'doing in all things to others, according as you wiſh that they ſhould do unto you.' For this end, impreſs yourſelves with a deep ſenſe of the original and natural equality of man. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you poſſeſs, never diſplay them with an oſtentatious ſuperiority. Leave the ſubordinations of rank to regulate the intercourſe of more advanced years. At preſent

preſent it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the viciſſitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with ſcorn, have riſen to be their ſuperiors in future years. Compaſſion is an emotion of which you never ought to be aſhamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of ſympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not eaſe and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in ſelfiſh enjoyment. Accuſtom yourſelves to think of the diſtreſſes of human life; of the ſolitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never ſport with pain and diſtreſs, in any of your amuſements; nor treat even the meaneſt inſect with wanton cruelty. *Blair.*

§ 34. *Courteſy and engaging Manners.*

In order to render yourſelves amiable in ſociety, correct every appearance of harſhneſs in behaviour. Let that courteſy diſtinguiſh your demeanour, which ſprings not ſo much from ſtudied politeneſs, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the cuſtoms of the world in matters indifferent; but ſtop when they become ſinful. Let your manners be ſimple and natural; and of courſe they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming yourſelves on fantaſtic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *Temperance in Pleaſure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleaſure. Let me admoniſh them, to beware of that rock on which thouſands, from race to race, continue to ſplit. The love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with exceſſive ardour. Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to ſpread a continual feaſt; and health, vigour, and high ſpirits, invite them to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accuſed of inſufferable ſeverity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the conſtraints of religion, and the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be compriſed in a few words—not to hurt yourſelves, and not to hurt others, by your purſuit of pleaſure. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous. Are theſe reſtraints any other than what a wiſe man would chooſe to impoſe on himſelf? We call you not to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety. Inſtead of abridging it, we exhort you to purſue it on an extenſive plan. We propoſe meaſures for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration. *Ibid.*

§ 36. *Whatever violates Nature, cannot afford true Pleaſure.*

Conſult your whole nature. Conſider yourſelves not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but ſocial; not only as ſocial, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of theſe reſpects, cannot afford true pleaſure; any more than that which undermines an eſſential part of the vital ſyſtem, can promote health. For the truth of this concluſion, we appeal not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the teſtimony of the aged, but to yourſelves, and your own experience. We aſk, whether you have not found, that in a courſe of criminal exceſs, your pleaſure was more than compenſated by ſucceeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular inſtance, yet from every habit, at leaſt, of unlawful gratification, there did not ſpring ſome thorn to wound you; there did not ariſe ſome conſequence to make you repent of it in the iſſue? How long will you repeat the ſame round of pernicious folly, and tamely expoſe yourſelves to be caught in the ſame ſnare? If you have any conſideration, or any firmneſs left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourſelves unequal, with as much care as you would ſhun peſtilential infection. Break off all connections with the looſe and profligate. *Ibid.*

§ 37. *Irregular Pleaſures.*

By the unhappy exceſſes of irregular pleaſures in youth, how many amiable diſpoſitions are corrupted or deſtroyed! How many riſing capacities and powers are ſuppreſſed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguiſhed! Who but muſt drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which aroſe ſo bright, overcaſt with

with ſuch untimely darkneſs; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which ſparkled in every company, thoſe abilities which were fitted for adorning the higheſt ſtations, all ſacrificed at the ſhrine of low ſenſuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midſt of public eſteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his courſe; or ſunk for the whole of it into inſignificancy and contempt!—Theſe, O unſul Pleaſure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradeſt human honour, and blaſteſt the opening proſpects of human felicity! *Blair.*

§ 38. *Induſtry and Application.*

Diligence, induſtry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpoſe are they endowed with the beſt abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this caſe, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or ſpiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of induſtry are moſt eaſily acquired: in youth the incentives to it are ſtrongeſt, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the proſpects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to theſe calls, you already languiſh in ſlothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more ſluggiſh current of advancing years? Induſtry is not only the inſtrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleaſure. Nothing is ſo oppoſite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble ſtate of an indolent mind. He who is a ſtranger to induſtry, may poſſeſs, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the reliſh to pleaſure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indiſpenſible condition of our poſſeſſing a ſound mind in a ſound body. Sloth is ſo inconſiſtent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happineſs. Inactive as it is in itſelf, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a ſlowly-flowing ſtream, yet it undermines all that is ſtable and flouriſhing. It not only ſaps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which firſt putrefies by ſtagnation, and then ſends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmoſphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleneſs, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleneſs I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many ſaunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous ſociety, or public amuſements; in the labours of dreſs, or the oſtentation of their perſons—Is this the foundation which you lay for future uſefulneſs and eſteem? By ſuch accompliſhments do you hope to recommend yourſelves to the thinking part of the world, and to anſwer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amuſements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are moſt culpable as the buſineſs, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poiſon of the mind. They foment bad paſſions. They weaken the manly powers. They ſink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. *Ibid.*

§ 39. *The Employment of Time.*

Redeeming your time from ſuch dangerous waſte, ſeek to fill it with employments which you may review with ſatisfaction. The acquiſition of knowledge is one of the moſt honourable occupations of youth. The deſire of it diſcovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accompliſhments and many virtues. But though your train of life ſhould not lead you to ſtudy, the courſe of education always furniſhes proper employments to a well diſpoſed mind. Whatever you purſue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and ſenſibility to praiſe, are, eſpecially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and induſtry. Induſtry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reaſon, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now paſs over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtleſs minds they may eſcape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the regiſter of your life. They will hereafter bear teſtimony, either for or againſt you at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you muſt give an account to God. Whether your future courſe is deſtined to be long or ſhort, after this manner it ſhould commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted,

ducted, its concluſion, at what time ſoever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy. *Blair.*

§ 40. *The Neceſſity of depending for Succeſs on the Bleſſing of Heaven.*

Let me finiſh the ſubject, with recalling your attention to that dependance on the bleſſing of Heaven, which, amidſt all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preſerve. It is too common with the young, even when they reſolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to ſet out with preſumptuous confidence in themſelves. Truſting to their own abilities for carrying them ſucceſsfully through life, they are careleſs of applying to God, or of deriving any aſſiſtance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy diſcipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them! Neither human wiſdom, nor human virtue, unſupported by religion, are equal for the trying ſituations which often occur in life. By the ſhock of temptation, how frequently have the moſt virtuous intentions been overthrown! Under the preſſure of diſaſter, how often has the greateſt conſtancy ſunk! Deſtitute of the favour of God, you are in no better ſituation, with all your boaſted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackleſs deſert, without any guide to conduct them, or any ſhelter to cover them from the gathering ſtorm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not that your happineſs can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, ſeek the protection of the God of Heaven. *Ibid.*

§ 41. *The Neceſſity of an early and cloſe Application to Wiſdom.*

It is neceſſary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to ſome employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the ſoul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for reſt, too ſoft and effeminate for induſtry, ever ambitious to make a ſplendid figure; yet the time will come when we ſhall outgrow the reliſh of childiſh amuſements: and, if we are not provided with a taſte for manly ſatisfactions to ſucceed in their room, we muſt of courſe become miſerable, at an age more difficult to be pleaſed. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhauſtible flow of vigorous ſpirits; a conſtant ſucceſſion of gay ideas, which flatter and ſport in the brain, makes them pleaſed with themſelves, and with every frolic as trifling as themſelves: but when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freſhneſs of their youth, like the morning dew, paſſes away, their ſpirits flag for want of entertainments more ſatisfactory in themſelves, and more ſuited to a manly age; and the ſoul, from a ſprightly impertinence, from quick ſenſations, and florid deſires, ſubſides into a dead calm, and ſinks into a flat ſtupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleaſing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them; juſt as the ſun beams may paint a cloud, and diverſify it with beautiful ſtains of light, however dark, unſubſtantial, and empty in itſelf. But nothing can ſhine with undiminiſhed luſtre, but religion and knowledge, which are eſſentially and intrinſically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in ſome meaſure beneficial; becauſe nothing elſe will bear a calm and ſedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inſeparable attendant upon a flush of ſanguine health, and a fulneſs of youthful ſpirits: but you will find, in proceſs of time, that among the wiſe and good, uſeleſs good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an aſſemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a ſolid and laſting eſteem. *Scd.*

§ 42. *The Unhappineſs conſequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind.*

There is not a greater inlet to miſery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to paſs our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the firſt part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is ſlipt away without an acquired reliſh for reading, or taſte for other rational ſatisfactions? That they ſhould purſue their pleaſures?—But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themſelves to their ſtudies? Alas! the ſeed-time is already paſt: The enterprizing and ſpirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to thoſe valuable purpoſes for which it was given,

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all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable ſchemes quite ſtagnates. If they have not ſome poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to ſpeak more properly, to deceive themſelves, the length of a day will ſeem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreaſonableneſs to complain of the ſhortneſs of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In ſhort, we muſt be miſerable, without ſome employment to fix, or ſome amuſement to diſſipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor reliſh at all times; and therefore there is an abſolute neceſſity for the former. We may purſue this or that new pleaſure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquiſition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briſkneſs of our firſt deſire is over, the tranſition is very quick and ſudden, from an eager fondneſs to a cool indifference. Hence there is a reſtleſs agitation in our minds, ſtill craving ſomething new, ſtill unſatisfied with it, when poſſeſſed; till melancholy increaſes, as we advance in years, like ſhadows lengthening towards the cloſe of day.

Hence it is, that men of this ſtamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worſe: Becauſe the ſprightlineſs of their youth repreſented every thing in the moſt engaging light; and when men are in high good humour with themſelves, they are apt to be ſo with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the ſun ſhines with a more agreeable luſtre: but when old age has cut them off from the enjoyment of falſe pleaſures, and habitual vice has given them a diſtaſte for the only true and laſting delights; when a retroſpect of their paſt lives preſents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a ſoul diſtempered with ſpleen, remorſe, and an inſenſibility of each rational ſatisfaction, darkens and diſcolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forſaken by thoſe gratifications which they would not forſake.

How much otherwiſe is it with thoſe who have laid up an inexhauſtible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the purſuit of ſome great and important truth, which others waſte in a circle of gay follies, he is conſcious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that conſciouſneſs there reſults that ſerene complacency, which, though not ſo violent, is much preferable to the pleaſures of the animal life. He can travel on from ſtrength to ſtrength; for, in literature as in war, each new conqueſt which he gains, impowers him to puſh his conqueſts ſtill farther, and to enlarge the empire of reaſon: thus he is ever in a progreſſive ſtate, ſtill making new acquirements, ſtill animated with hopes of future diſcoveries. *Seed.*

§ 43. *Great Talents not requiſite for the common Duties of Life.*

Some may alledge, in bar to what I have ſaid, as an excuſe for their indolence, the want of proper talents to make any progreſs in learning. To which I anſwer, that few ſtations require uncommon abilities to diſcharge them well; for the ordinary offices of life, that ſhare of apprehenſion which falls to the bulk of mankind, provided we improve it, will ſerve well enough. Bright and ſparkling parts are like diamonds, which may adorn the proprietor, but are not neceſſary for the good of the world; whereas common ſenſe is like current coin; we have every day, in the ordinary occurrences of life, occaſion for it: and if we would but call it into action, it would carry us much greater lengths than we ſeem to be aware of. Men may extol, as much as they pleaſe, fine, exalted and ſuperior ſenſe; yet common ſenſe, if attended with humility and induſtry, is the beſt guide to beneficial truth, and the beſt preſervative againſt any fatal errors in knowledge, and notorious miſconducts in life. For none are, in the nature of the thing, more liable to error, than thoſe who have a diſtaſte for plain ſober ſenſe and dry reaſoning; which yet is the caſe of thoſe whoſe warm and elevated imagination, whoſe uncommon fire and vivacity, make them in love with nothing but what is ſtriking, marvellous, and dazzling: for great wits, like great beauties, look upon mere eſteem as a flat inſipid thing; nothing leſs than admiration will content them. To gain the good-will of mankind, by being uſeful to them, is in their opinion, a poor, low, groveling aim; their ambition is, to draw the eyes of the world upon them, by dazzling and ſurprizing them; a temper which draws them off from the love of truth, and conſequently ſubjects them to groſs miſtakes: for they will not love truth as ſuch; they will love

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it only when it happens to be ſurprizing and uncommon, which few important truths are. The love of novelty will be the predominant paſſion; that of truth will only influence them, when it does not interfere with it. Perhaps nothing ſooner miſleads men out of the road of truth, than to have the wild, dancing light of a bright imagination playing before them. Perhaps they have too much life and ſpirit to have patience enough to go to the bottom of a ſubject, and trace up every argument, through a long tedious proceſs, to its original. Perhaps they have that delicacy of make which fits them for a ſwift and ſpeedy race, but does not enable them to carry a great weight, or to go through any long journey; whereas men of fewer ideas, who lay them in order, compare and examine them, and go on, ſtep by ſtep, in a gradual chain of thinking, make up by induſtry and caution what they want in quickneſs of apprehenſion. Be not diſcouraged, if you do not meet with ſucceſs at firſt. Obſerve, (for it lies within the compaſs of any man's obſervation) that he who has been long habituated to one kind of knowledge, is utterly at a loſs in another, to which he is unaccuſtomed; till, by repeated efforts, he finds a progreſſive opening of his faculties; and then he wonders how he could be ſo long in finding out a connection of ideas, which, to a practiſed underſtanding, is very obvious. But by neglecting to uſe your faculties, you will, in time, loſe the very power of uſing them. *Seed.*

§ 44. *Riches or Fortune no Excuſe to exempt any from Study.*

Others there are, who plead an exemption from ſtudy, becauſe their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, becauſe their ſituation in life exempts them from the neceſſity of ſpending their time in ſervile offices and hardſhips, therefore they may diſpoſe of it juſt as they pleaſe. It is to imagine, becauſe God has empowered them to ſingle out the beſt means of employing their hours, viz in reading, meditation; in the higheſt inſtances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apoſtle's rule, 'that if any man will not work, neither ſhould he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only ſuppoſing, that there are different kinds of work aſſigned to each. The reaſon is the ſame in both caſes, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any ſhare in the common ſtock of happineſs, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happineſs being nothing but the ſum total of each individual's contribution to it. An eaſy fortune does not ſet men free from labour and induſtry in general; it only exempts them from ſome particular kinds of labour: it is not a bleſſing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all: but as it gives them liberty wiſely to chuſe, and ſteadily to proſecute, the moſt ennobling exerciſes, and the moſt improving employments, the purſuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the ſervice of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in ſhort, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others muſt employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the ſweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a ſoil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The ſum of what I would ſay, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourſelf maſter of all thoſe accompliſhments—an enlarged compaſs of thought, that flowing humanity and generoſity, which are neceſſary to become a great fortune; and of all thoſe perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are neceſſary to bear a ſmall one patiently; but eſpecially it is your duty to acquire a taſte for thoſe pleaſures, which, after they are taſted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind. *Ibid.*

§ 45. *The Pleaſures reſulting from a prudent Uſe of our Faculties.*

Happy that man, who, unembarraſſed by vulgar cares, maſter of himſelf, his time, and fortune, ſpends his time in making himſelf wiſer, and his fortune in making others (and therefore himſelf) happier: who, as the will and underſtanding are the two ennobling faculties of the ſoul, thinks himſelf not complete, till his underſtanding be beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched

riched with every virtue; who has furniſhed himſelf with all the advantages to relish ſolitude, and enliven converſation; when ſerious, not ſullen; and when chearful, not indiſcreetly gay; his ambition, not to be admired for a falſe glare of greatneſs, but to be beloved for the gentle and ſober *luſtre* of his wiſdom and goodneſs. The greateſt miniſter of ſtate has not more buſineſs to do in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every man elſe may find in the retired and ſtill ſcenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is viſible convinceth him there is preſent a Being invisible. Aided by natural philoſophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets; he ſees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moſes did in the burning buſh, though not in ſo glaring a manner: and when he ſees him, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. *Seed.*

§ 46 *The juſtly valuing and duly uſing the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education.*

One conſiderable advantage is, that regular method of ſtudy, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elſewhere, than for perſons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of ſcience, (far beyond their own) without having learned the firſt rudiments: nothing more common, than for ſome to paſs themſelves upon the world for great ſcholars, by the help of univerſal Dictionaries, Abridgements, and Indexes; by which means they gain an uſeleſs ſmattering in every branch of literature, juſt enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon moſt ſubjects; but not to think juſtly and deeply upon any: like thoſe who have a general ſuperficial acquaintance with almoſt every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendſhip with one or two worthy perſons, would be of more ſervice to them. The true genuine way to make a ſubſtantial ſcholar, is what takes place here,——to begin with thoſe general principles of reaſoning, upon which all ſcience depends, and which give a light to every part of literature, to make gradual advances, a ſlow but ſure proceſs; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the moſt beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourſelves in, and confine ourſelves to any particular province of it; it being the great ſecret of education, not to make a man a complete maſter of any branch of ſcience, but to give his mind that freedom, openneſs, and extent, which ſhall empower him to maſter it, or indeed any other, whenever he ſhall turn the bent of his ſtudies that way; which is beſt done, by ſetting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world: whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can ſcarce think out of that track to which he is accuſtomed.

The next advantage I ſhall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the moſt material ſubjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compaſs, if one were to read none but original authors, thoſe who write chiefly from their own fund of ſenſe, without treading ſervilely in the ſteps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the ſcholar. The tedioufneſs of the way to truth is inſenſibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers, who keep an even pace with us: each light diſpenſes a brighter flame, by mixing its ſocial rays with thoſe of others. Here we live ſequeſtered from noiſe and hurry, far from the great ſcene of buſineſs, vanity, and idleneſs; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a ſeries of men have ſucceſſively tranſmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge; and no ſooner has once quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to diſpenſe light to all within its ſphere*. *Ibid.*

§ 47. *Diſcipline of the Place of Education not to be relaxed.*

May none of us complain, that the diſcipline of the place is too ſtrict: may we rather reflect, that there needs nothing elſe to make a man completely miſerable, but to let him, in the moſt dangerous ſtage of life, carve out an happineſs for himſelf, without any check upon the ſallies of youth! Thoſe to whom you have been over indulgent, and perhaps could not have been otherwiſe, without proceeding to extremities, never to be uſed but in deſperate caſes, thoſe have been always the moſt liberal of their cenſures and invectives againſt you: they put one in mind of Adonijah's rebellion againſt David his father;

* —Quaſi curſores, vita lampada tradunt.
Lucretius.

becauſe

becauſe his father had not diſpleaſed him at any time, in ſaying, Why haſt thou done ſo?—It is a certain ſign men want reſtraints, when they are impatient under any; too headſtrong to be governed by authority, too weak to be conducted by reaſon. *Seed.*

§ 48. *Irregularities of a Few bring Cenſure on the Whole.*

It were to be wiſhed, that they who claim greater indulgences, would ſeriouſly reflect, that the glaring irregularities of two or three members bring an undiſtinguiſhing cenſure upon a whole body; make a noiſe in, and alarm the world, as if all fleſh had here corrupted their ways: whereas the ſober, modeſt worth of a much greater number, who here in private attend the duties of the wiſe and good, muſt, in the nature of the thing, eſcape the notice of the world. Notorious diſorders, how few ſoever are concerned, ſtrike upon the ſenſes of ſome, and affect the paſſions of many more; by which (their ſenſes and paſſions) the groſs of mankind generally judge of things; but it requires ſome expence of reflection, to which the bulk of mankind will never put themſelves to conſider, that great numbers muſt have ſpent their time profitably, formed habits of juſt thinking here, and laid in that ſtock of knowledge which they have produced into view in a more public ſphere; that thoſe vices, which they complain of, may not be the native growth of the place, but imported from irregular and undiſciplined families, from ſchools, and from the worſt of ſchools, the world at large, when youth are entered into it too ſoon. *Ibid.*

§ 49. *Diffidence of one's Abilities, an Indication of good Senſe.*

Conſider, that it is a ſure indication of good ſenſe to be diffident of it. We then, and not till then, are growing wiſe, when we begin to diſcern how weak and unwiſe we are. An abſolute perfection of underſtanding is impoſſible: he makes the neareſt approaches to it, who has the ſenſe to diſcern, and the humility to acknowledge, its imperfections. Modeſty always ſits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the luſtre of every virtue which it ſeems to hide: the perfections of men being like thoſe flowers which appear more beautiful when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and diſplay themſelves, without any reſerve, to the view.

We are ſome of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourſelves upon any proficiency in the ſciences; one ſcience, however, there is, worth more than all the reſt, and that is, the ſcience of living well; which ſhall remain, when, 'Whether there be tongues, they ſhall ceaſe; Whether there be knowledge, it ſhall vaniſh away.' As to new notions, and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come, when we ſhall have no pleaſure in them: nay, the time ſhall come, when they ſhall be exploded, and would have been forgotton, if they had not been preſerved in thoſe excellent books, which contain a confutation of them: like inſects preſerved for ages in amber, which otherwiſe would ſoon have returned to the common maſs of things. But a firm belief of Chriſtianity, and a practice ſuitable to it, will ſupport and invigorate the mind to the laſt, and moſt of all at laſt, at that important hour, which muſt decide our hopes and apprehenſions: and the wiſdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will, through his merits, bring us thither. And indeed, all our other ſtudies and purſuits, however different, ought to be ſubſervient to, and center in this grand point, the purſuit of eternal happineſs, by being good in ourſelves, and uſeful to the world. *Ibid.*

§ 50. *The Neceſſity of peculiar Temperance in Places of Education.*

From a thorough inſight into human nature, with a watchful eye, and kind attention to the vanity and intemperate heat of youth, with well-weighed meaſures for the advancement of all uſeful literature, and the continual ſupport and increaſe of virtue and piety, have the wiſe and religious inſtitutors of the rules of conduct and government in places of education, done all that human prudence could do, to promote the moſt excellent and beneficial deſign, by the moſt rational and well-concerted means. They firſt laid the foundation well, in the diſcipline and regulation of the appetites. They put them under the reſtraint of wholeſome and frugal rules, to place them out of the reach of intemperance, and to preclude an exceſs that would ſerve only to corrupt, inflame, and torment them. They are fed with food convenient for them; with ſimplicity yet ſufficiency; with a kind though cautious hand. By this means, the ſeeds of vice are ſtifled in their birth; young

perſons

perſons are here removed from temptations, to which others, from a leſs happy ſituation, are too frequently expoſed; and by an early habit of temperance and ſelf-command, they may learn either to prevent all irregular ſolicitations, or with eaſe to controul them. Happy are they who, by a thankful enjoyment of theſe advantages, and a willing compliance with theſe rules, lay up in ſtore for the reſt of their life, virtue, health, and peace! Vain, indeed, would be the expectation of any real progreſs in intellectual and moral improvements, were not the foundation thus laid in ſtrict regularity and temperance; were the ſenſual appetites to be pampered in youth, or even vitiated with that degree of indulgence which an extravagant world may allow and call elegance, but in a place of education would be downright luxury. The taſte of ſenſual pleaſures muſt be checked and abated in them, that they may acquire a reliſh of the more ſublime pleaſures that reſult from reaſon and religion; that they may purſue them with effect, and enjoy them without avocation. And have they not in this place every motive, aſſiſtance, and encouragement, to engage them in a virtuous and moral life, and to animate them in the attainment of uſeful learning? What rank or condition of youth is there, that has not daily and hourly opportunities of laying in ſupplies of knowledge and virtue, that will in every ſtation of life be equally ſerviceable and ornamental to themſelves, and beneficial to mankind? And ſhall any one dare to convert a houſe of diſcipline and learning into a houſe of diſſoluteneſs, extravagance, and riot? With what an aggravation of guilt do they load themſelves, who at the ſame time that they are purſuing their own unhappineſs, ſacrilegiouſly break through all the fences of good order and government, and by their practice, ſeducement, and example, do what in them lies, to introduce into theſe ſchools of frugality, ſobriety, and temperance, all the mad vices and vain gaieties of a licentious and voluptuous age! What have they to anſwer for, who, while they profligately ſquander away that moſt precious part of time, which is the only ſeaſon of application and improvement, to their own irretrievable loſs, encourage one another in an idle and ſenſual courſe of life, and by ſpreading wide the contagion, reflect a ſcandal upon, and ſtrive to bring into public diſeſteem, the place of their education, where induſtry, literature, virtue, decency, and whatever elſe is praiſe-worthy, did for ages flouriſh and abound? Is this the genuine fruit of the pious care of our anceſtors, for the ſecurity and propagation of religion and good-manners, to the lateſt poſterity? Is this at laſt the reward of their munificence? Or does this conduct correſpond with their views, or with the juſt expectations and demands of your friends and your country?

Tottie.

§ 51. *Valuable Opportunities once loſt cannot be recalled.*

Nor let any one vainly imagine, that the time and valuable opportunities which are now loſt, can hereafter be recalled at will; or that he who has run out his youthful days in diſſipation and pleaſure, will have it in his power to ſtop when he pleaſes, and make a wiſer uſe of his riper years. Yet this is too generally the fallacious hope that flatters the youth in his ſenſual indulgences, and leads him inſenſibly on in the treacherous ways of vice, till it is now too late to return. There are few, who at one plunge ſo totally immerge in pleaſures, as to drown at once all power of reaſon and conſcience: they promiſe themſelves, that they can indulge their appetites to ſuch a point only, and can check and turn them back when they have run their allotted race. I do not indeed ſay, that there never have been perſons in whom the ſtrong ferment of youthful luſts may have happily ſubſided, and who may have brought forth fruits of amendment, and diſplayed many eminent virtues. God forbid! that even the moſt licentious vices of youth ſhould be abſolutely incorrigible. But I may venture to affirm, that the inſtances in this caſe have been ſo rare, that it is very dangerous for any one to truſt to the experiment, upon a preſumption that he ſhall add to the number. The only ſure way to make any proficiency in a virtuous life, is to ſet out in it betimes. It is then, when our inclinations are trained up in the way that they ſhould lead us, that cuſtom ſoon makes the beſt habits the moſt agreeable; the ways of wiſdom become the ways of pleaſantneſs, and every ſtep we advance, they grow more eaſy and more delightful. But, on the contrary, when vicious, headſtrong appetites are to be reclaimed, and inveterate habits to be corrected, what ſecurity can we give ourſelves, that we ſhall have

either inclination, reſolution, or power, to ſtop and turn back, and recover the right way from which we have ſo long and ſo widely wandered, and enter upon a new life, when perhaps our ſtrength now faileth us, and we know not how near we may be to our journey's end? Theſe reflections I have ſuggeſted principally for the ſake of thoſe, who allowing themſelves in greater indulgences than are conſiſtent with a liberal and virtuous education, give evident proofs that they are not ſufficiently aware of the dangerous encroachments, and the peculiar deceitfulneſs of pleaſurable ſin. Happy for them, would they once ſeriouſly conſider their ways! and no time can be more proper, than when theſe ſolemn ſeaſons of recollection and religious diſcipline ſhould particularly diſpoſe them to ſeriouſneſs and thought. They would then diſcover, that though they are awhile carried gently and ſupinely down the ſmooth ſtream of pleaſure, yet ſoon the torrent will grow too violent to be ſtemmed; the waves will ariſe, and daſh them upon rocks, or ſink them in whirlpools. It is therefore the part of prudence to ſtop ſhort while they may, and to divert their courſe into a different channel; which, whatever obſtructions and difficulties they may labour with at firſt, will every day become more practicable and pleaſing, and will aſſuredly carry them to a ſerene and ſecure haven. *Tottie.*

§ 52. *The Beginnings of Evil to be reſiſted.*

Think not, as I am afraid too many do, that becauſe your paſſions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no miſchief, and have left no ſting behind them. By a continued ſeries of looſe, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commiſſion of any one of thoſe enormous crimes which ſpring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the paſſions ſtrength, while the abſence of glaring guilt ſeemingly juſtifies them; and, unawakened by remorſe, the ſinner proceeds in his courſe, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent ſteps, the deſtruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itſelf at the beginning; did the ſtorm which is to overthrow our peace, diſcover, as it roſe, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken againſt it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one licentious attachment, one criminal paſſion, are, by a train of conſequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably loſt. The enticing and the odious paſſions are, in this reſpect, ſimilar in their proceſs; and, though by different roads, conduct at laſt to the ſame iſſue. *Blair.*

§ 53. *Order to be obſerved in Amuſements.*

Obſerve order in your amuſements; that is, allow them no more than their proper place; ſtudy to keep them within due bounds; mingle them in a temperate ſucceſſion with ſerious duties, and the higher buſineſs of life. Human life cannot proceed, to advantage, without ſome meaſure of relaxation and entertainment. We require relief from care. We are not formed for a perpetual ſtretch of ſerious thought. By too intenſe and continued application, our feeble powers would ſoon be worn out. At the ſame time, from our propenſity to eaſe and pleaſure, amuſement proves, among all ranks of men, the moſt dangerous foe to order: for it tends inceſſantly to uſurp and encroach, to widen its territories, to thruſt itſelf into the place of more important concerns, and thereby to diſturb and counteract the natural courſe of things. One frivolous amuſement indulged out of ſeaſon, will often carry perplexity and confuſion thro' a long ſucceſſion of affairs.

Amuſements, therefore, though they be of an innocent kind, require ſteady government, to keep them within a due and limited province. But ſuch as are of an irregular and vicious nature, require not to be governed, but to be baniſhed from every orderly ſociety. As ſoon as a man ſeeks his happineſs from the gaming-table, the midnight revel, and the other haunts of licentiouſneſs, confuſion ſeizes upon him as its own. There will no longer be order in his family, nor order in his affairs, nor order in his time. The moſt important concerns of life are abandoned. Even the order of nature is by ſuch perſons inverted; night is changed into day, and day into night. Character, honour, and intereſt itſelf, are trampled under foot. You may with certainty prognoſticate the ruin of theſe men to be juſt at hand. Diſorder, ariſen to its height, has nearly accompliſhed its work. The ſpots of death are upon them. Let every one who would eſcape the peſtilential con-

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tagion, fly with haſte from their company. *Blair.*

§ 54. *Order to be preſerved in your Society.*

Preſerve order in the arrangement of your ſociety; that is, entangle not yourſelves in a perpetual and promiſcuous crowd; ſelect with prudence and propriety, thoſe with whom you chuſe to aſſociate; let company and retreat ſucceed each other at meaſured intervals. There can be no order in his life, who allots not a due ſhare of his time to retirement and reflection. He can neither prudently arrange his temporal affairs, nor properly attend to his ſpiritual intereſts. He lives not to himſelf, but to the world. By continual diſſipation, he is rendered giddy and thoughtleſs. He contracts unavoidably from the world that ſpirit of diſorder and confuſion which is ſo prevalent in it.

It is not a ſufficient preſervation againſt this evil, that the circles of ſociety in which you are engaged are not of a libertine and vicious kind. If they withdraw you from that attention to yourſelves, and your domeſtic concerns, which becomes a good man, they are ſubverſive of order, and inconſiſtent with your duty. What is innocent in itſelf, degenerates into a crime, from being carried to exceſs; and idle, trifling ſociety, is nearly a-kin to ſuch as is corrupting. One of the firſt principles of order is, to learn to be happy at home. It is in domeſtic retreat that every wiſe man finds his chief ſatisfaction. It is there he forms the plans which regulate his public conduct. He who knows not how to enjoy himſelf when alone, can never be long happy abroad. To his vacant mind, company may afford a temporary relief; but when forced to return to himſelf, he will be ſo much more oppreſſed and languid. Whereas, by a due mixture of public and private life, we keep free of the ſnares of both, and enjoy each to greater advantage. *Ibid.*

§ 55. *A due Regard to Order neceſſary in Buſineſs, Time, Expence, and Amuſements.*

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expence, your amuſements, your ſociety, the principle of order muſt be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of thoſe great departments of life you ſuffer diſorder to enter, it will ſpread through all the reſt. In vain, for inſtance, you purpoſe to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the diſtribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expence, if into your amuſements, or your ſociety, diſorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confuſion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you ſought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things neceſſary to order. If you deſire that any thing ſhould proceed according to method and rule, 'let all things be done in order.'

I muſt alſo admoniſh you, that in ſmall, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requiſite. I mean not, that you ought to look on thoſe minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wiſdom: but I exhort you to remember, that diſorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes riſe from inconſiderable beginnings. They who, in the leſſer tranſactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to ſuch affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remiſſneſs grows on all who ſtudy not to guard againſt it; and it is only by frequent exerciſe, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed. *Ibid.*

§ 56. *Idleneſs avoided by the Obſervation of Order.*

By attending to order, you avoid idleneſs, that moſt fruitful ſource of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you conſtantly find innocent and uſeful employment for time. You are never at a loſs how to diſpoſe of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the courſe of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of affairs, and the total want of them. The man of order ſtands in the middle between theſe two extremes, and ſuffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppreſſed. Whereas the diſorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with buſineſs, and at another either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Thoſe ſeaſons of indolence and idleneſs, which recur ſo often in their life, are their moſt dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its ſituation, and clinging to every object which can occupy

or amuſe it, is then apteſt to throw itſelf into the arms of every vice and folly.

Farther; by the preſervation of order, you check inconſtancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to ſtart aſide from the ſtraight line of conduct. Hence ariſes the propriety of bringing ourſelves under ſubjection to method and rule; which, though at firſt it may prove conſtraining, yet by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies thoſe irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of a diſorderly mind. It is the parent of ſteadineſs of conduct. It forms conſiſtency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repoſe in one another. For, the diſorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any truſt, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by deſultory motions.

Blair.

§ 57. *Order eſſential to Self-enjoyment and Felicity.*

Conſider alſo how important it is to your ſelf-enjoyment and felicity. Order is the ſource of peace; and peace is the higheſt of all temporal bleſſings. Order is indeed the only region in which tranquillity dwells. The very mention of confuſion imports diſturbance and vexation. Is it poſſible for that man to be happy, who cannot look into the ſtate of his affairs, or the tenor of his conduct, without diſcerning all to be embroiled? who is either in the midſt of remorſe for what he has neglected to do, or in the midſt of hurry to overtake what he finds, too late, was neceſſary to have been done? Such as live according to order, may be compared to the celeſtial bodies, which move in regular courſes, and by ſtated laws; whoſe influence is beneficent; whoſe operations are quiet and tranquil. The diſorderly, reſemble thoſe tumultuous elements on earth, which, by ſudden and violent irruptions, diſturb the courſe of nature. By miſmanagement of affairs, by exceſs in expence, by irregularity in the indulgence of company and amuſement, they are perpetually creating moleſtation both to themſelves and others. They depart from their road to ſeek pleaſure; and inſtead of it, they every where raiſe up ſorrows. Being always found out of their proper place, they of courſe interfere and jar with others. The diſorders which they raiſe never fail to ſpread beyond their own line, and to involve many in confuſion and diſtreſs; whence they neceſſarily become the authors of tumult and contention, of diſcord and enmity. Whereas order is the foundation of union. It allows every man to carry on his own affairs without diſturbing his neighbour. It is the golden chain which holds together the ſocieties of men in friendſhip and peace.

Ibid.

§ 58. *Care to be taken in ſuppreſſing criminal Thoughts.*

When criminal thoughts ariſe, attend to all the proper methods of ſpeedily ſuppreſſing them, Take example from the unhappy induſtry which ſinners diſcover in baniſhing good ones, when a natural ſenſe of religion forces them on their conſcience. How anxiouſly do they fly from themſelves! How ſtudiouſly do they drown the voice which upbraids them, in the noiſe of company or diverſions! What numerous artifices do they employ, to evade the uneaſineſs which returns of reflection would produce!—Were we to uſe equal diligence in preventing the entrance of vicious ſuggeſtions, or in repelling them when entered, why ſhould we not be equally ſucceſsful in a much better cauſe? —As ſoon as you are ſenſible that any dangerous paſſion begins to ferment, inſtantly call in other paſſions, and other ideas, to your aid. Haſten to turn your thoughts into a different direction. Summon up whatever you have found to be of power, for compoſing and harmonizing your mind. Fly for aſſiſtance to ſerious ſtudies, to prayer and devotion; or even fly to buſineſs or innocent ſociety, if ſolitude be in hazard of favouring the ſeduction. By ſuch means you may ſtop the progreſs of the growing evil: you may apply an antidote, before the poiſon has had time to work its full effect. *Ibid.*

§ 59. *Experience to be anticipated by Reflection.*

It is obſerved, that the young and the ignorant are always the moſt violent in purſuit. The knowledge which is forced upon them by longer acquaintance with the world, moderates their impetuoſity. Study then to anticipate, by reflection, that knowledge which experience often purchaſes

chaſes at too dear a price. Inure yourſelves to frequent conſideration of the emptineſs of thoſe pleaſures which excite ſo much ſtriſe and commotion among mankind. Think how much more of true enjoyment is loſt by the violence of paſſion, than by the want of thoſe things which give occaſion to that paſſion. Perſuade yourſelves, that the favour of God, and the poſſeſſion of virtue, form the chief happineſs of the rational nature. Let a contented mind, and a peaceful life, hold the next place in your eſtimation. Theſe are the concluſions which the wiſe and thinking part of mankind have always formed. To theſe concluſions, after having run the race of paſſion, you will probably come at the laſt. By forming them betimes, you would make a ſeaſonable eſcape from that tempeſtuous region, through which none can paſs without ſuffering miſery, contracting guilt, and undergoing ſevere remorſe.

Blair.

§ 60. *The Beginnings of Paſſion to be oppoſed.*

Oppoſe early the beginnings of paſſion. Avoid particularly all ſuch objects as are apt to excite paſſions which you know to predominate within you. As ſoon as you find the tempeſt riſing, have recourſe to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of eſcaping to a calmer ſcene. Haſten to call up emotions of an oppoſite nature. Study to conquer one paſſion by means of ſome other which is of leſs dangerous tendency. Never account any thing ſmall or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing diſorder into your heart. Never make light of any deſire which you feel gaining ſuch progreſs as to threaten entire dominion. Blandiſhing it will appear at the firſt. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may ſteal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many ſorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amuſement, will ſhortly become a ſerious buſineſs, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Moſt of our paſſions flatter us in their riſe, but their beginnings are treacherous: their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is eſtabliſhed. What Solomon ſays of one of them, holds true of them all, 'that their beginning is as when one letteth 'out water.' It iſſues from a ſmall chink, which once might have been eaſily ſtopped; but being neglected, it is ſoon widened by the ſtream, till the bank is at laſt totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain. *Ibid.*

§ 61. *The Government of Temper, as included in the Keeping of the Heart.*

Paſſions are quick and ſtrong emotions, which by degrees ſubſide. Temper is the diſpoſition which remains after theſe emotions are paſt, and which forms the habitual propenſity of the ſoul. The one are like the ſtream when it is ſwoln by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other reſembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more ſilent and imperceptible than that of paſſion; it operates with leſs violence; but as its operation is conſtant, it produces effects no leſs conſiderable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deſerves to be conſidered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averſe to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the ſame footing with a healthy conſtitution of body. They conſider it as a natural felicity which ſome enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has ſometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be conſiſtent with a ſtate of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the goſpel is ſo full, 'that regeneration, or change of nature, is the eſſential characteriſtic of a Chriſtian. It would ſuppoſe, that grace might dwell amidſt malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by ſuch as are ſtrangers to charity and love.—It will readily be admitted that ſome, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good diſpoſitions and habits. But this affords no juſtification to thoſe who neglect to oppoſe the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a ſoil altogether unſuſceptible of culture! or that the worſt temper may not, through the aſſiſtance of grace, be reformed by attention and diſcipline. Settled depravity of temper is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nouriſh that malignity of diſpoſition to which we are inclined, all the conſequences will be placed to our account, and every excuſe, from natural conſtitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven.

Ibid.

§ 62. *A peaceable Temper and condeſcending Manners recommended.*

What firſt preſents itſelf to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a diſpoſition averſe to give offence, and deſirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourſe in ſociety. This ſuppoſes yielding and condeſcending manners, unwillingneſs to contend with others about trifles, and, in conteſts that are unavoidable, proper moderation of ſpirit. Such a temper is the firſt principle of ſelf-enjoyment; it is the baſis of all order and happineſs among mankind. The poſitive and contentious, the rude and quarrelſome, are the bane of ſociety; they ſeem deſtined to blaſt the ſmall ſhare of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot diſturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages firſt in their own boſom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tempeſt which they raiſe, they are always loſt; and frequently it is their lot to periſh.

A peaceable temper muſt be ſupported by a candid one, or a diſpoſition to view the conduct of others with fairneſs and impartiality. This ſtands oppoſed to a jealous and ſuſpicious temper; which aſcribes every action to the worſt motive, and throws a black ſhade over every character. As you would be happy in yourſelves, or in your connections with others, guard againſt this malignant ſpirit. Study that charity which thinketh no evil; that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will diſpoſe you to be juſt; and which can allow you to obſerve an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus you will be kept free from that continual irritation which imaginary injuries raiſe in a ſuſpicious breaſt; and will walk among men as your brethren, not your enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid, is not all that is required of a good man. He muſt cultivate a kind, generous, and ſympathizing temper, which feels for diſtreſs wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourſe, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable appears ſuch a diſpoſition, when contraſted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itſelf up in its own narrow intereſts, looks with an evil eye on the ſucceſs of others, and with an unnatural ſatisfaction feeds on their diſappointments or miſeries! How little does he know of the true happineſs of life, who is a ſtranger to that intercourſe of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleaſing charm, attach men to one another, and circulate joy from heart to heart! *Blair.*

§ 63. *Numerous Occaſions offer for the Exertion of a benevolent Temper.*

You are not to imagine that a benevolent temper finds no exerciſe, unleſs when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generoſity, or of extenſive utility: theſe may ſeldom occur: the condition of the greater part of mankind in a good meaſure precludes them. But in the ordinary round of human affairs, a thouſand occaſions daily preſent themſelves of mitigating the vexations which others ſuffer, of ſoothing their minds, of aiding their intereſt, of promoting their chearfulneſs, or eaſe. Such occaſions may relate to the ſmaller incidents of life: But let us remember that of ſmall incidents, the ſyſtem of human life is chiefly compoſed. The attentions which reſpect theſe, when ſuggeſted by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happineſs of thoſe around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and ſplendour No wiſe or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly in the courſe of that familiar intercourſe which belongs to domeſtic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themſelves at liberty to give unreſtrained vent to the caprice of paſſion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to ſoften what is harſh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There the real character diſplays itſelf. The form of the world diſguiſe men when abroad; but within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is.—In all our intercourſe, then, with others, particularly in that which is cloſeſt and moſt intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion ſeeks to form us. This

was the temper of Chriſt. This is the temper of Heaven. *Blair.*

§ 64. *A contented Temper the greateſt Bleſſing, and moſt material Requiſite to the proper Diſcharge of our Duties.*

A contented temper is one of the greateſt bleſſings that can be enjoyed by man, and one of the moſt material requiſites to the proper diſcharge of the duties of every ſtation. For a fretful and diſcontented temper renders one incapable of performing aright any part in life. It is unthankful and impious towards God; and towards men provoking and unjuſt. It is a gangrene which preys on the vitals, and infects the whole conſtitution with diſeaſe and putrefaction. Subdue pride and vanity, and you will take the moſt effectual method of eradicating this diſtemper. You will no longer behold the objects around you with jaundiced eyes. You will take in good part the bleſſings which Providence is pleaſed to beſtow, and the degree of favour which your fellow-creatures are diſpoſed to grant you. Viewing yourſelves, with all your imperfections and failings, in a juſt light, you will rather be ſurpriſed at your enjoying ſo many good things, than diſcontented becauſe there are any which you want. From an humble and contented temper, will ſpring a chearful one. This, if not in itſelf a virtue, is at leaſt the garb in which virtue ſhould be always arrayed. Piety and goodneſs ought never to be marked with that dejection which ſometimes takes riſe from ſuperſtition, but which is the proper portion only of guilt. At the ſame time, the chearfulneſs belonging to virtue, is to be carefully diſtinguiſhed from that light and giddy temper which characteriſes folly, and is ſo often found among the diſſipated and vicious part of mankind. Their gaiety is owing to a total want of reflection; and brings with it the uſual conſequences of an unthinking habit, ſhame, remorſe, and heavineſs of heart, in the end. The chearfulneſs of a well-regulated mind, ſprings from a good conſcience and the favour of Heaven, and is bounded by temperance and reaſon. It makes a man happy in himſelf, and promotes the happineſs of all around him. It is the clear and calm ſunſhine of a mind illuminated by piety and virtue. It crowns all other good diſpoſitions, and comprehends the general effect which they ought to produce on the heart. *Ibid.*

§ 65. *The Deſire of Praiſe ſubſervient to many valuable Purpoſes.*

To a variety of good purpoſes it is ſubſervient, and on many occaſions co-operates with the principle of virtue. It awakens us from ſloth, invigorates activity, and ſtimulates our efforts to excel. It has given riſe to moſt of the ſplendid, and to many of the uſeful enterprizes of men. It has animated the patriot, and fired the hero. Magnanimity, generoſity, and fortitude, are what all mankind admire. Hence, ſuch as were actuated by the deſire of extenſive fame, have been prompted to deeds which either participated of the ſpirit, or at leaſt carried the appearance, of diſtinguiſhed virtue. The deſire of praiſe is generally connected with all the finer ſenſibilities of human nature. It affords a ground on which exhortation, counſel, and reproof, can work a proper effect. Whereas, to be entirely deſtitute of this paſſion betokens an ignoble mind, on which no moral impreſſion is eaſily made. Where there is no deſire of praiſe, there will be alſo no ſenſe of reproach; and if that be extinguiſhed, one of the principal guards of virtue is removed, and the mind thrown open to many opprobrious purſuits. He whoſe countenance never glowed with ſhame, and whoſe heart never beat at the ſound of praiſe, is not deſtined for any honourable diſtinction; is likely to grovel in the ſordid queſt of gain; or to ſlumber life away in the indolence of ſelfiſh pleaſures.

Abſtracted from the ſentiments which are connected with it as a principle of action, the eſteem of our fellow-creatures is an object which, on account of the advantages it brings, may be lawfully purſued. It is neceſſary to our ſucceſs, in every fair and honeſt undertaking. Not only our private intereſt, but our public uſefulneſs, depends, in a great meaſure, upon it. The ſphere of our influence is contracted or enlarged, in proportion to the degree in which we enjoy the good opinion of the public. Men liſten with an unwilling ear to one whom they do not honour; while a reſpected character adds weight to example, and authority to counſel. To deſire the eſteem of others for the ſake of its effects, is not only allowable, but in many caſes is our duty: and to be totally indifferent to praiſe or cenſure, is ſo far from being a virtue, that it is a real defect in character. *Ibid.*

§ 66. *Exceſſive Deſire of Praiſe tends to corrupt the Heart, and to diſregard the Admonitions of Conſcience.*

An exceſſive love of praiſe never fails to undermine the regard due to conſcience, and to corrupt the heart. It turns off the eye of the mind from the ends which it ought chiefly to keep in view; and ſets up a falſe light for its guide. Its influence is the more dangerous, as the colour which it aſſumes is often fair; and its garb and appearance are nearly allied to that of virtue. The love of glory, I before admitted, may give birth to actions which are both ſplendid and uſeful. At a diſtance they ſtrike the eye with uncommon brightneſs; but on a nearer and ſtricter ſurvey, their luſtre is often tarniſhed. They are found to want that ſacred and venerable dignity which characteriſes true virtue. Little paſſions and ſelfiſh intereſts entered into the motives of thoſe who performed them. They were jealous of a competitor. They ſought to humble a rival. They looked round for ſpectators to admire them. All is magnanimity, generoſity, and courage, to public view. But the ignoble ſource whence theſe ſeeming virtues take their riſe, is hidden. Without appears the hero; within, is found the man of duſt and clay. Conſult ſuch as have been intimately connected with the followers of renown; and ſeldom or never will you find, that they held them in the ſame eſteem with thoſe who viewed them from afar. There is nothing except ſimplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can ſtand the teſt of near approach and ſtrict examination. *Blair.*

§ 67. *That Diſcipline which teaches to moderate the Eagerneſs of worldly Paſſions, and to fortify the Mind with the Principles of Virtue, is more conducive to true Happineſs than the Poſſeſſion of all the Goods of Fortune.*

That diſcipline which corrects the eagerneſs of worldly paſſions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with uſeful knowledge, and furniſhes to it matter of enjoyment from within itſelf, is of more conſequence to real felicity, than all the proviſion which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence, ſeeing out of it are the iſſues of life. Let us account our mind the moſt important province which is committed to our care; and if we cannot rule fortune, ſtudy at leaſt to rule ourſelves. Let us propoſe for our object, not worldly ſucceſs, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable diſcharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the divine aſſiſtance, is always within our power. Let our happineſs be ſought where our proper praiſe is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that, which is either the appointment of Providence, or which ariſes from the evil of others.

Ibid.

§ 68. *Religious Knowledge of great Conſolation and Relief amidſt the Diſtreſſes of Life.*

Conſider it in the light of conſolation; as bringing aid and relief to us, amidſt the diſtreſſes of life. Here religion inconteſtibly triumphs; and its happy effects in this reſpect furniſh a ſtrong argument to every benevolent mind, for wiſhing them to be farther diffuſed throughout the world. For, without the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the circumſtances of man are extremely forlorn. He finds himſelf placed here as a ſtranger in a vaſt univerſe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known; where both the beginnings and the iſſues of things are involved in myſterious darkneſs; where he is unable to diſcover with any certainty, whence he ſprung, or for what purpoſe he was brought into this ſtate of exiſtence; whether he be ſubjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathful ruler; what conſtruction he is to put on many of the diſpenſations of his providence; and what his fate is to be when he departs hence. What a diſconſolate ſituation to a ſerious, enquiring mind! The greater degree of virtue it poſſeſſes, its ſenſibility is likely to be the more oppreſſed by this burden of labouring thought. Even though it were in one's power to baniſh all uneaſy thought, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amuſement; life ſo filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial. But theſe are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conſcious that his being is frail and feeble; he ſees himſelf beſet with various dangers, and is expoſed to many a melancholy

hanc holy apprehenſion, from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the cloſe of life. In this diſtreſſed condition, to reveal to him ſuch diſcoveries of the Supreme Being as the Chriſtian religion affords, is to reveal to him a father and a friend; is to let in a ray of the moſt chearing light upon the darkneſs of the human eſtate. He who was before a deſtitute orphan, wandering in the inhoſpitable deſert, has now gained a ſhelter from the bitter and inclement blaſt. He now knows to whom to pray, and in whom to truſt; where to unboſom his ſorrows; and from what hand to look for relief.

It is certain, that when the heart bleeds from ſome wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort. It is of power to enlighten the darkeſt hour, and to aſſuage the ſevereſt woe, by the belief of divine favour, and the proſpect of a bleſſed immortality. In ſuch hopes, the mind expatiates with joy; and when bereaved of its earthly friends, ſolaces itſelf with the thoughts of one friend who will never forſake it. Refined reaſonings, concerning the nature of the human condition, and the improvement which philoſophy teaches us to make of every event, may entertain the mind when it is at eaſe; may, perhaps, contribute to ſooth it, when ſlightly touched with ſorrow; but when it is torn with any ſore diſtreſs, they are cold and feeble, compared with a direct promiſe from the word of God. This is an anchor to the ſoul, both ſure and ſtedfaſt. This has given conſolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the moſt cogent reaſonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

Upon the approach of death eſpecially, when, if a man thinks at all, his anxiety about his future intereſts muſt naturally increaſe, the power of religious conſolation is ſenſibly felt. Then appears, in the moſt ſtriking light, the high value of the diſcoveries made by the Goſpel; not only life and immortality revealed, but a Mediator with God diſcovered; mercy proclaimed, through him, to the frailties of the penitent and the humble; and his preſence promiſed to be with them when they are paſſing through the valley of the ſhadow of death, in order to bring them ſafe into unſeen habitations of reſt and joy. Here is ground for their leaving the world with comfort and peace. But in this ſevere and trying period, this labouring hour of nature, how ſhall the unhappy man ſupport himſelf, who knows not, or believes not, the hope of religion? Secretly conſcious to himſelf, that he has not acted his part as he ought to have done, the ſins of his paſt life ariſe before him in ſad remembrance. He wiſhes to exiſt after death, and yet dreads that exiſtence. The Governor of the world is unknown. He cannot tell whether every endeavour to obtain his mercy may not be in vain. All is awful obſcurity around him; and in the midſt of endleſs doubts and perplexities, the trembling reluctant ſoul is forced away from the body. As the misfortunes of life muſt, to ſuch a man, have been moſt oppreſſive; ſo its end is bitter: his ſun ſets in a dark cloud; and the night of death cloſes over his head, full of miſery.

Blair.

§ 69. *Senſe of Right and Wrong, independent of Religion.*

Mankind certainly have a ſenſe of right and wrong, independent of religious belief; but experience ſhews, that the allurements of preſent pleaſure, and the impetuoſity of paſſion, are ſufficient to prevent men from acting agreeable to this moral ſenſe, unleſs it be ſupported by religion, the influence of which upon the imagination and paſſions, if properly directed, is extremely powerful. We ſhall readily acknowledge that many of the greateſt enemies of religion have been diſtinguiſhed for their honour, probity, and good-nature. But it is to be conſidered, that many virtues, as well as vices, are conſtitutional. A cool and equal temper, a dull imagination, and unfeeling heart, enſure the poſſeſſion of many virtues, or rather, are a ſecurity againſt many vices. They may produce temperance, chaſtity, honeſty, prudence, and a harmleſs, inoffenſive behaviour. Whereas keen paſſions, a warm imagination, and great ſenſibility of heart, lay a natural foundation for prodigality, debauchery, and ambition: attended, however, with the ſeeds of all the ſocial and moſt heroic virtues. Such a temperature of mind carries along with it a check to its conſtitutional vices, by rendering thoſe poſſeſſed of it peculiarly ſuſceptible of religious impreſſions. They often appear indeed to be the greateſt enemies to religion, but that is entirely owing to their impatience of its reſtraints. Its moſt dangerous enemies have ever been among the temperate and chaſte philoſophers, void

void of paſſion and ſenſibility, who had no vicious appetites to be reſtrained by its influence, and who were unſuſceptible of its terrors or its pleaſures.

Gregory.

§ 70. *Infidelity owing to Inſenſibility of Heart.*

Abſolute infidelity, or ſettled ſcepticiſm in religion, we acknowledge, is no proof of want of underſtanding, or a vicious diſpoſition, but is certainly a very ſtrong preſumption of the want of imagination and ſenſibility of heart, and of a perverted underſtanding. Some philoſophers have been infidels; few, men of taſte and ſentiment. Yet the examples of Lord Bacon, Mr. Locke, and Sir Iſaac Newton, among many other firſt names in philoſophy, are a ſufficient evidence, that religious belief is perfectly compatible with the cleareſt and moſt enlarged underſtanding.

Ibid.

§ 71. *Religion not founded on Weakneſs of Mind.*

Several of thoſe who have ſurmounted what they call religious prejudices themſelves, affect to treat ſuch as are not aſhamed to avow their regard to religion, as men of weak underſtandings and feeble minds: but this ſhews either want of candour, or great ignorance of human nature. The fundamental articles of religion have been very generally believed by men the moſt diſtinguiſhed for acuteneſs and accuracy of judgment. Nay, it is unjuſt to infer the weakneſs of a perſon's head on other ſubjects, from his attachment even to the fooleries of ſuperſtition. Experience ſhews, that when the imagination is heated, and the affections deeply intereſted, they level all diſtinctions of underſtanding; yet this affords no preſumption of a ſhallow judgment in ſubjects where the imagination and paſſions have no influence.

Ibid.

§ 72. *Effects of Religion, Scepticiſm, and Infidelity.*

Feebleneſs of mind is a reproach frequently thrown, not only upon ſuch as have a ſenſe of religion, but upon all who poſſeſs warm, open, chearful tempers, and hearts peculiarly diſpoſed to love and friendſhip. But the reproach is ill founded. Strength of mind does not conſiſt in a peeviſh temper, in a hard inflexible heart, and in bidding defiance to God Almighty: it conſiſts in an active, reſolute ſpirit; in a ſpirit that enables a man to act his part in the world with propriety; and to bear the misfortunes of life with uniform fortitude and dignity. This is a ſtrength of mind, which neither atheiſm nor univerſal ſcepticiſm will ever be able to inſpire. On the contrary, their tendency will be found to chill all the powers of imagination; to depreſs ſpirit as well as genius; to ſour the temper and contract the heart. The higheſt religious ſpirit, and veneration for Providence, breathes in the writings of the ancient ſtoics; a ſect diſtinguiſhed for producing the moſt active, intrepid, virtuous men, that ever did honour to human nature.

Can it be pretended, that atheiſm or univerſal ſcepticiſm have any tendency to form ſuch characters? Do they tend to inſpire that magnanimity and elevation of mind, that ſuperiority to ſelfiſh and ſenſual gratifications, that contempt of danger and of death, when the cauſe of virtue, of liberty, or their country, required it, which diſtinguiſh the characters of patriots and heroes? Or is their influence more favourable on the humbler and gentler virtues of private and domeſtic life? Do they ſoften the heart, and render it more delicately ſenſible of the thouſand nameleſs duties and endearments of a huſband, a father, or a friend? Do they produce that habitual ſerenity and chearfulneſs of temper, that gaiety of heart, which makes a man beloved as a companion? or do they dilate the heart with the liberal and generous ſentiments, and that love of human kind, which would render him revered and bleſſed as the patron of depreſſed merit, the friend of the widow and orphan, the refuge and ſupport of the poor and the unhappy?

The general opinion of mankind, that there is a ſtrong connection between a religious diſpoſition and a feeling heart, appears from the univerſal diſlike which all men have to infidelity in the fair ſex. We not only look on it as removing the principal ſecurity we have for their virtue, but as the ſtrongeſt proof of their want of that ſoftneſs and delicate ſenſibility of heart, which peculiarly endears them to us, and more effectually ſecures their empire over us, than any quality they can poſſeſs.

There are, indeed, ſome men who can perſuade themſelves, that there is no ſupreme intelligence who directs the courſe

of nature; who can ſee thoſe they have been connected with by the ſtrongeſt bonds of nature and friendſhip gradually diſappearing; who are perſuaded, that this ſeparation is final and eternal; and who expect, that they themſelves ſhall ſoon ſink down after them into nothing; and yet ſuch men appear eaſy and contented. But to a ſenſible heart, and particularly to a heart ſoftened by paſt endearments of love or friendſhip, ſuch opinions are attended with gloom inexpreſſible; they ſtrike a damp into all the pleaſures and enjoyments of life, and cut off thoſe proſpects which alone can comfort the ſoul under certain diſtreſſes, where all other aid is feeble and ineffectual.

Scepticiſm, or ſuſpenſe of judgment, as to the truth of the great articles of religion, is attended with the ſame fatal effects. Wherever the affections are deeply intereſted, a ſtate of ſuſpence is more intolerable, and more diſtracting to the mind, than the ſad aſſurance of the evil which is moſt dreaded. *Gregory.*

§ 73. *Comforts of Religion.*

There are many who have paſſed the age of youth and beauty, who have reſigned the pleaſures of that ſmiling ſeaſon, who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depreſſed in their fortunes, ſtript of their friends, their children, and perhaps ſtill more tender connections. What reſource can this world afford them? It preſents a dark and dreary waſte through which there does not iſſue a ſingle ray of comfort. Every deluſive proſpect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous ſoul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almoſt inacceſſible to new friendſhips. The principal ſources of activity are taken away, when thoſe for whom we labour are cut off from us, thoſe who animated, and thoſe who ſweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the ſoul find refuge, but in the boſom of religion? There ſhe is admitted to thoſe proſpects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I ſpeak here of ſuch as retain the feelings of humanity, whom misfortunes have ſoftened, and perhaps rendered more delicately ſenſible; not of ſuch as poſſeſs that ſtupid inſenſibility, which ſome are pleaſed to dignify with the name of philoſophy.

It ſhould therefore be expected that thoſe philoſophers, who ſtand in no need themſelves of the aſſiſtance of religion to ſupport their virtue, and who never feel the want of its conſolations, would yet have the humanity to conſider the very different ſituation of the reſt of mankind, and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at leaſt, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made neceſſary to their morals, and to their happineſs.—It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the laſt retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or reſentment, and tearing from them their only remaining comfort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to ſome, by relieving them from reſtraint upon their pleaſures, and may render others very miſerable, by making them doubt thoſe truths, in which they were moſt deeply intereſted; but it can convey real good and happineſs to no one individual. *Ibid.*

§ 74. *Cauſe of Zeal to propagate Infidelity.*

To ſupport openly and avowedly the cauſe of infidelity, may be owing, in ſome, to the vanity of appearing wiſer than the reſt of mankind; to vanity, that amphibious paſſion that ſeeks for food, not only in the affectation of every beauty and every virtue that adorn humanity, but of every vice and perverſion of the underſtanding that diſgrace it. The zeal of making proſelytes to it, may often be attributed to a like vanity of poſſeſſing a direction and aſcendancy over the minds of men; which is a very flattering ſpecies of ſuperiority. But there ſeems to be ſome other cauſe that ſecretly influences the conduct of ſome that reject all religion, who, from the reſt of their character, cannot be ſuſpected of vanity, in any ambition of ſuch ſuperiority. This we ſhall attempt to explain.

The very differing in opinion, upon any intereſting ſubject, from all around us, gives a diſagreeable ſenſation. This muſt be greatly encreaſed in the preſent caſe, as the feeling which attends infidelity or ſcepticiſm in religion is certainly a comfortleſs one, where there is the leaſt degree of ſenſibility.—Sympathy is much more ſought after by an unhappy mind, than by one chearful and at eaſe. We require a ſupport in the one caſe, which in the other is not neceſſary. A perſon, therefore, void of religion, feels himſelf as it were alone

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in the midſt of ſociety; and though, for prudential reaſons, he chooſes, on ſome occaſions, to diſguiſe his ſentiments, and join in ſome form of religious worſhip, yet this, to a candid and ingenuous mind, muſt always be very painful; nor does it abate the diſagreeable feeling which a ſocial ſpirit has in finding itſelf alone, and without any friend to ſooth and participate its uneaſineſs. This ſeems to have a conſiderable ſhare in that anxiety which Free-Thinkers generally diſcover to make proſelytes to their opinions; an anxiety much greater than what is ſhewn by thoſe whoſe minds are at eaſe in the enjoyment of happier proſpects. *Gregory.*

§ 75. *Zeal in the Propagation of Infidelity inexcuſable.*

The excuſe which infidel writers plead for their conduct, is a regard for the cauſe of truth. But this is a very inſufficient one. None of them act upon this principle, in its largeſt extent and application, in common life; nor could any man live in the world, and pretend ſo to do. In the purſuit of happineſs, 'our being's end and aim *,' the diſcovery of truth is far from being the moſt important object. It is true, the mind receives a high pleaſure from the inveſtigation and diſcovery of truth, in the abſtract ſciences, in the works of nature and art; but in all ſubjects, where the imagination and affections are deeply concerned, we regard it only ſo far as it is ſubſervient to them.—One of the firſt principles of ſociety, of decency, and of good manners, is, that no man is entitled to ſay every thing he thinks true, when it would be injurious or offenſive to his neighbour. If it was not for this principle, all mankind would be in a ſtate of hoſtility.

Suppoſe a perſon to loſe an only child, the ſole comfort and happineſs of his life: when the firſt overflowings of nature are paſt, he recollects the infinite goodneſs and impenetrable wiſdom of the Diſpoſer of all events; he is perſuaded, that the revolution of a few years will again unite him to his child, never more to be ſeparated. With theſe ſentiments he acquieſces, with a melancholy yet pleaſing reſignation, to the divine will. Now, ſuppoſing all this to be a deception, a pleaſing dream, would not the general ſenſe of mankind condemn the philoſopher, as barbarous and inhuman, who ſhould attempt to wake him out of it?—Yet ſo far does vanity prevail over good-nature, that we frequently ſee men, on other occaſions of the moſt benevolent tempers, labouring to cut off that hope which can alone chear the heart under all the preſſures and afflictions of human life, and enable us to reſign it with chearfulneſs and dignity!

Religion may be conſidered in three different views. Firſt, As containing doctrines relating to the being and perfections of God, his moral adminiſtration of the world, a future ſtate of exiſtence, and particular communications to mankind, by an immediate ſupernatural revelation.—Secondly, As a rule of life and manners.—Thirdly, As the ſource of certain peculiar affections of the mind, which either give pleaſure or pain, according to the particular genius and ſpirit of the religion that inſpires them. *Ibid.*

§ 76. *Religion conſidered as a Science.*

In the firſt of theſe views, which gives a foundation to all religious belief, and on which the other two depend, Reaſon is principally concerned. On this ſubject, the greateſt efforts of human genius and application have been exerted, and with the moſt deſirable ſucceſs, in thoſe great and important articles that ſeem moſt immediately to affect the intereſt and happineſs of mankind. But when our enquiries here are puſhed to a certain length, we find that Providence has ſet bounds to our reaſon, and even to our capacities of apprehenſion. This is particularly the caſe with reſpect to infinity, and the moral œconomy of the Deity. The objects are here, in a great meaſure, beyond the reach of our conception; and induction, from experience, on which all our other reaſonings are founded, cannot be applied to a ſubject altogether diſſimilar to any thing we are acquainted with.—Many of the fundamental articles of religion are ſuch, that the mind may have the fulleſt conviction of their truth, but they muſt be viewed at a diſtance, and are rather the objects of ſilent and religious veneration, than of metaphyſical diſquiſition. If the mind attempts to bring them to a nearer view, it is confounded with their ſtrangeneſs and immenſity.

When we purſue our enquiries into any part of nature beyond certain bounds, we find ourſelves involved in perplexity and darkneſs. But there is this remarkable difference between theſe and religious enquiries;

* Pope.

quiries: in the inveſtigation of nature, we can always make a progreſs in knowledge, and approximate to the truth by the proper exertion of genius and obſervation. But our enquiries into religious ſubjects are confined within very narrow bounds; nor can any force of reaſon or application lead the mind one ſtep beyond that impenetrable gulf, which ſeparates the viſible and inviſible world.

Though the articles of religious belief, which fall within the comprehenſion of mankind, and ſeem eſſential to their happineſs, are few and ſimple, yet ingenious men have contrived to erect them into moſt tremendous ſyſtems of metaphyſical ſubtlety, which will long remain monuments both of the extent and the weakneſs of human underſtanding. The pernicious conſequences of ſuch ſyſtems, have been various. By attempting to eſtabliſh too much, they have hurt the foundation of the moſt intereſting principles of religion. —Moſt men are educated in a belief of the peculiar and diſtinguiſhing opinions of ſome one religious ſect or other. They are taught, that all theſe are equally founded on divine authority, or the cleareſt deductions of reaſon; by which means their ſyſtem of religion hangs ſo much together, that one part cannot be ſhaken without endangering the whole. But wherever any freedom of enquiry is allowed, the abſurdity of ſome of theſe opinions, and the uncertain foundation of others, cannot be concealed. This naturally begets a general diſtruſt of the whole, with that fatal lukewarmneſs in religion, which is its neceſſary conſequence.

The very habit of frequent reaſoning and diſputing upon religious ſubjects, diminiſhes that reverence with which the mind would otherwiſe conſider them. This ſeems particularly to be the caſe, when men preſume to enter into a minute ſcrutiny of the views and œconomy of Providence, in the adminiſtration of the world; why the Supreme Being made it as it is; the freedom of his actions; and many other ſuch queſtions, infinitely beyond our reach. The natural tendency of this, is to leſſen that awful veneration with which we ought always to contemplate the Divinity, but which can never be preſerved, when men canvas his ways with ſuch unwarrantable freedom. Accordingly we find, amongſt thoſe ſectaries where ſuch diſquiſitions have principally prevailed, that he has been mentioned and even addreſſed with the moſt indecent and ſhocking familiarity. The truly devotional ſpirit, whoſe chief foundation and characteriſtic is genuine and profound humility, is not to be looked for among ſuch perſons.

Another bad effect of this ſpeculative theology, has been to withdraw people's attention from its practical duties —We uſually find, that thoſe who are moſt diſtinguiſhed by their exceſſive zeal for opinions in religion, ſhew great moderation and coolneſs as to its precepts; and their great ſeverity in this reſpect, is commonly exerted againſt a few vices where the heart is but little concerned, and to which their own diſpoſitions preſerved them from any temptations.

But the worſt effects of ſpeculative and controverſial theology, are thoſe which it produces on the temper and affections.— When the mind is kept conſtantly embarraſſed in a perplexed and thorny path, where it can find no ſteady light to ſhew the way, nor foundation to reſt on, the temper looſes its native chearfulneſs, and contracts a gloom and ſeverity, partly from the chagrin of diſappointment, and partly from the ſocial and kind affections being extinguiſhed for want of exerciſe. When this evil is exaſperated by oppoſition and diſpute, the conſequences prove very fatal to the peace of ſociety; eſpecially when men are perſuaded, that their holding certain opinions entitles them to the divine favour; and that thoſe who differ from them, are devoted to eternal deſtruction. This perſuaſion breaks at once all the ties of ſociety. The toleration of men who hold erroneous opinions, is conſidered as conniving at their deſtroying not only themſelves, but all others who come within the reach of their influence. This produces that cruel and implacable ſpirit, which has ſo often diſgraced the cauſe of religion, and diſhonoured humanity.

Yet the effects of religious controverſy have ſometimes proved beneficial to mankind. That ſpirit of free enquiry, which incited the firſt Reformers to ſhake off the yoke of eccleſiaſtical tyranny, naturally begot juſt ſentiments of civil liberty, eſpecially when irritated by perſecution. When ſuch ſentiments came to be united with that bold enthuſiaſm, that ſeverity of temper and manners that diſtinguiſhed ſome of the reformed ſects, they produced thoſe reſolute and inflexible men, who alone were able to aſſert the cauſe of liberty, in an age when the Chriſtian world was enervated

vated by luxury or ſuperſtition; and to ſuch men we owe that freedom and happy conſtitution which we at preſent enjoy.—But theſe advantages of religious enthuſiaſm have been but accidental.

In general it would appear, that religion, conſidered as a ſcience, in the manner it has been uſually treated, is but little beneficial to mankind, neither tending to enlarge the underſtanding, ſweeten the temper, or mend the heart. At the ſame time, the labours of ingenious men, in explaining obſcure and difficult paſſages of ſacred writ, have been highly uſeful and neceſſary. And though it is natural for men to carry their ſpeculations, on a ſubject that ſo nearly concerns their preſent and eternal happineſs, farther than reaſon extends, or than is clearly and expreſsly revealed; yet theſe can be followed by no bad conſequences, if they are carried on with that modeſty and reverence which the ſubject requires. They become pernicious only when they are formed into ſyſtems, to which the ſame credit and ſubmiſſion is required as to Holy Writ itſelf. *Gregory.*

§ 77. *Religion conſidered as a Rule of Life and Manners.*

We ſhall now proceed to conſider religion as a rule of life and manners. In this reſpect, its influence is very extenſive and beneficial, even when diſfigured by the wildeſt ſuperſtition; as it is able to check and conquer thoſe paſſions, which reaſon and philoſophy are too weak to encounter. But it is much to be regretted, that the application of religion to this end, hath not been attended to with that care which the importance of the ſubject required.—The ſpeculative part of religion ſeems generally to have engroſſed the attention of men of genius. This has been the fate of all the uſeful and practical arts of life; and the application of religion, to the regulation of life and manners, muſt be conſidered entirely as a practical art.—The cauſes of this neglect, ſeem to be theſe: Men of a philoſophical genius have an averſion to all application, where the active powers of their own minds are not immediately employed. But in acquiring any practical art, a philoſopher is obliged to ſpend moſt of his time in employments where his genius and underſtanding have no exerciſe. The fate of the practical arts of medicine and religion have been pretty ſimilar: the object of the one, is to cure the diſeaſes of the body; of the other, to cure the diſeaſes of the mind. The progreſs and degrees of perfection of both theſe arts ought to be eſtimated by no other ſtandard, than their ſucceſs in the cure of the diſeaſes to which they are ſeverally applied. In medicine, the facts on which the art depends, are ſo numerous and complicated, ſo miſrepreſented by fraud, credulity, or a heated imagination, that there has hardly ever been found a truly philoſophical genius who has attempted the practical part of it. There are, indeed, many obſtacles of different kinds, which occur to render any improvement in the practice of phyſic a matter of the utmoſt difficulty, at leaſt whilſt the profeſſion reſts on its preſent narrow foundation. Almoſt all phyſicians who have been men of ingenuity, have amuſed themſelves in forming theories, which gave exerciſe to their invention, and at the ſame time contributed to their reputation. Inſtead of being at the trouble of making obſervations themſelves, they culled, out of the promiſcuous multitude already made, ſuch as beſt ſuited their purpoſe, and dreſſed them up in the way their ſyſtem required. In conſequence of this, the hiſtory of medicine does not ſo much exhibit the hiſtory of a progreſſive art, as a hiſtory of opinions which prevailed perhaps for twenty or thirty years, and then ſunk into contempt and oblivion. The caſe has been nearly ſimilar in practical divinity: but this is attended with much greater difficulties than the practical part of medicine; in this laſt, nothing is required but aſſiduous and accurate obſervation, and a good underſtanding to direct the proper application of ſuch obſervation. *Ibid.*

§ 78. *How Religion is to be applied to cure the Diſeaſes of the Mind.*

To cure the diſeaſes of the mind, there is required that intimate knowledge of the human heart, which muſt be drawn from life itſelf, and which books can never teach; of the various diſguiſes under which vice recommends herſelf to the imagination; of the artful aſſociation of ideas which ſhe forms there; and of the many nameleſs circumſtances that ſoften the heart and render it acceſſible. It is likewiſe neceſſary to have a knowledge of the arts of inſinuation and perſuaſion, of the art of breaking falſe and unnatural aſſociations of ideas, or inducing counter-aſſociations, and oppoſing one paſſion to another; and after all this knowledge is acquired,

quired, the ſucceſsful application of it to practice depends, in a conſiderable degree, on powers, which no extent of underſtanding can confer.

Vice does not depend ſo much on a perverſion of the underſtanding, as of the imagination and paſſions, and on habits originally founded on theſe. A vicious man is generally ſenſible enough that his conduct is wrong; he knows that vice is contrary both to his duty and to his intereſt; and therefore, all laboured reaſoning, to ſatisfy his underſtanding of theſe truths, is uſeleſs, becauſe the diſeaſe does not lie in the underſtanding. The evil is ſeated in the heart. The imaginations and paſſions are engaged on its ſide; and to them the cure muſt be applied. Here has been the general defect of writings and ſermons, intended to reform mankind. Many ingenious and ſenſible remarks are made on the ſeveral duties of religion, and very judicious arguments are brought to enforce them. Such performances may be attended to with pleaſure, by pious and well-diſpoſed perſons, who likewiſe may derive from thence uſeful inſtruction for their conduct in life. The wicked and profligate, if ever books of this ſort fall in their way, very readily allow, that what they contain are great and eternal truths; but they leave no laſting impreſſion. If any thing can rouſe, it is the power of lively and pathetic deſcription, which traces and lays open their hearts through all their windings and diſguiſes, makes them ſee and confeſs their own characters in all their deformity and horror, impreſſes their hearts, and intereſts their paſſions by all the motives of love, gratitude, and fear, the proſpect of rewards and puniſhments, and whatever other motives religion or nature may dictate. But to do this effectually, requires very different powers from thoſe of the underſtanding: a lively and well regulated imagination is eſſentially requiſite.

Gregory.

§ 79. *On Public Preaching.*

In public addreſſes to an audience, the great end of reformation is moſt effectually promoted; becauſe all the powers of voice and action, all the arts of eloquence, may be brought to give their aſſiſtance. But ſome of thoſe arts depend on gifts of nature, and cannot be attained by any ſtrength of genius or underſtanding: even where nature has been liberal of thoſe neceſſary requiſites, they muſt be cultivated by much practice, before the proper exerciſe of them can be acquired. Thus, a public ſpeaker may have a voice that is muſical and of great compaſs; but it requires much time and labour to attain its juſt modulation, and that variety of flexion and tone, which a pathetic diſcourſe requires. The ſame difficulty attends the acquiſition of that propriety of action, that power over the expreſſive features of the countenance, particularly of the eyes, ſo neceſſary to command the hearts and paſſions of an audience.

It is uſually thought that a preacher, who feels what he is ſaying himſelf, will naturally ſpeak with that tone of voice and expreſſion in his countenance, that beſt ſuits the ſubject, and which cannot fail to move his audience: thus it is ſaid, a perſon under the influence of fear, anger, or ſorrow, looks and ſpeaks in the manner naturally expreſſive of theſe emotions. This is true in ſome meaſure; but it can never be ſuppoſed, that any preacher will be able to enter into his ſubject with ſuch real warmth upon every occaſion. Beſides, every prudent man will be afraid to abandon himſelf ſo entirely to any impreſſion, as he muſt do to produce this effect. Moſt men, when ſtrongly affected by any paſſion or emotion, have ſome peculiarity in their appearance, which does not belong to the natural expreſſion of ſuch an emotion. If this be not properly corrected, a public ſpeaker, who is really warm and animated with his ſubject, may nevertheleſs make a very ridiculous and contemptible figure. It is the buſineſs of art, to ſhew nature in her moſt amiable and graceful forms, and not with thoſe peculiarities in which ſhe appears in particular inſtances; and it is this difficulty of properly repreſenting nature, that renders the eloquence and action both of the pulpit and the ſtage, acquiſitions of ſuch difficult attainment.

But, beſides thoſe talents inherent in the preacher himſelf, an intimate knowledge of nature will ſuggeſt the neceſſity of attending to certain external circumſtances, which operate powerfully on the mind, and prepare it for receiving the deſigned impreſſions. Such, in particular, is the proper regulation of church-muſic, and the ſolemnity and pomp of public worſhip. Independent of the effect that theſe particulars have on the imagination, it might be expected, that a juſt taſte, a ſenſe, of decency and propriety, would make them more attended to than we find they

they are. We acknowledge that they have been abuſed, and have occaſioned the groſſeſt ſuperſtition; but this univerſal propenſity to carry them to exceſs, is the ſtrongeſt proof that the attachment to them is deeply rooted in human nature, and conſequently that it is the buſineſs of good ſenſe to regulate, and not vainly to attempt to extinguiſh it. Many religious ſects, in their infancy, have ſupported themſelves without any of theſe external aſſiſtances; but when time has abated the fervor of their firſt zeal, we always find that their public worſhip has been conducted with the moſt remarkable coldneſs and inattention, unleſs ſupported by well-regulated ceremonies. In fact, it will be found, that thoſe ſects who at their commencement have been moſt diſtinguiſhed for a religious enthuſiaſm that deſpiſed all forms, and the genius of whoſe tenets could not admit the uſe of any, have either been of ſhort duration, or ended in infidelity.

The many difficulties that attend the practical art of making religion influence the manners and lives of mankind, by acquiring a command over the imagination and paſſions, have made it too generally neglected, even by the moſt eminent of the clergy for learning and good ſenſe. Theſe have rather choſen to confine themſelves to a track, where they were ſure to excel by the force of their own genius, than to attempt a road where their ſucceſs was doubtful, and where they might be outſtrone by men greatly their inferiors. It has therefore been principally cultivated by men of lively imaginations, poſſeſſed of ſome natural advantages of voice and manner. But as no art can ever become very beneficial to mankind, unleſs it be under the direction of genius and good ſenſe, it has too often happened, that the art we are now ſpeaking of has become ſubſervient to the wildeſt fanaticiſm, ſometimes to the gratification of vanity, and ſometimes to ſtill more unworthy purpoſes.

Gregory.

§ 80. *Religion conſidered as exciting Devotion.*

The third view of religion conſiders it as engaging and intereſting the affections, and comprehends the devotional or ſentimental part of it.—The devotional ſpirit is in ſome meaſure conſtitutional, depending on livelineſs of imagination and ſenſibility of heart, and, like theſe qualities, prevails more in warmer climates than it does in ours. What ſhews its great dependance on the imagination, is the remarkable attachment it has to poetry and muſic, which Shakeſpeare calls the food of love, and which may, with equal truth, be called the food of devotion. Muſic enters into the future paradiſe of the devout of every ſect and of every country. The Deity, viewed by the eye of cool reaſon, may be ſaid, with great propriety, to dwell in light inacceſſible. The mind, ſtruck with the immenſity of his being, and with a ſenſe of its own littleneſs and unworthineſs, admires with that diſtant awe and veneration that almoſt excludes love. But viewed by a devout imagination, he may become an object of the warmeſt affection, and even paſſion.—The philoſopher contemplates the Deity in all thoſe marks of wiſdom and benignity diffuſed through the various works of nature. The devout man confines his views rather to his own particular connection with the Deity, the many inſtances of his goodneſs he himſelf has experienced, and the many greater he ſtill hopes for. This eſtabliſhes a kind of intercourſe, which often intereſts the heart and paſſions in the deepeſt manner.

The devotional taſte, like all other taſtes, has had the hard fate to be condemned as a weakneſs, by all who are ſtrangers to its joys and its influence. Too much and too frequent occaſion has been given, to turn this ſubject into ridicule.—A heated and devout imagination, when not under the direction of a very ſound underſtanding, is apt to run very wild, and is at the ſame time impatient to publiſh all its follies to the world.—The feelings of a devout heart ſhould be mentioned with great reſerve and delicacy, as they depend upon private experience, and certain circumſtances of mind and ſituation, which the world can neither know nor judge of. But devotional writings, executed with judgment and taſte, are not only highly uſeful, but to all who have a true ſenſe of religion, peculiarly engaging. *Ibid.*

§ 81. *Advantages of Devotion.*

The devotional ſpirit, united to good ſenſe and a chearful temper, gives that ſteadineſs to virtue, which it always wants when produced and ſupported by good natural diſpoſitions only. It corrects and humanizes thoſe conſtitutional vices, which it is not able entirely to ſubdue; and though it too often fails to render men perfectly virtuous, it preſerves them from becoming

becoming utterly abandoned. It has, beſides, the moſt favourable influence on all the paſſive virtues; it gives a ſoftneſs and ſenſibility to the heart, and a mildneſs and gentleneſs to the manners; but above all, it produces an univerſal charity and love to mankind, however different in ſtation, country, or religion. There is a ſublime yet tender melancholy, almoſt the univerſal attendant on genius, which is too apt to degenerate into gloom and diſguſt with the world. Devotion is admirably calculated to ſoothe this diſpoſition, by inſenſibly leading the mind, while it ſeems to indulge it, to thoſe proſpects which calm every murmur of diſcontent, and diffuſe a chearfulneſs over the darkeſt hours of human life.—Perſons in the pride of high health and ſpirits, who are keen in the purſuits of pleaſure, intereſt, or ambition, have either no ideas on this ſubject, or treat it as the enthuſiaſm of a weak mind. But this really ſhews great narrowneſs of underſtanding; a very little reflection and acquaintance with nature might teach them, on how precarious a foundation their boaſted independence on religion is built; the thouſand nameleſs accidents that may deſtroy it; and that though for ſome years they ſhould eſcape theſe, yet that time muſt impair the greateſt vigour of health and ſpirits, and deprive them of all thoſe objects for which, at preſent, they think life only worth enjoying. It ſhould ſeem, therefore, very neceſſary to ſecure ſome permanent object, ſome real ſupport to the mind, to chear the ſoul, when all others ſhall have loſt their influence.—The greateſt inconvenience, indeed, that attends devotion, is its taking ſuch a vaſt hold of the affections, as ſometimes threatens the extinguiſhing of every other active principle of the mind. For when the devotional ſpirit falls in with a melancholy temper, it is too apt to depreſs the mind entirely, to ſink it to the weakeſt ſuperſtition, and to produce a total retirement and abſtraction from the world, and all the duties of life. *Gregory.*

82. *The Difference between true and falſe Politeneſs.*

It is evident enough, that the moral and Chriſtian duty, of preferring one another in honour, reſpects only ſocial peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Chriſtian brother. Its deſign is, to ſoften the minds of men, and to draw them from that ſavage ruſticity, which engenders many vices, and diſcredits the virtues themſelves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further ſaw the ends, not of charity only, but of ſelf-intereſt, that might be anſwered by it; they conſidered no longer its juſt purpoſe and application, but ſtretched it to that officious ſedulity, and extreme ſervility of adulation, which we too often obſerve and lament in poliſhed life.

Hence, that infinite attention and conſideration, which is ſo rigidly exacted, and ſo duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that proſtitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no ſentiment, no principle, no character; all which diſappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, thoſe inſidious arts, thoſe ſtudied diſguiſes, thoſe obſequious flatteries, nay, thoſe multiplied and nicely-varied forms of inſinuation and addreſs, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeneſs and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to ſoothe every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

Theſe fatal miſchiefs introduce themſelves under the pretence and ſemblance of that humanity, which the ſcriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the counterfeit, and by the following plain ſigns.

True politeneſs is modeſt, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courteſy, would willingly conceal it. It chooſes ſilently to forgo its own claims, not officiouſly to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himſelf, becauſe he really eſteems him; becauſe he is tender of his reputation; becauſe he thinks it more manly, more Chriſtian, to deſcend a little himſelf than to degrade another. It reſpects, in a word, the credit and eſtimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, falſe politeneſs, is, on the other hand, ambitious, ſervile, timorous. It affects popularity: is ſolicitous to pleaſe, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; becauſe he would merit by this aſſiduity; becauſe, in deſpair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be ſure to make the moſt of this; and laſtly, becauſe of all things, he would dread, by the omiſſion of any punctilious obſervance, to give offence. In a word, this ſort of politeneſs reſpects, for its immediate object, the

ſavour and conſideration of our neighbour.

2. Again: the man who governs himſelf by the ſpirit of the Apoſtle's precept, expreſſes his preference of another in ſuch a way as is worthy of himſelf; in all innocent compliances, in all honeſt civilities, in all decent and manly condeſcenſions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who reſts in the *letter* of this command, is regardleſs of the means by which he conducts himſelf. He reſpects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reaſon, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this ſupple impoſter. He aſſents to the errors, though the moſt pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the moſt ridiculous, he ſoothes the vices, though the moſt flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the ſofteſt form of inſinuation; he never diſapproves, though by a reſpectful ſilence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In ſhort, he is ſolicitous for nothing, but by ſome ſtudied devices to hide from others, and, if poſſible, to palliate to himſelf, the groſſneſs of his illiberal adulation.

Laſtly; we may be ſure, that the *ultimate* ends for which theſe different objects are purſued, and by ſo different *means*, muſt alſo lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper teſtimonies of reſpect, promote the credit and eſtimation of his neighbour; *becauſe* he ſees that, by this generous conſideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preſerved; *becauſe* he knows that theſe mutual attentions prevent animoſities, ſoften the fierceneſs of men's manners, and diſpoſe them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *becauſe*, in a word, the intereſts of ſociety are beſt ſerved by this conduct; and *becauſe* he underſtands it to be his duty to love his *neighbour*.

The falſely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and conſideration of thoſe they converſe with; *becauſe* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private intereſt; *becauſe* they perceive, that their own ſelfiſh deſigns are beſt carried on by ſuch practices: in a word, *becauſe* they *love themſelves*.

Thus we ſee, that genuine virtue conſults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the nobleſt purpoſes; the counterfeit ſolicits their favour by diſhoneſt compliances, and for the baſeſt end.

Hurd.

§ 83. *On Religious Principles and Behaviour.*

Religion is rather a matter of ſentiment than reaſoning. The important and intereſting articles of faith are ſufficiently plain. Fix your attention on theſe, and do not meddle with controverſy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourſelves. It ſpoils the temper, and, I ſuſpect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books, and all converſation, that tend to ſhake your faith on thoſe great points of religion, which ſhould ſerve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happineſs depend.

Never indulge yourſelves in ridiculing religious ſubjects; nor give countenance to it in others, by ſeeming diverted with what they ſay. This, to people of good breeding, will be a ſufficient check.

I wiſh you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace thoſe you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourſelves about ſuch as you do not underſtand, but treat them with ſilent and becoming reverence.

I would adviſe you to read only ſuch religious books as are addreſſed to the heart, ſuch as inſpire pious and devout affections, ſuch as are proper to direct you in your conduct; and not ſuch as tend to entangle you in the endleſs maze of opinions and ſyſtems.

Be punctual in the ſtated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any ſenſibility or imagination, this will eſtabliſh ſuch an intercourſe between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite conſequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual chearfulneſs to your temper, give a firmneſs and ſteadineſs to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the viciſſitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wiſh you to be regular in your attendance on public worſhip, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of ſome active duty in life, to which they ſhould always give place.—In your behaviour at public wor-

ſhip, obſerve an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme ſtrictneſs which I recommend to you in theſe duties, will be conſidered by many of your acquaintance as a ſuperſtitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other ſubjects, I have an eye to the ſpirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and diſſipation in the preſent manners, a coldneſs and liſtleſſneſs in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unleſs you purpoſely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional one habitual.

Gregory's Advice.

§ 84. *On the Beauties of the Pſalms.*

Greatneſs confers no exemption from the cares and ſorrows of life: its ſhare of them frequently bears a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the Iſraelitiſh monarch experienced. He ſought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire, and alleviated the diſquietudes of ſtate, with the exerciſes of devotion. His invaluable Pſalms convey thoſe comforts to others, which they afforded to himſelf. Compoſed upon particular occaſions, yet deſigned for general uſe: delivered out as ſervices for Iſraelites under the Law, yet no leſs adapted to the circumſtances of Chriſtians under the Goſpel; they preſent religion to us in the moſt engaging dreſs; communicating truths which philoſophy could never inveſtigate, in a ſtyle which poetry can never equal; while hiſtory is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to pleaſe, they inform the underſtanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of Him, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they ſuit mankind in all ſituations, grateful as the manna which deſcended from above, and conformed itſelf to every palate. The faireſt productions of human wit, after a few peruſals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and loſe their fragrancy; but theſe unfading plants of paradiſe become, as we are accuſtomed to them, ſtill more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; freſh odours are emitted, and new ſweets extracted from them. He who hath once taſted their excellencies, will deſire to taſte them yet again; and he who taſtes them oſteneſt, will reliſh them beſt.—And now, could the author flatter himſelf that any one would take half the pleaſure in reading his work which he hath taken in writing it, he would not fear the loſs of his labour. The employment detached him from the buſtle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noiſe of folly; vanity and vexation flew away for a ſeaſon, care and diſquietude came not near his dwelling. He roſe, freſh as the morning, to his taſk; the ſilence of the night invited him to purſue it; and he can truly ſay, that food and reſt were not preferred before it. Every Pſalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneaſineſs but the laſt; for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than thoſe which have been ſpent in theſe meditations on the ſongs of Sion, he never expects to ſee in this world. Very pleaſantly did they paſs, and moved ſmoothly and ſwiftly along; for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but have left a reliſh and a fragrance upon the mind, and the remembrance of them is ſweet. *Horne.*

§ 85. *The Temple of virtuous Love.*

The ſtructure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) conſecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by ſuch as received a ring, or ſome other token, from a perſon who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roſes and myrtles on his head, and on his ſhoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unſpotted all over, excepting only, that where it was claſped at his breaſt, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was ſeated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of ſeveral trees that were embraced by woodbines, jeſſamines, and amaranths, which were as ſo many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that ſupported them. As I was ſingle and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reaſon am a ſtranger to all the myſteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curioſity to obſerve, how the ſeveral couples that entered were diſpoſed of; which was after the following manner: there were two great gates on the backſide of the edifice, at which the whole croud was let out. At one of theſe gates

were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and compoſed air, the other a ſort of ſmile and ineffable ſweetneſs in her countenance: the name of the firſt was Diſcretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themſelves under the direction of theſe two ſiſters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furniſhed with every thing that could make them the proper ſeats of happineſs. The ſecond gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them ſtrove to break, but could not. Several of theſe were ſuch as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was poſſeſſed by three ſiſters, who joined themſelves with theſe wretches, and occaſioned moſt of their miſeries. The youngeſt of the ſiſters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the innocence of a virgin, had the dreſs and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the ſecond was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the ſkin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and ſnapped at every one that paſſed by her. The eldeſt of the ſiſters, who ſeemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his ſhoulder, the end of which was faſhioned into the horns of a ſtag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd caſts in them, and that particular diſtemper which makes perſons who are troubled with it ſee objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealouſy.

Tatler.

§ 86. *The Temple of Luſt.*

Having finiſhed my obſervations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which ſtood on the left hand, and was called the temple of Luſt. The front of it was raiſed on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was compoſed of the chaſte and matron-like Ionic. The ſides of it were adorned with ſeveral groteſque figures of goats, ſparrows, heathen gods, ſatyrs, and monſters, made up of half men, half beaſt. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that ſerved to diſcover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here ſtunned with a mixed noiſe of clamour and jollity: on one ſide of me I heard ſinging and dancing; on the other, brawls and claſhing of ſwords: in ſhort, I was ſo little pleaſed with the place, that I was going out of it: but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred againſt all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleaſure which led to it: all who paſſed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorſe, that held a ſcourge of ſcorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a paſſage ſo rugged, ſo uneven, and choaked with ſo many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy ſpectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both ſexes ſuffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and ſeveral loſt their limbs, before they could extricate themſelves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remaining part of this viſion, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice muſt be the ſubject of another paper. *Ibid.*

§ 87. *The Temple of Virtue.*

With much labour and difficulty I paſſed through the firſt part of my viſion, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the proſpect of the three great roads. I here joined myſelf to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the ſtandard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the temple of Virtue. It was planted on each ſide with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and ſtatues of lawgivers, heroes, ſtateſmen, philoſophers, and poets. The perſons who travelled up this great path, were ſuch whoſe thoughts were

were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road, were ſeveral paths that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it; theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the temple of Honour, by reaſon of the temple of Virtue, which ſtood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe, in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we ſtood amidſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it. *Tatler.*

§ 88. *The Temple of Vanity.*

Having ſeen all that happened to the band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that ſtood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: but what I more particularly obſerved, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the faſhion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of thoſe who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. I made it my buſineſs, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous perſons, and travelled ſome time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were ſeveral paths, which led out of the great road into the ſides of the wood, and ran into ſo many crooked turns and windings, that thoſe who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then croſſed the ſtraight road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little ſpace, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The ſeveral alleys of theſe wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the miſchievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a perſon, whom, by the inſcription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury. *Ibid.*

§ 89. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the ſame manner as before, with a deſign to obſerve carefully every thing that paſſed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that aſſembly, which was made up of perſons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep valley, in which they journied ſeveral days with great toil and uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden ſand: they often drank of this ſtream, which had ſuch a particular quality in it, that though it refreſhed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirſt. On each ſide of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had waſhed off the earth, one might ſee in ſeveral parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure ſilver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbad any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of theſe hills, or convert the treaſures they contained to any uſe, under pain of ſtarving. At the end of the valley ſtood the temple of Avarice, made after

the manner of a fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herſelf by the forged name of Competency, offered herſelf for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, ſat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre ſtarved countenance, incloſed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and ſhivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parſimony; the firſt was his collector, and the other his caſhier. There were ſeveral long tables placed on each ſide of the temple, with reſpective officers attending behind them: ſome of theſe I enquired into: at the firſt table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a ſolicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a perſon that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was maſter of. The ſolicitor would often apply himſelf to his ear, and at the ſame time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, ſigned and ſealed in form. The name of this dexterous and ſucceſsful ſolicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the office of Extortion: behind it ſat a perſon in a bob-wig, counting over a great ſum of money: he gave out little purſes to ſeveral, who, after a ſhort tour, brought him, in return, ſacks full of the ſame kind of coin. I ſaw, at the ſame time, a perſon called Fraud, who ſat behind the counter, with falſe ſcales, light weights, and ſcanty meaſures; by the ſkilful application of which inſtruments, ſhe had got together an immenſe heap of wealth; it would be endleſs to name the ſeveral officers, or deſcribe the votaries that attended in this temple; there were many old men, panting and breathleſs, repoſing their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whoſe very pangs and convulſions (which rendered their purſes uſeleſs to them) only made them graſp them the faſter. There were ſome tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and fleſh of many miſerable perſons who ſtood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had ſeized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that ſtood behind them. On a ſudden the whole aſſembly fell a trembling; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a ſpectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to diſtraction. In the midſt of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the ſight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, ſhe did not make ſo indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathſome temple. The miſerable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himſelf threatened by the apparition as ſhe ſtalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmoſt fear and trembling. I muſt confeſs, I look upon the paſſion which I ſaw in this unhappy people, to be of the ſame nature with thoſe unaccountable antipathies which ſome perſons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the ſight of ſo uſeful and innocent a thing as water. The whole aſſembly was ſurprized, when, inſtead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they ſaw me addreſs myſelf to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (ſaid I) my firſt petition to thee is, that thou wouldeſt never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldeſt not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appeareſt to me at preſent. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjuſt. Let me not ſhut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the perſon that has deſerved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, deſert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to viſit me, and come with her uſual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! haſten to my reſcue; but bring along with Thee

thy

thy two ſiſters, in whoſe company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence."
Tatler.

§ 90. *The Virtue of Gentleneſs not to be confounded with artificial and inſincere Politeneſs.*

Gentleneſs corrects whatever is offenſive in our manners; and, by a conſtant train of humane attentions, ſtudies to alleviate the burden of common miſery. Its office, therefore, is extenſive. It is not, like ſome other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies: but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourſe with men. It ought to form our addreſs, to regulate our ſpeech, and to diffuſe itſelf over our whole behaviour.

I muſt warn you, however, not to confound this gentle wiſdom which is from above, with that artificial courteſy, that ſtudied ſmoothneſs of manners, which is learned in the ſchool of the world. Such accompliſhments the moſt frivolous and empty may poſſeſs. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a ſnare: too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baſeneſs of their minds. We cannot, at the ſame time, avoid obſerving the homage which, even in ſuch inſtances, the world is conſtrained to pay to virtue. In order to render ſociety agreeable, it is found neceſſary to aſſume ſomewhat that may at leaſt carry its appearance; Virtue is the univerſal charm; even its ſhadow is courted, when the ſubſtance is wanting: the imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the firſt ſtudy of all who would either gain the eſteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the ſpeech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleneſs, and humanity; but that gentleneſs which is the characteriſtic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its ſeat in the heart; and, let me add, nothing except what flows from it, can render even external manners truly pleaſing; for no aſſumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which ſprings from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the ſtudied manners of the moſt finiſhed courtier. *Blair.*

§ 91. *Opportunities for great Acts of Beneficence rare, for Gentleneſs continual.*

But, perhaps, it will be pleaded by ſome, That this gentleneſs on which we now inſiſt, regards only thoſe ſmaller offices of life, which, in their eyes, are not eſſential to religion and goodneſs. Negligent, they confeſs, on ſlight occaſions, of the government of their temper, or the regulation of their behaviour, they are attentive, as they pretend, to the great duties of beneficence; and ready, whenever the opportunity preſents, to perform important ſervices to their fellow-creatures. But let ſuch perſons reflect, that the occaſions of performing thoſe important good deeds very rarely occur. Perhaps their ſituation in life, or the nature of their connections, may, in a great meaſure, exclude them from ſuch opportunities. Great events give ſcope for great virtues; but the main tenor of human life is compoſed of ſmall occurrences. Within the round of theſe, lie the materials of the happineſs of moſt men; the ſubjects of their duty, and the trials of their virtue. Virtue muſt be formed and ſupported, not by unfrequent acts, but by daily and repeated exertions. In order to its becoming either vigorous or uſeful, it muſt be habitually active; not breaking forth occaſionally with a tranſient luſtre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of the day; not like the aromatic gale, which ſometimes feaſts the ſenſe; but, like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it healthful.

Years may paſs over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extenſive utility. Whereas, not a day paſſes, but in the common tranſactions of life, and eſpecially in the intercourſe of domeſtic ſociety, gentleneſs finds place for promoting the happineſs of others, and for ſtrengthening in ourſelves, the habit of virtue. Nay, by ſeaſonable diſcoveries of a humane ſpirit, we ſometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happineſs, than by actions which are ſeemingly more important. There are ſituations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condeſcending behaviour, and the look of ſympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the moſt bountiful gift: while, on the other ſide, when the hand of liberality is extended to beſtow, the want of gentleneſs is ſufficient to fruſtrate the intention of the benefit; we ſour thoſe whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with oſtentation and harſhneſs, we convert them into injuries. Can any diſpoſition, then

be held to poſſeſs a low place in the ſcale of virtue, whoſe influence is ſo conſiderable on the happineſs of the world.

Gentleneſs is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidſt the ſtrife of interfering intereſts, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the ſeeds of harmony. It ſoftens animoſities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of a man, a refreſhment to a man. Baniſh gentleneſs from the earth; ſuppoſe the world to be filled with none but harſh and contentious ſpirits, and what ſort of ſociety would remain? the ſolitude of the deſart were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where ſubterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where ſerpents hiſs, and beaſts of the foreſt howl; would be the only proper repreſentations of ſuch aſſemblies of men,—Strange! that where men have all one common intereſt, they ſhould ſo often abſurdly concur in defeating it! Has not nature already provided a ſufficient quantity of unavoidable evils for the ſtate of man? As if we did not ſuffer enough from the ſtorm which beats upon us without, muſt we conſpire alſo, in thoſe ſocieties where we aſſemble, in order to find a retreat from that ſtorm, to haraſs one another? *Blair.*

§ 92. *Gentleneſs recommended on Conſiderations of our own Intereſt.*

But if the ſenſe of duty, and of common happineſs, be inſufficient to recommend the virtue of gentleneſs, then let me deſire you to conſider your own intereſt. Whatever ends a good man can be ſuppoſed to purſue, gentleneſs will be found to favour them; it prepoſſeſſes and wins every heart; it perſuades, when every other argument fails; often diſarms the fierce, and melts the ſtubborn. Whereas, harſhneſs confirms the oppoſition it would ſubdue; and, of an indifferent perſon, creates an enemy. He who could overlook an injury committed in the colliſion of intereſts, will long and ſeverely reſent the ſlights of a contemptuous behaviour. To the man of gentleneſs, the world is generally diſpoſed to aſcribe every other good quality. The higher endowments of the mind we admire at a diſtance, and when any impropriety of behaviour accompanies them, we admire without love: they are like ſome of the diſtant ſtars, whoſe beneficial influence reaches not to us. Whereas, of the influence of gentleneſs, all in ſome degree partake, and therefore all love it. The man of this character riſes in the world without ſtruggle, and flouriſhes without envy. His misfortunes are univerſally lamented; and his failings are eaſily forgiven.

But whatever may be the effect of this virtue on our external condition, its influence on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the firſt requiſite to every pleaſurable feeling. It is the calm and clear atmoſphere, the ſerenity and ſunſhine of the mind. When benignity and gentleneſs reign within, we are always leaſt in hazard of being ruffled from without; every perſon, and every occurrence, are beheld in the moſt favourable light. But let ſome clouds of diſguſt and ill-humour gather on the mind, and immediately the ſcene changes: Nature ſeems transformed; and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view. The gentle mind is like the ſmooth ſtream, which reflects every object in its juſt proportion, and in its faireſt colours. The violent ſpirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things diſtorted and broken; and communicates to them all that diſordered motion which ariſes ſolely from its own agitation. *Ibid.*

§ 93. *The Man of gentle Manners is ſuperior to frivolous Offences and ſlight Provocations.*

As ſoon may the waves of the ſea ceaſe to roll, as provocations to ariſe from human corruption and frailty. Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle ſpirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and reſent, as his duty allows him. But to thoſe ſlight provocations, and frivolous offences, which are the moſt frequent cauſes of diſquiet, he is happily ſuperior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenor than thoſe of others; exempted from the numberleſs diſcompoſures which agitate vulgar minds, inſpired with higher ſentiments; taught to regard, with indulgent eye, the frailties of men, the omiſſions of the careleſs, the follies of the imprudent, and the levity of the fickle, he retreats into the calmneſs of his ſpirit, as into an undiſturbed ſanctuary; and quietly allows the uſual current of life to hold its courſe. *Ibid.*

§ 94

§ 94. *Pride fills the World with Harſhneſs and Severity.*

Let me adviſe you to view your character with an impartial eye; and to learn, from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with ſo much harſhneſs and ſeverity. In the fulneſs of ſelf-eſtimation, we forget what we are, we claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to diſtreſs, as if we knew not what it was to ſuffer. From thoſe airy regions of pride and folly, let us deſcend to our proper level. Let us ſurvey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be inſufficient to prompt humanity, let us at leaſt conſider what we are in the ſight of God. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all ſo earneſtly entreat from Heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleneſs from our Judge, when we are ſo backward to ſhew it to our own brethren? *Blair.*

§ 95. *Violence and Contention often cauſed by Trifles and imaginary Miſchiefs.*

Accuſtom yourſelves, alſo, to reflect on the ſmall moment of thoſe things which are the uſual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a falſe medium. The moſt inconſiderable point of intereſt or honour, ſwells into a momentous object; and the ſlighteſt attack ſeems to threaten immediate ruin. But after paſſion or pride has ſubſided, we look round in vain for the mighty miſchiefs we dreaded: the fabric, which our diſturbed imagination had reared, totally diſappears. But though the cauſe of contention has dwindled away, its conſequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have embittered an enemy; we have ſown the ſeeds of future ſuſpicion, malevolence, or diſguſt—Suſpend your violence, I beſeech you, for a moment, when cauſes of diſcord occur. Anticipate that period of coolneſs, which, of itſelf, will ſoon arrive. Allow yourſelves to think, how little you have any proſpect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happineſs of life you are certain of throwing away. Eaſily, and from the ſmalleſt chink, the bitter waters of ſtriſe are let forth; but their courſe cannot be foreſeen; and he ſeldom fails of ſuffering moſt from the poiſonous effect, who firſt allowed them to flow. *Ibid.*

§ 96. *Gentleneſs beſt promoted by religious Views.*

But gentleneſs will, moſt of all, be promoted by frequent views of thoſe great objects which our holy religion preſents. Let the proſpects of immortality fill your minds. Look upon this world as a ſtate of paſſage. Conſider yourſelves as engaged in the purſuit of higher intereſts; as acting now, under the eye of God, an introductory part to a more important ſcene. Elevated by ſuch ſentiments, your minds will become calm and ſedate. You will look down, as from a ſuperior ſtation, on the petty diſturbances of the world. They are the ſelfiſh, the ſenſual, and the vain, who are moſt ſubject to the impotence of paſſion. They are linked ſo cloſely to the world; by ſo many ſides they touch every object, and every perſon around them, that they are perpetually hurt, and perpetually hurting others. But the ſpirit of true religion removes us to a proper diſtance from the grating objects of worldly contentions. It leaves us ſufficiently connected with the world, for acting our part in it with propriety; but diſengages us from it ſo far, as to weaken its power of diſturbing our tranquillity. It inſpires magnanimity; and magnanimity always breathes gentleneſs. It leads us to view the follies of men with pity, not with rancour; and to treat, with the mildneſs of a ſuperior nature, what in little minds would call forth all the bitterneſs of paſſion. *Ibid.*

§ 97. *Gentleneſs to be aſſumed, as the Ornament of every Age and Station; but to be diſtinguiſhed from poliſhed or affected Manners.*

Aided by ſuch conſiderations, let us cultivate that gentle wiſdom which is, in ſo many reſpects, important both to our duty and our happineſs. Let us aſſume it as the ornament of every age, and of every ſtation. Let it temper the petulance of youth, and ſoften the moroſeneſs of old age. Let it mitigate authority in thoſe who rule, and promote deference among thoſe who obey. I conclude with repeating the caution, not to miſtake for true gentleneſs, that flimſy imitation of it, called poliſhed manners, which often, among the

the men of the world, under a ſmooth appearance, conceals much aſperity. Let yours be native gentleneſs of heart, flowing from the love of God, and the love of man. Unite this amiable ſpirit, with a proper zeal for all that is right, and juſt, and true. Let piety be combined in your character with humanity. Let determined integrity dwell in a mild and gentle breaſt. A character thus ſupported, will command more real reſpect than can be procured by the moſt ſhining accompliſhments, when ſeparated from virtue. *Blair.*

§ 98. *The Stings of Poverty, Diſeaſe, and Violence, leſs pungent than thoſe of guilty Paſſions.*

Aſſemble all the evils which poverty, diſeaſe, or violence can inflict, and their ſtings will be found, by far, leſs pungent than thoſe which guilty paſſions dart into the heart. Amidſt the ordinary calamities of the world, the mind can exert its powers, and ſuggeſt relief: and the mind is properly the man; the ſufferer, and his ſufferings, can be diſtinguiſhed. But thoſe diſorders of paſſion, by ſeizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its ſtrong hold, and cut off its laſt reſource. They penetrate to the very ſeat of ſenſation; and convert all the powers of thought into inſtruments of torture.

Ibid.

§ 99. *The Balance of Happineſs equal.*

An extenſive contemplation of human affairs, will lead us to this concluſion, that among the different conditions and ranks of men, the balance of happineſs is preſerved in a great meaſure equal; and that the high and the low, the rich and the poor, approach, in point of real enjoyment, much nearer to each other, than is commonly imagined. In the lot of man, mutual compenſations, both of pleaſure and of pain, univerſally take place. Providence never intended, that any ſtate here ſhould be either completely happy, or entirely miſerable. If the feelings of pleaſure are more numerous, and more lively, in the higher departments of life, ſuch alſo are thoſe of pain. If greatneſs flatters our vanity, it multiplies our dangers. If opulence increaſes our gratifications, it increaſes, in the ſame proportion, our deſires and demands. If the poor are confined to a more narrow circle, yet within that circle lie moſt of thoſe natural ſatisfactions which, after all the refinements of art, are found to be the moſt genuine and true.—In a ſtate, therefore, where there is neither ſo much to be coveted on the one hand, nor to be dreaded on the other, as at firſt appears, how ſubmiſſive ought we to be to the diſpoſal of Providence! How temperate in our deſires and purſuits! How much more attentive to preſerve our virtue, and to improve our minds, than to gain the doubtful and equivocal advantages of worldly proſperity! *Ibid.*

§ 100. *The trueſt Miſery ariſes from the Paſſions of Man in his preſent fallen and diſturbed Condition.*

From this train of obſervation, can one avoid reflecting upon the diſorder in which human nature plainly appears at preſent to lie? We behold, in Haman, the picture of that miſery, which ariſes from evil paſſions; of that unhappineſs, which is incident to the higheſt proſperity; of that diſcontent, which is common to every ſtate. Whether we conſider him as a bad man, a proſperous man, or ſimply as a man, in every light we behold reaſon too weak for paſſion. This is the ſource of the reigning evil; this is the root of the univerſal diſeaſe. The ſtory of Haman only ſhews us, what human nature has too generally appeared to be in every age. Hence, when we read the hiſtory of nations, what do we read but the hiſtory of the follies and crimes of men? We may dignify thoſe recorded tranſactions, by calling them the intrigues of ſtateſmen, and the exploits of conquerors; but they are, in truth, no other than the efforts of diſcontent to eſcape from its miſery, and the ſtruggles of contending paſſions among unhappy men. The hiſtory of mankind has ever been a continued tragedy; the world, a great theatre, exhibiting the ſame repeated ſcene, of the follies of men ſhooting forth into guilt, and of their paſſions fermenting, by a quick proceſs, into miſery.

Ibid.

§ 101. *Our Nature to be reſtored by uſing the Aſſiſtance of Revelation.*

But can we believe, that the nature of man came forth in this ſtate from the hands of its gracious Creator? Did he frame this world, and ſtore it with inhabitants, ſolely that it might be replenished with crimes and misfortunes!—In the moral, as well as in the natural world, we may plainly diſcern the ſigns of ſome violent conſuſion, which has ſhattered the original

ginal workmanſhip of the Almighty. Amidſt this wreck of human nature, traces ſtill remain which indicate its author. Thoſe high powers of conſcience and reaſon, that capacity for happineſs, that ardour of enterprize, that glow of affection, which often break through the gloom of human vanity and guilt, are like the ſcattered columns, the broken arches, and defaced ſculptures of ſome fallen temple, whoſe ancient ſplendour appears amidſt its ruins. So conſpicuous in human nature are thoſe characters, both of a high origin and of a degraded ſtate, that, by many religious ſects throughout the earth, they have been ſeen and confeſſed. A tradition ſeems to have pervaded almoſt all nations, that the human race had either, through ſome offence, forfeited, or, through ſome misfortune, loſt, that ſtation of primæval honour, which they once poſſeſſed. But while, from this doctrine, ill underſtood, and involved in many fabulous tales, the nations wandering in Pagan darkneſs could draw no conſequences that were juſt; while, totally ignorant of the nature of the diſeaſe, they ſought in vain for the remedy; the ſame divine revelation, which has informed us in what manner our apoſtacy aroſe, from the abuſe of our rational powers, has inſtructed us alſo how we may be reſtored to virtue and to happineſs.

Let us, therefore, ſtudy to improve the aſſiſtance which this revelation affords, for the reſtoration of our nature and the recovery of our felicity. With humble and grateful minds, let us apply to thoſe medicinal ſprings which it hath opened, for curing the diſorders of our hearts and paſſions. In this view, let us, with reverence, look up to that Divine Perſonage, who deſcended into the world, on purpoſe to be the light and the life of men: who came, in the fulneſs of grace and truth, to repair the deſolations of many generations, to reſtore order among the works of God, and to raiſe up a new earth, and new heavens, wherein righteouſneſs ſhould dwell for ever. Under his tuition let us put ourſelves; and amidſt the ſtorms of paſſion to which we are here expoſed, and the ſlippery paths which we are left to tread, never truſt preſumptuouſly to our own underſtanding. Thankful that a heavenly conductor vouchſafes his aid, let us earneſtly pray, that from him may deſcend divine light to guide our ſteps, and divine ſtrength to fortify our minds. Let us pray, that his grace may keep us from all intemperate paſſions, and miſtaken purſuits of pleaſure, that whether it ſhall be his will, to give or to deny us earthly proſperity, he may bleſs us with a calm, a ſound, and well-regulated mind; may give us moderation in ſucceſs, and fortitude under diſappointment; and may enable us ſo to take warning from the crimes and miſeries of others, as to eſcape the ſnares of guilt. *Blair.*

§ 102. *The Happineſs of every Man depends more upon the State of his own Mind, than upon any external Circumſtance whatever.*

While we thus maintain a due dependence on God, let us alſo exert ourſelves with care, in acting our own part. From the whole of what has been ſaid, this important inſtruction ariſes, that the happineſs of every man depends more upon the ſtate of his own mind, than upon any one external circumſtance; nay, more than upon all external things put together. We have ſeen, that inordinate paſſions are the great diſturbers of life; and that unleſs we poſſeſs a good conſcience, and a well-governed mind, diſcontent will blaſt every enjoyment, and the higheſt proſperity will prove only diſguiſed miſery. Fix then this concluſion in your minds, that the deſtruction of your virtue is the deſtruction of your peace. Keep thy heart with all diligence; govern it with the greateſt care; for out of it are the iſſues of life. In no ſtation, in no period, think yourſelves ſecure from the dangers which ſpring from your paſſions. Every age, and every ſtation, they beſet; from youth to grey hairs, and from the peaſant to the prince. *Ibid.*

§ 103. *At firſt ſetting out in Life, beware of ſeducing Appearances.*

At your firſt ſetting out in life eſpecially, when yet unacquainted with the world and its ſnares, when every pleaſure enchants with its ſmile, and every object ſhines with the gloſs of novelty; beware of the ſeducing appearances which ſurround you, and recollect what others have ſuffered from the power of headſtrong deſire. If you allow any paſſion, even though it be eſteemed innocent, to acquire an abſolute aſcendant, your inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early poſſeſſion of your mind, you may date from that moment the ruin of your tranquillity.—Nor with

with the ſeaſon of youth does the peril end. To the impetuoſity of youthful deſire, ſucceed the more ſober, but no leſs dangerous, attachments of advancing years; when the paſſions which are connected with intereſt and ambition begin their reign, and too frequently extend their malignant influence, even over thoſe periods of life which ought to be moſt tranquil. From the firſt to the laſt of man's abode on earth, the diſcipline muſt never be relaxed, of guarding the heart from the dominion of paſſion. Eager paſſions, and violent deſires, were not made for man. They exceed his ſphere: they find no adequate objects on earth; and of courſe can be productive of nothing but miſery. The certain conſequence of indulging them is, that there ſhall come an evil day, when the anguiſh of diſappointment ſhall drive us to acknowledge, that all which we enjoy availeth us nothing.

Blair.

§ 104. *Enthuſiaſm leſs pernicious to the Mind, than Coldneſs and Indifference in Religion.*

But whatever abſurdities may ariſe from the fancied ardours of enthuſiaſm, they are much leſs pernicious than the contrary extreme of coldneſs and indifference in religion. The ſpirit of chivalry, though it led to many romantic enterprizes, was nevertheleſs favourable to true courage, as it excited and nouriſhed magnanimity and contempt of danger; which, though ſometimes waſted in abſurd undertakings, were of the greateſt uſe on real and proper occaſions. The nobleſt energies of which we are capable, can ſcarcely be called out without ſome degree of enthuſiaſm, in whatever cauſe we are engaged; and thoſe ſentiments which tend to the exaltation of human nature, though they may often excite attempts beyond the human powers, will, however, prevent our ſtopping ſhort of them, and loſing, by careleſs indolence and ſelf-deſertion, the greateſt part of that ſtrength with which we really are endued.

How common is it for thoſe who profeſs (and perhaps ſincerely) to believe with entire perſuaſion the truth of the goſpel, to declare that they do not pretend to frame their lives according to the purity of its moral precepts! "I hope," ſay they, "I am guilty of no great crimes: but the "cuſtoms of the world in theſe times will "not admit of a conduct agreeable either "to reaſon or revelation. I know the "courſe of life I am in is wrong; I know "that I am engroſſed by the world—that "I have no time for reflection, nor for the "practice of many duties which I ac-"knowledge to be ſuch. But I know not "how it is—I do not find that I can alter "my way of living."—Thus they coolly and contentedly give themſelves up to a conſtant courſe of diſſipation, and a general worthleſſneſs of character, which, I fear, is as little favourable to their happineſs here or hereafter, as the occaſional commiſſion of crimes at which they would ſtart and tremble. The habitual neglect of all that is moſt valuable and important, of children, friends, ſervants—of neighbours and dependants—of the poor—of God—and of their own minds, they conſider as an excuſable levity, and ſatisfy themſelves with laying the blame on the manners of the times.

If a modern lady of faſhion was to be called to account for the diſpoſition of her time, I imagine her defence would run in this ſtyle:—"I can't, you know, be out "of the world, nor act differently from "every body in it. The hours are every "where late—conſequently I riſe late. I "have ſcarce breakfaſted before morning "viſits begin, or 'tis time to go to an "auction, or a concert, or to take a little "exerciſe for my health. Dreſſing my "hair is a long operation, but one can't "appear with a head unlike every body "elſe. One muſt ſometimes go to a play, "or an opera; though I own it hurries "one to death. Then what with neceſ-"ſary viſits—the perpetual engagements "to card-parties at private houſes—and "attendance on public aſſemblies, to "which all people of faſhion ſubſcribe, "the evenings, you ſee, are fully diſpoſ-"ed of. What time then can I poſſibly "have for what you call domeſtic duties? "—You talk of the offices and enjoy-"ments of friendſhip—alas! I have no "hours left for friends! I muſt ſee them "in a crowd, or not at all. As to culti-"vating the friendſhip of my huſband, we "are very civil when we meet: but we are "both too much engaged to ſpend much "time with each other. With regard to "my daughters, I have given them a "French governeſs, and proper maſters "—I can do no more for them. You tell "me, I ſhould inſtruct my ſervants—"but I have not time to inform myſelf, "much leſs can I undertake any thing of

"that

" that ſort for them, or even be able to " gueſs what they do with themſelves the " greateſt part of the twenty-four hours. " I go to church, if poſſible, once on a " Sunday, and then ſome of my ſervants " attend me; and if they will not mind " what the preacher ſays, how can I help " it?—The management of our fortune, " as far as I am concerned, I muſt leave " to the ſteward and houſekeeper; for I " find I can barely ſnatch a quarter of an " hour juſt to look over the bill of fare " when I am to have company, that they " may not ſend up any thing frightful or " old-faſhioned—As to the Chriſtian duty " of charity, I aſſure you I am not ill-" natured; and (conſidering that the great " expence of being always dreſt for com-" pany, with loſſes at cards, ſubſcriptions, " and public ſpectacles, leave me very " little to diſpoſe of) I am ready enough " to give my money when I meet with a " miſerable object. You ſay I ſhould en-" quire out ſuch, inform myſelf thoroughly " of their caſes, make an acquaintance " with the poor of my neighbourhood in " the country, and plan out the beſt " methods of relieving the unfortunate " and aſſiſting the induſtrious. But this " ſuppoſes much more time, and much " more money, than I have to beſtow.—I " have had hopes indeed that my ſummers " would have afforded me more leiſure; " but we ſtay pretty late in town; then " we generally paſs ſeveral weeks at one " or other of the water-drinking places, " where every moment is ſpent in public; " and, for the few months in which we " reſide at our own ſeat, our houſe is " always full, with a ſucceſſion of com-" pany, to whoſe amuſement one is obliged " to dedicate every hour of the day."

So here ends the account of that time which was given you to prepare and educate yourſelf for eternity?—Yet you believe the immortality of the ſoul, and a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. Aſk your own heart what rewards you deſerve, or what kind of felicity you are fitted to enjoy?—Which of thoſe faculties or affections, which heaven can be ſuppoſed to gratify, have you cultivated and improved?——If, in that eternal world, the ſtores of knowledge ſhould be laid open before you, have you preſerved that thirſt of knowledge, or that taſte for truth, which is now to be indulged with endleſs information?—If, in the ſociety of ſaints and angels, the pureſt benevolence and moſt cordial love is to conſtitute your happineſs, where is the heart which ſhould enjoy this delightful intercourſe of affection?—Has your's been exerciſed and refined to a proper capacity of it during your ſtate of diſcipline, by the energies of generous friendſhip, by the meltings of parental fondneſs, or by that union of heart and ſoul, that mixed exertion of perfect friendſhip and ineffable tenderneſs, which approaches neareſt to the full ſatisfaction of our nature, in the bands of conjugal love?—Alas! you ſcarce knew you had a heart, except when you felt it ſwell with pride, or flutter with vanity!—Has your piety and gratitude to the Source of all Good, been exerciſed and ſtrengthened by conſtant acts of praiſe and thankſgiving? Was it nouriſhed by frequent meditation, and ſilent recollection of all the wonders he hath done for us, till it burſt forth in fervent prayer?—I fear it was rather decency than devotion, that carried you once a week to the place of public worſhip—and for the reſt of the week, your thoughts and time were ſo very differently filled up, that the idea of a Ruler of the univerſe could occur but ſeldom, and then, rather as an object of terror, than of hope and joy. How then ſhall a ſoul ſo dead to divine love, ſo loſt to all but the moſt childiſh purſuits, be able to exalt and enlarge itſelf to a capacity of that bliſs which we are allowed to hope for, in a more intimate perception of the divine preſence, in contemplating more nearly the perfections of our Creator, and in pouring out before his throne our ardent gratitude, love, and adoration?—What kind of training is the life you have paſſed through, for ſuch an immortality?

And dare you look down with contempt on thoſe whom ſtrong temptation from natural paſſions, or a train of unfortunate circumſtances, have ſunk into the commiſſion of what you call great crimes?—Dare you ſpeak peace to your own heart, becauſe by different circumſtances you have been preſerved from them?—Far be it from me to wiſh to leſſen the horror of crimes; but yet, as the temptations to theſe occur but ſeldom, whereas the temptations to neglect, and indifference towards our duty, for ever ſurround us, it may be neceſſary to awaken ourſelves to ſome calculation of the proportions between ſuch habitual omiſſion of all that is good, and the commiſſion of more heinous acts of ſin; between waſting our own life in what is falſely

falſely called innocent amuſement, and diſgracing it by faults which would alarm ſociety more, though poſſibly they might injure it leſs. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 105. *Of the Difference between the Extreme of Negligence and Rigour in Religion.*

How amazing is the diſtance between the extreme of negligence and ſelf-indulgence in ſuch nominal Chriſtians, and the oppoſite exceſs of rigour which ſome have unhappily thought meritorious! between a Paſcal (who dreaded the influence of pleaſure ſo much, as to wear an iron, which he preſſed into his ſide whenever he found himſelf taking delight in any object of ſenſe) and thoſe who think life lent them only to be ſquandered in ſenſeleſs diverſions, and the frivolous indulgence of vanity!—what a ſtrange compoſition is man! ever diverging from the right line—forgetting the true end of his being—or widely miſtaking the means that lead to it.

If it were indeed true that the Supreme Being had made it the condition of our future happineſs, that we ſhould ſpend the days of our pilgrimage here on earth in voluntary ſuffering and mortification, and a continual oppoſition to every inclination of nature, it would ſurely be worth while to conform even to theſe conditions, however rigorous: and we ſee, by numerous examples, that it is not more than human creatures are capable of, when fully perſuaded that their eternal intereſts demand it. But if, in fact, the laws of God are no other than directions for the better enjoyment of our exiſtence—if he has forbid us nothing that is not pernicious, and commanded nothing that is not highly advantageous to us—if, like a beneficent parent, he inflicts neither puniſhment nor conſtraint unneceſſarily; but makes our good the end of all his injunctions—it will then appear much more extraordinary that we ſhould perverſely go on in conſtant and acknowledged neglect of thoſe injunctions.

Is there a ſingle pleaſure worthy of a rational being, which is not, within certain limitations, conſiſtent with religion and virtue?—And are not the limits, within which we are permitted to enjoy them, the ſame which are preſcribed by reaſon and nature, and which we cannot exceed without manifeſt hurt to ourſelves, or others?—It is not the life of a hermit that is enjoined us: it is only the life of a rational being, formed for ſociety, capable of continual improvement, and conſequently of continual advancement in happineſs.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are neither gloomy aſcetics, nor frantic enthuſiaſts; they married from affection no long acquaintance, and perfect eſteem; they therefore enjoy the beſt pleaſures of the heart in the higheſt degree. They concur in a rational ſcheme of life, which, whilſt it makes them always chearful and happy, renders them the friends of human-kind, and the bleſſings of all around them. They do not deſert their ſtation in the world, nor deny themſelves the proper and moderate uſe of their large fortune; though that portion of it, which is appropriated to the uſe of others, is that from which they derive their higheſt gratifications. They ſpend four or five months of every year in London, where they keep up an intercourſe of hoſpitality and civility with many of the moſt reſpectable perſons of their own, or of higher rank; but have endeavoured rather at a ſelect than a numerous acquaintance; and as they never play at cards, this endeavour has the more eaſily ſucceeded. Three days in the week, from the hour of dinner, are given up to this intercourſe with what may be called the world. Three more are ſpent in a family way, with a few intimate friends, whoſe taſtes are conformable to their own, and with whom the book and working-table, or ſometimes muſic, ſupply the intervals of uſeful and agreeable converſation. In theſe parties their children are always preſent, and partake of the improvement that ariſes from ſuch ſociety, or from the well-choſen pieces which are read aloud. The ſeventh day is always ſpent at home, after the due attendance on public worſhip; and is peculiarly appropriated to the religious inſtruction of their children and ſervants, or to other works of charity. As they keep regular hours, and riſe early, and as Lady Worthy never plays or admits morning viſits, they have ſeven or eight hours in every day, free from all interruption from the world, in which the cultivation of their own minds, and those of their children, the due attention to health, to œconomy, and to the poor, are carried on in the moſt regular manner.

Thus, even in London, they contrive without the appearance of quarrelling with the world, or of ſhutting themſelves up from it, to paſs the greateſt part of their

time

time in a reaſonable and uſeful, as well as an agreeable manner. The reſt of the year they ſpend at their family ſeat in the country, where the happy effects of their example, and of their aſſiduous attention to the good of all around them, are ſtill more obſervable than in town. Their neighbours, their tenants, and the poor, for many miles about them, find in them a ſure reſource and comfort in calamity, and a ready aſſiſtance to every ſcheme of honeſt induſtry. The young are inſtructed at their expence, and under their direction, and rendered uſeful at the earlieſt period poſſible; the aged and the ſick have every comfort adminiſtered that their ſtate requires; the idle and diſſolute are kept in awe by vigilant inſpection; the quarrelſome are brought, by a ſenſe of their own intereſt, to live more quietly with their family and neighbours, and amicably to refer their diſputes to Sir Charles's deciſion.

This amiable pair are not leſs highly prized by the genteel families of their neighbourhood, who are ſure of finding in their houſe the moſt polite and chearful hoſpitality, and in them a fund of good ſenſe and good humour, with a conſtant diſpoſition to promote every innocent pleaſure. They are particularly the delight of all the young people, who conſider them as their patrons and their oracles, to whom they always apply for advice and aſſiſtance in any kind of diſtreſs, or in any ſcheme of amuſement.

Sir Charles and Lady Worthy are ſeldom without ſome friends in the houſe with them during their ſtay in the country; but, as their methods are known, they are never broken in upon by their gueſts, who do not expect to ſee them till dinner-time, except at the hour of prayer and of breakfaſt. In their private walks or rides, they uſually viſit the cottages of the labouring poor, with all of whom they are perſonally acquainted; and by the ſweetneſs and friendlineſs of their manner, as well as by their beneficent actions, they ſo entirely poſſeſs the hearts of theſe people, that they are made the confidants of all their family grievances, and the caſuiſts to ſettle all their ſcruples of conſcience or difficulties in conduct. By this method of converſing freely with them, they find out their different characters and capacities, and often diſcover and apply to their own benefit, as well as that of the perſon they diſtinguiſh, talents, which would otherwiſe have been for ever loſt to the public.

From this ſlight ſketch of their manner of living, can it be thought that the practice of virtue coſts them any great ſacrifices? Do they appear to be the ſervants of a hard maſter?—It is true, they have not the amuſement of gaming, nor do they curſe themſelves in bitterneſs of ſoul, for loſing the fortune Providence had beſtowed upon them: they are not continually in public places, nor ſtifled in crowded aſſemblies; nor are their hours conſumed in an inſipid interchange of unmeaning chat with hundreds of fine people who are perfectly indifferent to them; but then, in return, the Being whom they ſerve indulges them in the beſt pleaſures of love, of friendſhip, of parental and family affection, of divine beneficence, and a piety, which chiefly conſiſts in joyful acts of love and praiſe!—not to mention the delights they derive from a taſte uncorrupted and ſtill alive to natural pleaſures; from the beauties of nature, and from cultivating thoſe beauties joined with utility in the ſcenes around them; and above all, from that flow of ſpirits, which a life of activity, and the conſtant exertion of right affections, naturally produce. Compare their countenances with thoſe of the wretched ſlaves of the world, who are hourly complaining of fatigue, of liſtleſſneſs, diſtate, and vapours; and who, with faded cheeks and worn-out conſtitutions, ſtill continue to haunt the ſcenes where once their vanity found gratification, but where they now meet only with mortification and diſguſt; then tell me, which has choſen the happier plan, admitting for a moment that no future penalty was annexed to a wrong choice? Liſten to the character that is given of Sir Charles Worthy and his Lady, wherever they are named, and then tell me, whether even your idol, the world, is not more favourable to them than to you.

Perhaps it is vain to think of recalling thoſe whom long habits, and the eſtabliſhed tyranny of pride and vanity, have almoſt precluded from a poſſibility of imitating ſuch patterns, and in whom the very deſire of amendment is extinguiſhed; but for thoſe who are now entering on the ſtage of life, and who have their parts to chooſe, how earneſtly could I wiſh for the ſpirit of perſuaſion—for ſuch a "warning voice" as ſhould make itſelf heard amidſt all the

gay

gay buſtle that ſurrounds them! it ſhould cry to them without ceaſing, not to be led away by the crowd of fools, without knowing whither they are going—not to exchange real happineſs for the empty name of pleaſure—not to prefer faſhion to immortality—and, not to fancy it poſſible for them to be innocent, and at the ſame time uſeleſs. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 106. *Virtue Man's true Intereſt.*

I find myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion—Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every inſtance, to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf?—No—nothing like it—the fartheſt from it poſſible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not poſſible ſo to accommodate it, by my own particular induſtry? If to accommodate man and beaſt, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, 'tis not poſſible—What conſequence then follows? or can there be any other than this—If I ſeek an intereſt of my own, detached from that of others, I ſeek an intereſt which is chimerical, and can never have exiſtence?

How then muſt I determine? Have I no intereſt at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for ſtaying here. 'Tis a ſmoky houſe; and the ſooner out of it the better.—But why no intereſt?—Can I be contented with none, but one ſeparate and detached? Is a ſocial intereſt, joined with others, ſuch an abſurdity as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enow to conceive me, that the thing is ſomewhere at leaſt poſſible. How, then, am I aſſured that 'tis not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows? If ſo, then honour and juſtice are my intereſt; then the whole train of moral virtues are my intereſt; without ſome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain ſociety.

But, farther ſtill—I ſtop not here—I purſue this ſocial intereſt, as far as I can trace my ſeveral relations. I paſs from my own ſtock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as diſperſed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourſe of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I muſt have food and cloathing—Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? to the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? to that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.—What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and juſtice, and what I owe to man, is my intereſt; but gratitude alſo, acquieſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater governor our common parent. *Harris.*

§ 107. *On Gratitude.*

There is not a more pleaſing exerciſe of the mind, than gratitude.

It is accompanied with ſuch inward ſatisfaction, that the duty is ſufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with ſo much pleaſure, that were there no poſitive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us thoſe bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even thoſe benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleſſing we enjoy, by what means ſoever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleaſing ſenſation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the ſoul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already poſſeſs, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Moſt of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their

their reſpective attributes and perfections. Thoſe who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are ſtill extant, will, upon reflection, find this obſervation ſo true, that I ſhall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Chriſtian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, eſpecially if we conſider, that our idea of the Supreme Being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could poſſibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raiſe the imagination, and give an opportunity of the ſublimeſt thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was ſinging an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human ſacrifices, and other inſtances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was preſent at this piece of devotion, and ſeems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wiſhed he might have a daughter of the ſame temper with the goddeſs he celebrated.—It was indeed impoſſible to write the praiſes of one of thoſe falſe deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and abſurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Chriſtianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have ſet the Chriſtian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am ſpeaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without conſidering them as inſpired writers, they have tranſmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel thoſe that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the ſubject to which it is conſecrated. This, I think, might be eaſily ſhewn, if there were occaſion for it.

Spectator.

§ 108. *Religion the Foundation of Content: an Allegory.*

Omar, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which riſes on the eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on Omar; but ſuch was the abſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream, he covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground, "Son of affliction," ſaid Omar, "who art thou, and what is thy diſtreſs?" "My name." replied the ſtranger, "is Haſſan, and I am a native of this city: the Angel of adverſity has laid his hand upon me, and the wretch whom thine eye compaſſionates, thou canſt not deliver." "To deliver thee," ſaid Omar, "belongs to Him only, from whom we ſhould receive with humility both good and evil: yet hide not thy life from me; for the burthen which I cannot remove, I may at leaſt enable thee to ſuſtain." Haſſan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent; then fetching a deep ſigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt.

It is now ſix years ſince our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whoſe memory be bleſſed, firſt came privately to worſhip in the temple of the holy city. The bleſſing which he petitioned of the prophet, as the prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to diſpenſe: in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city relieving diſtreſs and reſtraining oppreſſion: the widow ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of age and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as was in my power; and my chearfulneſs was rather increaſed than reſtrained by his preſence. After he had accepted ſome coffee, he aſked me many queſtions; and though by my anſwers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I ſuſpected that he had ſome knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I have raiſed thy curioſity, and it ſhall be ſatisfied; he who now talks with thee, is Almalic, the ſovereign of the faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of Medina,

dina, and whoſe commiſſion is from above." Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, though I had ſome doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, diſcovered the peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about to proſtrate myſelf before him, but he prevented me: "Haſſan," ſaid he, "forbear: thou art greater than I, and from thee I have at once derived humility and wiſdom." I anſwered, "Mock not thy ſervant, who is but as a worm before thee: life and death are in thy hand, and happineſs and miſery are the daughters of thy will." "Haſſan," he replied, "I can no otherwiſe give life or happineſs, than by not taking them away: thou art thyſelf beyond the reach of my bounty, and poſſeſſed of felicity which I can neither communicate nor obtain. My influence over others, fills my boſom with perpetual ſolicitude and anxiety; and yet my influence over others extends only to their vices, whether I would reward or puniſh. By the bow-ſtring, I can repreſs violence and fraud; and by the delegation of power, I can transfer the inſatiable wiſhes of avarice and ambition from one object to another: but with reſpect to virtue, I am impotent; if I could reward it, I would reward it in thee. Thou art content, and haſt therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to exalt thee, would deſtroy the ſimplicity of thy life, and diminiſh that happineſs which I have no power either to encreaſe or to continue."

He then roſe up, and commanding me not to diſcloſe his ſecret, departed.

As ſoon as I recovered from the confuſion and aſtoniſhment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accuſed that chearfulneſs of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obſcurity of my ſtation, which my former inſenſibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, becauſe I deſpiſed the reward; I ſpent the day in idleneſs, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had loſt: and at night, inſtead of loſing myſelf in that ſweet and refreſhing ſleep, from which I uſed to riſe with new health, chearfulneſs, and vigour, I dreamt of ſplendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illuſions that had vaniſhed. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I ſold all my moveables for ſubſiſtence; and reſerved only a mattraſs, upon which I ſometimes lay from one night to another.

In the firſt moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſecrecy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me, not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, vivid with chearfulneſs; but pale and dejected, ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatneſs. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and, throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe wealth was the labour of thine own hand; and what can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of whoſe joy was in thy own boſom? What evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can remove it, thou art happy." I was now encouraged to look up, and I replied, "Let my Lord forgive the preſumption of his ſervant, who rather than utter a falſehood, would be dumb for ever. I am become wretched by the loſs of that which I never poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed wiſhes, which indeed I am not worthy thou ſhouldſt ſatisfy; but why ſhould it be thought, that he who was happy in obſcurity and indigence, would not have been rendered more happy by eminence and wealth?"

When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. "Haſſan," ſaid he, "I perceive, not with indignation but regret, that I miſtook thy character; I now diſcover avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay torpid only becauſe their objects were too remote to rouſe them. I cannot therefore inveſt thee with authority, becauſe I would not ſubject my people to oppreſſion; and becauſe I would not be compelled to puniſh thee for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to commit. But as I have taken from thee that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt gratify the wiſhes that I excited, left thy

thy heart accuſe me of injuſtice, and thou continue ſtill a ſtranger to thyſelf. Ariſe, therefore, and follow me."—I ſprung from the ground as it were with the wings of an eagle; I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an ecſtaſy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanſera in which he lodged: and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the ſeraglio; I was attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were ſent from his own table; I received every week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon diſcovered, that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no ſlumbers ſo ſweet, as thoſe which wearineſs invited; and no time ſo well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered theſe enjoyments with regret; and while I was ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were ſuddenly taken away.

Almalic, in the midſt of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſuddenly in the bath: ſuch thou knoweſt was the deſtiny which the Almighty had written upon his head.

His ſon Aububekir, who ſucceeded to the throne, was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded me at once with contempt and envy; he ſuddenly withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I ſhould be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the ſenſibility of pride. O! let not thy heart deceive me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happineſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me this leſſon had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter! for the pleaſures of neither can return.—Haſſan having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together; and looking upward, burſt into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was paſt, went to him, and taking him by the hand, "My ſon," ſaid he, "more is yet in thy power than Almalic could give, or Aububekir take away. The leſſon of thy life the prophet has in mercy appointed me to explain.

"Thou waſt once content with poverty and labour, only becauſe they were become habitual, and eaſe and affluence were placed beyond thy hope; for when eaſe and affluence approached thee, thou waſt content with poverty and labour no more. That which then became the object, was alſo the bound of thy hope; and he, whoſe utmoſt hope is diſappointed, muſt inevitably be wretched. If thy ſupreme deſire had been the delights of Paradiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by the tenor of thy life theſe delights had been ſecured, as more could not have been given thee, thou wouldſt not have regretted that leſs was not offered. The content which was once enjoyed, was but the lethargy of ſoul; and the diſtreſs which is now ſuffered, will but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, and be thankful for all things; put thy truſt in Him, who alone can gratify the wiſh of reaſon, and ſatisfy thy ſoul with good; fix thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon of which the world is as the drop of the bucket, and the duſt of the balance. Return, my ſon, to thy labour; thy food ſhall be again taſteful, and thy reſt ſhall be ſweet; to thy content alſo will be added ſtability, when it depends not upon that which is poſſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which is expected in Heaven."

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the Angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with chearfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt. *Adventurer.*

§ 109. *Bad company—meaning of the phraſe—different claſſes of bad company—ill choſen company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from our aptneſs to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of cuſtom—from our bad inclinations.*

"Evil communication," ſays the text, "corrupts good manners." The aſſertion is general, and no doubt all people ſuffer from ſuch communication; but above all, the minds of youth will ſuffer; which

are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurniſhed; and ready to receive any impreſſion.

But before we conſider the danger of keeping bad company, let us firſt ſee the meaning of the phraſe.

In the phraſe of the world, good company means faſhionable people. Their ſtations in life, not their morals, are conſidered: and he, who aſſociates with ſuch, though they ſet him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is ſtill ſaid to keep good company.—I ſhould wiſh you to fix another meaning to the expreſſion; and to conſider vice in the ſame deteſtable light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to conſider all company in which it is found, be their ſtation what it will, as bad company.

The three following claſſes will perhaps include the greateſt part of thoſe, who deſerve this appellation.

In the firſt, I ſhould rank all who endeavour to deſtroy the principles of Chriſtianity—who jeſt upon Scripture—talk blaſphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A ſecond claſs of bad company are thoſe, who have a tendency to deſtroy in us the principles of common honeſty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gameſters of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profeſſion.

A third claſs of bad company, and ſuch as are commonly moſt dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleaſure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Beſides theſe three claſſes, whom we may call bad company, there are others who come under the denomination of ill-choſen company: trifling, inſipid characters of every kind; who follow no buſineſs—are led by no ideas of improvement—but ſpend their time in diſſipation and folly—whoſe higheſt praiſe it is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of theſe, a ſerious man would wiſh his ſon to keep company.

It may be aſked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impoſſible to avoid keeping company with ſuch perſons.

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we muſt, as the apoſtle remarks, "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a caſual intercourſe with them, on occaſion of buſineſs, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to converſe with them—complying with that inclination—ſeeking their company, when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occaſionally, cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, ariſes principally from our aptneſs to imitate and catch the manners and ſentiments of others—from the power of cuſtom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us*.

In our earlieſt youth, the contagion of manners is obſervable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing inſtilled into him, we eaſily diſcover from his firſt actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of perſons with whom he has been brought up: we ſee the early ſpring of a civilized education, or the firſt wild ſhoots of ruſticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and converſation, all take their caſt from the company he keeps. Obſerve the peaſant, and the man of education; the difference is ſtriking. And yet God hath beſtowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different ſcenes of life, and have had commerce with perſons of different ſtations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more eaſily caught, than opinions, and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the ſentiments of thoſe about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourſelves? How many of us are ſatisfied with taking our opinions at ſecond hand?

The great power and force of cuſtom forms another argument againſt keeping bad company. However ſeriouſly diſpoſed we may be; and however ſhocked at the firſt approaches of vice; this ſhocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Cuſtom will ſoon render the moſt diſguſtful thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind proviſion of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more eaſy to him. The ſol-

* See this ſubject treated more at large in an anonymous pamphlet, on the employment of time.

ſoldi

ſoldier, who trembles at the firſt encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of courſe indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a miſchief. The well-diſpoſed youth, entering firſt into bad company, is ſhocked at what he hears, and what he ſees. The good principles, which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming leſſon againſt the wickedneſs of his companions. But, alas! this ſenſibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yeſterday more eaſily endured. Virtue is ſoon thought a ſevere rule; the goſpel, an inconvenient reſtraint: a few pangs of conſcience now and then interrupt his pleaſures; and whiſper to him, that he once had better thoughts: but even theſe by degrees die away; and he who at firſt was ſhocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by cuſtom into a profligate leader of vicious pleaſures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So careſully ſhould we oppoſe the firſt approaches of ſin! ſo vigilant ſhould we be againſt ſo inſidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument againſt bad company. We have ſo many paſſions and appetites to govern; ſo many bad propenſities of different kinds to watch, that, amidſt ſuch a variety of enemies within, we ought at leaſt to be on our guard againſt thoſe without. The breaſt even of a good man is repreſented in ſcripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a ſtate of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the ſcriptures repreſent this as the caſe even of a good man, whoſe paſſions, it may be imagined, are become in ſome degree cool, and temperate, and who has made ſome progreſs in a virtuous courſe; what may we ſuppoſe to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whoſe paſſions and appetites are violent and ſeducing, and whoſe mind is in a ſtill leſs confirmed ſtate? It is his part ſurely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as poſſible to acquire new ſtrength. *Gilpin.*

§ 110. *Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injures our characters, as well as manners—preſumption the forerunner of ruin—the advantages of good company equal to the diſadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies.*

Theſe arguments againſt keeping bad company, will ſtill receive additional ſtrength, if we conſider farther, the great pains taken by the bad to corrupt others. It is a very true, but lamentable fact, in the hiſtory of human nature, that bad men take more pains to corrupt their own ſpecies, than virtuous men do to reform them. Hence thoſe ſpecious arts, that ſhow of friendſhip, that appearance of diſintereſtedneſs, with which the profligate ſeducer endeavours to lure the unwary youth; and at the ſame time, yielding to his inclinations, ſeems to follow rather than to lead him. Many are the arts of theſe corrupters; but their principal art is ridicule. By this they endeavour to laugh out of countenance all the better principles of their wavering proſelyte; and make him think contemptibly of thoſe, whom he formerly reſpected; by this they ſtifle the ingenuous bluſh, and finally deſtroy all ſenſe of ſhame. Their cauſe is below argument. They aim not therefore at reaſoning. Raillery is the weapon they employ; and who is there, that hath the ſteadineſs to hear perſons and things, whatever reverence he may have had for them, the ſubject of continual ridicule, without loſing that reverence by degrees?

Having thus conſidered what principally makes bad company dangerous, I ſhall juſt add, that even were your morals in no danger from ſuch intercourſe, your characters would infallibly ſuffer. The world will always judge of you by your companions: and nobody will ſuppoſe, that a youth of virtuous principles himſelf, can poſſibly form a connection with a profligate.

In reply to the danger ſuppoſed to ariſe from bad company, perhaps the youth may ſay, he is ſo firm in his own opinions, ſo ſteady in his principles, that he thinks himſelf ſecure; and need not reſtrain himſelf from the moſt unreſerved converſation.

Alas! this ſecurity is the very brink of the precipice: nor hath vice in her whole train a more dangerous enemy to you, than preſumption. Caution, ever awake to danger, is a guard againſt it. But ſecurity lays every guard aſleep. "Let him who thinketh he ſtandeth," ſaith the apoſtle, "take heed, leſt he fall." Even an apoſtle himſelf did fall, by thinking that he ſtood ſecure. "Though I ſhould die with

thee," ſaid St. Peter to his maſter, "yet will I not deny thee." That very night, notwithſtanding this boaſted ſecurity, he repeated the crime three ſeveral times. And can we ſuppoſe, that preſumption, which occaſioned an apoſtle's fall, ſhall not ruin an unexperienced youth? The ſtory is recorded for our inſtruction: and ſhould be a ſtanding leſſon againſt preſuming upon our own ſtrength.

In concluſion, ſuch as the dangers are, which ariſe from bad company, ſuch are the advantages which accrue from good. We imitate, and catch the manners and ſentiments of good men, as we do of bad. Cuſtom, which renders vice leſs a deformity, renders virtue more lovely. Good examples have a force beyond inſtruction, and warm us into emulation beyond precept; while the countenance and converſation of virtuous men encourage, and draw out into action every kindred diſpoſition of our hearts.

Beſides, as a ſenſe of ſhame often prevents our doing a right thing in bad company; it operates in the ſame way in preverting our doing a wrong one in good. Our character becomes a pledge; and we cannot, without a kind of diſhonour, draw back.

It is not poſſible, indeed, for a youth, yet unfurniſhed with knowledge (which fits him for good company) to chuſe his companions as he pleaſes. A youth muſt have ſomething peculiarly attractive, to qualify him for the acquaintance of men of eſtabliſhed reputation. What he has to do, is, at all events, to avoid bad company; and to endeavour, by improving his mind and morals, to qualify himſelf for the beſt.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can chuſe his company with diſcretion. There is often in vice, a gaiety, an unreſerve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at ſight to engage the unwary; while virtue on the other hand, is often modeſt, reſerved, diffident, backward, and eaſily diſconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart: and this awkwardneſs, however unpleaſing, may veil a thouſand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be eaſily either engaged, or diſguſted at firſt ſight. Form your intimacies with reſerve: and if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you diſapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profeſſion of friendſhip. They, whoſe friendſhip is worth accepting, are, as you ought to be, reſerved in offering it. Chuſe your companions, not merely for the ſake of a few outward accompliſhments—for the idle pleaſure of ſpending an agreeable hour; but mark their diſpoſition to virtue or vice; and, as much as poſſible, chuſe thoſe for your companions, whom you ſee others reſpect: always remembering, that upon the choice of your company depends in a great meaſure the ſucceſs of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts.

Gilpin.

§ 111. *Religion the beſt and only Support in Caſes of real Streſs.*

There are no principles but thoſe of religion to be depended on in caſes of real ſtreſs; and theſe are able to encounter the worſt emergencies; and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is ſubject.

Conſider then what virtue the very firſt principle of religion has, and how wonderfully it is conducive to this end: That there is a God, a powerful, a wiſe and good Being, who firſt made the world, and continues to govern it;—by whoſe goodneſs all things are deſigned—and by whoſe providence all things are conducted to bring about the greateſt and beſt ends. The ſorrowful and penſive wretch that was giving way to his misfortunes, and mournfully ſinking under them, the moment this doctrine comes in to his aid, huſhes all his complaints—and thus ſpeaks comfort to his ſoul,—"It is the Lord, let him do what ſeemeth him good.—Without his direction, I know that no evil can befal me,—without his permiſſion, that no power can hurt me;—it is impoſſible a Being ſo wiſe ſhould miſtake my happineſs—or that a Being ſo good ſhould contradict it.—If he has denied me riches or other advantages—perhaps he foreſees the gratifying my wiſhes would undo me, and by my own abuſe of them be perverted to my ruin.—If he has denied me the requeſt of children—or in his providence has thought fit to take them from me—how can I ſay whether he has not dealt kindly with me, and only taken that away which he foreſaw would embitter and ſhorten my days?—It does ſo to thouſands, where the diſobedience of a thankleſs child has brought down the parents grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave. Has he viſited me with ſickneſs, poverty, or

other diſappointments?—can I ſay, but theſe are bleſſings in diſguiſe?—ſo many different expreſſions of his care and concern to diſentangle my thoughts from this world, and fix them upon another—another, a better world beyond this!"—This thought opens a new face of hope and conſolation to the unfortunate:—and as the perſuaſion of a Providence reconciles him to the evils he has ſuffered,—this proſpect of a future life gives him ſtrength to deſpiſe them, and eſteem the light afflictions of this life, as they are, not worthy to be compared to what is reſerved for him hereafter.

Things are great or ſmall by compariſon—and he who looks no further than this world, and balances the accounts of his joys and ſufferings from that conſideration, finds all his ſorrows enlarged, and at the cloſe of them will be apt to look back, and caſt the ſame ſad reflection upon the whole, which the Patriarch did to Pharoah, "That few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage." But let him lift up his eyes towards heaven, and ſtedfaſtly behold the life and immortality of a future ſtate,—he then wipes away all tears from off his eyes for ever; like the exiled captive, big with the hopes that he is returning home, he feels not the weight of his chains, or counts the days of his captivity; but looks forward with rapture towards the country where his heart is fixed before.

Theſe are the aids which religion offers us towards the regulation of our ſpirit under the evils of life,—but like great cordials, they are ſeldom uſed but on great occurrences.—In the leſſer evils of life, we ſeem to ſtand unguarded—and our peace and contentment are overthrown, and our happineſs broke in upon, by a little impatience of ſpirit, under the croſs and untoward accidents we meet with. Theſe ſtand unprovided for, and we neglect them as we do the ſlighter indiſpoſitions of the body—which we think not worth treating ſeriouſly, and ſo leave them to nature. In good habits of the body, this may do,—and I would gladly believe, there are ſuch good habits of the temper, ſuch a complexional eaſe and health of heart, as may often ſave the patient much medicine.—We are ſtill to conſider, that however ſuch good frames of mind are got, they are worth preſerving by all rules:—Patience and contentment,—which like the treaſure hid in the field for which a man ſold all he had to purchaſe—is of that price, that it cannot be had at too great a purchaſe; ſince without it, the beſt condition of life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impoſſible we ſhould be miſerable even in the worſt.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 112. *Ridicule dangerous to Morality and Religion.*

The unbounded freedom and licentiouſneſs of raillery and ridicule, is become of late years ſo faſhionable among us, and hath already been attended with ſuch fatal and deſtructive conſequences, as to give a reaſonable alarm to all friends of virtue. Writers have roſe up within this laſt century, who have endeavoured to blend and confound the colours of good and evil, to laugh us out of our religion, and undermine the very foundations of morality. The character of the Scoffer hath, by an unaccountable favour and indulgence, met not only with pardon, but approbation, and hath therefore been almoſt univerſally ſought after and admired. Ridicule hath been called (and this for no other reaſon but becauſe Lord Shafteſbury told us ſo) the teſt of truth, and, as ſuch, has been applied indiſcriminately to every ſubject.

But in oppoſition to all the puny followers of Shafteſbury and Bolingbroke, all the laughing moraliſts of the laſt age, and all the ſneering ſatyriſts of this, I ſhall not ſcruple to declare, that I look on ridicule as an oppreſſive and arbitrary tyrant, who like death throws down all diſtinction; blind to the charms of virtue, and deaf to the complaints of truth; a bloody Moloch, who delights in human ſacrifice; who loves to feed on the fleſh of the poor, and to drink the tear of the afflicted; who doubles the weight of poverty by ſcorn and laughter, and throws the poiſon of contempt into the cup of diſtreſs to embitter the draught.

Truth, ſay the Shafteſburians, cannot poſſibly be an object of ridicule, and therefore cannot ſuffer by it:—to which the anſwer is extremely obvious: Truth, naked, undiſguiſed, cannot, we will acknowledge with them, be ridiculed; but Truth, like every thing elſe, may be miſrepreſented: it is the buſineſs of ridicule therefore to diſguiſe her; to dreſs her up in a ſtrange and fantaſtic habit; and when this is artfully performed, it is no wonder that the crowd ſhould ſmile at her deformity.

The nobleſt philoſopher and the beſt

moraliſt in the heathen world, the great and immortal Socrates, fell a ſacrifice to this pernicious talent: ridicule firſt miſrepreſented, and afterwards deſtroyed him: the deluded multitude condemned him, not for what he was, but for what he appeared to be, an enemy to the religion of his country.

The folly and depravity of mankind will always furniſh out a ſufficient fund for ridicule; and when we conſider how vaſt and ſpacious a field the little ſcene of human life affords for malice and ill-nature, we ſhall not ſo much wonder to ſee the lover of ridicule rejoicing in it. Here he has always an opportunity of gratifying his pride, and ſatiating his malevolence: from the frailties and abſurdities of others, he forms a wreath to adorn his own brow; gathers together, with all his art, the failings and imperfections of others, and offers them up a ſacrifice to ſelf-love. The loweſt and moſt abandoned of mankind can ridicule the moſt exalted beings; thoſe who never could boaſt of their own perfection,

Nor raiſe their thoughts beyond the earth they tread,
Even theſe can cenſure, thoſe can dare deride
A Bacon's avarice, or a Tully's pride.

It were well indeed for mankind, if ridicule would confine itſelf to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, and not extend its baleful influence over the few good qualities and perfections of it: but there is not perhaps a virtue to be named, which may not, by the medium through which it is ſeen, be diſtorted into a vice. The glaſs of ridicule reflects things not only darkly, but falſely alſo: it always diſcolours the objects before it ventures to repreſent them to us. The pureſt metal, by the mixture of a baſe alloy, ſhall ſeem changed to the meaneſt. Ridicule, in the ſame manner, will cloath prudence in the garb of avarice, call courage raſhneſs, and brand good-nature with the name of prodigality; will laugh at the compaſſionate man for his weakneſs, the ſerious man for his preciſeneſs, and the pious man for his hypocriſy.

Modeſty is one of virtue's beſt ſupports; and it is obſervable, that wherever this amiable quality is moſt eminently conſpicuous, ridicule is always ready to attack and overthrow it. The man of wit and humour is never ſo happy as when he can raiſe the bluſh of ingenuous merit, or ſtamp the marks of deformity and guilt on the features of innocence and beauty. Thus may our perfections conſpire to render us both unhappy and contemptible!

The lover of ridicule will, no doubt, plead in the defence of it, that his deſign is to reclaim and reform mankind; that he is liſted in the ſervice of Virtue, and engaged in the cauſe of Truth;—but I will venture to aſſure him, that the allies he boaſts of diſclaim his friendſhip and deſpiſe his aſſiſtance. Truth deſires no ſuch ſoldier to fight under his banner; Virtue wants no ſuch advocate to plead for her. As it is generally exerciſed, it is too great a puniſhment for ſmall faults, too light and inconſiderable for great ones: the little foibles and blemiſhes of a character deſerve rather pity than contempt; the more atrocious crimes call for hatred and abhorrence. Thus, we ſee, that in one caſe the medicine operates too powerfully, and in the other is of no effect.

I might take this opportunity to add, that ridicule is not always contented with ravaging and deſtroying the works of man, but boldly and impiouſly attacks thoſe of God; enters even into the ſanctuary, and profanes the temple of the Moſt High. A late noble writer has made uſe of it to aſperſe the characters and deſtroy the validity of the writers of both the Old and New Teſtament; and to change the ſolemn truths of Chriſtianity into matter of mirth and laughter. The books of Moſes are called by him fables and tales, fit only for the amuſement of children: and St. Paul is treated by him as an enthuſiaſt, an idiot, and an avowed enemy to that religion which he profeſſed. One would not ſurely think that there was any thing in Chriſtianity ſo ludicrous as to raiſe laughter, or to excite contempt; but on the contrary, that the nature of its precepts, and its own intrinſic excellence, would at leaſt have ſecured it from ſuch indignities.

Nothing gives us a higher opinion of thoſe ancient heathens whom our modern bigots are ſo apt to deſpiſe, than that air of piety and devotion which runs through all their writings; and though the Pagan theology was full of abſurdities and inconſiſtencies, which the more refined ſpirits among their poets and philoſophers muſt have doubtleſs deſpiſed, rejected, and contemned; ſuch was their reſpect and veneration for the eſtabliſhed religion of their country, ſuch their regard to decency and

ſeriouſneſs,

ſeriouſneſs, ſuch their modeſty and diffidence in affairs of ſo much weight and importance, that we very ſeldom meet with jeſt or ridicule on ſubjects which they held thus ſacred and reſpectable.

The privilege of publicly laughing at religion, and the profeſſion of it, of making the laws of God, and the great concerns of eternity, the objects of mirth and ridicule, was reſerved for more enlightened ages; and denied the more pious heathens, to reflect diſgrace and ignominy on the Chriſtian æra.

It hath indeed been the fate of the beſt and pureſt religion in the world, to become the jeſt of fools; and not only, with its Divine Founder, to be ſcourged and perſecuted, but with him to be mocked and ſpit at, trampled on and deſpiſed. But to conſider the dreadful conſequences of ridicule on this occaſion, will better become the divine than eſſayiſt; to him therefore I ſhall refer it, and conclude this eſſay by obſerving, that after all the undeſerved encomiums ſo laviſhly beſtowed on this child of wit and malice, ſo univerſally approved and admired, I know of no ſervice the pernicious talent of ridicule can be of, unleſs it be to raiſe the bluſh of modeſty, and put virtue out of countenance; to enhance the miſeries of the wretched, and poiſon the feaſt of happineſs; to inſult man, affront God; to make us, in ſhort, hateful to our fellow-creatures, uneaſy to ourſelves, and highly diſpleaſing to the Almighty. *Smollet.*

§ 113. *On Prodigality.*

It is the fate of almoſt every paſſion, when it has paſſed the bounds which nature preſcribes, to counteract its own purpoſe. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumſpection; and too much eagerneſs of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that eaſineſs of addreſs with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuouſneſs, ſeldom procures ultimately either applauſe or pleaſure.

If praiſe be juſtly eſtimated by the character of thoſe from whom it is received, little ſatisfaction will be given to the ſpendthrift by the encomiums which he purchaſes. For who are they that animate him in his purſuits, but young men, thoughtleſs and abandoned like himſelf, unacquainted with all on which the wiſdom of nations has impreſſed the ſtamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profuſion praiſed, but by wretches who conſider him as ſubſervient to their purpoſes; Syrens that entice him to ſhipwreck; and Cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whoſe knowledge, or whoſe virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with ſcorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he ſees parcelled out among the different miniſters of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockies, vintners and attornies; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who ſecretly triumphing over his weakneſs, when they preſent new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his deſires by counterfeited applauſe.

Such is the praiſe that is purchaſed by prodigality. Even when it is yet not diſcovered to be falſe, it is the praiſe only of thoſe whom it is reproachful to pleaſe, and whoſe ſincerity is corrupted by their intereſt; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wiſe, they ſhall loſe their power. Yet with ſuch flatteries, if they could laſt, might the cravings of vanity, which is ſeldom very delicate, be ſatisfied: but the time is always haſtening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, ſhall vaniſh, and when thoſe who now ſurround him with obſequiouſneſs and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, ſhall turn upon him with inſolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themſelves.

And as little pretenſions has the man, who ſquanders his eſtate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleaſure than are obtained by others. To make any happineſs ſincere, it is neceſſary that we believe it to be laſting; ſince whatever we ſuppoſe ourſelves in danger of loſing, muſt be enjoyed with ſolicitude and uneaſineſs, and the more value we ſet upon it, the more muſt the preſent poſſeſſion be imbittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conſcious that a very ſhort time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more exceſſes, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetite with more profuſeneſs.

It appears evident, that frugality is neceſſary

ceſſary even to compleat the pleaſure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of thoſe who ſquander what they know their fortune not ſufficient to allow, that in their moſt jovial expence there always breaks out ſome proof of diſcontent and impatience; they either ſcatter with a kind of wild deſperation and affected laviſhneſs, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot eſcape it; or pay their money with a peeviſh anxiety, and endeavour at once to ſpend idly, and to ſave meanly; having neither firmneſs to deny their paſſions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poiſon the bowl of pleaſure by reflection on the coſt.

Among theſe men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquillity of chearfulneſs; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and conſider it as the firſt buſineſs of the night to ſtupify recollection, and lay that reaſon aſleep, which diſturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken ſatisfaction is of ſhort continuance, and muſt be expiated by a long ſeries of miſery and regret. In a ſhort time the creditor grows impatient, the laſt acre is ſold, the paſſions and appetites ſtill continue their tyranny, with inceſſant calls for their uſual gratifications; and the remainder of life paſſes away in vain repentance, or impotent deſire.

Rambler.

§ 114. *On Honour.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The ſenſe of honour is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This eſſay therefore is chiefly deſigned for thoſe, who by means of any of theſe advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider honour with reſpect to three ſorts of men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to thoſe who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the firſt place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour ſcorns, to do an ill action. The latter conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him; the other, as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares "that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a nature."

I ſhall conclude this head with the deſcription of honour in the part of young Juba:

> Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
> That aids and ſtrengthens virtue when it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where ſhe is not;
> It ought not to be ſported with. CATO.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider thoſe, who have miſtaken notions of honour. And theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no ſcruple of telling a lye, but would put any man to death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in human nature, that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the name of a man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage: by which means we have had many among us, who have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety;

ciety; who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogeneswas a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honour. Timogenes would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret that was intruſted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the diſcovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having ſpoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To cloſe his character, Timogenes, after having ruined ſeveral poor tradeſmen's families who had truſted him, ſold his eſtate to ſatisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, diſpoſed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to ſpeak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it; as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheiſt. Theſe ſons of infamy conſider honour, with old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuit of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in Shakeſpeare's phraſe, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whoſe imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt all thoſe delicate ſentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miſcreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their preſent intereſt; and treat thoſe perſons as viſionaries, who dare to ſtand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, intereſt, or experience of ſuch men, make them very often uſeful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

Guardian.

§ 115. *On Modeſty.*

I know no two words that have been more abuſed by the different and wrong interpretations, which are put upon them, than theſe two, Modeſty and Aſſurance. To ſay ſuch a one is a modeſt man, ſometimes indeed paſſes for a good character; but at preſent is very often uſed to ſignify a ſheepiſh, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeneſs, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of aſſurance, though at firſt it only denoted a perſon of a free and open carriage, is now very uſually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a bluſh.

I ſhall endeavour, therefore, in this eſſay, to reſtore theſe words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modeſty from being confounded with that of Sheepiſhneſs, and to hinder Impudence from paſſing for Aſſurance.

If I was put to define Modeſty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he cenſures himſelf, or fancies that he is expoſed to the cenſure of others.

For this reaſon a man, truly modeſt, is as much ſo when he is alone as in company; and as ſubject to a bluſh in his cloſet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any inſtance of modeſty with which I am ſo well pleaſed, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whoſe father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had ſeveral complaints laid againſt him before the ſenate, as a tyrant and oppreſſor of his ſubjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the ſenate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was ſo oppreſſed when it came to his turn to ſpeak, that he was unable to utter a word. The ſtory tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this inſtance of modeſty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the moſt pathetic oration; and, in ſhort, pardoned the guilty father for this early promiſe of virtue in the ſon.

I take Aſſurance to be, The faculty of poſſeſſing a man's ſelf, or of ſaying and doing indifferent things without any uneaſineſs or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man aſſurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all,

all, a mind fixed and determined in itſelf to do nothing againſt the rules of honour and decency. An open and aſſured behaviour is the natural conſequence of ſuch a reſolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time miſinterpreted, retires within himſelf, and from a conſciouſneſs of his own integrity, aſſumes force enough to deſpiſe the little cenſures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cheriſh and encourage in himſelf the modeſty and aſſurance I have here mentioned.

A man without aſſurance is liable to be made uneaſy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converſes with. A man without modeſty is loſt to all ſenſe of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned poſſeſſed both thoſe qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without aſſurance, he would never have undertaken to ſpeak before the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world; without modeſty, he would have pleaded the cauſe he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever ſo ſcandalous.

From what has been ſaid, it is plain that modeſty and aſſurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the ſame perſon. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compoſe what we endeavour to expreſs, when we ſay, a modeſt aſſurance; by which we underſtand, the juſt mean between bathfulneſs and impudence.

I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that as the ſame man may be both modeſt and aſſured, ſo it is alſo poſſible for the ſame perſon to be both impudent and baſhful.

We have frequent inſtances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a ſentence without confuſion, can voluntarily commit the greateſt villanies or moſt indecent actions.

Such a perſon ſeems to have made a reſolution to do ill, even in ſpite of himſelf, and in defiance of all thoſe checks and reſtraints his temper and complexion ſeem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to eſtabliſh this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the moſt proper method to give a man a becoming aſſurance in his words and actions. Guilt always ſeeks to ſhelter itſelf in one of the extremes; and is ſometimes attended with both. *Spectator.*

§ 116. *On diſintereſted Friendſhip.*

I am informed that certain Greek writers (Philoſophers, it ſeems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced ſome very extraordinary poſitions relating to friendſhip; as, indeed, what ſubject is there, which theſe ſubtle geniuſes have not tortured with their ſophiſtry?

The authors to whom I refer, diſſuade their diſciples from entering into any ſtrong attachments, as unavoidably creating ſupernumerary diſquietudes to thoſe who engage in them; and, as every man has more than ſufficient to call forth his ſolicitude in the courſe of his own affairs, it is a weakneſs they contend, anxiouſly to involve himſelf in the concerns of others. They recommend it alſo, in all connections of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely looſe; ſo as always to have it in one's power to ſtraiten or relax them, as circumſtances and ſituations ſhall render moſt expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an eſſential ingredient to conſtitute human happineſs: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily diſtreſſes himſelf with cares in which he has no neceſſary and perſonal intereſt, muſt never hope to poſſeſs."

I have been told likewiſe, that there is another ſet of pretended philoſophers, of the ſame country, whoſe tenets, concerning this ſubject, are of a ſtill more illiberal and ungenerous caſt.

The propoſition they attempt to eſtabliſh, is, that "friendſhip is an affair of ſelf-intereſt entirely, and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that aſſiſtance and ſupport which is to be derived from the connection." Accordingly they aſſert, that thoſe perſons are moſt diſpoſed to have recourſe to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are leaſt qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own ſtrength and powers: the weaker ſex, for inſtance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendſhips, than the male part of our ſpecies; and thoſe who are depreſt by indigence, or labouring under misfortunes, than the wealthy and the proſperous.

Excellent and obliging ſages, theſe, undoubtedly! To ſtrike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguiſhing the ſun in the natural:

each

each of them being the ſource of the beſt and moſt grateful ſatisfactions that Heaven has conferred on the ſons of men. But I ſhould be glad to know what the real value of this boaſted exemption from care, which they promiſe their diſciples, juſtly amounts to? an exemption flattering to ſelf-love, I confeſs; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, ſhould be rejected with the utmoſt diſdain. For nothing, ſurely, can be more inconſiſtent with a well-poiſed and manly ſpirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be diſcouraged from perſevering in it, by an apprehenſion of the trouble and ſolicitude with which it may probably be attended. Virtue herſelf, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every poſſible means that may be productive of uneaſineſs: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can obſerve the conduct of an oppoſite character, without being affected with ſome degree of ſecret diſſatisfaction? Are not the juſt, the brave, and the good, neceſſarily expoſed to the diſagreeable emotions of diſlike and averſion, when they reſpectively meet with inſtances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villainy? It is an eſſential property of every well-conſtituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleaſure, according to the nature of thoſe moral appearances that preſent themſelves to obſervation.

If ſenſibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wiſdom (and it ſurely is not, unleſs we ſuppoſe that philoſophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature) what juſt reaſon can be aſſigned, why the ſympathetic ſufferings which may reſult from friendſhip, ſhould be a ſufficient inducement for baniſhing that generous affection from the human breaſt? Extinguiſh all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not ſay between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with thoſe auſtere philoſophers, who repreſent virtue as hardening the ſoul againſt all the ſofter impreſſions of humanity! The fact, certainly, is much otherwiſe: a truly good man is, upon many occaſions, extremely ſuſceptible of tender ſentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or ſhrinks with ſorrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the caſe of virtue, ſo in that of friendſhip, thoſe painful ſenſations, which may ſometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally inſufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking poſſeſſion of our boſoms.

They who inſiſt that "utility is the firſt and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendſhips," appear to me to diveſt the aſſociation of its moſt amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly diſpoſed, it is not ſo much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their beſt and moſt valuable recommendation. It is ſo far indeed from being verified by fact, that a ſenſe of our wants is the original cauſe of forming theſe amicable alliances; that, on the contrary, it is obſervable, that none have been more diſtinguiſhed in their friendſhips than thoſe whoſe power and opulence, but, above all, whoſe ſuperior virtue (a much firmer ſupport) have raiſed them above every neceſſity of having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of others.

The true diſtinction, then, in this queſtion is, that "although friendſhip is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendſhip." Thoſe ſelfiſh ſenſualiſts, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, preſume to maintain the reverſe, have ſurely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to be competent judges of the ſubject.

Good Gods! is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth and all the affluence this world can beſtow, if offered to him upon the ſevere terms of his being unconnected with a ſingle mortal whom he could love, or by whom he ſhould be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a deteſted tyrant, who, amidſt perpetual ſuſpicions and alarms, paſſes his miſerable days a ſtranger to every tender ſentiment, and utterly precluded from the heart-felt ſatisfactions of friendſhip.

Melmoth's Tranſlation of Cicero's Lælius.

§ 117. *The Art of Happineſs.*

Almoſt every object that attracts our notice has its bright and its dark ſide. He who habituates himſelf to look at the diſpleaſing ſide, will ſour his diſpoſition, and conſequently impair his happineſs; while he, who conſtantly beholds it on the bright ſide, inſenſibly meliorates his temper, and, in conſequence of it, improves his own happineſs, and the happineſs of all about him.

Arachne and Meliſſa are two friends.

* They

They are, both of them, women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accompliſhments. They were originally alike in temper too; but, by different management, are grown the reverſe of each other. Arachne has accuſtomed herſelf to look only on the dark ſide of every object. If a new poem or play makes its appearance, with a thouſand brilliancies, and but one or two blemiſhes, ſhe ſlightly ſkims over the paſſages that ſhould give her pleaſure, and dwells upon thoſe only that fill her with diſlike.—If you ſhew her a very excellent portrait, ſhe looks at ſome part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfiniſhed.—Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatneſs and elegancy; but if you take a walk with her in it, ſhe talks to you of nothing but blights and ſtorms, of ſnails and caterpillars, and how impoſſible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-caſts.—If you ſit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful proſpect, ſhe obſerves to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too ſunny, or too gloomy; that it is ſultry, or windy; and finiſhes with a long harangue upon the wretchedneſs of our climate.—When you return with her to the company, in hope of a little chearful converſation, ſhe calls a gloom over all, by giving you the hiſtory of her own bad health, or of ſome melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus ſhe inſenſibly ſinks her own ſpirits, and the ſpirits of all around her; and, at laſt, diſcovers, ſhe knows not why, that her friends are grave.

Meliſſa is the reverſe of all this. By conſtantly habituating herſelf to look only on the bright ſide of objects, ſhe preſerves a perpetual chearfulneſs in herſelf, which, by a kind of happy contagion, ſhe communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, ſhe conſiders it might have been worſe, and is thankful to Providence for an eſcape. She rejoices in ſolitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herſelf; and in ſociety, becauſe ſhe can communicate the happineſs ſhe enjoys. She oppoſes every man's virtue to his failings, and can find out ſomething to cheriſh and applaud in the very worſt of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a deſire to be entertained or inſtructed, and therefore ſeldom miſſes what ſhe looks for. Walk with her, though it be on a heath or a common, and ſhe will diſcover numberleſs beauties, unobſerved before, in the hills, the dales, the brooms, brakes, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of ſeaſon, as bringing with it ſomething of health or convenience. In converſation, it is a rule with her, never to ſtart a ſubject that leads to any thing gloomy or diſagreeable. You therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or thoſe of her neighbours; or, (what is worſt of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, ſhe has the addreſs to turn it into entertainment, by changing the moſt odious railing into a pleaſant raillery. Thus Meliſſa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the ſpider, ſucks poiſon from the faireſt flowers. The conſequence is, that, of two tempers once very nearly allied, the one is ever ſour and diſſatisfied, the other always gay and chearful; the one ſpreads an univerſal gloom, the other a continual ſunſhine.

There is nothing more worthy of our attention, than this art of happineſs. In converſation, as well as life, happineſs very often depends upon the ſlighteſt incidents. The taking notice of the badneſs of the weather, a north-eaſt-wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumſtance of the diſagreeable kind, ſhall inſenſibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If, therefore, we would be happy in ourſelves, and are deſirous of communicating that happineſs to all about us, theſe minutiæ of converſation ought carefully to be attended to. The brightneſs of the ſky, the lengthening of the day, the increaſing verdure of the ſpring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the moſt diſtant glimpſe of joy, ſhall frequently be the parent of a ſocial and happy converſation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the ſunſhine that ripens the harveſt, becauſe his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleaſure from the thunder-ſtorm to which he is expoſed, by remarking on the plenty and refreſhment which may be expected from the ſucceeding ſhower.

Thus does politeneſs, as well as good ſenſe, direct us to look at every object on the

the bright ſide; and, by thus acting, we cheriſh and improve both. By this practice it is that Meliſſa is become the wiſeſt and beſt-bred woman living; and by this practice, may every perſon arrive at that agreeableneſs of temper, of which the natural and never-failing fruit is Happineſs. *Harris.*

§ 118. *Happineſs is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.*

All men purſue Good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours; but happy, if poſſible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this ſteady, durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of the loweſt value, which can little deſerve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt be either external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except theſe three, there is no other poſſible. Now a ſteady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cauſe; by reaſon, all derived from externals muſt fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the ſame rule, not from a mixture of the two; becauſe the part which is external will proportionably deſtroy its eſſence. What then remains but the cauſe internal; the very cauſe which we have ſuppoſed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind—in Rectitude of Conduct? *Ibid.*

§ 119. *The Choice of Hercules.*

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to purſue, he one day retired into a deſert, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life he ſhould chuſe, he ſaw two women, of a larger ſtature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, her perſon clean and unſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her motion and behaviour full of modeſty, and her raiment as white as ſnow. The other had a great deal of health and freſhneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial white and red; and ſhe endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs, that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhew her complexion to advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, compoſed carriage, and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner:

"My dear Hercules," ſays ſhe, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuſe: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noiſe and diſquietude of buſineſs. The affairs of either war or peace ſhall have no power to diſturb you. Your whole employment ſhall be to make your life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, crowds of beauties, are all in readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleaſure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name: to which ſhe anſwered, "My friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; but my enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleaſure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner:—"Hercules," ſays ſhe, "I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give proofs of that deſcent, by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourſelf and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you; and muſt lay this down as an eſtabliſhed truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchaſed without

without pains and labour. The Gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it: in ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs."

The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe: "You ſee," ſaid ſhe, "Hercules, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy." "Alas!" ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity, "what are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of one's-ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures; while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an houſhold guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of ſervants; an aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the juſtice to approve his choice. *Tatler.*

Letters on the Choice of Company.

§ 120. LETTER I.

SIR,

As you are now no longer under the eye of either a parent, or a governor, but wholly at liberty to act according to your own inclinations; your friends cannot be without their fears, on your account; they cannot but have ſome uneaſy apprehenſions, leſt the very bad men, with whom you may converſe, ſhould be able to efface thoſe principles, which ſo much care was taken at firſt to imprint, and has been ſince to preſerve, in you.

The intimacy, in which I have, for many years, lived with your family, ſuffers me not to be otherwiſe than a *ſharer* of their concern, on this occaſion; and you will permit me, as ſuch, to lay before you thoſe conſiderations, which, while they ſhew you your danger, and excite your caution, may not be without their uſe in promoting your ſafety.

That it ſhould be the endeavour of our parents, to give us juſt apprehenſions of things, as ſoon as we are capable of receiving them; and, in our earlier years, to ſtock our minds with uſeful truths—to accuſtom us to the uſe of our reaſon, the reſtraint of our appetites, and the government of our paſſions, is a point, on which, I believe, all are agreed, whoſe opinion about it you would think of any conſequence.

From a neglect in theſe particulars, you ſee ſo many of one ſex, as much Girls at Sixty, as they were at Sixteen—their follies only varied—their purſuits, though differently, yet equally, trifling; and you thence, likewiſe, find near as many of the other ſex, Boys in their advanced years—as fond of feathers and toys in their riper age, as they were in their childhood—living as little to any of the purpoſes of Reaſon, when it has gained its full ſtrength, as they did when it was weakeſt. And, indeed, from the ſame ſource all theſe vices proceed, which moſt diſturb and diſtreſs the world.

When no pains are taken to correct our bad *inclinations*, before they become confirmed and fixed in us; they acquire, at length, that power over us, from which we have the worſt to fear—we give way to *them* in the inſtances where we ſee plainest how grievouſly we muſt ſuffer by our compliance—

pliance—we know not how to reſiſt *them*, notwithſtanding the obvious ruin which will be the conſequence of our yielding to them.

I don't ſay, that a right *education* will be as beneficial, as a wrong one is hurtful: the very beſt may be diſappointed of its proper effects.

Though the tree you ſet be put into an excellent ſoil, and trained and pruned by the ſkilfulleſt hand; you are not, however, ſure of its thriving: vermin may deſtroy all your hopes from it.

When the utmoſt care has been taken to ſend a young man into the world well principled, and fully appriſed of the reaſonableneſs of a religious and virtuous life; he is, yet, far from being temptation proof—he even then may fall, may fall into the worſt both of principles and practices; and he is very likely to do ſo, in the place where you are, if he will aſſociate with thoſe who ſpeak as freely as they act; and who ſeem to think, that their underſtanding would be leſs advantageouſly ſhewn, were they not to uſe it in defence of their vices.

That we may be known by our company, is a truth become proverbial. The ends we have to ſerve may, indeed, occaſion us to be often with the perſons, whom we by no means reſemble; or, the place, in which we are ſettled, keeping us at a great diſtance from others, if we will converſe at all, it muſt be with ſome, whoſe manners we leaſt approve. But when we have our choice—when no valuable intereſt is promoted by aſſociating with the corrupt—when, if we like the company of the wiſe and conſiderate, we may have it; that we then court the one, and ſhun the other, ſeems as full a proof, as we can well give, that, if we avoid vice, it is not from the ſenſe we have of the amiableneſs of virtue.

Had I a large collection of books, and never looked into any that treated on grave and uſeful ſubjects, that would contribute to make me wiſer or better; but took thoſe frequently, and thoſe only, into my hands, that would raiſe my laughter, or that would merely amuſe me, or that would give me looſe and impure ideas, or that inculcated atheiſtical or ſceptical notions, or that were filled with ſcurrility and invective, and therefore could only ſerve to gratify my ſpleen and ill-nature; they, who knew this to be my practice, muſt, certainly, form a very unfavourable opinion of my capacity, or of my morals. If nature had given me a good underſtanding, and much of my time paſſed in reading: were I to read nothing but what was trifling, it would ſpoil that underſtanding, it would make me a Trifler: and though formed with commendable diſpoſitions, or with none very blameable; yet if my *favourite authors* were—*ſuch* as encouraged me to make the moſt of the *preſent hour*; not to look beyond *it*, to taſte every pleaſure that offered itſelf, to forego no advantage that I could obtain—*ſuch* as gave vice nothing to fear, nor virtue any thing to hope, in a future ſtate; you would not, I am ſure, pronounce otherwiſe of thoſe writers, than that they would hurt my natural diſpoſition, and carry me *lengths of guilt*, which I ſhould not have gone, without this encouragement to it.

Nor can it be allowed, that *reading* wrong things would thus affect me, but it muſt be admitted, that *hearing* them would not do it leſs. *Both* fall under the head of *Converſation*; we fitly apply that term alike to *both*; and we may be ſaid, with equal propriety, to converſe with books, and to converſe with men. The impreſſion, indeed, made on us by what we hear, is, uſually, much ſtronger than that received by us from what we read. That which paſſes in our uſual intercourſe is liſtened to, without fatiguing us: each, then, taking his turn in ſpeaking, our attention is kept awake: we mind throughout what is ſaid, while we are at liberty to expreſs our own ſentiments of it, to confirm it, or to improve upon it, or to object to it, or to hear any part of it repeated, or to aſk what queſtions we pleaſe concerning it.

Diſcourſe is an application to our eyes, as well as ears; and the one organ is here ſo far aſſiſtant to the other, that it greatly increaſes the force of what is tranſmitted to our minds by it. The air and action of the ſpeaker gives no ſmall importance to his words: the very tone of his voice adds weight to his reaſoning; and occaſions that to be attended to throughout, which, had it come to us from the pen or the preſs, we ſhould have been aſleep, before we had read half of it.

That bad companions will make us as bad as themſelves, I don't affirm. When we are not kept from their vices by our principles, we may be ſo by our conſtitu-

tion; we may be leſs profligate than they are, by being more cowardly: but what I advance as *certain* is, That we cannot be ſafe among them—that they will, in ſome degree, and may in a very great one, hurt our morals. You may not, perhaps, be unwilling to have a diſtinct view of the reaſons, upon which I aſſert this.

I will enter upon them in my next.

I was going to write adieu, when it came into my thoughts, that though you may not be a ſtranger to the much cenſured doctrine of our countryman *Pelagius* —a ſtranger to his having denied *original* ſin; you may, perhaps, have never heard how he accounted for the depravity, ſo manifeſt in the whole of our race—He aſcribed it to *imitation*. Had he ſaid, that imitation makes ſome of us very bad, and moſt of us worſe than we otherwiſe ſhould have been; I think he would not have paſſed for an heretic. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 121. LETTER II.

SIR,

I promiſed you, that you ſhould have the reaſons, why I think that there is great danger of your being hurt by vitious acquaintance. The firſt thing I have here to propoſe to your conſideration is, what I juſt mentioned at the cloſe of my laſt—our aptneſs to imitate.

For many years of our life we are forming ourſelves upon what we obſerve in thoſe about us. We do not only learn their phraſe, but their manners. You perceive among whom we were educated, not more plainly by our idiom, than by our behaviour. The cottage offers you a brood, with all the ruſticity and ſavageneſs of its grown inhabitants. The civility and courteſy, which, in a well-ordered family, are conſtantly ſeen by its younger members, fail not to influence their deportment; and will, whatever their natural *brutality* may be, diſpoſe them to check its appearance, and expreſs an averſeneſs from what is rude and diſguſting. Let the deſcendant of the meaneſt be placed, from his infancy, where he perceives every one mindful of decorum; the marks of his *extraction* are ſoon obliterated; at leaſt, his carriage does not diſcover it: and were the heir of his *Grace* to be continually in the kitchen or ſtables, you would ſoon only know the young lord by his cloaths and title: in other reſpects, you would judge him the ſon of the groom or the ſcullion.

Nor is the diſpoſition to imitate confined to our childhood; when this is paſt, and the man is to ſhew himſelf, he takes his colours, if I may ſo ſpeak, from thoſe he is near—he copies their appearance—he ſeldom is, what the uſe of his reaſon, or what his own inclinations, would make him.

Are the opinions of the generality, in moſt points, any other, than what they hear advanced by this or that perſon he is in their eſteem, and whoſe judgment they will not allow themſelves to queſtion? You well know, that one could not lately go into company, but the firſt thing ſaid was —You have, undoubtedly, read——What an excellent performance it is! The fine imagination of its noble author diſcovers itſelf in every line. As ſoon as this noble author ſeriouſly diſowned it, all the admiration of it was at an end. Its merit, with thoſe who had moſt commended it, appeared to be wholly the name of its ſuppoſed writer. Thus we find it throughout. It is not *what* is written, or ſaid, or acted, that we examine; and approve or condemn, as it is, in itſelf, good or bad: Our concern is, who writes, who ſays, or does it; and we, accordingly, regard, or diſregard it.

Look round the kingdom. There is, perhaps, ſcarce a village in it, where the ſeriouſneſs or diſſoluteneſs of the Squire, if not quite a driveller, is not more or leſs ſeen in the manners of the reſt of its inhabitants. And he, who is thus a pattern, takes his pattern—faſhions himſelf by ſome or other of a better eſtate, or higher rank, with whoſe character he is pleaſed, or to whom he ſeeks to recommend himſelf.

In what a ſhort ſpace is a whole nation metamorphoſed! Fancy yourſelf in the middle of the laſt century. What grave faces do you every where behold! The moſt diſſolutely inclined ſuffers not a libertine expreſſion to eſcape him. He who leaſt regards the practice of virtue, aſſumes its appearance.

None claim, from their ſtations, a privilege for their vices. The greateſt ſtrangers to the *influence* of religion obſerve its *form*. The ſoldier not only forbears an oath, but reproves it; he may poſſibly make free with your goods, as having more grace than you, and, therefore, better title to them; but you have nothing to fear from his lewdneſs, or drunkenneſs.

The Royal Brothers at length land-

The monarchy is reſtored. How ſoon then is a grave aſpect denominated a puritanical; decorum, preciſeneſs; ſerioufneſs, fanaticiſm! He, who cannot *extinguiſh* in himſelf *all ſenſe* of religion, is induſtrious to conceal his having *any*—*appears worſe* than he *is*—would be thought to favour the crime, that he dares not commit. The lewdeſt converſation is the politeſt. No repreſentation pleaſes, in which decency is conſulted. Every favourite drama has its hero a libertine—introduces the magiſtrate, only to expoſe him as a knave, or a cuckold; and the prieſt, only to deſcribe him a profligate or hypocrite.

How much greater the power of faſhion is, than that of any laws, by whatſoever penalties enforced, the experience of all ages and nations concurs in teaching us. We readily imitate, where we cannot be conſtrained to obey; and become by example, what our rule ſeeks in vain to make us.

So far we may be all truly ſtyled players, as we all perſonate—borrow our characters—repreſent ſome other—act a part—exhibit thoſe who have been moſt under our notice, or whom we ſeek to pleaſe, or with whom we are pleaſed.

As the Chameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him, and his heirs male:
So the young Squire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to *Will*'s or *Tom*'s;
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a ſtateſman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He ſaunters wildly up and down;
Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad,
Admits him in among the gang:
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances. PRIOR.

Dean Bolton.

§ 122. LETTER III.

SIR,

My laſt endeavoured to ſhew you, how apt we are to imitate. Let me now deſire you to conſider the diſpoſition you will be under to recommend yourſelf to thoſe, whoſe company you deſire, or would not decline.

Converſation, like marriage, muſt have conſent of parties. There is no being intimate with him, who will not be ſo with you; and, in order to contract or ſupport an intimacy, you muſt give the pleaſure, which you would receive. This is a truth, that every man's experience muſt force him to acknowledge: we are ſure to ſeek in vain a familiarity with any, who have no intereſt to ſerve by us, if we diſregard their humour.

In courts, indeed, where the art of pleaſing is more ſtudied than it is elſewhere, you ſee people more dexterouſly accommodating themſelves to the turn of thoſe, for whoſe favour they wiſh; but, wherever you go, you almoſt conſtantly perceive the ſame *end* purſued by the ſame *means*, though there may not be the ſame adroitneſs in applying them. What a proof have you in your own neighbourhood, how effectual theſe means are!

Did you ever hear *Charles*—tell a good ſtory—make a ſhrewd obſervation—drop an expreſſion, which bordered either on wit or humour? Yet he is welcome to all tables—he is much with thoſe, who have wit, who have humour, who are, really, men of abilities. Whence is this, but from the approbation he ſhews of whatever paſſes? A ſtory he cannot *tell*, but he has a laugh in readineſs for every one he *hears*; by his admiration of wit, he ſupplies the want of it; and they, who have *capacity*, find no objection to the meanneſs of *his*, whilſt he appears always to think as they do. Few have their looks and tempers ſo much at command as this man; and few, therefore, are ſo happy in recommending themſelves; but as in *his way* of doing it, there is, obviouſly, the greateſt likelihood of ſucceſs, we may be ſure that it will be *the way* generally taken.

Some, I grant, you meet with, who by their endeavours, on all occaſions, to ſhew a ſuperior diſcernment, may ſeem to think, that to gain the favour of any one, he muſt be brought to their ſentiments, rather than they adopt his; but I fear theſe perſons will be found only giving too clear a proof, either how abſurdly ſelf-conceit ſometimes operates, or how much knowledge there may be, where there is very little common ſenſe.

Did I, in deſcribing the creature called MAN, repreſent him as having, in proportion to his bulk, more brains than any other animal we know of; I ſhould not think this deſcription falſe, though it could

be proved that *ſome* of the ſpecies had ſcarce any brains at all.

Even where favour is not particularly ſought, the very civility, in which he, who would be regarded as a well-bred man, is never wanting, muſt render him unwilling to avow the moſt juſt diſapprobation of what his companions agree in acting, or commending. He is by no means to give diſguſt, and, therefore, when he hears the worſt principles vindicated, and the beſt ridiculed; or when he ſees what ought to be matter of the *greateſt ſhame*, done without *any*; he is to acquieſce, he is to ſhew no token, that what paſſes is at all offenſive to him.

Conſider yourſelf then in either of theſe ſituations—deſirous to engage the favour of the bad man, into whoſe company you are admitted—or, only unwilling to be thought by him deficient in good manners; and, I think, you will plainly ſee the danger you ſhould apprehend from him—the likelihood there is, that you ſhould at length loſe *the abhorrence* of his crimes, which, when with him, you never expreſs.

Will you aſk me, why it is not as *probable*—that you ſhould reform your vitious acquaintance, as that they ſhould corrupt you? Or, why may I not as well ſuppoſe—that they will avoid ſpeaking and acting what will give you offence, as that you will be averſe from giving them any—that they will conſult your inclinations, as that you will theirs?

To avoid the length, which will be equally diſagreeable to both of us, I will only anſwer—Do you know any inſtance, which can induce you to think this *probable?* Are not you appriſed of many inſtances, that greatly weaken the probability of it?

The vaſt diſproportion, which there is between the numbers of the ſerious and the diſſolute, is ſo notorious, as to render it unqueſtionable—that the influence of the latter far exceeds the influence of the former—that a vitious man is much more likely to corrupt a virtuous, than to be reformed by him.

An anſwer of the ſame kind I ſhould have judged ſatisfactory; if, with reſpect to what I had urged in my former letter, you queſtioned me—why the readineſs to imitate thoſe, with whom we are much converſant, might not as juſtly encourage you to *hope*, when you aſſociated with the leſs ſober, that they might be won to your regularity, as occaſion you to *fear*, that you ſhould be brought to join in their exceſſes? The good have been for to long a ſpace loſing ground among us, and the bad gaining it; and theſe are now become ſuch a prodigious multitude; that it is undeniable, how much more apt we are to form ourſelves on the manners of thoſe, who diſregard their duty, than on theirs, who are attentive to it.

You will here be pleaſed to remark, that I do not conſider you as ſetting out with any reforming views—as converſing with the *immoral*, in order to diſpoſe them to reaſonable purſuits; but that I only apply to you, as induced to aſſociate with them from the eaſineſs of their temper, or the pleaſantry of their humour, or your common literary purſuits, or their ſkill in ſome of your favourite amuſements, or on ſome ſuch-like account: and then, what I have obſerved may not appear a weak argument, that they are much more likely to hurt you, than you are to benefit them.

I will cloſe my argument and my letter, with a paſſage from a very good hiſtorian, which will ſhew you the ſenſe of one of the ableſt of the ancient legiſlators on my preſent ſubject.

This writer, mentioning the laws which *Charondas* gave the *Thurians*, ſays—"He "enacted a law with reference to an evil, "on which former lawgivers had not ad"madverted, that of keeping bad compa"ny. As he conceived that the morals "of the good were ſometimes quite ruin"ed by their diſſolute acquaintance—that "vice was apt, like an infectious diſeaſe, "to ſpread itſelf, and to extend its conta"gion even to the beſt diſpoſed of our "ſpecies. In order to prevent this miſ"chief, he expreſsly enjoined, that none "ſhould engage in any intimacy or fami"liarity with immoral perſons—he ap"pointed that an accuſation might be "exhibited for keeping bad company, "and laid a heavy fine on ſuch as were "convicted of it."

Remember *Charondas*, when you are diſpoſed to cenſure the caution ſuggeſted by,

Dear SIR,

Yours, &c.

Dean Bolton.

§ 123. LETTER IV.

SIR,

Sir *Francis Walſingham*, in a letter to Mr.

Mr. *Anthony Bacon*, then a very young man, and on his travels, expreſſes himſelf thus—"The danger is great that we are "ſubject to, in lying in the company of "the worſer ſort. In natural *bodies*, evil "airs are avoided, and infection ſhunned "of them, that have any regard to their "health. There is not ſo *probable* a *rea-* "*ſon* for the corruptions, that may grow "to the *mind* of one from the *mind* of an- "other; but the *danger* is far *greater*, and "the *effects*, we ſee more *frequent:* for "the number of evil-diſpoſed in mind is "greater than the number of ſick in bo- "dy.....Though the well-diſpoſed will "remain ſome good ſpace without corrup- "tion, yet *time*, I know not how, worketh "a wound into him.....Which weakneſs "of ours conſidered, and eaſineſs of nature, "apt to be deceived, looked into; they do "beſt provide for themſelves, that *ſeparate* "*themſelves*, as far as they can, from the "bad, and draw as nigh to the good, as "*by any poſſibility* they can attain to."

To what I have already ſaid, in proof that we ſhould thus *ſeparate ourſelves*, I ſhall now add two further reaſons for our doing it: 1. The wrong inclinations, the proneneſs to violate ſome or other part of our duty, which we all find in ourſelves. 2. The power which cuſtom hath, to reconcile us to what we, at firſt, moſt dreaded.

Need I tell you, that our natural depravity has not only been the theme of chriſtian writers; but that the moſt eminent heathen authors, poets, hiſtorians, philoſophers, join in confeſſing it?

Where, alas! is the man, who has not his wrong tendencies to lament? Whom do you know able to conceal them, to prevent a clear diſcovery of them in his practice?

According as we are liable to act amiſs, we, certainly, muſt be in more or leſs danger from aſſociating with thoſe, who either will ſeek to draw us into guilt—or will countenance us in it—or will diminiſh our abhorrence of it. Some danger from ſuch company there muſt be even to him, whoſe *inclinations* are leaſt faulty; ſince they may be made worſe—they may produce bad actions, the repetition of which would form bad habits; and nothing could be ſo likely to heighten any depravity of diſpoſition, and carry it to the moſt fatal lengths of miſconduct, as a familiarity with thoſe, who have no dread of guilt, or none that reſtrains them from complying with the temptations they meet with to guilt.

You may, perhaps, think, that you could be in no danger from any companion, to whoſe exceſſes you found not in yourſelf the leaſt propenſity: but believe me, my friend, this would by no means warrant your ſafety.

Though ſuch a companion might not induce you to offend in the very ſame way, that he doth; he would, probably, make you the offender, that you otherwiſe never would have been. If he did not bring you to conform to his practice, would he not be likely to inſinuate his principles? His diſregard to *his duty* would tend to render you indifferent to *yours:* and, while he leſſened your general regard to virtue, he might make you a very bad man, though you ſhould continue wholly to avoid his particular crimes.

The unconcernedneſs, with which he gave his worſt inclinations their ſcope, could hardly be day after day obſerved, without making you leſs ſolicitous to reſtrain your own wrong tendencies, and ſtrongly urging you to a compliance with them.

2. The danger there is in converſing with the immoral will be yet more apparent; if you will, next, attend to the power of cuſtom in reconciling us to that, which we, at firſt, moſt dreaded.

Whence is it, that veteran troops face an enemy, with almoſt as little concern as they perform their exerciſe? The man of the greateſt courage among them felt, probably, in the firſt battle wherein he was, a terror that required all his courage to ſurmount. Nor was this terror, afterwards, overcome by him, but by degrees; every ſucceeding engagement abated it: the oftener he fought, the leſs he feared: by being habituated to danger, he learned, at length, to deſpiſe it.

An ordinary ſwell of the ocean alarms the youth who has never before been upon it; but he, whoſe *fears* are now raiſed, when there is nothing that ought to excite them, becomes ſoon without *any*, even when in a ſituation, that might juſtly diſmay him; he is calm, when the ſtorm is moſt violent; and diſcovers no uneaſy apprehenſions, while the veſſel, in which he ſails, is barely not ſinking.

You cannot, I am perſuaded, viſit an hoſpital—ſurvey the variety of diſtreſs there—hear the complaints of the ſick—

ſee the ſores of the wounded, without being yourſelf in pain, and a ſharer of their ſufferings.

The conſtant attendants on theſe poor wretches have no ſuch concern: with diſpoſitions not leſs humane than yours, they do not feel the emotions, that you would be under, at this ſcene of miſery; their frequent view of it has reconciled them to it—has been the cauſe, that their minds are no otherwiſe affected by it, than yours is by the objects ordinarily before you.

From how many other inſtances might it be ſhewn, that the things, which, at their firſt appearance, ſtrike us with the greateſt terror, no ſooner become familiar, than they ceaſe to diſcompoſe us? Let, therefore, our education have been the carefulleſt and wiſeſt; let there have been uſed therein all the means likelieſt to fix in us an abhorrence of vice; we, yet, cannot be frequently among thoſe, who allow themſelves in it, and have as few ſcruples about the concealment of any crime they are diſpoſed to, as about its commiſſion, without beholding it with abundantly leſs uneaſineſs than its firſt view occaſioned us.

When it is ſo beheld; when what is very wrong no more ſhocks us—is no longer highly offenſive to us; the natural and neceſſary progreſs is to a ſtill farther abatement of our averſion from it: and what is of force enough to conquer a ſtrong diſlike, may be reaſonably concluded well able to effect ſome degree of approbation. How far this ſhall proceed, will, indeed, depend, in a good meaſure, upon our temper, upon our conſtitutional tendencies, upon our circumſtances: but ſurely we are become bad enough, when it is not the conſideration of what is amiſs in any practice, that withholds us from it—when we only avoid it, becauſe it is not agreeable to our humour; or, becauſe the law puniſhes it; or becauſe it interferes with ſome other criminal gratification, which better pleaſes us.

I begun this with an extract from a letter of *Walſingham:* I will end it with one from a letter of *Grotius*, when ambaſſador in *France*, to his brother, concerning his ſon, whom he had recommended to that gentleman's care.

After having expreſſed his wiſhes, that the young man might be formed a complete advocate, he concludes thus—"Above all "things I intreat you to cultivate thoſe "ſeeds of knowledge, ſown by me in him, "which are productive of piety; and to "recommend to him, for companions, "ſuch perſons as are themſelves careful to "make a proficiency therein."

GROT. Ep. 426.
Dean Bolton.

§ 124. LETTER V.

SIR,

When I ended my laſt I continued in my chair, thinking of the *objections* which might be made to what I had written to you. The following then occurred to me.

That, when we are in poſſeſſion of truth, from fair examination and full evidence, there can be very little danger of our being induced to quit it, either by repeatedly hearing the weak objections of any to it; or by remarking them to *act* as wrongly as they *argue*—That, as in *mathematics* the propoſition, which we had once demonſtrated, would always have our aſſent, whomſoever we heard cavilling at it, or ridiculing our judgment concerning it: ſo in *morals*, when once a due conſideration of the eſſential and unchangeable differences of things hath rendered us certain of what is right and our duty: we can never be made leſs certain thereof, whatever errors, in judgment or practice, we may daily obſerve in our aſſociates, or daily hear them abſurd enough to defend—That, when we not only plainly *perceive* the practice of virtue to be moſt becoming us—to be what the nature and reaſon of things require of us; but actually *feel*, likewiſe, the ſatisfaction which it affords, the ſolid pleaſure which is its inſeparable attendant; there can be *no more ground* to *ſuppoſe*, that our having continually before us the follies and vices of any would lead us to depart from what we know to be fitteſt, and have experienced to be beſt for us, than there can be to *believe*, that a man in his wits would leave the food, which his judgment approved and his palate reliſhed, for another ſort, which he ſaw, indeed, pleaſing to his companions, but which he was certain would poiſon them.

How little weight there is in this kind of arguing, I think every one might be convinced, who would attend to his own practice, who would conſider the *numerous inſtances* in which he cannot but condemn it—in which he cannot but acknowledge it contrary to what his preſent welfare requires it ſhould be.

Let us think the moſt juſtly of our duty, and ſhun, with the greateſt care, all who would countenance us in a *departure* from it; we ſtill ſhall find *that departure too frequent*

quit—we ſhall experience it ſo, even when it is truly lamented; and when, to avoid it, is both our wiſh and our endeavour. And if the influence of truth may receive ſuch hindrance from our *natural depravity*, from this *depravity*, even when we have kept out of the way of all, who would encourge us to favour it, there, ſurely, muſt be an high degree of probability, that we ſhall be leſs mindful of our obligations, when we are not only prompted by our own appetites to violate them, but moved thereto by the counſel and example of thoſe, whoſe converſation beſt pleaſes us; and whoſe opinions and actions will, therefore, come with a more than ordinary recommendation to us.

The aſſent, which we give, upon ſufficient evidence, to *moral* truths, could no more be unſettled by ridicule and ſophiſtry, than that which we give to *mathematical* truths, did our minds always retain the ſame diſpoſition with reſpect to the one, that they do, as to the other.

With regard to the latter, we are never willing to be deceived—we always ſtand alike affected towards them: our *conviction* about them was obtained, *at firſt*, upon ſuch grounds, as muſt *always* remain our inducements to preſerve it: no luſt could be gratified, no intereſt ſerved, by its acting leſs forcibly upon us: in its defence the credit of our underſtanding is greatly concerned. And how vain muſt ridicule and ſophiſtry be neceſſarily thought, where their only aim is, that we ſhould acknowledge a ſuperior diſcernment in thoſe perſons, whoſe oppoſition increaſes our contempt of their *ignorance*, by making a plainer diſcovery of it?

As for *moral* truths, they are often diſagreeable to us—When we have had the fulleſt *evidence* of them, we want not, occaſionally, the inclination to overlook it: If, under *ſome circumſtances*, we are ready to acknowledge *its force*; there are *others*, when we will not give it any attention. Here fancy and hope interpoſe: a *governing paſſion* allows us only a faint view of, or wholly diverts our notice from, whatever ſhould be our inducement to reſtrain it; and ſuffers us to dwell on nothing but what will juſtify, or excuſe, us in giving way to it. Our reluctance to admit, that we have not *judged* as we ought to have done, is ſtrangely abated, when we thereby are ſet at liberty to *act* as we pleaſe.

When the endeavour is to laugh us, or to argue us, out of thoſe principles that we, with much *ſelf denial* adhere to; we ſhall but feebly oppoſe its ſucceſs. He has a ſtrong party on his ſide within our boſoms, who ſeeks to make us quit *opinions*, which are ſtill controuling our *affections*. If we are not ſecure from acting contrary to our *duty*, what cogent proofs ſoever we have of it's being ſuch, and what ſatisfaction ſoever we have had in its diſcharge; we are highly concerned to avoid every *temptation* to offend: and it, undoubtedly, is a very ſtrong one, to *hear* continually what is likelieſt to remove the fear of indulging our appetites; and continually to *ſee*, that they who apply to us *act* as they *adviſe*—allow themſelves in the liberties, they would have us to take; and are under none of the checks, which they prompt us to throw off.

Though what we did not reliſh, and what we thought would ſpeedily deſtroy us, we might not eat, when our *companions* ſhewed themſelves fond of it, and preſſed us to taſte it; yet, if we apprehended *no immediate danger* from their meal—if we were eye-witneſſes of its being attended with *none*—if they were continually expreſſing their high delight in it, and repeating their aſſurances, that all, either our indifference towards, or diſreliſh of it, was only from prejudice and prepoſſeſſion; we, very probably, ſhould at length yield, and quit both our diſguſt of their repaſt, and our dread of its conſequences. And if this might enſue, when we were invited to partake of that, which was leſs agreeable to our palates, what ſhould be feared, when our company tempted us to *that*, which we could be pleaſed with, and were only withheld from by ſuch an *apprehenſion of danger*, as nothing could ſooner remove, than our obſerving thoſe, with whom we moſt converſed, to be without it?

Reaſon is, certainly, always on the ſide of duty. Nor is there, perhaps, any man, who, when he ſeriouſly conſiders what is beſt for him to do, will not purpoſe to do that which is right. But, ſince we can act without conſideration in the moſt important articles, and nothing is leſs likely to be conſidered, than what we find quite cuſtomary with others—what we ſee them act without remorſe or ſcruple; when we are, day after day, eye-witneſſes of our aſſociates allowing themſelves in a wrong practice, perſiſting in it without expreſſing the leaſt dread of its conſequences; it is as abſurd to think, that our moral feeling ſhould not be injured thereby, as it is to

ſuppoſe, that our hands would preſerve the ſame ſoftneſs, when they had been for years accuſtomed to the oar, which they had when they firſt took it up; or, that hard labour would affect us as much when inured to it, as when we entered upon it.

I will, for the preſent, take my leave of you with an *Italian* proverb, and an *Engliſh* one exactly anſwerable to it——

Dimmi con chi tu vai, ſapro chel che fai.
Tell me with whom thou goeſt, and I'll tell thee what thou doeſt.

Dean Bolton.

§ 125. Letter VI.

Sir,

I know not what I can add on the preſent ſubject of our correſpondence, that may be of greater ſervice to you than the following ſhort relation.—I may not, indeed, be exact in every particular of it, becauſe I was not at all acquainted with the *gentleman*, whom it concerns; and becauſe many years have paſſed ſince I received an account of *him*; but as my information came from perſons, on whoſe veracity I could depend, and as what they told me much affected me when I heard it, and has, ſince, been very often in my thoughts; I fear that the melancholy deſcription, which you will here have of human frailty, is but too true in every thing material therein.

At the firſt appearance of ——— in town, nothing, perhaps, was more the topic of converſation, than his merit. He had read much: what he had read, as it was on the moſt uſeful ſubjects, ſo he was thoroughly maſter of it; gave an exact account of it, and made very wiſe reflections upon it. During his long reſidence at a diſtance from our metropolis, he had met with few, to whom he was not greatly ſuperior, both in capacity and attainments: yet this had not in the leaſt diſpoſed him to dictate, to be poſitive and aſſuming, to treat any with contempt or neglect.

He was obliging to all, who came near him; talked on the ſubjects which they beſt underſtood, and which would be likelieſt to induce them to take their full ſhare of the converſation.

They, who had ſpent every winter near the *court*, ſaw nothing in his behaviour, that ſhewed how far he had lived from *it* —nothing which was leſs ſuitable to any civility, that could be learned in *it*.

His manners were only leſs courtly, in their ſimplicity and purity. He did not, often, directly reprove the *libertine diſcourſe* of his equals; but would recommend himſelf to none, by expreſſing the ſlighteſt approbation of *ſuch diſcourſe*: He *ſhewed* it did not pleaſe him, though he declined *ſaying* ſo.

He forbore that invective againſt the manners of the age, which could only irritate; and thought that, at his years, the fitteſt cenſure he could paſs on them, would be to avoid them. It ſeemed, indeed, his particular care, that he might not be repreſented either as a bigot, or a cynic; but yet, as he knew how to defend his principles, ſo he ſhewed himſelf, on every proper occaſion, neither afraid nor aſhamed to engage in their defence.

His converſation was among *perſons* of his own *rank*, only ſo far as decorum required it ſhould be: *their* favourite topics were ſo little to his taſte, that his leiſure hours, where he could have his choice, were paſſed among thoſe, who had the moſt learning and virtue, and, whether diſtinguiſhed, or not, by their anceſtors worth, would be ſo by their own.

He had high notions of his duty to his country; but having ſeen what ſelf-intereſtedneſs, at length, ſhewed itſelf, where he had heard the ſtrongeſt profeſſions of patriotiſm, it made him very cautious with whom he engaged, and utterly averſe from determining of any as friends to the public, merely becauſe they were oppoſers of the court.

No one judged more rightly of the hurt that muſt enſue, from irreligion ſpreading itſelf among the common people; and, therefore, where his example was moſt remarked, and could be moſt efficacious, he took particular care, that it ſhould promote a juſt reverence of the Deity.

Thus did *A. A.* ſet out in the world, and thus behaved, for ſome years, notwithſtanding the bad examples he had every where before him, among thoſe of his own ſtation. In one of the accompliſhments of a gentleman (though, ſurely, one of the very meaneſt of them) he was thought to excel; and many fine ſpeeches were made him upon that account. They were but too much regarded by him; and, gradually, drew him often into the company that he would have deſpiſed, had he heard leſs of his own praiſe in it. The compliments ſo repeatedly paid him by the frivolous reconciled him, at length, to them. As his attachment to them got ground, his ſerioufneſs loſt it. The patriot was no

more

more—The zeal he had for the morals of his countrymen abated.——

The tragical concluſion of his ſtory, let thoſe tell you, who would not feel that concern at the relation of it, which I ſhould do: this you certainly may learn from it —That, as the conſtant dropping of water wears away the hardeſt ſtone, ſo the conſtant *ſolicitations* of the vitious are not to be withſtood by the firmeſt mind—All, who are in the way of them, will be hurt by them—Whereſoever they are uſed, they will make an impreſſion—He only is ſecure from their force, who will not hazard its being tried upon him.

In what you have hitherto received from me, I have argued wholly from *your own ſuppoſitions*, and endeavoured to ſhew you, from thence, the danger of having bad companions: See now your danger from *their diſpoſitions*. And, firſt, let theſe perſons be conſidered only, in general, as partial to their notions and practices, and eager to defend them.

Whatever our *perſuaſion* or *conduct* is, we are uſually favourable to it; we have our plea for it: very few of us can bear, with any patience, that it ſhould be judged irrational: The approbation of it is a compliment to our underſtanding, that we receive with pleaſure; and to cenſure it, is ſuch a diſparagement of us, as doth not fail to diſguſt us. I will not ſay, there are none to be found, that give themſelves little or no concern who thinks or acts as they do; but it is certain, that, ordinarily, we are deſirous to be joined in the cauſe we eſpouſe —we are ſolicitous to vindicate and ſpread our opinions, and to have others take the ſame courſes with us. Should I allow you to be as intent on this, as any of your acquaintance are; yet, pray, conſider what you may expect, when you ſtand alone, or when a majority is againſt you—when each of them relieves the other in an attack upon you—when this attack is, day after day, repeated—when your numerous opponents join in applauding, or ſtrengthening, or enlivening their ſeveral objections to your ſentiments; and in treating whatever you can urge in your defence, as abſurd, or weak and impertinent—when your peace can only be purchaſed by your ſilence—when you find, that there is no hope of bringing thoſe you delight to be with into your opinions, that they confirm each other in oppoſition to you, and that you can only be agreeable to them, by adopting their maxims, and conforming to their manners.

It is next to be conſidered what you may fear from an intimacy with the immoral, when they muſt look upon themſelves to be *reproached* by ſuch of their acquaintance, as will not concur with them in their exceſſes. They cannot but do this; becauſe all who ſeek either to make them alter their manners, or to weaken their influence upon others, charge them with what is, really, the higheſt *reproach* to them; and becauſe they are ſenſible, that the arguments likelieſt to be uſed by any one for his not complying with them, are grounded on the *miſchief* of their conduct, or on its *folly*. Regard then yourſelf, as in their place. Reflect how you would behave towards the man whoſe opinion of you was, that you acted either a very criminal, or a very imprudent part: reflect, I ſay, how you would behave towards the perſon thus judging of you, if you wiſhed to preſerve a familiarity with him, but yet, was reſolved to perſiſt in your notions and practice. You, certainly, would try every method to remove his diſtaſte of them; you would colour them as agreeably as you poſſibly could: you would ſpare no pains to weaken every objection, he could have to them—you would, in your turn, attack his maxims and manners; you would ſeek to convince him upon what ſlight grounds he preferred them to yours—you would apply to every artifice, that could give them the appearance of being leſs defenſible, or that could incline him to overlook what might be urged in their defence.

And if this might naturally be ſuppoſed the part you would act towards others; you ought to expect that they, in the ſame circumſtances, would behave alike towards you. But can you think it prudent to let them try, with what ſucceſs they may proceed? Would not caution be your moſt effectual ſecurity? Would it not be the wiſeſt method of providing for your ſafety, to keep out of the way of danger?

You are, further, to look upon thoſe, from aſſociating with whom I would diſſuade you, as extremely ſolicitous to be kept in countenance. The vitious well know, to how many objections their conduct is liable: they are ſenſible, to what eſteem *good morals* are entitled, what *praiſe* they *claim*, and what they, in the moſt corrupt times, *receive*.

Virtue is ſo much for the intereſt of mankind, that there can never be a general agreement, to deny all manner of applauſe to the practice of *it*: ſuch numbers are made ſufferers by a departure from *its* rules,

rules, that there are few crimes, which meet not with an extenſive cenſure.

You have long ſince learned it to be the language of paganiſm itſelf, that

"All, who act contrary to what the "reaſon of things requires—who do what "is hurtful to themſelves or others, muſt "ſtand ſelf-condemned:" and you cannot want to be informed, in what light they are ſeen by thoſe who do not ſhare their guilt. The *endeavour*, therefore, of ſuch men, while they are without any purpoſe of amendment, will, unqueſtionably, be, to make their cauſe as ſpecious as poſſible, by engaging many in its defence, and to ſilence cenſure, by the danger, that would ariſe from the numbers it would provoke. The motives to this endeavour, when duly reflected on, will fully ſatisfy us, with what zeal it muſt be accompanied; and it may well, therefore, alarm all, on whom its power is likely to be tried—may well induce them to conſider ſeriouſly, what they have to fear from it, how much their virtue may ſuffer by it.

I will conclude this with a ſhort ſtory of the Poet *Dante*, for which *Bayle* quotes *Petrarch*. Among other viſits made by *Dante*, after his baniſhment from *Florence*, one was to the then much-famed *Can*, Prince of *Verona*.

Can treated him, at firſt, with great civility; but this did not laſt: and by the little complaiſance at length ſhewn the Poet, he plainly perceived that he ceaſed to be an acceptable gueſt.

Scholars, it ſeems, were not *Can*'s favourites—he liked thoſe much better, who ſtudied to divert him; and ribaldry was by no means the diſcourſe that leaſt pleaſed him. Suſpecting that this did not raiſe *Dante*'s opinion of him, he one day took occaſion to ſingle out the moſt obnoxious of the libertine crew, that he entertained; and, after high praiſes given the man, turning to *Dante*, he ſaid, I *wonder* how it is, that this mad fellow is *beloved* by us all, as giving us the pleaſure which, really, we do not find in your company, wife as you are thought to be.

Sir, anſwered the Poet, you would not *wonder* at this, if you conſidered, that our love of any proceeds from their manners being ſuitable, and their diſpoſitions ſimilar, to our own. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 126. LETTER VII.

SIR,

I have but one thing more to propoſe to your conſideration, as a diſſuaſive from aſſociating with the vitious: and it is—The way in which they, ordinarily, ſeek to corrupt thoſe, with whom they converſe.

The *logic* of the immoral contributes but little to increaſe their numbers, in compariſon of what they effect by *raillery* and *ridicule*. This is their *ſtrength*; they are ſenſible of its being ſo; and you may be aſſured that it will be exerted againſt you. There is nothing that cannot be jeſted with; and there is nothing that we, univerſally, bear worſe, than to be made the jeſt of any.

What reaſoning on moral ſubjects may not have its force evaded by a man of wit and humour; and receive a turn, that ſhall induce the leſs conſiderate to ſlight it, as weak and inconcluſive? The moſt becoming practice—that which is moſt our duty, and the importance of which to our preſent welfare is moſt evident, a lively fancy eaſily places in a ridiculous view, and thereby brings it into an utter neglect.

That reverence of the Deity, which the beſt both ancient and modern writers have ſo ſtrongly recommended—which the worthieſt men in every age have ſo carefully expreſſed—which any obſervation of nature, any attention to our own frame fails not to inculcate, is yet, by being repreſented under the garb of ſuperſtition or fanaticiſm, ſeen among us to ſuch diſadvantage, that many, our military gentlemen eſpecially, appear to take a pride in ſhewing themſelves diveſted of it.

Conjugal fidelity, though of ſuch moment to the peace of families—to their intereſt—to the proſperity of the commonwealth, that, by the laws of the wiſeſt and beſt regulated ſtates, the ſevereſt puniſhment has been inflicted on the violation of it, is, nevertheleſs, by the levity, with which ſome have treated it, ſo much, at preſent, ſlighted, that the *adulterer* is well received: Women, who would think it the groſſeſt affront to have their virtue queſtioned, who affect the character of the ſtricteſt obſervers of decorum, ſhun *him* not—ſhew *him* the utmoſt complaiſance. Whatever diſhonour, in this caſe, falls on any, it accrues wholly to the injured perſon.

Can you aſſign a better reaſon, why the intemperate, among the meaner people, have ſo prodigiouſly increaſed their numbers, than the banter they uſe towards ſuch as they meet with diſpoſed to ſobriety,—the mockery with which they treat it,—

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the ſongs and catches, with which they are ſo plentifully provided, in deriſion of it?

I cannot give you the very terms of Lord *Shaftſbury*, as I have not his works; but I think I may be certain that there is an obſervation in them to this effect—That, "had the enemies to Chriſtianity expoſed "its firſt profeſſors, not to wild beaſts, but "to ridicule, their endeavours to ſtop its "progreſs might have had very different "*ſucceſs* from what they experienced."

Had the wit of man been only concerned in the ſpreading that *religion*, I believe the conjecture well founded. But this ſucceſs could no more have affected the truth of that *religion*, than it leſſens the worth of a public ſpirit, of honeſty, of temperance, that ſo many have been laughed out of them—that the jeſt made of them has occaſioned their being ſo rare among us.

The author of the *Beggars Opera* gives the true character of his *Newgate* tribe, when he exhibits them ludicrous on all pretences to virtue, and thus hardening each other in their crimes. It was the moſt effectual means to keep up *their* ſpirits under *their* guilt, and may well be judged the likelied method of bringing others to ſhare it.

"The Duke of Buckingham" ſays a "late writer, "had the art of turning per-"ſons or things into ridicule, beyond any "man of the age. He poſſeſſed the young "King [*Charles II.*] with very ill prin-"ciples, both as to religion and morality, "and with a very mean opinion of his "father, whoſe ſtiffneſs was, with him, "a ſubject of raillery." It is elſewhere obſerved, that, to make way for the ruin of the Lord *Clarendon*, "He often acted "and mimicked him in the King's pre-"ſence, walking ſtately with a pair of "bellows before him, for the purſe, and "Colonel *Titus* carrying a fire-ſhovel on "his ſhoulder, for the mace; with which "ſort of banter and farce the King was "too much delighted."

Such are the impreſſions, to the diſparagement of the beſt things, and of the beſt men, that may be made by burleſque and buffoonry: They can deſtroy the efficacy of the wiſeſt precepts, and the nobleſt examples.

The Monarch here ſpoken of may, perhaps, be thought as ill-diſpoſed as the worſt of his favourites; and rather humoured, than corrupted, by the ſport they made with all that is, ordinarily, held ſerious. Were this admitted to be true of him—Were we to ſuppoſe his natural depravity not heightened by any thing ſaid or done before him, in deriſion of virtue or the virtuous; yet the effects of his being accuſtomed to ſuch repreſentations may be looked upon as extremely miſchievous; when we may, ſo probably, attribute to them the looſe he gave to his natural depravity—the little decorum he obſerved—that utter careleſſneſs to ſave appearances, whence ſo much hurt enſued to the morals of his people, and whereby he occaſioned ſuch diſtraction in his affairs, ſo weakened his authority, ſo entirely loſt the affections of the beſt of his ſubjects; and whence that he did not experience ſtill worſe conſequences, may be aſcribed to a concurrence of circumſtances, in which his prudence had no ſhare.

The weakneſs of an argument may be clearly ſhewn—The arts of the ſophiſter may be detected, and the fallacy of his reaſoning demonſtrated—To the moſt ſubtile objections there may be given ſatisfactory anſwers: but there is no confuting raillery—the acuteſt logician would be ſilenced by a *Merry Andrew*.

It is to no manner of purpoſe that we have *reaſon* on our ſide, when the *laugh* is againſt us: and how eaſy is it, by playing with our words—by a quibble—by the loweſt jeſt, to excite that *laugh!*

When the company is diſpoſed to attack your principles with drollery, no plea for them is attended to; the more ſerious you ſhew yourſelf in their defence, the more ſcope you give to the mirth of your opponents.

How well ſoever we have informed ourſelves of the motives to a right conduct, theſe motives are not attended to, as often as we act: our ordinary practice is founded on the impreſſion, that a former conſideration of them has made; which impreſſion is very liable to be weakened—wants frequently to be renewed in the ſame way, that it was at firſt produced.

When we continually hear our virtue bantered as mere prejudice, and our notions of honour and decorum treated as the ſole effects of our pride being dexterouſly flattered—When our piety is frequently ſubjecting us to be derided as childiſhly timorous, or abſurdly ſuperſtitious; we ſoon know not how to perſuade ourſelves, that we are not more ſcrupulous than we need to be; we begin to queſtion, whether, in ſettling the *extent* of our *obligations*, we have ſufficiently conſulted the

imperfections

imperfections of our *nature*—whether our *judgment* is without its bias from our *fears*.

Let our ſeriouſneſs be exhibited to us in that odd figure, which wit and humour can eaſily give it; we ſhall be inſenſibly led to judge of it, according to its appearance, as thus overcharged; and under the diſadvantage, in which it is ſhewn us: we ſhall, firſt, ſeem unconcerned at the greater liberties that others take, and, by degrees, proceed to take the very ſame ourſelves.

The perſon, whom we moſt highly and juſtly honoured, if the buffoonry of our companions were conſtantly levelled at him, would ſoon have his worth overlooked by us; and, though we might not be brought to think of him as contemptibly as they appeared to do, our reverence of him would certainly, at length abate, and both his advice and example have much leſs influence upon us.

Of this you ſhall have an inſtance in my next.

I will here only add what *Jamblichus* mentions as practiſed by *Pythagoras*, before he admitted any into his ſchool—He enquired, "Who were their intimates"—juſtly concluding, that they, who could like bad companions, would not be much profited by his inſtructions.

Dean Bolton.

§ 127. LETTER VIII.

SIR,

What follows will diſcharge the promiſe, which I made you at the concluſion of my laſt.

S. was the oracle of his county; to whatever point he turned his thoughts, he ſoon made himſelf maſter of it. He entered, indeed, ſo early upon buſineſs, that he had little time for books; but he had read thoſe, which beſt deſerved his peruſal, and his memory was the faithful repoſitory of their contents.

The helps, that he had not received from reading, he had abundantly ſupplied the want of, by obſervation and converſation.

The compaſs of his knowledge was amazing. There was ſcarce any thing, of which one in his ſtation ought to be informed, wherein he appeared to be ignorant. Long experience, great ſagacity, a ready apprehenſion, a retentive memory, the reſort to him of all ſorts of people, from whom any thing could be learned, and an intimacy with ſome of the worthieſt perſons of every profeſſion, enabled him to ſpeak on moſt points with ſuch juſtneſs and copiouſneſs, as might induce you to conclude, upon firſt being with him, that the topic, on which his diſcourſe turned, was what he had particularly and principally attended to. Though he owned himſelf never to have ſo much as looked into the writings of athieſts or deiſts; yet, from the promiſcuous company he had been obliged to keep, and the freedom with which all ſpoke their ſentiments to him, there was not, perhaps, a material objection to the Chriſtian religion, of which he was not appriſed, and which he had not well conſidered.

Senſible of his ſtrength, and ever deſirous to uſe it in the beſt of cauſes—in the ſervice of that truth, which operates on men's practice, and would, if attended to, rectify it throughout; he did not diſcourage the moſt free ſpeakers: he calmly and willingly heard what they could ſay againſt his faith, while they uſed reaſon and argument; but drollery and jeſt he failed not, though with great good-humour, to reprove, as a ſpecies of miſrepreſentation—as a ſure evidence, that truth was not ſought—as an artifice, to which none would apply, who were not conſcious of their weakneſs, who did not deſpair of ſupporting their notions by rational proofs.

Virtue and true religion had not, perhaps, an abler advocate than this gentleman; but whatever ſervice his tongue might do them, his manners, certainly, did them far greater: he convinced you of their *excellency*, by exhibiting to your ſenſes their *effects*——he left you no room to queſtion how amiable they were when it was from *their* influence upon him, that *he* ſo much engaged your eſteem and affection; he proved undeniably, how much they ſhould be our *care*, by being himſelf an inſtance, how much they contributed to our *happineſs*.

Never, certainly, did piety ſit eaſier upon any man——Never, perhaps, was any man more eſteemed by the very perſons, between whoſe practice and his there was the wideſt difference.

The ſuperior talents he diſcovered, and his readineſs to employ them for the benefit of all, who applied to him, engaged alike their admiration and their love.

The obligations, conferred by *him*, obtained the height of complaiſance towards his *ſon*. Invitations were made the youth from all quarters; and there was not a young man of any figure near him, who

was

was not introduced to him, and directed to pay him particular civility. They, who ſought to attach him cloſeſt to them by *conſulting* his humour, were never without their arguments for *licenſing* it. "True it "was, this or that *purſuit* might not be to "the taſte of his *father*; but neither did "it ſuit his years—When he was a *young* "*man*, he undoubtedly, acted as *one*; he "took the diverſions, allowed himſelf in "the gratifications, to which youth in-"clines: no wonder that he ſhould now "cenſure what he could not reliſh—that "he ſhould condemn the draught, which "his head could not bear, and be indiffe-"rent to the features, which he could not "diſtinguiſh without his ſpectacles."

When this kind of language had abated the reverence due to ſo excellent an inſtructor, the buffoon interpoſed ſtill further to weaken his influence; gave an air of affectation to his decorum—of hypocriſy to his ſeriouſneſs—of timorouſneſs to his prudence—of avarice to his wiſe œconomy—ridiculed the *advice*, that he might be ſuppoſed to give, the arguments with which he was likely to ſupport *it*, and the reproof he would naturally uſe, when he did not ſee a diſpoſition to follow *it*.

Soon as the young man had attained the age, at which the law ſuppoſes us *ſufficiently diſcreet*, he expreſſed a moſt earneſt deſire to have an opportunity of appearing ſo. Repeated promiſes were made, that if a proper allowance was ſettled on him, and leave given him to chuſe a place of abode, there ſhould not be the leaſt miſmanagement; the income aſſigned him ſhould anſwer every article of expence.

The ſon's importunity was ſeconded by the fond mother's, and their joint ſolicitations prevailed. The youth was now acceſſible, at all times, to the moſt profligate of his acquaintance: and one part of their entertainment uſually was, to ſet his excellent father's maxims and manners in the moſt diſadvantageous light. This failed not to bring on a diſregard to both—ſo entire a diſregard to them that the whore and the card-table took up all the hours which the bottle relieved not.

Thus fell the heir of one of the worthieſt of our countrymen!—It was to no purpoſe, that ſuch an admirable example had been ſet him by the perſon he was moſt likely to regard—that ſuch particular care had been taken to reaſon him into a diſcharge of his duty—that he had been preſent, when the moſt ſubtile advocates for irreligion either were ſilenced, or induced to acknowledge their principles to be much leſs defenſible, than they had hitherto thought them. None of the impreſſions of what had been done for him, or ſaid to him, or had paſſed before him, could hold out againſt ridicule; it effaced every trace of them, and prepared him to be as bad, as his worſt companions could be inclined to make him. How great a neglect of him enſued! They who had laughed him out of the reverence due to his parent's worth, rendered him ſoon deſpiſed by all whoſe eſteem could profit or credit him; and he died in the 70th year of his conſtitution, when but in the 25th of his age.

Dean Bolton.

§ 128. LETTER IX.

SIR,

My laſt gave you a melancholy inſtance of the hurt done by *ridicule* to the heir of a moſt worthy man, not many miles from you. What influence it had towards the condemnation of him, to whom the epithet of *divine* might, perhaps, be more properly applied, than to any one who ever lived under the ſole guidance of reaſon, has long, you know, been matter of diſpute. I will only obſerve, concerning the comic writer's ridicule of *Socrates*——

1. That, when ſuch a repreſentation could be made of ſo *excellent* a *perſon*, it demonſtrates, that no degree of *worth* can ſecure *any perſon* from an attempt to deſtroy his credit; and that they, whoſe capacities fully enable them to diſcern this *worth*, may be its ſpitefulleſt enemies, and bend their wits to diſparage it——

2. That, when ſuch a repreſentation could be made by a man of good parts, with any confidence of ſucceſs, it is, further, an evidence of the probability, that the higheſt and moſt juſt reputation may ſuffer from ridicule, and that it may bring into contempt what is entitled to the greateſt eſteem and honour——

3. That if the *Athenians* were ſo well pleaſed with the means uſed to leſſen the character of this ornament, not only to his country, but his ſpecies, as to render the interpoſition of a powerful party in the ſtate neceſſary, to prevent the poet's abuſe from meeting with all the ſucceſs he promiſed himſelf in it; we are fully taught, what may be the pernicious effects of ingenious drollery—how much it may weaken the force of any inſtruction, or any example.

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Where violent methods are purſued, in order to withdraw us from any religious *practice* or *opinion*; they who thus oppoſe it ſhewing thereby, that *they* look upon *it* as ſomewhat of great importance, teach *us* to do the ſame; and often increaſe our attachment to *it*—render us more earneſt about *it*, than we otherwiſe ſhould have been. But where ſuch *practice* or *opinion* is treated as a matter of jeſt—where it meets with all the ſlight that ſcoffing and laughter can expreſs, we ſcarcely know how to preſerve our regard to it, as a thing of much conſequence; and from eſteeming it of little moment, we eaſily proceed to judge it of none at all.

The *force* that is offered us, on account of our perſuaſion, either occaſions ſuch an averſion from him, who applies to it, as prevents his having any influence upon us; or engages us in ſo careful an attention to the grounds, upon which we formed our judgment, as fixes us in the reſolution not to alter it. But when all paſſes under the appearance of good humour—when only mirth and pleaſantry are exerted againſt us, we neither contract that hatred towards thoſe, by whom we are thus treated, which will be our ſecurity from any bad impreſſions they can make upon us; nor are we excited to any examination of our *principles* that can confirm us in *them*. The freedom which our companions uſe, in ſporting with what we have hitherto reverenced, will tempt us to conclude, that its importance is far from being obvious; nor, indeed, can it fail, unleſs our minds have a more than ordinary firmneſs, to raiſe at length ſome doubt in us, whether we have not been too fanciful or too credulous. And as

"The woman, who deliberates, is loſt,"

we may fear the man will be ſo likewiſe, who ſuffers himſelf to queſtion how well founded his ſeriouſneſs is, merely becauſe his aſſociates are continually deriding it.

Would you not; induſtriouſly, keep out of the way of thoſe who had power to torture you, and whom you knew ready to do it; if you would not be guided by them, but way determined to think and act as your own reaſon ſhould direct? Believe me, Sir, the ſcoffer ſhould be as much ſhunned by the friend of virtue, as the inquiſitor by the friend of truth. Whoever would attain or preſerve a juſt ſenſe of his duty, ſhould have as little intercourſe as poſſible with thoſe who would diſcourage ſincerity—who would oppoſe it, either by the faggot, or the fair, * of *Smithfield*. A very uncommon reſolution is required to be ſteady to the principles, from avowing which we muſt expect to be the heroes in a farce; though we need not apprehend that it will make us victims to the flames.

What *your* temper may be, I cannot affirm; but I really think that, with great numbers, drollery is not only a ſpecies of perſecution, but the moſt dangerous kind of it: they would as ſoon be ſcourged, as mocked; be burthened with the croſs, as habited with the purple. You can ſcarcely be enough aware of the riſk you run from being jeſted with, as a viſionary or a bigot—as one of much whim, or very little penetration.

But enough of the inducements, that vitious companions would be under to corrupt you, and the means they would uſe to do it.

The care you ſhould take, in the choice of your company, will be the ſubject of but one letter more from *Dean Belton*.

§ 129. LETTER X.

SIR,

All I have to add, on what has lately been the ſubject of my correſpondence with you, will be contained in this letter. I will not lengthen it by apologizing for it.

Might I ſuppoſe you ſo fortified by a right diſpoſition, a wiſe education, good ſenſe, and a thorough knowledge of the reaſonableneſs of the practice enjoined by your religion, that every attempt to corrupt your morals would miſcarry; this hurt, however, you would be ſure to find from being much in the company of vitious men, that you would be leſs careful to become *eminently virtuous*—you would be leſs careful to fulfil your obligations than you otherwiſe would be. While you ſaw *others* ſo much worſe than yourſelf, you would not conſider how much better you ought to be, than you at preſent are—While *their* groſs faults were avoided, you would not conſider, how much there is in *you* that ought to be amended.

We meaſure what is, in any way, commendable, by comparing our ſhare of it with that of our neighbour: we do not re-

* *Bartholomew* fair, during which plays and farces were formerly, from morning to night, the entertainment of the populace.

gard in what degree, as to itſelf, we poſſeſs the good, but in how greater a degree it is poſſeſſed by us, than by others.

Among a very ignorant people, a ſcholar of the loweſt form will paſs, both in their and his own judgment, for an adept.

You would, I am ſure, pronounce of any gentleman, who kept mean company, that there was little hope of his ever acting a part, which would greatly credit him: while he loved to be chiefly with thoſe, who would own, and do homage to, his ſuperiority; you would think him by no means likely to cultivate much real worth. And were it to be ſaid, that you ſhould make ſuch a judgment of him, not becauſe of any impreſſion he would receive *from his companions*, but becauſe of the diſpoſition he ſhewed in the choice *of them*; I ſhould be glad to know, how that man muſt be thought affected towards religion and virtue, who could be willingly preſent, where he was ſure that they would be groſsly depreciated. Whoever could bear a diſparagement of them, muſt have ſo little ſenſe of their worth, that we muſt juſtly conclude him ill prepared for reſiſting the attempt, to deprive them wholly of their influence upon him. And, therefore, we may as fitly determine, from the diſpoſition evidenced by him who keeps *bad* company, what his morals will at length be; as we can determine from the turn of mind, diſcovered by one who keeps *mean* company, what his figure in the world is likely to be.

Thoſe among us, whoſe capacities qualify them for the moſt conſiderable attainments—who might raiſe themſelves to an equality with the heroes in literature, of the laſt century, ſit down contented with the ſuperiority they have over their contemporaries—acquieſce in furniſhing a bare ſpecimen of what they could do, if their genius were rouſed, if they were to *exert* their abilities. They regard only the advantage they poſſeſs over the idle and illiterate, by whom they are ſurrounded; and give way to their eaſe, when they may take it; and yet appear as conſiderable in *their* times, as the learned men, we moſt admire, did in *their reſpective* ages.

How many could I mention, to whom nature has been moſt liberal of her endowments, who are barely in the liſt of authors, who have only writ enough to ſhew how much honour they would have done their country, had their application been called out, and if their names muſt have been no better known than thoſe of their acquaintance, unleſs their diligence had equalled their capacity.

What is thus notoriouſly true of literary deſert, is equally ſo of moral: the perſons, to whom we allot a greater ſhare of it, than has long been found in any in their ſtations, how have they their ſenſe of right with-held from exerting itſelf, by the few they meet with diſpoſed to animate them to any endeavour towards correcting the general depravity—by the connections they have with ſuch numbers, whoſe rule is their inclination—by that utter diſregard to duty, which they ſee in moſt of thoſe with whom they have an intercourſe.

Alas! in the very beſt of us, a conviction of what becomes us goes but a little way in exciting us to practice it. Solicitations to be leſs obſervant of it are, from ſome or other quarter, perpetually offering themſelves: and are by no means likely to be withſtood, if our reſolutions are not ſtrengthened by the wiſe counſels and correſpondent examples of our aſſociates.

" Behold! young man—You live in an " age, when it is requiſite to fortify the " mind by examples of conſtancy."

This *Tacitus* mentions as the ſpeech of the admirable *Thraſea* to the quæſtor, ſent to tell him he muſt die; and by whom he would have it remarked, with what compoſure he died.

Nor is it only when our virtue endangers our life, as was then the caſe, that ſuch examples are wanted. Wherever there is a prevailing corruption of manners; they who would act throughout the becoming part, muſt be animated to it by what they hear from, and ſee in, others, by the patterns of integrity which they have before them.

We are eaſily induced to judge ſome deviation from our rule very excuſable; and to allow ourſelves in it: when our thoughts are not called off from our own weakneſs and the general guilt: but while we are converſant with thoſe, whoſe conduct is as unſuitable, as our own, to that of the multitude; we are kept awake to a ſenſe of our obligations—our ſpirits are ſupported—we *feel* the courage that we *behold*—we ſee what can be done by ſuch as ſhare our frail nature; and *we* are aſhamed to *waver*, where *they perſevere*.

Ariſtotle conſiders friendſhip as of three kinds; one ariſing from virtue, another from pleaſure, and another from intereſt; but juſtly determines, that there can be no

true

true friendſhip, which is not founded in virtue.

The friendſhip contracted from pleaſure or profit, regards only the pleaſure or profit obtained thereby; and ceaſes, when theſe precarious motives to it fail: but that, to which virtue gives birth, not having any accidental cauſe—being without any dependance on humour or intereſt—ariſing wholly from intrinſic worth, from what we are in ourſelves, never fluctuates, operates ſteadily and uniformly, remains firm and uninterrupted, is laſting as our lives. That which is the eſſential qualification of a *friend*, ſhould be the chief recommendation in a *companion*. If, indeed, we have any concern for real worth: with whom ſhould we be more deſirous to converſe, than with thoſe who would accompany us, and encourage us, in the purſuit of it.

The ſame writer, mentioning the uſe that friends are of to us in every part of life, remarks the benefit which young men find from them to be—"That they keep "them in their duty."

Had he thought, that any thing could have been urged more in behalf of friendſhip; he, undoubtedly, would have obſerved it. And when ſuch is the language of ſo able an inſtructor, and of one who guided himſelf in his inſtructions only by the certain, the preſent advantage, that would attend a conformity to them; the leſſon we have here for the choice of company muſt appear worthy the notice even of thoſe, who will have no other guides but reaſon and nature.

If to keep us ſteady to our duty be the beſt office that can be done us—If they, who are our friends, will be thus ſerviceable to us—If the virtuous alone can be our friends, our converſation ſhould be chiefly with the virtuous; all familiarity with the vitious ſhould be avoided; we ſhould conſider thoſe, who would deſtroy our virtue, as our enemies—our very worſt enemies, whilſt endeavouring to deprive us of the greateſt bleſſing, that it is in our power to obtain. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 130. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. I.

This reſpects the quantity of our food, or the kind of it: if, in either of theſe, we have no regard to the hurt it may do us, we are guilty of intemperance.

From tranſgreſſing in the quantity of our food, a ſpeedier miſchief enſues than from doing ſo in the quality of it; and therein we never can tranſgreſs, without being directly admoniſhed of it by our very conſtitution. Our meal is never too large, but heavineſs comes on—the load on our ſtomach is our inſtant tormentor; and every repetition of our fault a caution to us, that we do not any more thus offend. A caution, alas, how unheeded by us!—*Crammed like an Engliſhman*, was, I find, a proverbial expreſſion in *Eraſmus*'s days—above two hundred years ago.

An error barely in the kind of our aliment gives us, frequently, no preſent alarm; and, perhaps, but a very ſlight one, after we have, for ſome years, continued in it. In the vigour of youth, ſcarce any thing we eat appears to diſagree with us: we gratify our palate with whatever pleaſes it; feeling no ill conſequence, and therefore fearing none. The inconveniences, that we do not yet find, we hope we ſhall always eſcape; or we then propoſe to ourſelves a reſtraint upon our appetite, when we experience the bad effects of indulging it.

With reſpect to the quantity of our food; that may be no exceſs in one man, which may be the moſt blameable in another: what would be the height of gluttony in us, if of a weak and tender frame, may be, to perſons of much ſtronger conſtitution, a quite temperate meal. The ſame proportions of food can, likewiſe, never ſuit ſuch, as have in them diſpoſitions to particular diſeaſes, and ſuch, as have no evils of that nature to guard againſt: nor can they, further, ſuit thoſe, who are employed in hard labour, and thoſe, who live wholly at their eaſe—thoſe, who are frequently ſtirring and in action, and thoſe, whoſe life is ſedentary and inactive. The ſame man may, alſo, in the very ſame quantity, be free from, or guilty of exceſs, as he is young or old—healthy or diſeaſed—as he accuſtoms his body to fatigue, or to repoſe.

The influence that our food has upon our health, its tendency to preſerve or to impair our conſtitution, is the meaſure of its temperance or exceſs.

It may, indeed, ſo happen, that our diet ſhall be, generally, very ſparing, without allowing us any claim to the virtue of temperance; as when we are more deſirous to ſave our money, than to pleaſe our palates, and, therefore, deny ourſelves at our own table, what we eat with greediness, when we feed at the charge of others, as

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likewiſe, when our circumſtances not permitting us, ordinarily, to indulge our appetite, we yet ſet no bounds to it, when we have an opportunity of gratifying it.

He is the temperate man, whoſe health directs his appetite—who is beſt pleaſed with what beſt agrees with him—who eats, not to gratify his taſte, but to preſerve his life—who is the ſame at every table, as at his own—who, when he feaſts, is not cloyed; and ſees all the delicacies before him, that luxury can accumulate; yet preſerves a due abſtinence amidſt them.

The rules of temperance not only oblige us to abſtain from what *now does*, or what we are ſure *ſoon will*, hurt us: we offend againſt them, when we avoid not whatever has a *probability* of being hurtful to us.—They are, further, tranſgreſſed by too great nicety about our food—by much ſolicitude and eagerneſs to procure what we moſt reliſh—by *frequently* eating to ſatiety.

We have a letter remaining of an heathen, who was one of the moſt eminent perſons in an age diſtinguiſhed by the great men it produced, in which he expreſſes how uneaſy it made him, to be among thoſe, who placed no ſmall part of their happineſs in an elegant table, and who filled themſelves twice a day.

In thus deſcribing temperance, let me not be underſtood to cenſure, as a failure therein, all regard to the food that beſt pleaſes us, when it is equally wholeſome with other kinds—when its price is neither unſuitable to our circumſtances, nor very great—when it may be conveniently procured—when we are not anxious about it—when we do not frequently ſeek after it—when we are always moderate in its uſe.

To *govern* our appetite is neceſſary; but, in order to this, there is no neceſſity, that we ſhould always *mortify* it—that we ſhould, upon every occaſion, conſider what is leaſt agreeable to us.

Life is no more to be paſſed in a conſtant ſelf-denial, than in a round of ſenſual enjoyments. We ſhould endeavour, that it may not be, at any time, painful to us to deny ourſelves what is improper for us; and, on that as well as other accounts, it is moſt fitting that we ſhould frequently practiſe ſelf-denial—that we ſhould often forego what would delight us. But to do this continually, I cannot ſuppoſe required of us; becauſe it doth not ſeem reaſonable to think that it ſhould be our duty wholly to debar ourſelves of that food which our palate is *formed* to reliſh, and which we are ſure may be uſed, without any prejudice to our virtue, or our health.

Thus much may ſuffice to inform us, when we incur the guilt of eating intemperately.

The diſſuaſives from it, that appear of greateſt weight, are theſe:

It is the groſſeſt abuſe of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vileſt debaſement of ourſelves.

Our bodies owe to it the moſt painful diſeaſes, and, generally, a ſpeedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the uſe of our nobler faculties, and is ſure, at length, greatly to enfeeble them.

The ſtraits to which it often reduces us, occaſion our falling into crimes, which would, otherwiſe, have been our utter abhorrence. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 131. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. II.

To conſider, firſt, exceſs in our food as the groſſeſt abuſe of the gifts of Providence.

The vaſt *variety* of *creatures*, with which God has repleniſhed the earth—the abundant proviſion, which he has made for many of them—the care, which he has taken that each ſpecies of them ſhould be preſerved—the numerous conveniences they adminiſter to us—the pleaſing change of food they afford us—the ſuitable food that we find, among their different kinds, to different climates, to our different ways of life, ages, conſtitutions, diſtempers, are, certainly, the moſt awakening call to the higheſt admiration, and the gratefulleſt *ſenſe*, of the divine wiſdom and goodneſs. This ſenſe is properly expreſſed, by the due application of what is ſo graciouſly afforded us—by the application of it to thoſe purpoſes, for which it was manifeſtly intended. But how contrary hereto is his practice, who lives as it were but to eat, and conſiders the liberality of Providence only as catering for his luxury! What miſchief this luxury doth us will be preſently conſidered; and, in whatſoever degree it hurts us, we to ſuch a degree abuſe our Maker's bounty, which *muſt* deſign our good—which, certainly, is directed to our welfare. Were we, by indulging our appetites, only to make ourſelves leſs fit for any of the offices of life, only to become leſs capable of diſcharging any of the duties of our ſtation, it may be made evident,

that, in this reſpect likewiſe, our uſe of the Divine beneficence is quite contrary to what it requires. He who has appointed us our buſineſs here—who, by our peculiar capacities, has ſignified to us our proper employments, thereby diſcovers to us how far merely to pleaſe ourſelves is allowed us; and that, if we do ſo, to the hindrance of a nobler work, it is oppoſing his intention; it is defeating the end of life, by thoſe very gifts, which were beſtowed to carry us on more chearfully towards it.

When my palate has a large ſcope for its innocent choice—when I have at hand what may moſt agreeably recruit my ſtrength, and what is moſt effectual to preſerve it; how great ingratitude and baſeneſs ſhew themſelves in the exceſs, which perverts the aim of ſo much kindneſs, and makes *that* to be the cauſe of my forgetting with what view I was created, which ought to keep me ever mindful of it! As the bounty of Heaven is one of the ſtrongeſt motives to a *reaſonable life*, how guilty are we if we abuſe it to the purpoſes of a *ſenſual!* Our crime muſt be highly aggravated, when the more conveniences our Maker has provided for us, we are ſo much the more unmindful of the taſk he has enjoined us—when by his granting us what may ſatisfy our appetite, we are induced wholly to conſult it, and make ourſelves ſlaves to it.

Let intemperance in our food be next conſidered, as the ſhamefulleſt debaſement of ourſelves.

Life, as we have been wiſely taught to conſider it, *is more than meat.* Man could not be ſent into the world but for quite different purpoſes, than merely to indulge his palate. He has an underſtanding given him, which he may greatly improve; many are the perfections, which he is qualified to attain; much good to his fellow-creatures he has abilities to do: and all this may be truly ſaid of all mankind; all of us may improve our reaſon, may proceed in virtue, may be uſeful to our fellow creatures. There are none, therefore, to whom it is not the fouleſt reproach, that their belly is their God—that they are more ſolicitous to favour, and thereby to ſtrengthen, the importunity of their appetite, than to weaken and maſter it, by frequent reſiſtance and reſtraint. The reaſonable being is to be always under the influence of reaſon; it is his excellence, his prerogative, to be ſo: whatever is an hindrance to this degrades him, reflects on him diſgrace and contempt. And as our reaſon and appetite are in a conſtant oppoſition to each other, there is no indulging the latter, without leſſening the power of the former: If our appetite is not governed by, it will govern, our reaſon, and make its moſt prudent ſuggeſtions, its wiſeſt counſels, to be unheeded and ſlighted.

The fewer the wants of any being are, we muſt conſider it as ſo much the more perfect; ſince thereby it is leſs dependent, and has leſs of its happineſs without itſelf. When we raiſe our thoughts to the Beings above us, we cannot but attribute to the higher orders of them, ſtill farther removes from our own weakneſs and indigence, till we reach God himſelf, and exempt him from wants of every kind.

Knowing thus what muſt be aſcribed to natures ſuperior to ours, we cannot be ignorant, what is our own beſt recommendation; by what our nature is raiſed; wherein its worth is diſtinguiſhed.

To be without any wants is the Divine prerogative; our praiſe is, that we add not to the number of thoſe, to which we were appointed—that we have none we can avoid—that we have none from our own miſconduct. In this we attain the utmoſt degree of perfection within our reach.

On the other hand, when fancy has multiplied our neceſſities—when we owe I know not how many to ourſelves—when our eaſe is made dependent on delicacies, to which our Maker never ſubjected it—when the cravings of our luxury bear no proportion to thoſe of our natural hunger, what a degenerate race do we become! What do we but ſink our rank in the creation.

He whoſe voraciouſneſs prevents his being ſatisfied, till he is loaded to the full of what he is able to bear, who eats to the utmoſt extent of what he can eat, is a mere brute, and one of the loweſt kind of brutes; the generality of them obſerving a juſt moderation in their food—when duly relieved ſeeking no more, and forbearing even what is before them. But below any brute is he, who, by indulging himſelf, has contracted wants, from which nature exempted him; who muſt be made hungry by art, muſt have his food undergo the moſt unwholeſome preparations, before it can be inclined to taſte it; only relishing what is ruinous to his health; his life ſupported by what neceſſarily ſhortens it. A part this, which, when acted by him, who has reaſon, reflection, foreſight given him, wants a name to repreſent it in the full of its deformity. With privileges ſo far be-

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yond thoſe of the creatures below us, how great is our baſeneſs, our guilt, if thoſe endowments are ſo far abuſed, that they ſerve us but to find out the means of more grossly corrupting ourſelves!

I cannot quit this head, without remarking it to be no ſlight argument of the diſhonour we incur by gluttony, that nothing is more carefully avoided in all well-bred company, nothing would be thought by ſuch more brutal and rude, than the diſcovery of any marks of our having eat intemperately—of our having exceeded that proportion of food, which is proper for our nouriſhment.

Dean Bolton.

§ 132. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. III.

To conſider, further, exceſs in our food as haſtening our death, and bringing on us the moſt painful diſeaſes.

It is evident, that nothing contributes more to the preſervation of life, than temperance.

Experience proves it to be actually ſo; and the ſtructure of the human body ſhews that it muſt be ſo.

They who deſcribe the golden age, or the age of innocence, and near a thouſand years of life, repreſent the cuſtomary food of it as the plaineſt and moſt ſimple.

Whether animal food was at all uſed before the flood, is queſtioned: we certainly find, long after it, that *Lot*'s making a feaſt is deſcribed by his baking unleavened bread.

Abraham entertained thoſe, whom he conſidered of ſuch eminence, as that, to uſe the words of ſcripture, "he ran to "meet them from the tent door, and bowed "himſelf to the ground;" *Abraham*'s entertainment, I ſay, of perſons thus honoured by him, was only with a calf, with cakes of meal, with butter and milk.

Gideon's hoſpitality towards the moſt illuſtrious of gueſts ſhewed itſelf in killing a kid of the goats; and we read that *Jeſſe* looked upon this to be a preſent, which his prince would not diſdain.

Perhaps my reader would rather take a meal with ſome of the worthies of profane hiſtory, than with thoſe, whom the ſacred has recorded.

I will be his introducer. He ſhall be a gueſt at an entertainment, which was, certainly, deſigned to be a ſplendid one; ſince it was made by *Achilles* for three ſuch conſiderable perſons, as *Phœnix*, *Ajax*, and *Ulyſſes*; perſons, whom he himſelf repreſents as being, of all the *Grecian* chiefs, thoſe whom he moſt honours.

He will eaſily be believed herein: for this declaration is ſcarce ſooner out of his mouth, than he and his friends, *Patroclus* and *Automedon*, ſeverally employ themſelves in making up the fire—chopping the meat, and putting it into the pot—Or, if Mr. *Pope* be allowed to deſcribe their taſks on this occaſion.

——*Patroclus* o'er the blazing fire
Heaps in a brazen vaſe three *chines* entire:
The brazen vaſe *Automedon* ſuſtains,
Which *fleſh of porket, ſheep*, and *goat* contains:
Achilles at the genial feaſt preſides,
The parts tranſfixes, and with ſkill divides.
Mean while *Patroclus* ſweats the fire to raiſe;
The tent is brighten'd with the riſing blaze.

But who is dreſſing the fiſh and fowls? This feaſt, alas! furniſhes neither. The poet is ſo very bad a caterer, that he provides nothing of that kind for his heroes on this occaſion; or, on another, even for the luxurious *Phæacians*. Such ſamples theſe of *Homer*'s entertainments, as will gain entire credit to what is ſaid of them in *Plutarch*, "that we muſt riſe almoſt hungry "from them." *Symp.* Lib. II. Qu. 10.

Should the blind bard be conſidered as a ſtroller—keeping low company, and therefore, in the feaſts he makes for the great, likely more to regard the quantity of the food which he provides for them, than the kind of it: would you rather be one of *Virgil*'s gueſts, as he lived in an age, when good eating was underſtood—converſed with people of rank—knew what diſhes they liked, and would therefore not fail to place ſuch before them?

You ſhall then be the gueſt of the *Roman* poet—Do you chuſe beef, or mutton—would you be helped to pork, or do you prefer goat's-fleſh? You have no ſtomach for ſuch ſort of diet. He has nothing elſe for you, unleſs *Polyphemus* will ſpare you a leg or an arm of one of the poor *Greeks* he is eating; or unleſs you will join the half-drowned crew, and take a bit of the ſtags, which are dreſſed as ſoon as killed; or unleſs you are a great lover of bread and apples, and in order to ſatisfy your hunger, will, in the language of *Aſcanius*, eat your table.

Dido, indeed, gives *Æneas* and his companions a moſt ſplendid entertainment, as far as numerous attendants conſtitute one; but the poet mentions nothing, that the heroes had to eat, except bread; whatever elſe was got for them, he includes in the general term *Dapes*; which, in other parts

of the *Æneid*, is applied to all the coarſe fare already mentioned.

As the luxury of mankind increaſed, their lives ſhortened: The half of *Abraham*'s age became regarded as a ſtretch, far beyond the cuſtomary period. So in profane hiſtory we find, that when the arts of luxury were unknown in *Rome*, its ſeven kings reigned a longer term, than, afterwards, upon the prevalency of thoſe arts, was completed by its firſt twenty emperors.

Such perſons, indeed, among the ancients, whoſe precepts and practice moſt recommended temperance in diet, were eminent inſtances of the benefit accruing from it, in the health preſerved, and long life attained by it.

Gorgias lived 107 years.

Hippocrates reached, according to ſome writers, his 104th year, according to others his 109th.

Pythagoras, of whom it was obſerved, that he was never known to eat to ſatiety, lived to near 100 years; if *Jamblichus* may be credited. *D. Laertius* ſays, that according to moſt writers he was, when he loſt his life, in his 90th year. Out of his ſchool came *Empedocles*, who lived, as ſome ſay, to 109; and *Xenophilus*, who lived to above 105.

Zeno lived to 98: his diſciple and ſucceſſor *Cleanthes* to 99.

Diogenes, when he died, was about 90.

Plato reach'd his 81ſt year; and his follower *Xenocrates* his 84th.

Lycurgus, the lawgiver of the *Lacedæmonians*, who, when they obeyed his laws, were not leſs diſtinguiſhed by their abſtemiouſneſs than by their fortitude, lived to 85; and their King *Ageſilaus* took pay of *Tachos* at 80; afterwards aſſiſted *Nectanebos*; and, having eſtabliſhed him in his kingdom, died, in his return to *Sparta* at 84.

Cato, the Cenſor, is introduced by *Tully* repreſenting himſelf as, when in his 84th year, able to aſſiſt in the ſenate—to ſpeak in the aſſembly of the people, and to give his friends and dependents the aſſiſtance, which they might want from him.

Lucian introduces his account of long-lived perſons, with the obſervation, that it might be of uſe, as ſhewing that they, who took the moſt care of their bodies and minds, lived the longeſt, and enjoyed the beſt health.

To come nearer to our own times: the diſcovery of a new world has confirmed the obſervations furniſhed by the old; that in thoſe countries, where the greateſt ſimplicity of diet has been uſed, the greateſt length of life has been attained.

Of the ancient inhabitants of *Virginia* we are told, "That their chief diſh was maiz, and that they drank only water: That their diſeaſes were few, and chiefly proceeded from exceſſive heats or colds." *Atl. Geog.* vol. v. p. 711. "Some of them lived to upwards of 200 years." PURCHAS, vol. v. p. 946. "The ſobriety of the ancient inhabitants of *Florida* lengthen'd their lives in ſuch ſort, that one of their kings, ſays *Morgues*, told me, he was three hundred years old; and his father, whom he then ſhewed me alive, was fifty years older than himſelf." PURCHAS, vol. v. p. 961.

And if we now ſearch after particular inſtances of perſons reaching to extreme old age, it is certain that we muſt not reſort for them to courts and palaces; to the dwellings of the great or the wealthy; but to the cells of the religious, or to cottages; to the habitations of ſuch, whoſe hunger is their ſauce, and to whom a wholeſome meal is a ſufficiently delicate one.

Martha Waterhouſe, of the townſhip of *North Bierley* in *Yorkſhire*, died about the year 1711, in the 104th year of her age: her maiden ſiſter, *Heſter Jager*, of the ſame place, died in 1713, in the 107th year of her age. They had both of them *reſided* from the townſhip of *Bierley* nigh fifty years. *Abridgment of Phil. Tranſ.* by JONES, vol. ii. p. 2. p. 115.

Dr. *Harvey*, in his anatomical account of *T. Parr*, who died in the 153d year of his age, ſays—that, if he had not changed his diet and air, he might, perhaps, have lived a good while longer. His diet was old cheeſe, milk, coarſe bread, ſmall beer, and whey.

Dr. *T. Robinſon* ſays of *H. Jenkins*, the fiſherman, who lived 169 years, that his diet was coarſe and ſour.

Dr. *M. Liſter*, having mentioned ſeveral old perſons of *Craven* in *Yorkſhire*, ſays—The food of all this mountainous country is exceeding coarſe. *Abr. of Phil. Tranſ.* by LOWTHORP, vol. iii. p. 307, *&c.*

Buchanan ſpeaks of a fiſherman in his own time, who married at 100, went out in his little fiſhing boat in the roughest weather at 140, and at laſt did not die of any painful diſtemper, but merely worn out by age. *Rer. Scot. Hiſt.* lib. i. ad. fin.

Plutarch mentions our countrymen as

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in his time, growing old at 120. To account for this, as he does, from their climate, ſeems leſs rational than to aſcribe it to their way of living, as related by *Diodorus Siculus*, who tell us—that their diet was ſimple, and that they were utter ſtrangers to the delicate fare of the wealthy.

In our ſeveral neighbourhoods we all of us ſee, that they who leaſt conſult their appetite, who leaſt give way to its wantonneſs or voraciouſneſs, attain, generally, to years far exceeding theirs, who deny themſelves nothing they can reliſh, and conveniently procure.

Human life, indeed, being expoſed to ſo many thouſand accidents, its end being haſtened by ſuch a prodigious diverſity of means, there is no care we can take of ourſelves, in any one reſpect, that will be our effectual preſervative; but, allowing for caſualties and difference in conſtitutions, we every where perceive, that the age of thoſe, who neglect the rules of temperance, is of a much ſhorter date than theirs, by whom theſe rules are carefully followed.

And if we attend to our ſtructure, it muſt thence be evident that it cannot be otherwiſe. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 133. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. IV.

The human body may be conſidered as compoſed of a great variety of tubes, in which their proper fluid is in a perpetual motion. Our health is according to the condition, in which theſe veſſels and this fluid are.

The ruptured, or too relaxed, or too rigid ſtate of the one; and the redundancy or deficiency, the reſolved or viſcid, the aceſcent or the putreſcent ſtate of the other, is a diſorder in our frame. Whether our exceſs be in the quantity or quality of aliment, we muſt ſuffer by it, *in ſome or other of theſe ways.*

By the ſtomach being frequently loaded, that fulneſs of the veſſels enſues, by which the fibres are weakened—the circulation becomes languid—perſpiration is leſſened—obſtructions are formed—the humours become viſcid and ſoon putrid.

In the progreſs to this laſt ſtate, different diſeaſes take place, according to the general ſtrength or weakneſs of the ſolids, or according to the debility of ſome particular organ; according to the conſtitution of the air; according to our reſt or motion; according to the warmth in which we keep, or the cold, to which we expoſe ourſelves, &c.

Exceſs may be in the quantity of our food, not only when we eat ſo as to burthen the ſtomach; but, likewiſe, when our meals bear not a juſt proportion to our labour or exerciſe.

We are tempted to exceed in the quantity of our food, by the ſeaſoning of it, or by the variety of it.

The ſtimulus of ſauce ſerves but to excite a falſe appetite—to make us eat much more than we ſhould do, if our diet were quite ſimple.

The effect is the ſame, when our meal is compoſed of ſeveral kinds of food: their different taſtes are ſo many inducements to exceſs, as they are ſo many provocations to eat beyond what will ſatisfy our natural wants.

And thus, tho' we were never to touch a diſh, which had its reliſh from any the leaſt unwholeſome ingredient; tho' our diet were the plaineſt, and nothing came ever before us, that had any other elegance than from the ſeaſon, in which it was brought to our table, or the place in which it appeared there; we yet might greatly hurt ourſelves: we might be as intemperate, and as ſpeedily deſtroy ourſelves by our intemperance with roaſt and boiled meat, as with fricaſſees and ragouts.

The quality of our aliment may be miſchievous to us, either as univerſally prejudicial to the human *conſtitution*, or as unſuitable to our own;—unſuitable to the weakneſs of our whole frame, or to ſome defect in the formation of a part of it, or to that taint we have in us, from the diſeaſes or vices of our parents.

We may be greatly prejudiced by the kind of our food, in many other ways; and we, ordinarily, are ſo, by not regarding what agrees with the climate, in which we are—what with the country we inhabit—what with the manner of life we lead.

From the great heat that ſpices occaſion, and from the length of time they continue it, we may truly ſay, that their copious and daily uſe in food muſt be injurious to *all* conſtitutions.

So for ſalted meats, the hurt that may be feared from them, when they are our conſtant meals, is eaſily collected, from the irritation they muſt cauſe in their paſſage thro' the body—from the injury, that muſt hence enſue to its finer membranes—from the numerous acrid particles, that muſt there-by be lodged in the pores of the ſkin, the obſtructions which this muſt produce, and

the large quantity of perſpirable matter which will, therefore, be detained in, and, conſequently, greatly foul the blood—— from the dreadful ſymptoms, that attend a high degree of the ſcurvy; the relief of which by vegetables, by freſh meat, by liquids fitteſt to remove the effects of a muriatic cauſe, plainly ſhews them to be owing to ſuch a cauſe.

Whatever has the haut-gout may be looked upon as conſiſting of ſuch active particles, as cannot but make our frequent eating of it very dangerous—as muſt render it much fitter to be uſed as phyſic, than as food.

From a mixture of meats, each of them wholeſome in its kind, a bad chyle may be formed: and the rule in phyſic is, that an error in the firſt digeſtion will not be mended in the ſecond.

A delicate conſtitution is, ſpeedily, either quite deſtroyed, or irrecoverably diſordered, when the diet is not exactly adapted to it—is not ſuch as leaſt irritates, as leaſt heats, as is moſt eaſily concocted, as ſooneſt paſſes out of the body, and leaves the feweſt impurities behind it there.

The weakneſs, or the wrong formation, of a part of our frame is, generally, a call to the utmoſt care about our food; and as our obſerving this may extend our life, even under either of thoſe circumſtances, as far as we could have hoped it would have been prolonged, if we had been without any ſuch defect; ſo our failure therein may, in a very ſhort time, be fatal to us.

The moſt ſimple aliment will, perhaps, be unable to hinder our feeling, in ſome degree, the bad conſequences of the diſeaſes, or irregularities of our parents: but how far they ſhall affect us, depends, very often, in a great meaſure, upon ourſelves.

They may neither much contract the term, nor much interrupt the comfort, of life, if we will make hunger our ſauce, and, in every meal we eat, regard the diſtempers we inherit; but early, alas! and heavy will our ſufferings be, our years few and full of uneaſineſs, when, without any ſuch regard, our taſte is directed by that of the ſound and athletic—when the ſolicitations of *appetite* lead us to forget the reaſons we have to reſtrain *it*.

In this climate and country, where, for ſo many months in the year, the cuticular diſcharges are ſo ſmall—where the air ſo often, ſo ſuddenly, and to ſo great a degree, varies its equilibrium, and where our veſſels, therefore, are as frequently, as ſuddenly, and as greatly contracted or expanded—where fogs ſo much abound, and ſo much contribute to impair the elaſticity of our fibres—to hinder the proper both ſecretions and excretions—to deſtroy the due texture of the blood, and vitiate our whole habit, it muſt be obvious, what we have to fear, when our aliment hurts us in the ſame way with our air—when the one heightens the diſorder, to which we are expoſed by the other.

An inattention to the nutriment fit for us, when we ſeldom uſe any exerciſe, or, always, very gentle—when our life is ſedentary, either from the buſineſs by which we maintain ourſelves, or from our love of eaſe, or from our literary purſuits, is perhaps, as fatal to us, as almoſt any inſtance of wrong conduct, with which we can be chargeable. By high feeding and little or no exerciſe, we are not only expoſed to the moſt dangerous diſeaſes, but we make all diſeaſes dangerous: we make thoſe ſo, which would, otherwiſe, be ſlight and eaſily removed—we do not only ſubject ourſelves to the particular maladies, which have their riſe wholly from luxury, but we render ourſelves more liable to thoſe, which have no connexion with it. We, then, are among the firſt, who are ſeized with the diſtempers, which the conſtitution of the air occaſions.—We are moſt apt to receive all thoſe of the infectious kind—We take cold whence we might leaſt fear it; and find its immediate conſequence, a malignant or an inflammatory fever, or ſome other diſeaſe equally to be dreaded.

A writer in phyſic of the firſt rank aſſerts, that our diet is the chief cauſe of all our diſeaſes—that other cauſes only take effect from the diſpoſition of our body, and the ſtate of its humours.

There is, I am perſuaded, much truth in this aſſertion. For, as in countries, where the inhabitants greatly indulge themſelves, few die of old age; ſo where a ſtrict temperance is obſerved, few die but of old age. We find, likewiſe, perſons, as *Socrates* for inſtance, who, by their regular living, have preſerved themſelves from the infection of a diſeaſe, that has made the cruelleſt havock around them. We perceive, alſo, the reſtorers of health uſually attempting its recovery by ſome or other diſcharge, by draining the body in ſome way or other. And if evacuation is the cure of our diſorders, we may juſtly think, that repletion is their moſt general

general cauſe. But if this may admit of a diſpute, which, I think, it hardly can do; yet is it on all hands agreed—that there are ſeveral diſtempers, to which few are ſubject but for want of ſelf-denial in themſelves, or their anceſtors—that moſt of theſe diſtempers are of the painfulleſt ſort, and that ſome of them are ſuch as we ſee years lament, without the leaſt hope of recovery, and under an abſolute certainty, that the longer they continue upon us the more grievouſly they will diſtreſs us; the ſeverities of our ſufferings from them will be conſtantly increaſing. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 134. *On Intemperance in Eating.*

SECT. V.

Let me, alſo, conſider intemperance in what we eat, as frequently interrupting the uſe of our nobler faculties; and that, at length, greatly to enfeeble them. How long is it before we are really ourſelves, after our ſtomach has received its *full load!* Under it, our ſenſes are dulled, our memory clouded, heavineſs and ſtupidity poſſeſs us: ſome *hours* muſt paſs, before our vivacity returns, before reaſon can again act with its full vigour. The man is not ſeen to advantage, his real abilities are not to be diſcovered, till the effects of his gluttony are removed, till his conſtitution has thrown off the weight that oppreſſed it.

The hours preceding a plentiful meal, or thoſe, which ſucceed its entire digeſtion, are, we all find, ſuch, in which we are fitteſt to tranſact our affairs, in which all the acts of the underſtanding are beſt exerted.

How ſmall a part of his time is therefore, for a luxurious man himſelf! What between the length of his repaſts—the ſpace during which he is, as it were, ſtupified by his exceſs in them—the many hours of *ſleep* that he wants to refreſh, and of *exerciſe* to ſtrengthen him; within how ſmall a compaſs is that portion of his life brought, in which his rational powers are fitly diſplayed!

In the vigour of youth, in the full ſtrength of manhood, an uncontrouled gratification of appetite allows only ſhort intervals of clear apprehenſion, of cloſe attention, and the free uſe of our judgment: but if, either through an uncommonly firm conſtitution, or by ſpending all thoſe hours in exerciſe, which are not paſſed at our tables or in our beds, we are enabled, notwithſtanding ſuch gratification, to reach a more advanced age; what a melancholy ſpectacle do we then frequently afford! our memory, our wit, our ſenſe almoſt wholly deſtroyed—their remains ſcarce allowing a conjecture to be formed thence, what they have been—the ruins of the man hardly furniſhing a trace of his former ornaments.

Moſt of thoſe diſeaſes, which luxury brings upon our bodies are, indeed, a gradual impairing of our intellectual faculties: the mind ſhares the diſorder of its companion, acts as that permits, diſcovers a greater or leſs capacity, according to the other's more or leſs perfect ſtate. And as the body, when dead, is totally unfit to be acted upon by the ſoul; ſo the nearer it is brought to death by our gluttony, the more we increaſe its unfitneſs to diſplay, by how noble a principle it is actuated—what the extent of thoſe abilities is, which the bounty of our infinitely good and powerful Creator has afforded us.

It only remains that I conſider, how ruinous the exceſs I am cenſuring is to our fortune; and to what a mean dependence, to what vile diſhoneſt practices, it often reduces us.

There are few eſtates, that can bear the expence, into which what is called an elegant table will draw us. It is not only the price of what is ſet before us, that we are here to regard, but the waſte that the *miniſters* to our *luxury* occaſion—their rapine—the example they ſet to all, who are concerned in our affairs, and the diſqualification, under which we put ourſelves to look into them.

He who is determined to pleaſe his palate at any price, infects not only thoſe about him with his extravagant turn; but gives them opportunities of defrauding him, which are ſeldom neglected. His houſe is the reſort of the worſt of mankind; for ſuch they always are, whom a well-ſpread table aſſembles; and who, by applauding the profuſeneſs that feeds them, by extolling, as proofs of a refined underſtanding, what are the ſureſt marks of a weak one, or rather of the total want of one, hurry on the ruin, that was, otherwiſe, with too much ſpeed advancing.

But ſmall is their number, whom it concerns to be told, how a *large fortune* may be reduced: how the making *any* muſt be hindered, is the argument, in which the generality are intereſted. This hindrance is the ſure, the undeniable conſequence of giving way to our appetite. I have already obſerved, what hurt our very capacity often receives from it—to what a degree

our intellect is at length impaired by it: I may, further, truly repreſent it as always indiſpoſing us to that diligence, to that application, without which no ſcience is to be maſtered, no art learned, no buſineſs well conducted, no valuable accompliſhment, of any kind, obtained.

Let us have our ſupport, and ſeek the increaſe of our ſtore, from our traffick, or from our labour; it is plain, that he who indulges himſelf leſs than we do, as he needs leſs to maintain him than we do, ſo he can ſell, or can work, cheaper, and muſt, therefore, make thoſe advantages, which we are not to expect; muſt by his leſſer gains be, at length, enriched, while we, with our larger, ſhall be in a conſtant poverty.

A ſtill worſe effect of our luxurious turn I reckon thoſe mean and baſe practices, to which it tempts us. When the plain meal, that our ſcanty circumſtances, after a liberal and expenſive education, furniſh, cannot content us; and we muſt either live at another's table, or provide a chargeable entertainment at our own; we deſcend to the vileſt flattery, the moſt ſervile complaiſance; every generous ſentiment is extinguiſhed in us; we ſoon become fully convinced, that he, who will often eat at another's coſt, muſt be ſubject to another's humours, muſt countenance him in his follies—and comply with him in his vices.

Let his favour at length exempt us from ſo diſhonourable an attendance, by furniſhing us with the means of having plenty at home: yet what is plenty to the luxurious? His wantonneſs increaſes with his income; and, always needy, he is always dependent. Hence no ſenſe of his birth or education, of honour or conſcience, is any check upon him; he is the mean drudge, the abandoned tool of his feeder, of whoever will be at the charge of gratifying his palate.

So, if our trade be our maintenance, as no fair gains can anſwer the expence, which what is called good eating occaſions, we are ſoon led to indirect artifices, to fraudulent dealing, to the moſt tricking and knaviſh practices.

In a word, neither our health nor life, neither our credit nor fortune, neither our virtue nor underſtanding, have any ſecurity but from our temperance. The greateſt bleſſings, which are here enjoyed by us, have it for their ſource.

Hence it is that we have the *fulleſt* uſe of our faculties, and the *longeſt*.

Hence it is, that we fear not to be poor, and are ſure to be independent.

Hence diſeaſe and pain are removed from us, our decay advances inſenſibly, and the approaches of death are as gentle as thoſe of ſleep.

Hence it is we free ourſelves from all temptations to a baſe or ungenerous action.

Hence it is that our paſſions are calmed, our luſts ſubdued, the purity of our hearts preſerved, and a virtuous conduct throughout made eaſy to us.

When it is made ſo—when by the eaſe, which we find in the practice of virtue, we become confirmed therein—render it habitual to us; we have then that qualification for happineſs in a future ſtate, which, as the beſt title to it, affords us the beſt grounds to expect it. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 135. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. I.

The arguments againſt drunkenneſs, which the common reaſon of mankind ſuggeſts, are theſe—

The contemptible figure which it gives us:

The hindrance it is to any confidence being repoſed in us, ſo far as our ſecrecy is concerned:

The dangerous advantage, which it affords the crafty and the knaviſh over us:

The bad effects, which it hath on our health:

The prejudice, which our minds receive from it:

Its *diſpoſing* us to *many crimes*, and *preparing* us for the *greateſt*:

The contemptible figure, which drunkenneſs gives us, is no weak argument for avoiding it.

Every reader has found the *Spartans* mentioned as inculcating ſobriety on their *children*, by expoſing to their notice the behaviour of their ſlaves in a drunken fit. They thought, that were they to apply wholly to the reaſon of the *youths*, it might be to little purpoſe: as the force of the arguments, which they uſed, might not be ſufficiently apprehended, or the impreſſion thereof might be ſoon effaced: but when they made them frequently eye-witneſſes of all the madneſs and abſurdities, and at length the perfect ſenſeleſſneſs, which the immoderate draught occaſioned,

to

the idea of the *vile change* would be ſo fixed in the minds of its beholders, as to render them utterly averſe from its cauſe.

And may we not juſtly conclude it to be from hence, that the offſpring of the perſons who are accuſtomed thus to diſguiſe themſelves, often prove remarkably ſober? They avoid, in their *riper years*, their parent's crime, from the deteſtation of it, which they contracted in their *earlier*. As to moſt other vices, their debaſing circumſtances are not fully known to us, till we have attained a maturity of age, nor can be then, till they have been duly attended to: but in our very childhood, at our firſt beholding the effects of drunkenneſs, we are ſtruck with aſtoniſhment, that a reaſonable being ſhould be thus changed—ſhould be induced to make himſelf ſuch an object of contempt and ſcorn. And, indeed, we muſt have the man in the *utmoſt* contempt, whom we hear and ſee in his progreſs to exceſs; at firſt, teazing you with his contentiouſneſs or impertinence—miſtaking your meaning, and hardly knowing his own—then, faultering in his ſpeech—unable to get through an entire ſentence—his hand trembling—his eyes ſwimming—his legs too feeble to ſupport him; till, at length, you only know the human creature by his ſhape.

I cannot but add, that were one of any ſenſe to have a juſt notion of all the ſilly things he ſays or does, of the wretched appearance, which he makes in a *drunken fit*, he could not want a more powerful argument againſt repeating his crime.

But as none of us are inclined to think ill of ourſelves, we none of us will know, how far our vices expoſe us; we allow them excuſes, which they meet not with from any but ourſelves.

This is the caſe of all; it is particularly ſo with the drunken; many of whom their ſhame would undoubtedly reform, could they be brought to conceive, how much they did to be aſhamed of.

Nor is it improbable, that it is this very conſideration, how much drunkenneſs contributes to make a man the contempt of his wife—his children—his ſervants—of all his ſober beholders, which has been the cauſe, that it has never been the reigning vice among a people of any refinement of manners: No, *it* has only prevailed among the rude and ſavage, among thoſe of groſſer underſtandings, and leſs delicacy of ſentiment. Crimes, as there are in all *men*, there muſt be in all *nations*; but the more *civilized* have perceived drunkenneſs to be ſuch an offence againſt common decency, ſuch an abandoning one's ſelf to the ridicule and ſcoffs of the meaneſt, that, in whatever elſe they might tranſgreſs, they would not do it in this particular; but leave a vice of ſuch a nature to the wild and uncultivated—to the ſtupid and undiſtinguiſhing part of mankind—to thoſe, who had no notion of propriety of character, and decency of conduct. How late this vice became the reproach of our countrymen, we find in Mr. *Cambden*'s Annals. Under the year 1581, he has this obſervation—"The *Engliſh*, who hitherto had, of all the "northern nations, ſhewn themſelves the "leaſt addicted to immoderate drinking, "and been commended for their ſobriety, "firſt learned, in theſe wars in the *Ne*"*therlands*, to ſwallow a large quantity "of intoxicating liquor, and to deſtroy "their own health, by drinking that of "others."

Some trace of our antient regard to ſobriety, we may ſeem ſtill to retain, in our uſe of the term *ſot!* which carries with it as great reproach among us, as Οινοβαρης did among the *Greeks*.

There is a ſhort ſtory, in *Reresby*'s Memoirs, very proper to be mentioned under this head.

The Lord Chancellor *(Jeffries)* had now like to have died of a fit of the ſtone; which he virtually brought upon himſelf, by a furious debauch of wine, at Mr. Alderman *Duncomb*'s; where he, the Lord Treaſurer, and others, drank themſelves into that height of frenzy, that, among friends, it was whiſpered, they had ſtripped into their ſhirts; and that, had not an accident prevented them, they had got upon a ſign-poſt, to drink the King's health; which was the ſubject of much deriſion, to ſay no worſe. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 136. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. II.

A ſecond objection to drunkenneſs is that it hinders any confidence being repoſed in us, ſo far as our ſecrecy is concerned.

Who can truſt the man, that is not maſter of himſelf? Wine, as it leſſens our caution, ſo it prompts us to ſpeak our thoughts without reſerve: when it has ſufficiently inflamed us, all the ſuggeſtions of prudence paſs for the apprehenſions of cowardice; we are regardleſs of conſequences; our foreſight is gone, and our fear with it.

Here

Here then the artful perſon properly introducing the ſubject, urging us to enter upon it—and, after that, praiſing, or blaming, or contradicting, or queſtioning us, is ſoon able to draw from us whatever information he deſires to obtain.

Our diſcretion never outlaſts our ſobriety. Failings which it moſt concerns us to conceal, and which, when we are ourſelves, we do moſt induſtriouſly conceal, we uſually publiſh, when we have drank to exceſs. The man is then clearly ſeen, with all the ill nature and bad qualities, from which his behaviour, in his cooler hours, had induced his moſt intimate friends to believe him wholly free. We muſt be loſt to reflection, to thought, when we can thus far throw off our diguiſe. And what is it, but our thought and reflection, that can engage our ſecrecy in any inſtance—that can ever be a proper check upon our diſcourſe—that enables us to diſtinguiſh what we may ſpeak, and on what we ought to be ſilent? Do we ceaſe to be in a condition to hide the deformities in ourſelves, which we moſt wiſh to have concealed? On what point, then, is it likely that we ſhould be reſerved? Whoſe ſecrets can he keep, who ſo foully betrays his own?

It may, *thirdly*, be alledged againſt drunkenneſs, that it gives the crafty and knaviſh the moſt dangerous advantage over us.

This vice puts us into the very circumſtances, in which every one would wiſh us to be, who had a view to impoſe upon us, to over-reach us, or in any way to gain his ends of us. When the repeated draught has diſordered us, it is then, that only by complying with our humour, and joining, to appearance, in our madneſs, we may be deluded into meaſures the moſt prejudicial to us, into ſuch as are our own and our families utter undoing. It is then that our purſe is wholly at the mercy of our company; we ſpend—we give—we lend—we loſe. What unhappy marriages have been then concluded! What ruinous conveyances have been then made! How ſecure ſoever we may apprehend ourſelves from impoſitions of ſo very pernicious a nature; yet more or fewer we muſt have to fear from drunkenneſs, as the opportunities, which it gives, will conſtantly be watched by all, who have any deſign upon us: and if we are known frequently to diſorder ourſelves, all in our neighbourhood, or among our acquaintance, who are of any ſerioufneſs and decency, will be ſure to avoid us, and leave us wholly to thoſe, who find their account in aſſociating with us; who, while they can make us their property, will be, as often as we pleaſe, our companions.

A *fourth* argument againſt drunkenneſs is its bad effects upon our health. Every act of it is a *fever* for a time: and whence have we more reaſon to apprehend *one* of a longer continuance, and of the worſt conſequence? Our blood thus fired, none can be ſure, when the diſorder raiſed in it will be quieted, whether its inflammatory ſtate will admit of a remedy: in ſeveral thouſands it has been found incapable of any; and what has ſo frequently happened to *others*, may juſtly be conſidered as likely to befal *us*. By the ſame abſurd reliance on a good conſtitution, through which *they* were deceived, *we* may be ſo likewiſe.

But ſuppoſing the mere fever fit wearing off with the drunken one; how fatal would it prove to be then ſeized with a diſtemper of the infectious kind, that was at all malignant! This has often been the caſe; and when it has been ſo, the applications of the moſt ſkilful have been entirely vain.

Let our intemperance have nothing inſtantly to dread; for how ſhort a ſpace can it be in ſuch ſecurity? The young debauchee ſoon experiences the iſſue of his miſconduct—ſoon finds his food diſreliſhed, his ſtomach weakened, his ſtrength decayed, his body waſted. In the flower of his youth, he often feels all the infirmities of extreme old age; and when not yet in the middle of human life, is got to the end of his own.

If we have attained to manhood, to our full vigour, before we run into the exceſs, from which I am diſſuading; we may, indeed, poſſibly be many years in breaking a good conſtitution: but then, if a ſudden ſtroke dipatch us not; if we are not cut off without the leaſt leiſure given us to implore the mercy of Heaven; to how much uneaſineſs are we, generally, reſerved—what a variety of painful diſtempers threaten us! All of them there is very little probability we ſhould eſcape; and under which ſoever of them we may labour, we ſhall experience its cure hopeleſs, and its ſeverity the ſaddeſt leſſon, how dear the purchaſe was of our former mirth.

There are, I grant, inſtances, where a long-continued intemperance has not prevented the attainment of a very advanced age, free from diſorders of every kind. But then it is to be conſidered how rare there

theſe inſtances are; that it is not, perhaps, one in a thouſand, who eſcapes thus; that of thoſe, who do thus eſcape, the far greater part owe their preſervation to hard working, or to an exerciſe as fatiguing, as ſome of the more laborious employments. So that if either our frame be not of an uncommon firmneſs, or we do not labour for our bread, and will not for our health; we cannot be of their number, who have ſo much as a chance, that they will not ſhorten their days by their exceſs. And when we have this chance, we are to remember, how very little we can promiſe ourſelves from it. We are liable to all the diſeaſes, which, in the ordinary courſe of things, are connected with intemperance; and we are liable to all thoſe, from which even ſobriety exempts not; but in this latter caſe, we have, by no means, the ſame to hope with the ſober, who are eaſily recovered of what proves mortal to the intemperate.

Dean Bolton.

§ 137. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. III.

To conſider, *fifthly*, the unhappy effect of drunkenneſs upon our minds.

Every time we offend in it, we are firſt madmen, and then idiots: we firſt ſay, and do, a thouſand the moſt ridiculous and extravagant things, and then appear quite void of ſenſe. By annexing theſe conſtant inconveniences to drinking immoderately, it ſeems the deſign of a wiſe Providence to teach us, what we may fear from a habit of it—to give us a foretaſte of the miſeries, which it will at length bring upon us, not for a few hours alone, but for the whole remainder of our lives. What numbers have, by hard drinking, fallen into an incurable diſtraction! And who was ever for many years a ſot, without deſtroying the quickneſs of his apprehenſion, and the ſtrength of his memory? What mere drivellers have ſome of the beſt capacities become, after a long courſe of exceſs!

As we drink to raiſe our ſpirits, but, by thus raiſing, we weaken them; ſo whatever freſh vigour our parts may ſeem to receive from our wine, it is a vigour which waſtes them; which, by being often thus called out, deſtroys its ſource, our natural fancy and underſtanding. 'Tis like a man's ſpending upon his principal: he may, for a ſeaſon, make a figure much ſuperior to *his*, who ſupports himſelf upon the intereſt of his fortune; but is ſure to be undone, when the other is unhurt.

We meet with, as I have already obſerved, inſtances, where an extraordinary happineſs of conſtitution has prevented its entire ruin, even from a courſe of drunkenneſs of many years continuance: but I much queſtion, whether there are any inſtances, that ſuch a courſe has not been remarkably prejudicial to a good capacity. From all the obſervations, which we can make on the human frame, it may be fairly ſuppoſed, that there are no ſuch inſtances—that it is not reaſonable to think we can be, for many years inflaming our brains, without injuring them—be continually diſordering the moſt delicate parts of our machine, without impairing them. A lively imagination, a quick apprehenſion, a retentive memory, depend upon parts in our ſtructure, which are much more eaſily hurt, than ſuch, whoſe ſound ſtate is neceſſary for the preſervation of mere life: and therefore we perceive thoſe ſeveral faculties often entirely loſt, long before the body drops. The man is very frequently ſeen to ſurvive himſelf—to continue a living creature, after he has, for ſome years, ceaſed to be a rational one. And to this deplorable ſtate nothing is more likely to bring us, than a habit of drunkenneſs; as there is no vice, that more immediately affects thoſe organs, by the help of which we apprehend, reaſon, remember, and perform the like acts.

What, *ſixthly*, ought to raiſe in us the utmoſt abhorrence of drunkenneſs is, the conſideration of the many crimes, to which it diſpoſes us. He, through whoſe veins the inflaming potion has ſpread itſelf, muſt be under a greater temptation to lewdneſs, than you can think him in any other circumſtances: and from the little reaſoning, of which he is then capable, as to the difference of the two crimes, would heſitate no more at adultery than fornication.

Thus, alſo, for immoderate anger, contention, ſcurrility and abuſe, acts of violence, and the moſt injurious treatment of others; they are all offences, into which drunkenneſs is moſt apt to betray us; ſo apt to do it, that you will ſcarcely find a company drinking to exceſs, without many provoking ſpeeches and actions paſſing in it—without more or leſs ſtriſe, before it ſeparates. We even perceive the moſt gentle and peaceable, the moſt humane and civilized, when they are ſober, no ſooner intoxicated, than they put off all thoſe commendable qualities, and aſſume, as it were, a new nature—a nature as different from

from their former, as the moſt untractable and fierceſt of the brute kind are, from the moſt accompliſhed and amiable of our own.

To ſome vices drunkenneſs *diſpoſes* us; and,

Laſtly, lays us open to more, and certainly to the greateſt. It lays us, indeed, open to *moſt vices*—by the power, which it gives all ſorts of *temptations* over us; and by putting us into a *condition*, in which the *raſh* and *pernicious ſuggeſtions* of others have an eſpecial influence upon us—in which, a profligate companion is enabled to direct us almoſt as he pleaſes.

It gives all ſorts of *temptations* power over us, by diſqualifying us for conſideration; and by extinguiſhing in us all regard to the motives of prudence and caution.

It makes us ready to follow the *raſheſt counſels* of our companions; becauſe, not allowing us to reaſon upon them, and incapacitating us for the government of ourſelves, it, of courſe, leaves us to the guidance of thoſe, with whom we are moſt pleaſed—of thoſe, who give into our exceſſes.

It, certainly, lays us open to the *greateſt* crimes; becauſe, when we are thoroughly heated by the ſpirituous draught, we then like what is daring and extravagant—we are then turned to bold and deſperate undertakings; and that, which is moſt licentious, carries then with it the appearance of an attempt, ſuiting a courageous and undaunted mind. Hence rapes, murthers, acts of the utmoſt inhumanity and barbarity have been *their acts*; who, when ſober, would have deteſted themſelves, if ſuch crimes could have entered their *thoughts*.

It may, perhaps, be of uſe to obſerve here, what cenſure has been paſſed on drunkenneſs by thoſe, who had only the light of reaſon for their guide.

It was the ſaying of one of the wiſe Heathen, That a wiſe man would *drink* wine, but would be ſure never to be made *drunk* by it. Another of them condemns wine, as betraying even the prudent into imprudence. The advice of a third is, avoid drinking company; if you accidentally come into it, leave it before you ceaſe to be ſober; for, when that happens, the mind is like a *chariot*, whoſe driver is thrown off: as *it* is then ſure to be hurried away at random, ſo are *we*, when our reaſon is gone, ſure to be drawn into much guilt. We have one calling drunkenneſs the *ſtudy of madneſs*; another, a *voluntary madneſs*. He who was aſked, how a perſon might be brought to a diſlike of wine? anſwered, by beholding the indecencies of the drunken.*

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* I have, in the former tract, taken notice of the coarſe fare, which *Homer* provides for his heroes: it may not be amiſs to remark here, from *Athenæus*, what leſſons of ſobriety he furniſhes—what his care is, to diſſuade from drinking to exceſs. This, indeed, may appear deſerving to be more particularly inſiſted upon, ſince from the praiſes which he gives wine he was thought not to have been ſparing in the uſe of it.

The boaſt that *Æneas*, heated by liquor, had made of his willingneſs to fight with *Achilles*, was ready to engage him in a combat, which would have been fatal to him, but that—

> The King of Ocean to the fight deſcends,
> Thro' all the whiſtling darts his courſe he bends;
> Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies,
> And caſts thick darkneſs o'er *Achilles'* eyes.
>
> ILIAD, Book XX.

In the Third Book of the *Odyſſey*, the diſcord of the *Greeks*, at a Council called to deliberate about their return, the Poet aſcribes to their drunkenneſs.

> Sour with debauch a reeling tribe they came,
> . . . . . .
> With ireful taunts each other they oppoſe,
> Till in loud tumult all the *Greeks* aroſe,
> Now diff'rent counſels every breaſt divide,
> Each burns with rancour to the adverſe ſide.

In Book the Ninth of the ODYSS. *Polyphemus* is repreſented as having his ſight deſtroyed, when he was drunk, by a few of thoſe, whoſe joint force was not, with reſpect to his, that of a child.

> ——————He greedy graſp'd the heavy bowl,
> Thrice drained, and pour'd the deluge on his ſoul.
> . . . . . .
> ——————Then nodding with the fumes of wine
> Dropt his huge head, and ſnoring lay ſupine.
> . . . . . .
> Then forth the vengeful inſtrument I bring;

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The diſcountenance, which drunkenneſs received among the *Romans*, will be hereafter taken notice of.

Among the *Greeks*, by a law of *Solon*, if a chief magiſtrate made himſelf drunk, he was to be put to death. By a law of *Pittacus*, a double puniſhment was inflicted upon ſuch who, when drunk, had committed any other crime. They were thoſe, by whoſe laws he, who drank any greater quantity of wine than was really neceſſary for his health, ſuffered death.

Thus much as to their ſentiments on drinking to exceſs, who had only the light of Nature to ſhew them its guilt.

Dean Bolton.

§ 138. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. IV.

Let me in the next place, ſuggeſt ſuch cautions, as ought to be obſerved by him, whoſe deſire it is to avoid drunkenneſs.

Carefully ſhun the company that is addicted to it.

Do not ſit long among thoſe, who are in the progreſs towards exceſs.

If you have often loſt the command of yourſelf, when a certain quantity of liquor has been exceeded, you ſhould be ſure to keep yourſelf always much within that quantity.

Make not ſtrong liquor neceſſary to your refreſhment.

Never apply to it for eaſe, under cares and troubles of any kind.

Know always how to employ yourſelf uſefully, or innocently to amuſe yourſelf, that your time may never be a burden upon you.

In the firſt place, Do not aſſociate with thoſe who are addicted to drunkenneſs. This I lay down as a rule, from which it is ſcarce poſſible to depart, and keep our ſobriety. No man, not the ſteadieſt and wiſeſt of men, is proof againſt a bad example continually before him. By frequently *ſeeing* what is wrong, we, firſt, loſe our abhorrence of it, and, then, are eaſily prevailed with to do it. Where we like our company we are inſenſibly led into their manners. It is natural to think we ſhould endeavour to make ourſelves agreeable to

Urg'd by ſome preſent God, they ſwift let fall
The pointed torment on the viſual ball.

In Book the Tenth, The ſelf-denial of *Eurylochus* preſerved him from the vile tranſformation to which the intemperance of his companions ſubjected them.

Soon in the luſcious feaſt themſelves they loſt,
And drank oblivion of their native coaſt.
Inſtant her circling wand the Goddeſs waves,
To hogs tranſforms them, and the ſty receives.

In the ſame Book the tragical end of *Elpenor* is thus deſcribed:

——— ——— ——— A vulgar ſoul,
Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
He, hot and careleſs, on a turret's height
With ſleep repair'd the long debauch of night:
The ſudden tumult ſtirr'd him where he lay,
And down he haſten'd, but forgot his way;
Full headlong from the roof the ſleeper fell,
And ſnapp'd the ſpinal joint, and wak'd in Hell.

The drunkenneſs of *Eurytion*, one of the *Centaurs*, is fatal to him, and to the whole race. Od. B. XXI.

The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy ſtung,
Piritheus' roofs with frantic riot rung:
His noſe they ſhorten'd, and his ears they ſlit,
And ſent him ſober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curs'd,
Fatal to all, but to the aggreſſor firſt.

Antinous, who had reproached *Ulyſſes* as made inſolent by wine, dies himſelf with the intoxicating bowl in his hand. Od. Book XXII.

. . . . . .
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl,
Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death.
Full thro' his throat *Ulyſſes'* weapon paſt,
And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his laſt.

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the perſons with whom we much converſe; and you can never make yourſelf more agreeable to any, at leaſt as a companion, than when you countenance their conduct by imitating it. He who aſſociates with the intemperate, and yet refuſes to join in their exceſſes, will ſoon find, that he is looked upon as condemning their practice; and, therefore, that he has no way of continuing them his friends, but by going into the ſame irregularity, in which they allow themſelves. If his chearfulneſs, his facetiouſneſs, or wit, endear him to them, and render them unwilling to quit an intercourſe with one ſo qualified to amuſe them; all their arts will be tried to corrupt his ſobriety: where he lies moſt open to temptation will be carefully watched; and no method left unattempted, that can appear likely to make him regardleſs of his duty. But who can reckon himſelf ſafe, when ſo much pains will be uſed to enſnare him? Whoſe virtue is ſecure, amidſt the earneſt endeavours of his conſtant companions to undermine it?

Another caution which I have laid down is, Never ſit long among thoſe, who are in the progreſs towards exceſs. The expediency of this advice will be acknowledged, if we conſider how difficult it is to be long upon our guard—how apt we are to forget ourſelves, and then to be betrayed into the guilt, againſt which we had moſt firmly reſolved.

In the eagerneſs of our own diſcourſe, or in our attention to that of others, or in the pleaſure we receive from the good humour of our companions, or in the ſhare we take of their mirth, we may very naturally be ſuppoſed unobſerving, how much we have drank—how near we have got to the utmoſt *bounds* of ſobriety: theſe, under the circumſtances I have mentioned, may eaſily be paſſed by us, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of it—before we are under any apprehenſion of our danger.

As in diſputes, one unadviſed expreſſion brings on another, and after a few arguments both ſides grow warm, from warmth advance to anger, are by anger ſpurred on to abuſe, and thence, often, go to thoſe extremities, to which they would have thought themſelves incapable of proceeding: ſo is it when we ſit long, where what gives the moſt frequent occaſion to diſputes is before us—where the *intoxicating draught* is circulating; one invites us to more—our ſpirits riſe—our warineſs declines—from chearfulneſs we paſs to noiſy mirth—our mirth ſtops not long ſhort of folly—our folly hurries us to a madneſs, that we never could have imagined likely to have been our reproach.

If you have often loſt the command of yourſelf, where a certain quantity of liquor hath been exceeded; you ſhould be ſure never to approach that quantity—you ſhould confine yourſelf to what is much ſhort of it. Where we find that a reliance upon our warineſs, upon the ſteadineſs and firmneſs of our *general reſolutions*, has deceived us, we ſhould truſt *them* no more; we ſhould confide no more in *theſe precautions*, which have already proved an inſufficient check upon us. When I cannot reſiſt a temptation, I have nothing left for my ſecurity but to fly it. If I know that I am apt to yield, when I am tempted; the part I have then to act is, to take care that I may not be tempted. Thus only I ſhew myſelf in earneſt; hereby alone I evidence, that my duty is really my care.

We have experienced, that we cannot withdraw from the company we like, exactly at ſuch a point of time—we have experienced, that we ſometimes do not perceive when we have got to the utmoſt bounds of temperance—we have unhappily experienced, that when it has been known to us, how ſmall an addition of liquor would diſorder us, we then have ſo far loſt the power over ourſelves, as not to be able to refrain from what we thus fully knew would be prejudicial to us. In theſe circumſtances, no way remains of ſecuring our ſobriety, if we will reſort to any place where it is at all hazarded, but either having our ſtint at once before us, or confining ourſelves to that certain number of meaſured draughts, from whence we are ſure we can have nothing to fear. And he, who will not take this method—he who will reſt in a general intention of ſobriety, when he has ſeen how often that intention has been in vain, how often he has miſcarried, notwithſtanding it, can never be conſidered as truly concerned for his paſt failings, as having ſeriouſly reſolved not to repeat them. So far as I omit any due precaution againſt a crime, into which I know myſelf apt to be drawn, ſo far I may juſtly be regarded as indifferent towards it; and ſo far all my declarations, of being ſorry for and determined to leave it, muſt be conſidered as inſincere.

§ 139. *Cu*

§ 139. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. V.

Never make any quantity of ſtrong liquor *neceſſary* to your refreſhment. What occaſions this to be a fit caution is, That if the quantity we cannot be without is, in the beginning, a very moderate one, it will, probably, ſoon increaſe, and become, at length, ſo great as muſt give us the worſt to fear. The reaſon, why it is thus likely to be increaſed, is, that a ſmall draught, by the habitual uſe of it, will ceaſe to raiſe our ſpirits, and therefore, when the deſign of our drinking is in order to raiſe them, we ſhall at length ſeek to do it by a much larger quantity of liquor, than what was wanted for that purpoſe at firſt.

It ſeems to be, further, proper advice on this ſubject, That we ſhould never apply to ſtrong liquor for eaſe under cares or troubles of any kind. From fears, from diſappointments, and a variety of uneaſineſſes, none are exempt. The inconſiderate are impatient for a ſpeedy relief; which, as the ſpirituous draught affords, they are tempted to ſeek it from thence.

But how very imprudent they muſt be, who would by ſuch means quiet their minds, muſt evident. For, is any real ground of trouble removed, by not attending to it —by diverting our thoughts from it? In *many caſes*, the evil we would remedy by not thinking upon it is, by that very courſe, made much more diſtreſſing, than it otherwiſe would have been; nay, ſometimes, quite remedileſs. In *all caſes*, the leſs heated our brain is, and the greater calmneſs we preſerve, the fitter we are to help ourſelves; the fitter we are to encounter difficulties, to prevent our being involved in them; or, if that cannot be, to extricate ourſelves ſpeedily from them.

The eaſe, which liquor gives, is but that of a dream: when we awake, we are again ourſelves; we are in the ſame ſituation as before, or, perhaps, in a worſe. What then is to be the next ſtep? Soon as the ſtupifying effects of one draught are gone off, another muſt be taken; the ſure conſequence of which is, that ſuch a habit of drinking will be contracted, as we ſhall vainly endeavour to conquer, though the original inducement to it ſhould no longer ſubſiſt. To guard againſt this, as it is of the utmoſt importance to all of us, ſo the only certain way is, by ſtopping in the very firſt inſtance; by never ſeeking, either under care or pain, relief from what we drink, but from thoſe helps, which reaſon and religion furniſh; the only ones, indeed, to which we can wiſely reſort in any ſtraits; and which are often found capable of extricating us, when our condition ſeems the moſt deſperate.

A prudent man ſhould never deſert himſelf. Where his own efforts avail him not, the care of an over-ruling Providence may interpoſe, and deliver him. But to borrow ſupport againſt our troubles from liquor, is an entire deſertion of ourſelves; it is giving up our ſtate, as an undone one—it is abandoning our own diſcretion, and relinquiſhing all hopes of the DEITY's aſſiſtance.

Laſtly, Know always, how you may uſefully employ, or innocently amuſe yourſelf. When time is a burden upon us, when we are at a loſs how to paſs it, our chearfulneſs of courſe abates, our ſpirits flag, we are reſtleſs and uneaſy: here then we are in the fitteſt diſpoſition, and under the ſtrongeſt inducements, to reſort to what we know will enliven us, and make our hours glide away inſenſibly. Beſides, when we cannot tell what to do with ourſelves, it is natural we ſhould ſeek for thoſe, who are as idle as ourſelves; and when ſuch company meet, it is eaſy to ſee what will keep them together; that drinking muſt be their entertainment, ſince they are ſo ill qualified for any other.

Idleneſs has been not unfitly term'd, the parent of all vices; but none it more frequently produces than drunkenneſs; as no vice can make a greater waſte of our time, the chief thing about which the idle are ſolicitous. On the other hand, he who can profitably buſy, or innocently divert himſelf, has a ſure reſort in all humours—he has his ſpirits ſeldom depreſſed, or when they are ſo, he can, without any hazard, recruit them—he is ſo far from ſeeking a correſpondence with ſuch, as are always in a readineſs to engage in ſchemes of intemperance and riot, that he ſhuns them; his amuſements, quite different from theirs, occaſion him to be ſeldom with them, and ſecure him from being corrupted by them.

This we may lay down as a moſt certain truth, that our virtue is never ſafe, but when we have *proper diverſions*. Unbent we ſometimes muſt be; and when we know not how to be ſo in an innocent way, we ſoon ſhall be in a guilty. But if we can find full entertainment in what is free from all reproach, in what neither has any thing criminal in it, nor can lead us into what is criminal; then, indeed, and only then, can

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we be thought in little danger, and not likely to yield to the bad examples ſurrounding us.

§ 140. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. VI.

But let me conſider what the intemperate ſay in their excuſe.

That any ſhould frequently put themſelves into a condition, in which they are incapable of taking the leaſt care of themſelves—in which they are quite ſtupid and helpleſs—in which, whatever danger threatens them, they can contribute nothing towards its removal—in which they may be drawn into the moſt ſhocking crimes—in which all they hold dear is at the mercy of their companions: the exceſs, I ſay, which cauſes us to be in ſuch a ſituation, none ſeem diſpoſed to defend: but what leads to it, you find numbers thus vindicating, or excuſing.

They muſt converſe—They muſt have their hours of chearfulneſs and mirth—When they are diſordered, it happens before they are aware of it—A ſmall quanity of liquor has this unhappy effect upon them—If they will keep up their intereſt, it muſt be by complying with the intemperate humour of their neighbours—Their way of life, their buſineſs, obliges them to drink with ſuch numbers, that it is ſcarcely poſſible they ſhould not be ſometimes guilty of exceſs.

To all which it may be ſaid, that, bad as the world is, we may every where, if we ſeek after them, find thoſe, whoſe company will rather confirm us in our ſobriety, than endanger it. Whatever our rank, ſtation, profeſſion or employment may be, ſuitable companions for us there are; with whom we may be perfectly ſafe, and free from every temptation to exceſs. If theſe are not in all reſpects to our minds, we muſt bear with *them*, as we do with *our condition* in this world; which every prudent perſon makes the beſt of; ſince, let what will be the change in it, ſtill it will be liable to ſome objection, and never entirely as he would wiſh it. In both caſes we are to conſider, not how we ſhall rid ourſelves of all inconveniences, but where are likely to be the feweſt: and we ſhould judge *that ſet of acquaintance*, as well as *that ſtate of life*, the moſt eligible, in which we have the leaſt to fear, from which our eaſe and innocence are likely to meet with the feweſt interruptions.

But mirth, you ſay, *muſt ſometimes be conſulted.* Let it be ſo. I would no more diſſuade you from it than I would from ſerioufneſs. Each ſhould have its ſeaſon, and its meaſure: and as it would be thought by all very proper advice, with reſpect to ſeriouſneſs, "Let it not proceed to melancholy, to "moroſeneſs, or to cenſoriouſneſs;" it is equally fit advice, with regard to mirth, "Let wiſdom accompany it: Let it not "tranſport you to riot or intemperance: Do "not think you can be called merry, when "you are ceaſing to be reaſonable."

Good humour, chearfulneſs, facetiouſneſs, which are the proper ingredients of mirth, do not want to be called out by the repeated draught: it will rather damp them, from the apprehenſion of the diſorder it may ſoon produce. Whenever we depart from, or endanger, our innocence, we are laying a foundation for uneaſineſs and grief; nor can we, in ſuch circumſtances, be *merry*, if we are not void of all *thought* and *reflection*: and this is, undoubtedly, the moſt *melancholy* ſituation, in which we can be conceived, except when we are undergoing the puniſhment of our folly. The joy, the elevation of ſpirits proper to be ſought after by us, is that alone, which can never be a ſubject of remorſe, or which never will embitter more of our hours than it relieves. And when this may be obtained in ſuch a variety of ways, we muſt be loſt to all common prudence, if we will apply to none of them; if we can only find *mirth* in a departure from *ſobriety*.

You are, it ſeems, *overtaken, before you are aware of it.* This may be an allowable excuſe for three or four times, in a man's life; oftener, I think, it cannot be. What you are ſenſible may eaſily happen, and muſt be extremely prejudicial to you, when it does happen, you ſhould be *always aware of*. No one's virtue is any farther in praiſe, than from the care he takes to preſerve it. If he is at no trouble and pain on that account, his innocence has nothing in it, than can entitle him to a reward. If you are truly concerned for a fault, you will neceſſarily keep out of the way of repeating it; and the more frequent your repetitions of it have been, ſo much the greater caution you will uſe for the future.

Many are hear excuſing their drunkenneſs by the ſmall quantity which occaſions it. A more trifling excuſe for it could not be made. For if you know how *ſmall a quantity* of liquor will have that unhappy effect, you ſhould forbear *that quantity*. It is much

much your duty to do ſo, as it is his duty to forbear a greater quantity, who ſuffers the ſame from it, which you do from a leſſer. When you know that it is a crime to be drunk, and know likewiſe what will make you ſo; the more or leſs, which will do that, is nothing to the purpoſe—alters not your guilt. If you will not refrain from two or three draughts, when you are ſure that drunkenneſs will be the conſequence of them; it cannot be thought, that any more regard to ſobriety keeps you from drinking the largeſt quantity whatſoever. Had ſuch a regard an influence upon you, it would have an equal one; it would keep you from every ſtep, by which your ſobriety could ſuffer.

As to ſupporting an intereſt, promoting a trade, advantageouſly bargaining for ourſelves, by drinking more than is convenient for us; they are, for the moſt part, only the poor evaſions of the inſincere, of thoſe who are willing to lay the blame of their miſconduct on any thing, rather than on what alone deſerves it—rather than on their bad inclinations.

Civility and courteſy, kind offices, acts of charity and liberality will both raiſe us more friends, and keep thoſe we have ſtill to us, than any quantities of liquor, which we can either diſtribute or drink: and as for mens trade or their bargains, let them always act fairly—let them, whether they buy or ſell, ſhew that they abhor all tricking and impoſition—all little and mean artifices: and I'll ſtake my life, they ſhall never have reaſon to object, that, if they will *always* preſerve their *ſobriety*, they muſt leſſen their *gains*.

But were it true, that, if we will reſolve never to hazard intoxicating ourſelves, we muſt loſe our friends, and forego our preſent advantage; they are inconveniencies, which, in ſuch a caſe, we ſhould chearfully ſubmit to. Some pains muſt be taken, ſome difficulties muſt be here encountered; if we will have any reaſonable ground to expect happineſs in a future ſtate. Of this even common ſenſe muſt ſatisfy us.

Credulous as we are, I think it impoſſible, that any man in his wits would believe me, if I were to tell him, that he might miſs no opportunity of bettering his fortune—that he might remove any evil he had to fear, by whatſoever method he thought proper—that he might throughout follow his inclinations, and gratify his appetites; and yet reſt aſſured, that his death would be but the paſſage to great and endleſs joys. I know not, to whom ſuch an aſſertion would not appear extremely abſurd: notwithſtanding which, we, certainly, do not act, as if there were any abſurdity in it, when we make what is evidently our duty give way to our convenience; and rather conſider, how profitable this or that practice is than how right. That, therefore, ſobriety, added to other parts of a virtuous conduct, may entitle us to the ſo much hoped for reward, we muſt be ſober, under all ſorts of diſcouragements. It rarely, indeed, happens, that we meet with *any*; but to reſiſt the *greateſt* muſt be our reſolution, if we will recommend ourſelves to the Governor of the univerſe—if we will hope for his favour. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 141. *On Intemperance in Drinking.*

SECT. VII.

Thus much with regard to drunkenneſs, ſo far as it is committed by intoxicating ourſelves—by drinking, 'till our reaſon is gone: but as there is yet another way, in which we may offend in it, *viz.* by drinking more than is proper for our refreſhment; I muſt on this likewiſe beſtow a few obſervations.

When we drink more than ſuffices to recruit our ſpirits, our paſſions are heightened, and we ceaſe to be under the influence of that calm temper, which is our only ſafe counſellor. The next advance beyond refreſhment is to that mirth, which both draws many unguarded ſpeeches from us, and carries us to many indiſcreet actions—which waſtes our time, not barely while we are in the act of drinking, but as it unſettles our heads, and indiſpoſes us to attention to buſineſs,—to a cloſe application in any way. Soon as our ſpirits are raiſed beyond their juſt pitch, we are for ſchemes of diverſion and pleaſure; we are unfit for ſerious affairs, and therefore cannot entertain a thought of being employed in them.

Beſides, as according to the riſe of our ſpirits, their fall will, afterward, be; it is moſt probable, that when we find them thus ſunk, we ſhall again reſort to what we have experienced the remedy of ſuch a complaint; and thereby be betrayed, if not into the exceſſes, which deprive us of our reaſon, yet into ſuch a habit of drinking, as occaſions the loſs of many precious hours—impairs our health—is a great miſapplication of our fortune, and a moſt ruinous

example to our obſervers. But, indeed, whence is it to be feared, that we ſhall become downright ſots—that we ſhall contract a habit of drinking to the moſt diſguiſing exceſs; whence, I ſay, is this to be feared, if not from accuſtoming ourſelves to the frequent draughts, which neither our thirſt—nor fatigue—nor conſtitution requires: by frequently uſing them, our inclination to them is ſtrengthened; till at length we cannot prevail upon ourſelves to leave our cup, while we are in a condition to lift it.

Theſe are objections, in which all are concerned, whoſe refreſhment, from what they drink, is not their rule in it; but to men of moderate fortunes, or who are to make their fortunes, other arguments are to be uſed: theſe perſons are to conſider, that even the leſſer degree of intemperance, now cenſured, is generally their utter undoing, thro' that neglect of their affairs, which is its neceſſary conſequence. When we mind not our own buſineſs, who can we think likely to mind it for us? Very few, certainly, will be met with, *diſpoſed* and *able* to do it; and not to be both, is much the ſame, as to be neither. While we are paſſing our time with our chearful companions, we are not only loſing the advantages, which care and induſtry, either in inſpecting our affairs, or purſuing our employment, would have afforded us; but we are actually conſuming our fortune—we are habituating ourſelves to a moſt expenſive idleneſs—we are contracting a diſinclination to *fatigue* and *confinement*, even when we moſt become ſenſible of their neceſſity, when our affairs muſt run into the utmoſt confuſion without them. And we, in fact, perceive that, as ſoon as the ſcholar, or trader, or artificer, or whoever it is, that has the whole of his maintenance to gain, or has not much to ſpend, addicts himſelf only to this lower degree of intemperance — accuſtoms himſelf to ſit long at his wine, and to exceed that quantity of it which his relief demands, he becomes worthleſs in a double ſenſe, as deſerving nothing, and, if a care greater than his own ſave him not, as having nothing.

Add to all this, that the very ſame diſeaſes, which may be apprehended from often intoxicating ourſelves, are the uſual attendants not only *of frequently drinking* to the full of what we can conveniently bear, but even of doing it in a large quantity. The only difference is, that ſuch diſeaſes come more ſpeedily on us from the former, than the latter cauſe; and, perhaps, deſtroy us ſooner. But how deſirable it is to be long ſtruggling with any of the diſtempers, which our exceſſes occaſion, they can beſt determine who labour under them.

The inconveniencies which attend our more freely uſing the leaſt hurtful of any ſpirituous liquors have ſo evidently appeared—have ſhewn themſelves to many and ſo great, as even to call for a remedy from the law itſelf; which, therefore, puniſhes both thoſe, who loiter away their time at their cups, and thoſe, who cauſe it to be done in their houſes.

A great part of the world, a much greater than all the parts added together, in which the Chriſtian religion is profeſſed, are forbidden all manner of *liquors*, which can cauſe *drunkenneſs*; they are not allowed *the uſe of a quantity of them*; and it would be an offence which would receive the moſt rigorous chaſtiſement, if they were *known* to uſe any: their lawgiver has, in this particular, been thought to have acted according to the rules of good policy; and the governors of thoſe countries, in which this law is in force, have, from its firſt reception amongſt them, found it of ſuch benefit, as to allow no relaxation of it. I do not mention ſuch a practice as a rule for us: difference of climates may require quite different ways of living neceſſary. I only mention it as a leſſon to us, that, if a great a part of mankind ſubmit to a total abſtinence from *wine and ſtrong drink*, we ſhould uſe them ſparingly, with caution and moderation; which is, certainly, needful to *our* welfare, whatever may be the effect of entirely forbearing them on theirs.

In the moſt admired of all the wiſe governments, a ſtrict ſobriety was required of their women, under the very ſevereſt penalties: the puniſhment of a departure from it was nothing leſs than capital: and the cuſtom of ſaluting women, we are told, was introduced in order to diſcover whether any ſpirituous liquor had been drank by them.

In this commonwealth the men were prohibited to drink wine 'till they had attained thirty years.

The whole body of ſoldiery, among this people, had no other draught to enable them to bear the greateſt fatigue—to raiſe their courage, and animate them to encounter the moſt terrifying difficulties and dangers, but water ſharpened with vinegar. And what was the conſequence of ſuch ſtrict ſobriety obſerved by both ſexes? What was the conſequence of being born of parents exactly temperate, and of being trained up in a habit of the utmoſt abſtemiouſneſs—

What

What, I ſay, followed upon this, but the attainment of ſuch a firmneſs of body and mind—of ſuch an indifference to all the emaſculating pleaſures—of ſuch vigour and fearleſſneſs, that the people, thus born and educated, ſoon made all oppoſition fall before them, experienced no enemy a match for them—were conquerors, wherever they carried their arms.

By theſe *remarks* on the temperance of the antient *Romans*, I am not for recalling cuſtoms ſo quite the reverſe of thoſe, in which we were brought up; but ſome change in our manners I could heartily wiſh they might effect: and if not induce us to the ſame ſobriety, which was practiſed by theſe heathens, yet to a much greater than is practiſed by the generality of Chriſtians. *Dean Bolton.*

§ 142. *On Pleaſure.*

SECT. I.

To the Honourable ———

While you are conſtantly engaged in the purſuit of knowledge, or in making what you have acquired of uſe to your fellow-creatures—while information is *your* amuſement, and to become wiſer is as much your aim, in all the company you keep, as in all the books you read; may I not juſtly think it matter of aſtoniſhment to you, that ſuch numbers of your ſpecies ſhould be quite unmindful of all rational improvement—ſolely intent on ſchemes of mirth and diverſion—paſſing their lives in a round of ſporting and trifling.

If every age has its madneſs, and one is diſtinguiſhed by its warlike humour, a ſecond by its enthuſiaſm, a third by its party and political rage; the diſtraction of the preſent may truly be pronounced, its turn to pleaſure, ſo ſadly poſſeſſing thoſe of each ſex and of all ages—thoſe of every profeſſion and employment—the ſeveral ranks and orders of men; that they, who are ſtrangers to the ſudden changes in human diſpoſitions, are apt to think, that all ſeriouſneſs and application—all the valuable attainments, which are the reward only of our pains, muſt, inevitably, be ſoon loſt among us.

I am not out of hopes, that what thus threatens, in the opinion of ſome, our ſpeedy ruin, and has its very great miſchief denied by none, who give it the leaſt attention, will one day receive as remarkable an oppoſition from your *pen*, as it now does a diſcouragement from your *example*.

Let, in the mean time, a ſincere well-wiſher to his countrymen interpoſe his mean endeavours to ſerve them—offer to their conſideration ſome, perhaps not wholly contemptible, arguments againſt the purſuit, to which they are ſo blameably attached—ſhew them pleaſure in that true light in which they are unwilling to ſee it—teach them, not that it ſhould be always declined, but that they ſhould never be enſlaved to it—repreſent the dangers, to which it expoſes them, yet point out how far it may be enjoyed with innocence and ſafety.

Every man ſeems to be ſo far free, as he can diſpoſe of himſelf—as he can maintain a due ſubordination in the parts of his frame, uſe the deliberation proper to acquaint him with what is moſt for his advantage, and, according to the reſult thereof, proceed to action. I conſider each hindrance to the knowledge of our true happineſs, or to its purſuit, as, according to its degree, an abridgment of our liberty; and, I think that he may be truly ſtiled a ſlave to pleaſure, who follows it, whereſoever directed to it by appetite, paſſion, or fancy. When we liſten to their ſuggeſtions in the choice of good, we allow them an authority, that our Creator never intended they ſhould have; and when their directions in that choice are actually complied with, a lawleſs ſway enſues—the uſe of our nobler faculties becomes obſtructed—our ability to deliberate, as we ought, on our conduct, gradually fails, and to alter it, at length wholly ceaſes.

Our ſenſual and rational parts are almoſt in continual oppoſition: we add to the power of the former, by a thoughtleſs, idle, voluptuous life; and to that of the latter by reflection, induſtry, continence.

As you cannot give way to appetite, but you increaſe its reſtleſſneſs, you multiply its demands, and become leſs able to reſiſt them; ſo the very ſame holds true of every principle that oppoſes reaſon; if capable to influence you in one inſtance, it will more eaſily do it in a ſecond, gaining ground, 'till its dominion over you becomes abſolute.

When the queſtion concerns our angry paſſions, all are ready to acknowledge the danger of not reſtraining them, the terrible ſubjection to which ſuch remiſſneſs expoſes us. Theſe falling more under the general notice, from the apparency of the diſorder, and extent of the miſchief which they occaſion, a better judgment is ordinarily made of them, than of affections leſs tumultuous, leſs dangerous to our aſſoci-

ates; but there can be no reason imaginable why anger, if left carefully watched and refifted, fhould exercife, at length, the moft unhappy tyranny over us, which will not hold as to any paffion or luft whatfoever. And as with refpect to violent refentment, we are ready to gratify it, whatever it coft us; fo let what will be the paffion or luft that governs us, no prudential confiderations are a counterpoife for it.

With regard to pleafure, the fallacy of our reafoning upon it lies here; we always look upon the enjoyment of it as a fingle act, as a compliance with our liking in this or that inftance; the repetition of that indulgence is not feen under a dependence on any former, or under the leaft connection with any future. That fuch a purfuit fhould engage us feems to be wholly from our choice; and this choice is thought to be as free, at the fecond time of our making it as at the firft, and at the twentieth, as at the fecond. Inclination is never beheld as poffible to become conftraint—in, I mean, never regarded as capable of being indulged, 'till it cannot be refifted. No man ever took the road of pleafure, but he apprehended that he could eafily leave it had he confidered his whole life likely to be paffed in its windings, the preference of the ways of virtue would have been indifputable.

But as fenfual purfuits could not engage fo many, if fomething very delightful were not expected in them; it will be proper to fhew, how unlikely they are to anfwer fuch an expectation—what there is to difcourage us from attaching ourfelves to them.

Conider fenfual pleafure under the higheft poffible advantages, it will yet be found liable to thefe objections.

Firft, That its *enjoyment* is fleeting, expires foon, extends not beyond a few moments: Our fpirits ink inftantly under it, if in a higher degree: nor are they long without being depreffed, when it lefs powerfully affects them. A review here affords me no comfort: I have here nothing delightful to expect from Reflection. The gratifications, in which I have allowed myfelf, have made me neither wifer nor better. The fruit was relifhed while upon my tongue, but when paffed thence I fcarcely retain the idea of its flavour.

How tranfitory our pleafures are, we cannot but acknowledge, when we conider, how many we, in different parts of our lives, eagerly purfue, and then wholly neglect.

That, which is the high entertainment of our infancy, doth not afford us the leaft, when this ftate is paffed; what delights us much in our youth, is quite infipid to us, as we approach manhood; and our engagements at this period give way to fome others, as we advance in age.

Nor do our pleafures thus pafs only with our years, but, really, thofe which fuit fo one time of life, and on the purfuit of which we are moft intent, muft be interrupted in order to be enjoyed.

We can no more long bear pleafure, than we can long endure fatigue; or, rather, what we call pleafure, after fome continuance, becomes fatigue.

We want relief in our diverfions, as well as in our moft ferious employments.

When *Socrates* had obferved, "of how "unaccountable a nature that thing is "which men call Pleafure, fince, though "it may appear to be contrary to Pain, as "never being with it in the fame perfon, "yet they fo clofely follow each other, "that they may feem linked, as it were, "together." He then adds—"If *Æfop* "had attended to this, he would, I think, "have given us a fable, in which the Deity, "willing to reconcile thefe two enemies, but yet unable to do it, and, never "the lefs, fo connected them as that "other fhall be fure to forecome it."

From the excefs of joy, how ufual is the tranfition to that of dejection! Laughter, as well as grief, calls for tears to relieve it under it; and it may be even more dangerous to my life to be tranfported exceffively delighted, than to be feverely afflicted.

Our pleafures then foon pafs; and, *fecondly*, their repetition certainly cloys.

As the raptures of paffion and agreeablenefs of place wear off by a very fhort continuance in either; it is the fame with our fenfual gratifications which we can purfue, and with every enjoyment of that kind in which we can apply. What is delicious to our palate, that we fhould relifh it, if it were our conftant food? What fake has nature furnifhed, that, after being a frequent, continues to be a pleafing, draught? Sounds, how artfully foever blended or fucceffive, fire at length the ear; and colours at firft the moft grateful, foon either ceafe to recreate us, or become offenfive to us. The fineft profpect gives no entertainment to the eye that has been long accuftomed to it. The pile, that ftrikes with admiration each rural beholder, affords its owner, inhabitant

inhabitant no comfort, but what the peaſant has in his cottage.

That love of variety and change, to which none of our kind are ſtrangers, might be a leſſon to us, where our expectations are ill grounded, where they muſt neceſſarily be diſappointed; for if no man ever yet lived, who could ſay of any of the pleaſures of ſenſe—On this I repoſe myſelf—it quite anſwers my hopes from it—my wiſhes go not beyond it: if none could ever affirm this, it is moſt evident, that we in vain ſearch after permanent delight from any of the objects, with which we are now converſant—that the only difference between the ſatisfactions we purſue, and thoſe we quit, is, that we are already tired of the one, and ſhall ſoon be of the other.

Hear the language of him, who had tried the extent of every ſenſual pleaſure, and muſt have found the uncloying, had any ſuch exiſted: "I ſaid in my heart, Go to "now, I will prove thee with mirth. I "gave myſelf to wine, I made me great "works, I builded me houſes, I planted "me vineyards, I made me gardens, I "planted trees in them of all kinds of "fruit. I made me pools of water, I "amaſſed gold and ſilver, I had poſſeſſions, "above all that were in *Jeruſalem* before "me. I tried what love, what muſic, "what all the delights of the ſons of men "could effect: whatſoever mine eyes de-"ſired I kept not from them, I with-held "not my heart from any joy. Then I "looked on all my works, on all my pur-"ſuits, and behold! all was vanity and "vexation of ſpirit."

Tully mentions *Xerxes* as having propoſed a reward to the man, who could make known to him ſome new pleaſure. The monarch of the Eaſt, it ſeems, met with nothing within the bounds of his mighty empire that could fix his inclinations. The moſt voluptuous people on earth had diſcovered no delight, that their ſovereign could acknowledge otherwiſe than ſuperficial. Happy! had it been a leſſon to their prince, or could it be one to us, where our good ſhould be ſought—what purſuits were likely to bring us bleſſings certain to improve, as well as endure.

§ 143. *On Pleaſure.*

SECT. II.

A *third* diſadvantage enſuing to us from our attachment to the delights, which appetite and fancy purvey, is, that it indiſpoſes us for uſeful inquiries, for every endeavour worthy of our nature, and ſuiting the relations in which we are placed.

The diſappointment, which the *Perſian* Emperor met with in all his ſchemes of the voluptuous kind, did not put him on applying to thoſe of a different one. Experience ſhewed him his folly, but could not teach him wiſdom—It could not, when it had convinced him of the vanity of his purſuits, induce him to relinquiſh them.

We find a *Solomon*, indeed, diſcovering his error, acknowledging that he had erred, and bearing teſtimony to religion and virtue as alone productive of true happineſs; but where are we to look for another among the votaries to ſenſuality, thus affected, thus changed?

As ſome have obſerved of *courts*, that ſuch, who live in them, are always uneaſy there, yet always unwilling to retreat; the very ſame holds true of the licentious practice, which they too generally countenance: fully convinced of its vanity and folly, we continue to our laſt moments attached to it—averſe from altering the conduct, which we cannot but diſapprove. Our faculties are, indeed, ſo conſtituted, that our capacity for many enjoyments extends not beyond ſuch a period in our being: if we will not quit them, they will us—will depart, whatever our eagerneſs may be for their continuance. But let us not deceive ourſelves: when they are gone as to their ſenſe, they are not as to their power. He who ſays to his youth, eat, drink, and be merry—who thinks of nothing elſe at that ſeaſon, will hanker after delicacies, when he has neither teeth to chew, nor palate to diſtinguiſh them; will want the cup, which he cannot lift; and ſeek for mirth, when he will thereby become the object of it. The habit operates, when none of the inducements for our contracting it remain; and when the days of pleaſure are paſt, thoſe of wiſdom and virtue are not the nearer. Our diſpoſitions do not decay with our ſtrength. The prudence, which ſhould attend grey hairs, doth not neceſſarily come to us with them. The young rake is a laſcivious obſcene wretch, when he owes his warmth to his flannel; delights in the filthy tale, when his hearers are almoſt poiſoned by the breath, with which he utters it; and when leaſt able to offend in act, he does it in deſire.

That the humour for fighting or racing, or whatever inclination governed us in this world, accompanies us to the other, is not an entire fiction of the poet, but, aſſuredly,

has thus much truth in it, that whatever humour we indulge, it accompanies us to the cloſe of life. There is a time, when our manners are pliant, when the counſels of the ſober operate upon us as ſucceſsfully, as the inſinuations of the corrupt; but when that time is paſſed, our cuſtoms are, daily, working themſelves into our *conſtitution*, and want not many years to become ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from it. God, I am perſuaded, has formed us all with ſuch apprehenſions of what is right, as, if a proper care were taken to preſerve and improve them, would have the happieſt influence upon our practice; but when the ſeaſon for extending this care to them has been neglected, they are in moſt of us greatly impaired, and in ſome appear almoſt wholly loſt.

Let the *underſtanding* remain uninformed, 'till half the age of man is paſt, and what *improvement* is the beſt then likely to make? how irkſome would it ſeem to be put upon any? It is with our will the very ſame; turned for half or three parts of our life to ſloth and wantonneſs, to riot and exceſs, any correction of it, any alteration to the purſuits becoming us, may ſeem quite hopeleſs. While we are devoting ourſelves to pleaſure, we are weakening every principle whereby virtue can engage us, we are extinguiſhing within us all ſenſe of true deſert—ſubduing conſcience—diveſting ourſelves of ſhame—corrupting our natural notions of good and evil; and ſo indiſpoſing ourſelves for conſideration, that our conſtant endeavour will be to decline it. Thus when our *follies* are a *burden* to us, their correction ſeems a greater; and we try what eaſe may be found by varying, rather than ſeek any from quitting them.

Fourthly. The larger our ſhare is of outward enjoyments, and the dearer they are to us; ſo much the more afflicting our concern will be to *leave* this *ſcene* of them—ſo much the greater terror and torment ſhall we receive from the apprehenſion, how ſoon we may be obliged to do it.

Let the man of pleaſure colour it the moſt agreeably, place it in the faireſt point of view, this objection will remain in its full ſtrength againſt him: "You are not maſter "of the continuance of the good, of which "you boaſt; and can you avoid thinking "of its removal, or bear the thoughts "thereof, with any calmneſs and compo-"ſure?" But what kind of happineſs is that, which we are in hourly fears of loſing, and which, when loſt, is gone for ever?

If I am here only for a few days, the part I ought to act is, certainly, that of a traveller on his journey, making uſe, indeed, of ſuch conveniencies, as the road affords him, but ſtill regarding himſelf as upon his road—never ſo incumbring himſelf that he ſhall be unwilling to advance, when he knows he muſt do it—never ſo diverting himſelf at any reſting place, that it ſhall be painful to him to depart thence.

When we are accuſtomed to derive all our comforts from ſenſe, we come to want the very idea of any other: this momentary part of our exiſtence is the full extent we give to our joys; and we have the mortifying reflection continually before us, that their concluſion is nearer every hour we are here, and may poſſibly take place the very next. Thus each acceſſion of delight will really be but a new ſource of affliction, become an additional motive for complaint of the ſhort ſpace allowed for its enjoyment.

The mind of man is ſo diſpoſed to look forward, ſo fitted to extend its views, that, as much as it is contracted by ſenſuality, it cannot be fixed thereby to the inſtant moment: We can never, like the beaſts, be ſo far engroſſed by the ſatisfaction before us, but the thoughts will occur, how often may we hope to repeat it—how many diſtant hours it is likely to relieve—how much of our duration can it advantage? and the ſcanty continuance which our moſt ſanguine hopes can aſſign it, muſt, therefore, be in ſome degree its abatement—muſt be an ingredient in our draught ſure to embitter the many pleaſing ones which compound it. And what a wiſe part are we then acting, when we are taking the brutes portion for ours, and cannot have all the benefits even of that! cannot remove the inconveniences of reaſon, when we forego its comforts!

Theſe are ſome of the many diſadvantages inſeparable from pleaſure, and from the expectation of which none of its votaries are exempt. We cannot attach ourſelves to any of the delights, which appetite or fancy provides, but we ſhall be ſure to find them quickly paſſing—when repeated, cloying—indiſpoſing us for worthy purſuits—rendering us averſe from quitting the world, and uneaſy as often as it occurs to our thoughts, how ſoon our ſummons may be to depart.

§ 144. *On Pleaſure.*

SECT. III.

But what, you'll ſay, muſt all then commence philoſophers? Muſt every gay amuſement be baniſhed the world? Muſt thoſe of each ſex and of all ages have their looks ever in form, and their manners under the regulation of the ſevereſt wiſdom? Has nature given us propenſities only to be reſiſted? Have we ears to diſtinguiſh harmony, and are we never to delight them with it? Is the food which our palate beſt reliſhes, to be therefore denied it? Can odours recreate our brain, beauty pleaſe our eye, and the deſign of their ſtructure be, that we ſhould exclude all agreeable ſenſation from either? Are not natural inclinations nature's commands? are they not its declarations whence we may obtain our good, and its injunctions to ſeek it thence? Is any thing more evident, than that ſerious applications cannot long be ſuſtained—that we muſt ſink under their weight—that they ſoon ſtupify or diſtract us? The exerciſe of our intellectual part is the fatigue of our corporeal, and cannot be carried on, but by allowing us intervals of relaxation and mirth. Deny us pleaſure, and you unfit us for buſineſs; and deſtroy the man, while you thus ſeek to perfect him.

A full anſwer might, I ſhould think, be given to whatever is here alledged, by enlarging on the following obſervations.

1. Pleaſure is only ſo far cenſured, as it coſts us more than it is worth—as it brings on a degree of uneaſineſs, for which it doth not compenſate.

2. It is granted, that we are licenſed to take all that pleaſure, which there is no reaſon for our declining. So much *true pleaſure*, or ſo much pleaſure, as is not counterbalanced by any inconveniencies attending it, is ſo much happineſs accruing to him who takes it, and a part of that general good, which our Creator deſigned us.

3. As the inclinations, with which mankind were originally formed, were, certainly, very different from thoſe, which guilt has ſince propagated; *many reſtraints* muſt, therefore, be neceſſary, which would not have been ſo, had our primitive rectitude been preſerved.

4. Bad education, bad example, increaſe greatly our natural depravity, before we come to reaſon at all upon it; and give the appearance of good to many things, which would be ſeen in a quite different light, under a different education and intercourſe.

Theſe particulars let it ſuffice barely to mention; ſince, it is here admitted, that when there is no reaſon for our declining any pleaſure, there is one for our taking it, I am more eſpecially concerned to ſhew, when there is a reaſon, why pleaſure ſhould be declined—what thoſe limits are, which ought to be preſcribed to our pleaſures, and which when any, in themſelves the moſt innocent, paſs, they neceſſarily become immoral and culpable. A minute diſcuſſion of this point is not here propoſed: ſuch obſervations only will be made upon it, as appear to be of more general uſe, and of greateſt importance.

What I would, firſt, conſider as rendering any pleaſure blameable is,

When it raiſes our Paſſions.

As our greateſt danger is from them, their regulation claims our conſtant attention and care. *Human laws* conſider them in their effects, but the *divine law* in their aim and intention. To render me obnoxious to men, it is neceſſary that my impure luſt be gratified, or an attempt be made to gratify it; that my anger operate by violence, my covetouſneſs by knavery: but my duty is violated, when my heart is impure, when my rage extends not beyond my looks and my wiſhes, when I invade my neighbour's property but in deſire. The man is guilty the moment his affections become ſo, the inſtant that any diſhoneſt thought finds him approving and indulging it.

The enquiry, therefore, what is a fit amuſement, ſhould always be preceded by the conſideration of what is our diſpoſition. For, it is not greater madneſs to ſuppoſe, that equal quantities of food or liquor may be taken by all with equal temperance, than to aſſert, that the ſame pleaſure may be uſed by all with the ſame innocence. As, in the former caſe, what barely ſatisfies the ſtomach of one, would be a load inſupportable to that of another; and the draught, that intoxicates me, may ſcarcely refreſh my companion: ſo in the latter, an amuſement perfectly warrantable to this ſort of conſtitution, will to a different become the moſt criminal. What liberties are allowable to the calm, that muſt not be thought of by the choleric! How ſecurely may the cold and phlegmatic roam, where he, who has greater warmth and ſenſibility, ſhould not approach! What ſafety attends the contemner of gain, where the moſt fatal

ſnares await the avaritious! Some leſs *governable paſſion* is to be found in them, whoſe reſolution is ſteadieſt, and virtue firmeſt: upon *that* a conſtant guard muſt be kept; by any relaxation, any indulgence, it may be able to gain that ſtrength, which we ſhall afterwards fruitleſsly oppoſe. When all is quiet and compoſed within us, the diſcharge of our duty puts us to little trouble; the performance thereof is not the heavy taſk, that ſo many are willing to repreſent it: but to reſtore order and peace is a work very different from preſerving them, and is often with the utmoſt difficulty effected. It is with the natural body, as with the politic; rebellion in the members is much eaſier prevented than quelled; confuſion once entered, none can foreſee to what lengths it may proceed, or of how wide a ruin it may be productive.

What, likewiſe, renders any pleaſure culpable, is its making a large, or an unſeaſonable, demand upon our time.

No one is to live to himſelf, and much leſs to confine his care to but one, and that the worſt part of himſelf. Man's proper employment is to cultivate right diſpoſitions in his own breaſt, and to benefit his ſpecies—to perfect himſelf, and to be of as much uſe in the world, as his faculties and opportunities will permit. The ſatisfactions of ſenſe are never to be purſued for their own ſake: their enjoyment is none of our end, is not the purpoſe, for which God created us; amuſe, refreſh us it may, but when it buſies, when it chiefly engages us, we act directly contrary to the deſign, for which we were formed; making that our *care*, which was only intended to be our *relief*.

Some, deſtitute of the neceſſaries, others, of the conveniencies of life, are called to labour, to commerce, to literary application, in order to obtain them; and any remiſſneſs of theſe perſons, in their reſpective employments or profeſſions, any purſuit inconſiſtent with a due regard to their maintenance, meets ever with the harſheſt cenſure, is univerſally branded, as a failure in common prudence and diſcretion: but what is this animal life, in compariſon with that to which we are raiſed by following the dictates of reaſon and conſcience? How deſpicable may the man continue, when all the affluence to which his wiſhes aſpire, is obtained?

Can it then be ſo indiſcreet a part, to follow *pleaſure*, when we ſhould mind our *fortune?* do all ſo clearly ſee the blame of this? And may we doubt how guilty that attachment to it is, which lays waſte our underſtanding—which entails on us ignorance and error—which renders us even more uſeleſs than the beings whom inſtinct alone directs? All capacity for improvement is evidently a call to it. The neglect of our powers is their abuſe; and the right of *them* is that of their giver. Whatever talents we have received, we are to account for: and it is not from revelation alone that we learn this: no moral truth commands more ſtrongly our aſſent, than that the qualifications beſtowed upon us, are afforded us, in order to our cultivating them—to our obtaining from them the advantages they can yield us; and that foregoing ſuch advantages, we become obnoxious to him, who deſigned us them, as we miſapply his gift, and knowingly oppoſe his will. For, the ſureſt token we can have, that any perfections ought to be purſued, is, that they may be attained: our ability to acquire them is the voice of God within us to endeavour after them. And would we but aſk ourſelves the queſtion, Did the Creator raiſe us above the herd, and doth he allow us to have no aims nobler than thoſe of the herd—to make its engagements the whole of ours? we could not poſſibly miſtake in the anſwer. All, who have reaſon given them, know that they may and ought to improve it, ought to cultivate it at ſome ſeaſons, and ever to conform to it.

Greater privileges call us but to more important cares. You are not placed above your fellow-creatures, you have not the leiſure, which they want, that you may be more idle and worthleſs, may devote more of your time to vanity and folly, but that you may become more eminent in the perfections you acquire, and the good you do. He, who has all his hours at command, is to conſider himſelf as favoured with thoſe opportunities to increaſe in wiſdom and virtue, which are vouchſafed to few; if no good effect follows; if having them, he only miſapplies them; his guilt is according to what his advantage might have been.

The diſpenſations of heaven are not ſo unequal, as that ſome are appointed to the heavieſt toil for their ſupport, and others left to the free, unconſtrained enjoyment of whatever gratifications their fancy ſuggeſts. The diſtinction between us is not that of much buſineſs and none at all; it is not, that I may live as I can, and you as you pleaſe;

pleaſe; a different employment conſtitutes it. The mechanic has his part aſſigned him, the ſcholar his, the wealthy and powerful theirs, each has his taſk to perform, his talent to improve,—has barely ſo much time for his pleaſure, as is neceſſary for recruiting himſelf—as is conſiſtent with habitual ſerioufneſs, and may rather qualify than interrupt it.

We are furniſhed with numerous arguments, why the graver occupations ſhould be remitted—why the humour for gaiety and mirth ſhould be allowed its place; and no man in his right mind ever taught the contrary. Let the delights of ſenſe have their ſeaſon, but let them ſtand confined to it; the ſame abſurdity follows the exceſs on either ſide, our never uſing, and our never quitting them.

Be not *over wiſe*, is an excellent rule; but it is a rule full as good, and much more wanted—That *ſome wiſdom* ſhould be ſought—That dreſs and diverſion ſhould not take up all our hours—That more time ſhould not be ſpent in adorning our perſons, than in improving our minds—That the beautified ſepulchre ſhould not be our exact reſemblance, much ſhew and ornament without, and within nothing but ſtench and rottenneſs—That barely to paſs our time ſhould not be all the account we make of it, but that ſome profit ſhould be conſulted as well as ſome delight.

§ 145. *On Pleaſure.*

SECT. IV.

Again, no pleaſure can be innocent, from which our health is a ſufferer. You are no more to ſhorten your days, than *with an ſtroke to end them*; and we are ſuicides but in a different way, if wantonneſs and luxury be our gradual deſtruction, or deſpair our inſtant. It is ſelf-murder, to take from our continuance here any part of that term, to which the due care of ourſelves would have extended it; and our life, probably falls a more criminal ſacrifice to our voluptuouſneſs, than to our impatience.

When we throw off the load, which Providence has thought fit to lay upon us, we fail greatly in a proper deference to its wiſdom, in a due ſubmiſſion to its will; but then we have to plead, ſufferings too grievous to be ſuſtained——a diſtreſs too mighty to be contended with; a plea, which can by no means juſtify us; yet how preferable to any, than he can alledge, who, in the midſt of all things that can give a reliſh to his being, neglects the preſervation of it—who abuſes the conveniencies of life to its waſte, and turns its very comforts to its ruin? Or, could we ſuppoſe our pleaſures diſordering our conſtitution, after a manner not likely to contribute to its decay, they would not even then be exempted from guilt: to preſerve yourſelf ſhould not ſolely be your concern, but to maintain your moſt perfect ſtate: every part and every power of your frame claims your regard; and it is great ingratitude towards him, who gave us our faculties, when we *in any wiſe* obſtruct their free uſe. The proper thankfulneſs to God for our life is to be expreſſed by our care about it; both by keeping it, 'till he pleaſes to require it; and by ſo preſerving it, that it may be fit for all thoſe purpoſes, to which he has appointed it.

Further, the pleaſure is, undoubtedly, criminal, which is not adapted to our fortune—which either impairs it, or hinders an application of it to what has the principal claim upon it.

If actions, otherwiſe the moſt commendable, loſe their merit, when they diſqualify us for continuing them—if generoſity changes its name, when it ſuits not our circumſtances; and even alms are culpable, when by beſtowing them we come to want them—if the very beſt uſes, to which we can put our wealth, are not ſo to draw off, as to dry the ſtream; we can by no means ſuppoſe, that our amuſements are not to be limited, as by other conſiderations, ſo by this in particular—the expence which they create: we cannot imagine, that the reſtraints ſhould not lie upon our wantonneſs, which lie upon our beneficence.

Be our poſſeſſions the largeſt, it is but a very ſmall part of them that we have to diſpoſe of as we think fit, on what conduces ſolely to our mirth and diverſion. Great affluence, whatever we may account it, is really but a greater truſt; the means committed to us of a more extenſive proviſion for the neceſſities of our fellow-creatures; and when our maintenance—our convenience—an appearance ſuitable to our rank have been conſulted, all that remains is the claim of others, of our family, our friends, our neighbours, of thoſe who are moſt in need of us, and whom we are moſt obliged to aſſiſt.

In the figure we make, in our attendants, table, habit, there may be a very culpable parſimony: but in the expence which has nothing but ſelf-gratification in view, our thrift can never tranſgreſs: Here our abſtinence

abſtinence is the moſt generous and commendable, as it at once qualifies us to relieve the wants of others, and leſſens our own—as it ſets us above the world, at the time that it enables us to be a bleſſing to it.

There is not a nobler quality to diſtinguiſh us, than that of an indifference to ourſelves—a readineſs to forego our own liking for the eaſe and advantage of our fellow-creatures. And it is but juſtice, indeed, that the conveniencies of many ſhould preſcribe to thoſe of one: whatever his fortune may be, as he owes all the ſervice he has from it to the concurrence of numbers, he ought to make it of benefit to them, and by no means to conclude, that what they are not to take from him, they are not to ſhare.

Nor ſhould it be unremarked, that the gratifications, beſt ſuited to nature, are of all the cheapeſt: ſhe, like a wiſe parent, has not made thoſe things needful to the well-being of any of us, which are prejudicial to the intereſts of the reſt. We have a large field for enjoyment, at little or no charge, and may very allowably exceed the bounds of this; but we ſhould always remember, that the verge of right is the entrance upon wrong—that the indulgence, which goes to the full extent of a lawful expence, approaches too near a criminal one, to be wholly clear from it.

Again, Care ſhould be taken that our pleaſures be in character.

The *ſtation* of ſome, the *profeſſion* of others, and an *advanced age* in all, require that we ſhould decline many pleaſures allowable to thoſe of an inferior rank—of a different profeſſion—of much younger years.

Do your *deciſions* conſtitute the *law*—does your *honour* balance the plebeian's *oath?* How very fitting is it that you ſhould never be ſeen eager on trifles—intent on boyiſh ſports—unbent to the loweſt amuſements of the populace—ſolicitous after gratifications, which may ſhew, that neither your ſagacity is greater, nor your ſcruples fewer than what are found in the very meaneſt of the community!

Am I ſet apart to recommend a reaſonable and uſeful life—to repreſent the world as a ſcene of vanity and folly, and propoſe the things above as only proper to engage our affections? how ungraceful a figure do I then make, when I join in all the common amuſements—when the world ſeems to delight *me* full as much as my hearers, and the only difference between us is, that their words and actions correſpond, and mine are utterly inconſiſtent!

Have you attained the years, which extinguiſh the reliſh of many enjoyments—which bid you expect the ſpeedy concluſion of the few remaining, and ought to inſtruct you in the emptineſs of all thoſe of the ſenſual kind? We expect you ſhould leave them to ſuch who can taſte them better, and who know them leſs. The maſſy veſtment ill becomes you, when you ſink under its weight; the gay aſſembly, when your dim eyes cannot diſtinguiſh the perſons compoſing it: your feet ſcarcely ſupport you; attend not, therefore, where the conteſt is, whoſe motions are the gracefulleſt: fly the repreſentation deſigned to raiſe the mirth of the ſpectators, when you can only remind them of their coffins.

Laſtly, every pleaſure ſhould be avoided, that is an offence to the ſcrupulous, or a ſnare to the indiſcreet. I ought to have nothing more at heart than my brother's innocence, except my own; and when there are ſo many ways of entertaining ourſelves, which admit of no miſconſtruction, why ſhould I chuſe ſuch as afford occaſion for any?

To be able greatly to benefit our fellow-creatures is the happineſs of few, but not to hurt them is in the power of all; and when we cannot do the world much good, we muſt be very unthinking indeed, if we endeavour not to do it the leaſt poſſible miſchief.

How this action will appear, to what interpretation it is liable, ought to be our conſideration in whatever we engage. We are here ſo much intereſted in each other's morals, that, if we looked not beyond our preſent being, it ſhould never be a point indifferent to us, what notions our conduct may propagate, and for what corruptions it may be made the plea: but profeſſing the doctrine of *Chriſt* as our rule, we can in nothing more directly oppoſe it, than in taking thoſe liberties, by which the virtue of any is endangered. Which of our pleaſures have this pernicious tendency, it will be more proper for my readers to recollect, than for me to deſcribe. To thoſe who are in earneſt I have ſaid enough; to the inſincere more would be fruitleſs. What has been ſaid deſerves, I think, ſome conſideration, and that it may have a ſerious one, is the moſt earneſt wiſh of,

Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

§ 146.

§ 146. *A Letter to a young Nobleman, ſoon after his leaving School.*

SIR,

The obligations I have to your family cannot but make me ſolicitous for the welfare of every member of it, and for that of yourſelf in particular, on whom its honours are to deſcend.

Such inſtructions and ſuch examples, as it has been your happineſs to find, muſt, neceſſarily, raiſe great expectations of you, and will not allow you any praiſe for a common degree of merit. You will not be thought to have worth, if you have not a diſtinguiſhed worth, and what may ſuit the concurrence of ſo many extraordinary advantages.

In low life, our good or bad qualities are known to few—to thoſe only who are related to us, who converſe with, or live near, us. In your ſtation, you are expoſed to the notice of a kingdom. The excellencies or defects of a youth of quality make a part of polite converſation—are a topic agreeable to all who have been liberally educated; to all who are not amongſt the rareſt of the people.

Should I, in any company, begin a character of my friend with the hard name, whom I hope you left well at,—— they would naturally aſk me, What relation he bore to the Emperor's miniſter? When I anſwered, That I had never heard of his bearing any; that all I knew of him was, his being the ſon of a *German* merchant, ſent into this kingdom for education; I, probably, ſhould be thought impertinent, for introducing ſuch a ſubject; and I certainly ſhould ſoon be obliged to drop it, or be wholly diſregarded, were I unwiſe enough to continue it.

But if, upon a proper occaſion, I mentioned, that I had known the Honourable ——— from his infancy, and that I had made ſuch obſervations on his capacity, his application, his attainments, and his general conduct, as induced me to conclude, he would one day be an eminent ornament and a very great bleſſing to his country, I ſhould have an hundred queſtions aſked me about him—my narrative would appear of conſequence to all who heard it, and would not fail to engage their attention.

I have, I muſt own, often wondered, that the conſideration of the numbers, who are continually remarking the behaviour of the perſons of rank among us, has had ſo little influence upon them—has not produced a quite different effect from what, alas! we every where ſadly experience.

Negligere quid de ſe quiſque ſentiat, non ſolum arrogantis eſt, ſed etiam omnino diſſoluti. I need not tell you where the remark is: it has, indeed, ſo much obvious truth, that it wants no ſupport from authority. Every generous principle muſt be extinct in him, who knows that it is ſaid of him, or that it juſtly may be ſaid of him—How different is this young man from his noble father! the latter took every courſe that could engage the public eſteem: the former is as induſtrious to forfeit it. The Sire was a pattern of religion, virtue, and every commendable quality: his deſcendant is an impious, ignorant, profligate wretch: raiſed above others, but to have his folly more public—high in his rank, only to extend his infamy.

A thirſt after fame may have its inconveniencies, but which are by no means equal to thoſe that attend a contempt of it. Our earneſtneſs in its purſuit may poſſibly ſlacken our purſuit of true deſert; but indifference we cannot be to reputation, without being ſo to virtue.

In thoſe remarks you, Sir, are no farther concerned, than as you muſt, ſometimes, converſe with the perſons to whom they may be applied, and your deteſtation of whom one cannot do too much to increaſe. *Bad examples* may juſtly raiſe our fears even for him, who has been the moſt wiſely educated, and is the moſt happily diſpoſed: no caution againſt them is ſuperfluous: in the place, in which you are at preſent, you will meet with them in all ſhapes.

Under whatever diſadvantages I offer you my advice, I am thus far qualified for giving it, that I have *experienced* ſome of the dangers which will be your trial, and had ſufficient *opportunity* of obſerving others. The obſervations I have made, that are at all likely to be of ſervice to you, either from their own weight, or the hints they may afford for your improving upon them, I cannot conceal from you. What comes from him who wiſhes you ſo well, and ſo much eſteems you, will be ſufficiently recommended by its motives; and may, therefore, poſſibly be read with a partiality in its favour, that ſhall make it of more uſe than it could be of from any intrinſic worth.

But, without farther preface or apology, let me proceed to the points that I think deſerving your more particular conſidera-

tion;

tion; and begin with what, certainly, ſhould above all other things, be conſidered—RELIGION. It is, indeed, what every man ſays he has more or leſs conſidered; and by this, every man acknowledges its importance: yet, when we enquire into the conſideration that has been given it, we can hardly perſuade ourſelves, that a point of the leaſt conſequence could be ſo treated. To our examination here we uſually ſit down *reſolved*, how far our *conviction* ſhall extend.

In the purſuit of natural or mathematical knowledge we engage, diſpoſed to take things as we find them—to let our aſſent be directed by the evidence we meet with: but the doctrines of religion each inſpects, not in order to inform himſelf what he ought to believe and practiſe; but to reconcile them with his preſent faith and way of life—with the paſſions he favours—with the habits he has contracted.

And that this is, really, the caſe, is evident, from the little alteration there is in the manners of any, when they know as much of religion as they ever intend to know. You ſee them the ſame perſons as formerly; they are only furniſhed with arguments, or excuſes, they had not before thought of; or with objections to any rules of life differing from thoſe by which they guide themſelves; which objections they often judge the only defence their own practice ſtands in need of.

I am ſure, Sir, that to one of your underſtanding, the abſurdity of ſuch a way of proceeding can want no proof; and that your bare attention to it is your ſufficient guard againſt it.

Religion is either wholly founded on the fears or fancies of mankind, or it is, of all matters, the moſt ſerious, the weightieſt, the moſt worthy of our regard. There is no mean. Is it a dream, and no more? Let the human race abandon, then, all pretences to reaſon. What we call ſuch is but the more exquiſite ſenſe of upright, unclad, two-legged brutes; and that is the beſt you can ſay of us. We then are brutes, and ſo much more wretched than other brutes, as deſtined to the miſeries they feel not, and deprived of the happineſs they enjoy; by our foreſight anticipating our calamities, by our reflection recalling them.—Our being is without an aim; we can have no purpoſe, no deſign, but what we ourſelves muſt ſooner or later deſpiſe. We are formed either to drudge for a life, that, upon ſuch a condition, is not worth our preſerving; or to run a circle of enjoyments, the cenſure of *all* which is, that we cannot long be pleaſed with *any one of them*. Diſintereſtedneſs, generoſity, public ſpirit, are idle, empty ſounds; terms, which imply no more, than that we ſhould neglect our own happineſs to promote that of others.

What *Tully* has obſerved on the connexion there is between religion, and the virtues which are the chief ſupport of ſociety, is, I am perſuaded, well known to you.

A proper regard to ſocial duties wholly depends on the influence that religion has upon us. Deſtroy, in mankind, all hopes and fears, reſpecting any future ſtate; you inſtantly let them looſe to all the methods likely to promote their immediate convenience. They, who think they have only the preſent hour to truſt to, will not be with-held, by any refined conſiderations, from doing what appears to them certain to make it paſs with greater ſatisfaction.

Now, methinks, a calm and impartial enquirer could never determine that to be a viſionary ſcheme, the full perſuaſion of the truth of which approves our exiſtence a wiſe deſign—gives order and regularity to our life—places an end in our view, confeſſedly the nobleſt that can engage it—raiſes our nature—exempts us from a ſervitude to our paſſions, equally debaſing and tormenting us—affords us the trueſt enjoyment of ourſelves—puts us on the due improvement of our faculties—corrects our ſelfiſhneſs—calls us to be of uſe to our fellow-creatures, to become public bleſſings—inſpires us with true courage, with ſentiments of real honour and generoſity—inclines us to be ſuch, in every relation, as ſuits the peace and proſperity of ſociety—derives an uniformity to our whole conduct, and makes ſatisfaction its inſeparable attendant—directs us to a courſe of action pleaſing when it employs us, and equally pleaſing when we either look back upon it, or attend to the expectations we entertain from it.

If the ſource of ſo many and ſuch real advantages can be ſuppoſed a dream of the ſuperſtitious, or an invention of the crafty, we may take our leave of certainty; we may ſuppoſe every thing, within and without us, conſpiring to deceive us.

That there ſhould be difficulties in any ſcheme of religion which can be offered us, is no more than what a thorough acquaintance

quaintance with our limited capacities would induce us to expect, were we strangers to the several religions that prevailed in the world, and purposed, upon enquiry into their respective merits, to embrace that which came best recommended to our belief.

But all objections of difficulties must be highly absurd in either of these cases—

When the creed you oppose, on account of its difficulties, is attended with fewer than that which you would advance in its stead: or—

When the whole of the practical doctrines of a religion are such, as, undeniably, contribute to the happiness of mankind, in whatever state, or under whatsoever relations, you can consider them.

To reject a religion thus circumstanced, for some points in its scheme less level to our apprehension, appears to me, I confess, quite as unreasonable, as it would be to abstain from food, till we could be satisfied about the origin, insertion, and action of the muscles that enable us to swallow it.

I would, in no case, have you rest upon mere authority; yet as authority will have its weight, allow me to take notice, that men of the greatest penetration, the acutest reasoning, and the most solid judgment, have been on the side of christianity—have expressed the firmest persuasion of its truth.

I cannot forgive myself, for having so long overlooked Lord *Bacon*'s Philosophical Works. It was but lately I began to read them; and one part of them I laid down, when I took my pen to write this. The more I know of that extraordinary man, the more I admire him; and cannot but think his understanding as much of a size beyond that of the rest of mankind, as *Virgil* makes the stature of *Musæus*, with respect to that of the multitude surrounding him——

—— —— Medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.
Æn. L. vi. 667, 8.

or as *Homer* represents *Diana*'s height among the nymphs sporting with her——

Πασάων δ' ὕπερ ἦγε κάρη ἔχει ἠδὲ μέτωπα.
Od. L. vi. 107.

Throughout his writing, there runs a vein of piety: you can hardly open them, but you find some or other testimony of the full conviction entertained by him, that christianity had an especial claim to our regard. He, who so clearly saw the defects in every science—saw from whence they proceeded, and had such amazing sagacity, as to discover how they might be remedied, and to point out those very methods, the pursuit of which has been the remedy of many of them——He, who could discern thus much, left it to the witlings of the following age, to discover any weakness in the foundation of religion.

To him and Sir *Isaac Newton* I might add many others, of eminent both natural and acquired endowments, the most unsuspected favourers of the christian religion; but those two, as they may be considered standing at the head of mankind, would really be dishonoured, were we to seek for any weight, from mere authority, to the opinions they had jointly patronized, to the opinions they had maintained, after the strictest enquiry what ground there was for them.

That the grounds of christianity were thus enquired into by them, is certain: for the one appears, by the quotations from the *bible* interspersed throughout his works, to have read *it* with an uncommon care; and it is well known, that the other made *it* his chief study in the latter part of his life.

It may, indeed, appear very idle, to produce authorities on one side, when there are none who deserve the name of such on the other. Whatever else may have rendered the writers in favour of infidelity remarkable, they, certainly, have not been so for their sagacity or science—for any superior either natural, or acquired, endowments. And I cannot but think, that he who takes up his pen, in order to deprive the world of the advantages which would accrue to it were the christian religion generally received, shews so wrong a head in the very design of his work, as would leave no room for doubt, how little credit he could gain by the conduct of it.

Is there a just foundation for our assent to the christian doctrine? Nothing should then be more carefully considered by us, or have a more immediate and extensive influence upon our practice.

Shall I be told, that if this were a right consequence, there is a profession, in which quite different persons would be found, than we at present meet with?

I have too many failings myself, to be willing to censure others; and too much love for truth, to attempt an excuse for what admits of none. But let me say, that consequences are not the less true, for their truth

truth being disregarded. Lucian's description of the philosophers of his age is more odious, than can be long to any set of men, in our time; and as it was never thought, that the precepts of philosophy ought to be slighted, because they who inculcated, disgraced them; neither can it be any reflection on nobler rules, that they are recommended by persons who do not observe them.

Of this I am as certain as I can be of any thing, That our practice is no infallible test of our principles; and that we may do religion no injury by our speculations, when we do it a great deal by our manners. I should be very unwilling to rely on the strength of my own virtue in so many instances, that it exceedingly mortifies me to reflect on their number: yet, in whichsoever of them I offended, it would not be for want of conviction, how excellent a precept, or precepts, I had transgressed—it would not be because I did not think, that a life throughout agreeable to the commands of the religion I profess ought to be constantly my care.

How frequently we act contrary to the obligations, which we readily admit ourselves to be under, can scarcely be otherwise than matter of every one's notice; and if none of us infer from those pursuits, which tend to destroy our health, or our understanding, or our reputation, that he, who engages in them, is persuaded that disease, or infamy, or a second childhood, deserves his choice; neither should it be taken for granted, that *he* is not inwardly convinced of the worth of religion, who appears, at some times, very different from what a due regard thereto ought to make him.

Inconsistency, is through the whole compass of our acting, so much our reproach, that it would be great injustice towards us, to charge each defect in our morals, upon corrupt and bad principles. For a proof of the injustice of such a charge, I am confident, none need look beyond themselves. Each will find the complaint of *Medea* in the poet, very proper to be made his own—*I see and approve of what is right, at the same time that I do what is wrong.*

Don't think, that I would justify the faults of any, and much less theirs, who, professing themselves set apart to promote the interests of religion and virtue, and having a large revenue assigned them, both that they may be more at leisure for so noble a work, and that their pains in it may be properly recompensed, are, certainly, extremely blameable, one only when they countenance the immoral and irreligious; but even, when they take no care to reform them.

All I aim at, is, That the cause may not suffer by its advocates.—That you may be just to *it*, whatever you may dislike in them—That their failures may have the allowance, to which the frailty of human nature is entitled—That you may not, by their *manners*, when worst, be prejudiced against their *Doctrine*; as you would not censure philosophy, for the faults of philosophers.

The prevalency of any practice cannot make it to be either safe, or prudent: and I would fain have your's and mine such, as may alike credit our religion, and understanding: without the great reproach of both, we cannot profess to believe that rule of life, to be from God, which, yet, we model to our passions and interests.

Whether such a particular is my duty, ought to be the *first consideration*; and when it is found so, common sense suggests the *next*—How it may be performed.

But I must not proceed. A letter of two sheets! How can I expect, that you should give it the reading? If you can persuade yourself to do it, from the conviction of the sincere affection towards you, that has drawn me into this length; I promise you never again to make such a demand on your patience.——I will never again give you so troublesome a proof of my friendship. I have here begun a subject, which I am very desirous to prosecute; and every letter, you may here after receive from me upon it, whatever other recommendation it may want, shall, certainly, not be without that of brevity. *Dean Sidney.*

§ 147. *Three Essays on the Employment of Time.*

PREFACE.

The *essays* I here publish, though at first penned for the benefit of some of the author's neighbours in the country, may, it is hoped, from the alterations since made in them, be of more general use. *The subject* of them is, in itself of the highest importance, and could, therefore, never be unseasonably considered; but the general practice, at present, more especially entitles it to our notice. The principles on which *their argumentative part* proceeds, are denied by none whose conviction it consists. Such as regard the human frame as only

in its mechaniſm excelling that of beaſts ——ſuch as would deprive man's breaſt of ſocial affections, exempt him from all apprehenſions of a deity, and confine his hopes to his preſent exiſtence, are not the *perſons* whom any thing here ſaid propoſes to affect. They are not, I mean, directly applied to in this *work*; but even their benefit *it* may be ſaid conſequentially to intend, as *it* would certainly contribute thereto, could *it* properly operate on thoſe whoſe advantage is its immediate aim.

We have been told, by very good judges of human nature, how engaging virtue would be, if it came under the notice of ſenſe. And what is a right practice, but virtue made, in ſome meaſure, the object of our ſenſe? What is a man ever acting reaſonably, but, if I may ſo ſpeak, imperſonated virtue——Virtue in a viſible ſhape, brought into view, preſenting itſelf to the ſight, and through the ſight as much affecting the mind, as it could be affected by any elegance of form, by any of the beauties of colouring or proportion.

The notions moſt diſhonourable to the man, and to the *human ſpecies*, are often, I ſuſpect, firſt taken up, and always, certainly confirmed by remarking how they act whoſe ſpeculations expreſs the greateſt honour towards *both*.

When the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of an all-powerful and wiſe, a moſt holy and juſt Governor of the world, is profeſſed by thoſe who ſhew not the leaſt concern to pleaſe him ——When reaſon, choice, civil obligations, a future recompence, have for their advocates ſuch as are governed by humour, paſſion, appetite; or who deny themſelves no preſent pleaſure or advantage, for any thing that an hereafter promiſes; it naturally leads others, firſt, to think it of little moment which *ſide* is taken on theſe points, and then, to take *that* which ſuits the manners of them who, in their declarations, are the warmeſt oppoſers.

Whereas, were the *apprehenſions* that do juſtice to a ſuperintending providence——an immaterial principle in man——his liberty——his duties in ſociety——his hopes at his diſſolution, to be univerſally evidenced by a ſuitable practice; the great and manifeſt advantage ariſing from them would be capable of ſuppreſſing every *doubt* of their truth, would prevent the entrance of any, or would ſoon remove it.

As, indeed, all that we are capable of knowing in our preſent ſtate, appears either immediately to regard its wants, or to be connected with what regards them, it is by no means a ſlight confirmation of the truth of a doctrine, That the perſuaſion thereof is of the utmoſt conſequence to our preſent well-being. And thus the great advantages that are in this life derivable from the belief of a future retribution——that are here the proper fruits of ſuch a belief, may be conſidered as evidencing how well it is founded——how reaſonably it is entertained. On this it may be of ſome uſe more largely to inſiſt.

What engagements correſpond to the conviction that the ſtate in which we now are is but the paſſage to a better, is conſidered in the laſt of theſe eſſays: and that, when ſo engaged, we are acting the *part* befitting our nature and our ſituation, ſeems manifeſt both on account of the approbation it has from our calmeſt hours, our moſt ſerious deliberation and freeſt judgment, and likewiſe on account of the teſtimony it receives even from them who act a quite contrary one. What they conform not to, they applaud; they acknowledge their failures to be ſuch; they admire the worth, which they cannot bring themſelves to cultivate.

If we look into the writers who ſuppoſed all the pleaſures of man to be thoſe of his body, and all his views limited to his preſent exiſtence; we find them, in the rule of life they gave, deſerting the neceſſary conſequences of their *ſuppoſition*, and preſcribing a morality utterly inconſiſtent with *it*. Even when they taught that what was good or evil was to be determined by our feeling only——that right or wrong was according to the pleaſure or pain that would enſue to us during the continuance of our preſent frame, ſince after its diſſolution we have nothing to hope or fear; their practical directions were, however, that we ought to be ſtrictly juſt, ſeverely abſtinent, true to our friendſhips, ſteady in the purſuit of honour and virtue, attentive to the public welfare, and willing to part with our lives in its defence.

Such they admitted man ought to be——ſuch they exhorted him to be, and, therefore, when they would allow him to act only upon *motives* utterly incongruous to his being this perſon, it followed either that theſe were wrongly aſſigned, or that a conduct was required from him unſuitable to his nature.

That his obligations were rightly ſtated was on all hands agreed. The miſtake was in the inducements alledged for diſcharging them.

them. Nothing was more improbable than his fulfilling the duties this *ſcheme* appointed him, if he was determined by it in judging of the conſequences of his actions——what good or hurt they would do him ——what happineſs or miſery would be their reſult.

While the Epicureans admitted juſtice to be preferable to injuſtice——a public ſpirit, to private ſelfiſh views; while they acknowledged it more fitting that we ſhould ſacrifice life to the good of our country, than preſerve it by deſerting the common welfare; they muſt, I think, be regarded as authoriſing a preference of the principles which will make man juſt and public-ſpirited, to thoſe which will diſpoſe him to be unjuſt, and wholly attentive to his own little intereſts.

Let us ſee, then, what will be the practical conſequences of adopting or rejecting the *Epicurean* tenet of our having nothing to hope for beyond the grave.

The value we ſet on life is ſhewn by what we do to preſerve it, and what we ſuffer rather than part with it. We ſupport ourſelves by the hardeſt labour, the ſevereſt drudgery, and we think death a much greater evil, than to ſtruggle for years with diſeaſe and pain, deſpairing of cure, and even of any long intervals of eaſe. Such, ordinarily, is our love of life. And this deſire to keep it cannot but be greatly increaſed, when we are induced to think that once loſt it is ſo for ever. To be without all hope of again enjoying the bleſſing we thus highly prize, muſt naturally diſincline us to hazard it, and indiſpoſe us for what will endanger its continuance. He who is perſuaded that *corporeal pleaſure* is all he has to expect, and that *it* is confined to his preſent exiſtence, muſt, *if he acts agreeably to ſuch a perſuaſion*, be wholly intent on the purſuit of that pleaſure, and dread nothing more than its coming to an end, or being interrupted. Hence, if his term of life would be ſhorter, or any greater diſtreſs would accrue to him by adhering to truth and juſtice, than by departing from them ——if he were to be at preſent more a loſer by aſſiſting his friend, than by forſaking him——if he could promiſe himſelf a larger ſhare of ſenſual gratifications from betraying his country, than from ſerving it faithfully, he would be falſe and unjuſt, he would be perfidious to his friend, and a traitor to his country. All thoſe ſentiments and actions that expreſs an entire attachment to the *delights of ſenſe*, and the ſtrongeſt reluctance to forego *them*, are ſtrictly in character when we look not beyond them ——when we acknowledge not any higher *ſatisfactions*, and behold *theſe* as expiring with us, and ſure never to be again taſted.

Whereas the proſpect of a returning life, and of enjoyments in it far ſuperior to any we now experience, or promiſe ourſelves, has a neceſſary tendency to leſſen our ſolicitude about the exiſtence here appointed us. We cannot well be reconciled to the *loſs* of our being, but are eaſily ſo to its *change*; and death conſidered as only its change, as the paſſage from a leſs to a more deſirable ſtate, will, certainly, have the terror of its appearance much abated. The conviction that there is a greater good in reſerve for us than any pleaſure which earth can afford, and that there is ſomething far more to be feared by us than any pain we can now be made to ſuffer, will, in proportion to its ſtrength, render us indifferent to the delights and conveniencies of our abode on earth, and diſpoſe us to qualify ourſelves for obtaining that greater good, and avoiding that ſo much more to be dreaded evil. In theſe *conſiderations* of life and death, of happineſs and miſery, virtue has its proper ſupport. We are by *them* brought to judge rightly of the part becoming us, and to adhere to it immoveably: *they* furniſh ſufficient inducements to avoid falſehood and injuſtice, of whatever immediate advantage we may be thereby deprived——*they* encourage us to ſerve our friends and country with the utmoſt fidelity, notwithſtanding all the inconveniencies that can be ſuppoſed to attend it ——they are, indeed, proper incitements to prefer the public welfare to our own ſafety, while *they* repreſent to us how much our gain thereby would overbalance our loſs.

Brutes in our end and expectations, how can we be otherwiſe in our purſuits? But if the reaſoning principle in us be an incorruptible one, and its right or wrong application in this embodied ſtate affect the whole of our future exiſtence; we have, in that apprehenſion, the moſt powerful motive to act throughout in conformity to our rational nature, or, which is the ſame thing in other words, never to ſwerve from virtue——to deſpiſe alike danger and pleaſure when ſtanding in competition with our duty.

Thus, when *Socrates*, in *Plato's Phædo*, has proved the immortality of our ſoul, he con-

conſiders it as a neceſſary conſequence of the belief thereof, "That we ſhould be em-"ployed in the culture of our minds—— "in ſuch care of them as ſhall not only "regard that term, to which we give the "name of life, but the whole which fol-"lows it—in making ourſelves as wiſe "and good as may be, ſince on it our ſafe-"ty entirely depends, the ſoul carrying "hence nothing with it, but its good or "bad actions, its virtues or vices, and theſe "conſtituting its happineſs or miſery to "all eternity."

So, when the elder *Scipio* is introduced by *Tully*, appriſing the younger, "That "what is called our life, may be more "properly ſtiled our death—that we "truly live when we are freed from the "fetters of our body;" he proceeds to obſerve, how much it then concerned him "to be juſt—to promote the public wel-"fare — to make true glory his aim, "doing what is right without regard to "any advantage it will now yield him, "deſpiſing popular opinion, adhering to "virtue for its real worth." And the youth thus inſtructed, profeſſes, "That af-"ter ſuch information into what ſtate he "is to paſs, he would not be wanting to "himſelf: unmindful he had not been of "his anceſtor's worth, but to copy it "ſhould now be his more eſpecial care, "ſince encouraged thereto by ſo great a "reward."

Lucan, repreſenting the inhabitants of this part of Europe as perſuaded that the ſoul ſurvived the diſſolution of the body, congratulates them, indeed, only on the happineſs they enjoyed in an opinion that freed them from the moſt tormenting of all fears, the dread of death — that made them act with ſo much bravery and intre-pidity. But when he admits a contempt of death to be the proper effect of this *opi-nion*, he muſt be conſidered as allowing it all that practical influence which as natu-rally reſults from it, as ſuch an indifference to life doth, and has the ſame connexion with it.

If, therefore, the perſuaſion that death renders us utterly inſenſible, be a perſua-ſion that unmans us quite—that diſpoſes to a courſe of action moſt unworthy of us —that is extremely prejudicial to ſociety, and tends, in every way, to our own great-eſt hurt or debaſement, we may well ſup-poſe it an erroneous one; ſince it is in the higheſt degree improbable, that there ſhould be any truth in a notion the reception of which ſo far operates to the prejudice of mankind—ſo neceſſarily contributes to in-troduce a general diſorder.

On the other hand, if, from the convic-tion that there is a recompence for us be-yond the grave, we derive ſentiments moſt becoming us—if from it the worthieſt ac-tions proceed—if it be the ſource of the greateſt both private and public good—if with it be connected the due diſcharge of our duty in the ſeveral relations in which we are placed—if it alone can lead us to perfect our nature, and can furniſh our ſtate with ſatisfactory enjoyments; there may ſeem ſufficient grounds to conclude that there is ſuch a recompence; the perſuaſion thereof, thus affecting us, may well appear moſt reaſonably entertained.

When all thoſe principles, of whoſe truth we have the greateſt certainty, con-duct us to happineſs, it is natural to think that the influence of any principle upon our happineſs, ſhould be no improper teſt of its truth.

If there be no ſurer token of a right practice, than its tendency to promote the common good, can we but judge that to be a right opinion, which has undeniably, in an eminent degree, ſuch a tendency?

When the difficulties that, under a gene-ral corruption, attend our adherence to vir-tue, are only to be ſurmounted by the pro-ſpect of future reward; one knows not how to believe that the proper inducement to our acting a part ſo becoming us—ſo much our praiſe, ſhould be no other than a chimerical view, a romantic and utterly vain expectation.

When error is manifeſtly the cauſe of whatever ill we do or ſuffer, it is extreme-ly improbable, that to an erroneous notion we muſt ſtand indebted for the beſt uſe of life, and its moſt ſolid ſatisfactions.

But it may be aſked—where does this opinion produce theſe boaſted effects? Among them who profeſs it their firmeſt belief that there is a future recompence, how few do we find better men for it—more regular in their manners, or more uſeful to the world, than they would have been without any ſuch perſuaſion?

How far any truth ſhall operate upon us —how far it ſhall influence us, depends up-on our application of it, upon our attention to it. Experience furniſhes the utmoſt cer-tainty of a vaſt variety of *particulars* highly intereſting our preſent welfare, which yet we overlook, we give ourſelves little or no concern about, tho' we thereby make our-

ſelves the ſevereſt ſufferers; and may be almoſt as ſure as we can be of any thing, that our unconcernedneſs about them muſt be attended with conſequences thus fatal to us. The ſeveral rules which regard the lengthening of life—the preſervation of health—the enjoyment of eaſe, though they carry with them the cleareſt evidence of their importance, how very little weight have they with the generality of mankind—how unheeded are they when oppoſing an eager appetite, a ſtrong inclination! while yet theſe rules are acknowledged to remain as true, as worthy of our notice, as certain in their ſalutary effects when obſerved, as if all that practical regard to which they are entitled, was paid them; and we may be as juſtly thought endowed with a capacity of diſcovering thoſe effects in order to their profiting us, as if they univerſally took place.

What benefit was intended in qualifying us for the diſcernment of any truth, is by no means to be inferred from what *ordinarily enſues* to us when diſcerning it. A juſt inference as to this can only be made from regarding the dictates of reaſon upon ſuch a truth being diſcerned by us; or, what uſe of its diſcernment reaſon directs us to make.

When we are leſs wicked than very bad principles prompt us to be, which is often the caſe; theſe are, nevertheleſs, full as blameable as they would be if we were to act conſiſtently with them. That they are not *purſued*, is, as to them, quite an accidental point; in reaſon and nature they ſhould be; and therefore are fitly chargeable with all the conſequences that acting according to them would produce.

So, on the other hand, though it muſt be confeſſed, that, with the beſt *principles*, our courſe of life is, frequently, very faulty; the objection muſt lye not to the nature or kind of their influence, but to a weakneſs of it, which is *our* crime, and not *their* defects. We will not let them act upon us; as they are qualified to do. Their worth is to be eſtimated by the worth they are ſuited to produce. And it would be full as abſurd, when we will not mind our way, to deny that the light can be of any help to us in ſeeing it; as to deny the ſerviceableneſs of any principle, becauſe we fail in its application.

Nor is it, indeed, only our unhappineſs that we are inattentive to what *the belief of a future recompence* requires from us; religion itſelf, is, alas! every where abuſed to the obſtructing the proper effects of this belief. I mean, that whatever religion is any where profeſſed, ſome or other rite or doctrine of it *does* favour, as in Paganiſm and Mohammediſm; or *is ſo conſtrued*, as in Judaiſm and Chriſtianity, that *it is made* to favour a departure from the practice which ſuits the perſuaſion of a future reward. The reproach that belonged to the Jews in our Saviour's time, they have, as far as appears, deſerved ever ſince; that by their ſcrupulous regard to the leſſer points of their law, they think they make amends for the groſſeſt neglect of its moſt important precepts. And with reſpect to us Chriſtians *, whence is it, that there is ſo little virtue among us—that we are throughout ſo corrupt, but from taking ſanctuary for our crimes in our very religion,—from perverting its moſt holy inſtitutions and doctrines to be our full ſecurity whatſoever are our vices †?

Thus, we are either of a church in which we can be abſolved of *all* our *ſins*; or we are of the number of the elect, and cannot commit *any*; or the merits of Chriſt atone for our not having the merit even of honeſty and ſincerity; or a right faith makes amends for our moſt corrupt practice ‡.

* Sir *Iſaac Newton* having obſerved, *That the prophecies concerning Chriſt's firſt coming were for ſetting up the Chriſtian religion*, adds, *which all nations have ſince corrupted*, &c. Obſerv. upon the Proph. of Dan. &c. p. 252.

† The *general* and great *defect* in thoſe that profeſs the Chriſtian faith is, that they hope for life eternal, without performing thoſe conditions, whereupon it is promiſed in the Goſpel, namely, repentance and reformation.—They will truſt to a *fruitleſs*, *lifeleſs faith*, or to ſome *penances*, and *ſatisfactions*, and *commutations* made with God, doing what he hath not required inſtead of what he hath commanded. No perſuaſions ſhall prevail to move and excite them to do this, no reaſons, arguments, or demonſtration, no not the expreſs words of God, that it is neceſſary to be done; or to forbear to cenſure them as *Enemies to the grace of God*, who do with clear and expreſs Scripture ſhew the abſolute neceſſity of it. *Swiram's Sermons*, p. 166, 167.

‡ I heartily wiſh, that by public authority it were ſo ordered, that no man ſhould ever preach or print this doctrine, That Faith alone juſtifies, unleſs he joins this together with it, That univerſal obedience is neceſſary to ſalvation. *Chillingworth's Relig. of Prot.* p. 362.

By our zeal in our opinions we grow cool in our piety and practical duties. *Epiſt. Dedicat. prefixed to th. Diſcourſe of Liberty of Prophe.*

We

We have prayers, ſacraments, faſts, that are never thought of to improve us in virtue, but to ſupply the want of it—to quiet our conſciences under the moſt culpable gratification of our luſts.

How the belief of a future recompence *ſhould*, in reaſon, affect our practice—what its proper and natural influence is, *ſolely* concerns the preſent argument. It ſeems enough, in the caſe before us, that no one can be conſiſtent with himſelf, but, if he has any hopes of happineſs in another world, his conduct will be regular, becoming, rational: and, that where we find theſe hopes entertained on mature conſideration, juſtly reaſoned upon, duly attended to, there we certainly find great purity of morals, a ſtrict regard to the proper fitting a reaſonable creature, and every other advantage aſcribed to *them*. If I cannot be allowed to infer from hence that they are well founded, they have ſtill for their ſupport all thoſe arguments in favour of a final retribution, with which I have not at all meddled, nor in the leaſt weakened by any thing I may have leſs pertinently obſerved. The ſubject of the third of the following eſſays led me to the remarks here made; and to me they appear not immaterial. I cannot, indeed, bring myſelf to think but that the hopes which induce me to act moſt agreeably to my Creator's will, he has formed me to entertain; and will not let me be diſappointed in them.

Of one thing I am ſure, that they who ſuffer the perſuaſion of a future happineſs to operate, as it ought, on their practice, conſtantly experience their practice adding ſtrength to their perſuaſion; the better they become by their belief, the more confirmed they become in it. This is a great deal to ſay on its behalf. What weightier recommendation to our aſſent can any *doctrine* have, than that, as *it* tends to improve us in virtue, ſo the more virtuous we are, the more firmly we aſſent to *it*; or, the better judges we are of truth, the fuller aſſurance we have of *its* truth?

§ 148. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE FIRST.

Tempus intelliges, quid faciendum tibi, quid vitandum ſit, cum ſcieris quid naturæ tuæ debeas.
SEN. Ep. 121.

"Amazing! that a creature, ſo warm in purſuit of her pleaſures, ſhould never give one thought towards her happineſs."—A reflection this, made indeed by a comic writer, but not unworthy the moſt ſerious.

To be intent on pleaſure, yet negligent of happineſs, is to be careful for what will eaſe us a few moments of our life, and yet, without any regard to what will diſtreſs us for many years of it.

When I ſtudy my happineſs, I conſult the ſatisfaction of the whole continuance of my being—I endeavour, that throughout it I may ſuffer as little, and enjoy myſelf as much, as my nature and ſituation will admit. Happineſs is laſting pleaſure; its purſuit is, really, that of pleaſure, with as ſmall an allay as poſſible of pain. We cannot, therefore, provide for our happineſs, without taking our ſhare of pleaſure; though, as is every where but too evident, our eagerneſs after Pleaſure may plunge us into the miſery we are unable to ſupport.

Nothing, indeed, is more ſpecious than the general term Pleaſure. It carries with it the idea of ſomething which muſt be permitted us by our Maker; ſince we know not how to ſuppoſe him forbidding us to taſte what he has diſpoſed us to reliſh. His having formed us to receive pleaſure, is our licence to take it. This I will admit to be true, under proper reſtrictions.

It is true, that from our nature and conſtitution we may collect wherein we act agreeably to our Creator's will, and wherein we act contrary to it; but the miſchief is, we commonly miſtake our nature, we miſcal it; we call that it which is but a part of it, or the corruption of it; and we thence make concluſions, by which when we govern our practice, we ſoon find ourſelves in great difficulties and diſtreſs.

For inſtance, we call our paſſions our nature; then infer, that, in gratifying them, we follow nature; and, being thus convinced that their gratification muſt be quite lawful, we allow ourſelves in it, and are undone by it. Whereas, the body is as much the man, as his paſſions are his nature; a part of it, indeed, they are, but the loweſt part; and which, if more regarded than the higher and nobler, it muſt be as fatal to us, as to be guided rather by what is agreeable to our appetite, than conducive to our health. Of this more hereafter.

The call of nature being the favourite topic of all the men of pleaſure—of all who act the moſt in contradiction to nature, I will confine the whole of the following eſſay to the conſideration of it, ſo far as it relates to the employment of our time: and ſhew how our time ſhould be employed, if we have a juſt regard to our nature—if what it requires be conſulted by us.

That man is the work of a wiſe agent, is in the cleareſt manner diſcovered by the marks of wiſdom, that ſhew themſelves in his frame—by the contrivance and ſkill, that each part of it expreſſes—by the exact proportion and ſuitable diſpoſition, that the ſeveral parts of it have to each other, and by their reſpective fitneſs to promote the well-being of the whole.

When we muſt thus acknowledge the great wiſdom exerted in our ſtructure; when we are ſo capable of diſcerning its beauties and advantages, and ſo fully know their preſervation and improvement to depend upon ourſelves, upon our own endeavours, care and pains: we cannot poſſibly be at a loſs to diſcover what our wiſe Maker muſt, in this particular, expect from us. The duty of man is as certainly known from his nature—what he ought to do for himſelf is as fully underſtood from what he can do, as the uſes of any machine are underſtood by a thorough acquaintance with its powers.

I can no more doubt for what I am intended—what muſt be required of me, when I ſee plainly what I am able to effect; than I can queſtion for what purpoſes a watch or a clock is deſigned, when I am duly appriſed how the different parts of it act upon each other, to what they all concur, and to what only.

We want no reaſoning to convince us, that a frame ſo curious as the human, muſt be made in order to its continuance, as long as the materials compoſing it will admit; and that we ourſelves muſt give it ſuch continuance: how this is ſhortened, how it is prolonged, we are likewiſe all of us fully ſenſible. There is no man but perceives what will haſten his diſſolution, and what will probably, retard it; by what management of himſelf he is ſure to paſs but few years in the world; and by what he is likely to be upheld in it for many. Here then our rule is obvious; theſe notices afforded us to make it ſo: when we are taught, that the ſupport of our life muſt be agreeable to him from whom we received it, and that *we* are appointed to give it this ſupport, that it muſt come from *ourſelves*, from what *we* do in order to it; we are at the ſame time inſtructed to regard all things contributing to it as enjoined us, and all things detrimental to, and inconſiſtent with it, as forbidden us; we have it ſuggeſted to us, that we are properly employed, when we conſult the due preſervation of life, and that the engagements are improper, are blameable, that hinder it.

Thus, to ſpend our time well, we muſt give our bodies ſuch exerciſe, ſuch reſt, and other refreſhments, as their ſubſiſtence demands; and we miſ-ſpend it, when we are lazy and ſlothful, when we are leſs ſober, chaſte and temperate; when we proceed to exceſſes of any kind, when we let our paſſions and appetites direct us: every thing in this way tends to haſten our diſſolution; and therefore muſt be criminal, as oppoſing that continuance here, which our very compoſition ſhews our Maker to have deſigned us.

But that our frame ſhould be barely upheld, cannot be all we are to do for it; we muſt preſerve it in its moſt perfect ſtate, in a ſtate in which its ſeveral powers can be beſt exerted.

To take this care about it, is evidently required of us. Any unfitneſs for the functions of life is a partial death. I don't ſay of what we can well be more certain, that all the health and ſtrength, of which our conſtitution admits, were intended us in it; and they muſt, therefore, be as becoming our concern, as it is to hinder the ruin of our conſtitution: we know not how ſufficiently to lament the loſs of them, even from the advantage of which they are to us in themſelves, not only from their preventing the uneaſineſs, the pains, and numerous inconveniencies with which the ſickly and infirm have to ſtruggle, but likewiſe from the ſatisfaction they give us in our being, from what we feel, when our blood flows regularly, our nerves have their due tone, and our vigour is entire.

Yet theſe are but the leaſt of the benefits we have from them.

We conſiſt of two parts, of two very different parts; the one inert, paſſive, utterly incapable of directing itſelf, but miniſterial to the other, moved, animated by it. When our body has its full health and ſtrength, the mind is ſo far aſſiſted thereby, that it can bear a cloſer and better application, our apprehenſion is ready, our imagination is livelier, we can better enlarge our compaſs of thought, we can examine our perceptions more ſtrictly, and compare them more exactly; by which means we are enabled to form a truer judgment of things—to remove more effectually the miſtakes into which we have been led by a wrong education, by paſſion, inattention, cuſtom, example—to have a clearer view of what is beſt for us, of what is moſt for our intereſt, and conſequently determine ourſelves more readily to its purſuit.

ſuit, and perſiſt therein with greater reſolution and readineſs.

The ſoundneſs of the body can be thus ſerviceable to the *mind*, and when made ſo, may in its turn be as much profited by *it*. The poet's obſervation is no leſs true of them, than it is of nature and art, each wants, each helps the other;

"Mutually they need each other's aid."
ROSCOM.

The mind, when not reſtrained by any thing deficient in its companion, and having from it all the aſſiſtance it is adapted to afford, can with much greater facility prevent that diſcompoſure and trouble, by which our bodily *health* is ever injured, and preſerve in us that quiet and peace, by which *it* is always promoted. Hence we are to conclude, that we ſhould forbear, not only what neceſſarily brings on diſeaſe and decay, but whatever contributes to enfeeble and enervate us; not only what has a direct tendency to haſten our end, but likewiſe what leſſens our activity, what abates of our vigour and ſpirit.—That we ſhould alſo avoid whatever is in any wiſe prejudicial to a due conſideration of things, and a right judgment of them; whatever can hinder the underſtanding from properly informing itſelf, and the will from a ready compliance with its directions. We muſt be intent on ſuch a diſcipline of ourſelves as will procure us the fulleſt uſe of our frame, as will capacitate us to receive from it the whole of the advantage it is capable of yielding us; ſo exerciſing the members of our body, conſulting its conveniencies, ſupplying its wants, that it may be the leaſt burthenſome to us, may give us the leaſt uneaſineſs—that none of its motions may, through any fault of ours, be obſtructed, none of its parts injured——that it may be kept in as unimpaired, as athletic a ſtate as our endeavours can procure, and all its functions performed with the utmoſt exactneſs and readineſs; ſo guarding, likewiſe, againſt the impreſſions of ſenſe, and deluſiveneſs of fancy. ſo compoſing our minds, purifying them, diveſting them of all corrupt prejudices, that they may be in a diſpoſition equally favourable to them, and to our bodies—that they may not be betrayed into miſtakes dangerous to the welfare of either——that they may be in a condition to diſcern what is becoming us, what is fitteſt for us; deſirous of diſcovering it, and preparing to be influenced by it.

We are thus to ſeek our moſt perfect ſtate, ſuch as allows us the freeſt uſe of our ſeveral powers a full liberty *for the due application of them*. And the ability thus to apply them, muſt be in order to our doing it, to our receiving from them whatever ſervice they can effect.

As what is corporeal in us is of leaſt excellence and value, our care in general about it, ſhould bear a proportion to the little worth it has in itſelf—ſhould chiefly regard the reference it has to our underſtanding, the aſſiſtance that it may afford our intellectual faculties.

Merely to preſerve our being—to poſſeſs our members entire——to have our ſenſes perfect—— to be free from pain ——to enjoy health, ſtrength, beauty, are but very low aims for human creatures. The moſt perfect ſtate of animal life can never becomingly engroſs the concern of a rational nature: fitted for much nobler and worthier attainments, we are by that fitneſs for them called to purſue them.

Aſk thoſe of either ſex, who rate higheſt the recommendation of features, complexion, and ſhape——who are moſt intent on adorning their perſons——who ſtudy moſt the accompliſhments of an outward appearance; aſk them, I ſay, which they think their chief endowment, and what it is that does them the higheſt honour? You will find them with one conſent pronouncing it *their reaſon*. With all their folly they will not defend it as ſuch: with their little ſenſe, they will prefer that little to their every other fancied perfection. The fineſt woman in the world would rather make deformity her choice than idiocy, would rather have uglineſs than incapacity her reproach.

Thus, likewiſe, whom do we perceive ſo fond of life, ſo deſirous of reaching its longeſt term, that he would be willing to ſurvive his underſtanding; that he would chuſe to live after he ceaſed to reaſon? The health and eaſe, the vigour and chearfulneſs that are often the lunatic's portion, would not induce the moſt infirm, ſickly, and complaining among us, to wiſh himſelf in his ſtead; to wiſh an exchange of his own diſtempered body, for the other's diſordered mind.

Nor does the mind only claim our chief regard, as it is thus univerſally acknowledged, and as it really is the principal, the moſt excellent, the preſiding part of us, but as our well-being is neceſſarily connected with giving it this preference, with

beſtowing the moſt of our care and pains upon it.

What is beſt for the body, what is beſt for the whole man, can only be diſcovered and provided for, by our rational faculties, by them aſſiduouſly cultivated, diligently exerted, and thence ſtrengthened and enlarged.

Our well-being wholly depends upon the ſufficient information of our underſtanding, upon the light in which we ſee things, upon the knowledge we have how far they can profit or hurt us, how the benefit they can be of to us may be derived from them, and how the hurt they can do us may be eſcaped.

If I think that to be good, or that to be evil, which is not ſuch——or if I know not that to be good, or that to be evil, which is really ſuch——or if I think there is more or leſs good, or more or leſs evil in any thing than there really is——or if what, by a proper application, might be made of very great advantage to me, I am ignorant how to make of any, or of as much as it would yield me—or if I am ignorant how to render that very little, or not at all, hurtful to me, which might have its evil either greatly leſſened or wholly avoided: in all theſe inſtances, my well-being muſt of neceſſity be a ſufferer; my ignorance muſt greatly abate of the ſatisfaction of my life, and heighten its uneaſineſs.

No one is prejudiced by his not deſiring what he conceives to be good, by his diſinclination towards it, by his unwillingneſs to embrace it. So far is this from being our caſe, that we are always purſuing it. The ſource of all our motions, the deſign of all our endeavours is to better ourſelves, to remove from us that which is really, or comparatively evil.

What alone hurts us is our miſapprehenſion of good, our miſtakes about, our ignorance of, it. Let us fully underſtand it——have juſt conceptions of it, we then ſhall never deſerve the blame of its being leſs earneſtly ſought after, and therefore unattained by us. The exceſs of our earneſtneſs after it, is, indeed, uſually the occaſion of miſſing it. Our ſolicitude, our eagerneſs and impatience are here ſo great, that they won't allow us time to examine appearances——to diſtinguiſh between them and realities——to weigh what is future againſt what is preſent——to deliberate whether we do not forego a much greater advantage hereafter, by cloſing with that which immediately offers; or ſhall not have it abundantly overbalanced, by its miſchievous conſequences.

We want not to be put on the purſuit of happineſs, but we want very much to have that purſuit rightly directed; and as this muſt be done by the improvement of our rational powers, we can be intereſted in nothing more than in improving them, than in ſuch an application of them, as will contribute moſt to perfect them.

We are ſo placed, that there are very few of the *objects* ſurrounding us, which may not be ſerviceable or hurtful to us; nor is that ſervice to be obtained, or detriment avoided, otherwiſe than by our acquaintance with *them* and with ourſelves: the more exact our knowledge of this kind is, the more we leſſen the calamities, and add to the comforts of life: and it certainly muſt be as much the intention of our Creator, that we ſhould attain the greateſt good which we are capable of procuring ourſelves, as that we ſhould attain any for which he has qualified us.

Nor is the benefit ariſing to us from an enlarged underſtanding rendered leſs certain, by the uneaſineſs that we find to be the ſhare of the ſtudious, the contemplative, and learned—of them whoſe intellectual attainments we chiefly admire.

The philoſopher's obſervation to his friend on *books*, that it ſignifies nothing *how many*, but *what* he had, is applicable to the knowledge they communicate: what it is, and not how various, is the thing that concerns us. It may extend to a prodigious number of particulars of no moment, or of very little; and that extent of it gain us all the extravagance of applauſe, though we have the ignorance of the vulgar, where it muſt be of the worſt conſequence.

Crowding our memory is no more improving our underſtanding, than filling our coffers with pebbles is enriching ourſelves*: and what is commonly the name of learning, what uſually denominates us *very learned* is, really, no more than our memory heavily and uſeleſsly burthened.

How high is the deſert, in the more eaſtern parts, of him who can but read and write the language of his country? A life ſpent in the ſtudy of *it alone* ſhall be there

* There is nothing almoſt has done more harm to men dedicated to letters, than giving the name of ſtudy to reading, and making a man of great reading to be the ſame with a man of great knowledge. *Locke of the Conduct of the Underſtanding.*

judged

judged an exerciſe of reaſon moſt worthy of applauſe. And are we in theſe ſo enlightened regions, in this ſchool of ſcience, as we are apt to fancy it, at all more juſt to rational improvements? We have, indeed, no encomiums for him who is not at a loſs for the meaning of any word that his native tongue furniſhes; but he who is well ſkilled in two or three antient ones, will have the higheſt applauſe for that ſkill, and be conſidered as among them, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves, by a right application of their capacities. In this number we, likewiſe, generally agree to place ſuch as have paſſed years in only qualifying themſelves either to cavil and diſpute, or to diſguiſe their ignorance on any ſubject, or to colour ſtrongly, and command the paſſions of their hearers. We are equally favourable to them, who buſy their minds on diſcoveries that have no foundation but in fancy and credulity——or whoſe whole endeavour it has been to learn what this or that man has determined on a point, wherein he was as ill qualified as themſelves to make a right determination,——or who have amuſe themſelves with theories, with trifling and vain ſpeculations.

Let a juſt allowance be made for theſe, and ſuch like perſons, whoſe reputation for learning is only built on the generality of calling it, on the prevailing miſtakes about it, and who have really hurt their underſtandings by what is thus falſely eſteemed improving them; we ſhall have proceeded a great way in removing the objection to the purſuit of knowledge, from the little ſervice it is of, to ſuch whoſe attainments in it we concur in acknowledging and admiring.

When our intellectual purſuits *are* uſeful, they are often limited to what is of leaſt uſe. How few of us are prompted to our reſearches from the conſideration of the degree or amount of the good derivable from them? Is it humour, fancy, or ſordid gain alone, that ordinarily gives riſe to the very inquiries which are of advantage to the world; and ſeldom are made from a regard to their proper worth, from the influence they may have upon our own or others' happineſs.

That the better our underſtanding is informed, the better it can direct us, muſt be as evident to all, as that we want to be directed by it. The mind of man is as much aſſiſted by knowledge, as his eye by light. Whatever his intellectual powers may be in themſelves, they are to him according to his application of them: as the advantage he receives from his ſight is according to the uſe he makes of it. That ignorance of his good which he might, but will not, remove, deprives him of it as certainly as an utter inability to acquaint himſelf with it.

In what is the improvement of our underſtandings, we may, indeed, be miſtaken, as we may in what conſtitutes our true happineſs; but in each caſe we muſt be wilfully ſo, we muſt be ſo by refuſing to attend, to conſider.

Could we by inſtinct diſcover our own good, as the brute diſtinguiſhes its good, all concern on our part to increaſe our diſcernment might be needleſs; but the endeavour after this muſt be in the higheſt degree neceſſary, when the more clearly we diſcern things, the more we are benefited, and the leſs hurt by them. Where is the man who is not made happier by inquiries that are rightly directed, and when he can ſay with the poet,

——————— The ſearch of truth
'And moral decency hath fill'd my breaſt;
Hath every thought and faculty poſſeſt?

Of knowledge as diſtinct from true wiſdom, it may be not unjuſtly obſerved, that the increaſe of it is only the increaſe of ſorrow; but of that knowledge, the purſuit of which expreſſes our wiſdom, we may confidently aſſert, that our ſatisfaction muſt advance with it. All will admit it a proof of wiſdom, to judge rightly of what is moſt for our intereſt, and take ſuch meaſures as ſuit it: and as we are qualified for this by our knowledge, by the knowledge of our own nature, and of the properties of the things without us, ſo far as they can contribute to our better or worſe ſtate; in the degree we are thus knowing we can only be wiſe, determine rightly of what is beſt, and uſe the fitteſt means to procure it. Attainments that ſerve not to this purpoſe may be ſlighted; but for ſuch as are requiſite to it, if they principally deſerve not *our concern*, I ſee not what can have any title to *it* *.

We

* Since our faculties plainly diſcover to us the being of a God, and the knowledge of ourſelves, enough to lead us into a full and clear diſcovery of our duty, and great concernment; it will become us, as rational creatures, to employ thoſe faculties we have, about what they are moſt adapted to, and follow the direction of nature, where it ſeems to point us out the way. For 'tis rational to conclude

We are, indeed, ſtartled at the very terms, of deliberating, weighing, conſidering, comparing; we have affixed ſuch ideas to them, to make them appear rather hindering the true enjoyment of ourſelves than promoting it: but if we would not ſhare the uneaſineſs that ſo many of our fellow creatures lament, we muſt not adopt their prejudices. In every point of conſequence we uſe more or leſs conſideration; and in all the pleaſures that allure, in all the trifles that amuſe us, we are ſtill making compariſons, preferring one to the other, pronouncing this leſs, and that more worthy of our choice. Tho' none, if the philoſopher may be believed, deliberate on the whole of life, all do on the parts of it: and if we fail not to compare and reaſon upon our *lower* enjoyments, I ſee not what there can be forbidding in the advice to attend ſeriouſly, to examine fairly, and to delay our choice till we have gained the inſtruction requiſite to determine it, when the object thereof is what can be *moſt* for our eaſe and ſatisfaction.

But it is not, perhaps, all exerciſe of our reaſon, in a way ſo well deſerving it, that diſguſts us; it is *the degree* of application required from us, that we reliſh not.

1. We know not how to be reconciled to ſo much trouble about enlarging our diſcernment, and refining our judgment.

2. We do not ſee how ſuch a taſk can ſuit them whoſe whole proviſion for the day is from the labour of it.

3. We find no ſmall part of mankind ſo eaſy under their ignorance and miſtakes, that they will not advance a ſtep to remove them: and what greater recommendation can there be of any ſituation, than that they who are in it are entirely ſatisfied with it?

1. The pains that we are to take in order to an advantage that muſt infinitely overbalance them, we can have no excuſe for omitting: and we are called to no pain for the improvement of our reaſon, but ſuch as cannot be declined without leſſening our happineſs—without incurring ſome evil we ſhould otherwiſe have eſcaped, or wanting ſome good we ſhould otherwiſe have obtained: whatever has its neglect attended with theſe conſequences, muſt be expected from us *.

2. That they are to ſeek knowledge who are to get their bread, might ſeem a hard leſſon, if the endeavour to inform, hindered that to maintain themſelves; if the *knowledge* they were to ſeek was any other but *of what is beſt for them*, of what can give them all the happineſs that creatures ſo conſtituted can receive. For *this* every one muſt have leiſure †; it ſhould be judged the chief buſineſs; it directs us to that very employment from which we have our ſupport—is carried on with it—aſſiſts us in it—gives it every conſideration that can make it eaſy and ſatisfactory to us. The peaſant or mechanic is not adviſed to ſpend few hours at labour, that he may have more for ſtudy, for reading and contemplation—to leave his ſpade or his tools for a pen

that our proper employment lies in thoſe enquiries, and in that ſort of knowledge which is moſt ſuited to our natural capacities, and carries in it our greateſt intereſt, the condition of our eternal ſtate. Hence, I think, I may conclude, that morality is the proper ſcience and buſineſs of mankind in general. *Locke's Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding.*

* How men, whoſe plentiful fortunes allow them leiſure to improve their underſtandings, can ſatisfy themſelves with a lazy ignorance, I cannot tell: but methinks they have a low opinion of their ſouls, who lay out all their incomes in proviſion for the body, and employ none of it to procure means and helps of knowledge; who take great care to appear always in a neat and ſplendid dreſs, and would think themſelves miſerable in coarſe clothes, or a patched coat, and yet contentedly ſuffer their minds to appear abroad in a pie-bald livery of coarſe patches, and borrowed ſhreds, ſuch as it pleaſed chance or their country taylor (I mean the common opinion of thoſe they have converſed with) to clothe them in. I will not here mention how unreaſonable this is for men that ever think of a future ſtate, and their concernment in it, which no rational man can avoid to do ſometimes. *Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, B iv. Ch. 20.

† Are the greateſt part of mankind, by the neceſſity of their condition, ſubjected to unavoidable ignorance in thoſe things which are of greateſt importance to them? Have the bulk of mankind no other guide but accident and blind chance, to conduct them to their happineſs or miſery?—God has furniſhed men with faculties ſufficient to direct them in the way they ſhould take, if they will but ſeriouſly employ them that way, when their ordinary vocations allow them the leiſure. No man is ſo wholly taken up with the attendance on the means of living, as to have no ſpare time to think of his ſoul, and inform himſelf in matters of Religion. Were men as intent on this, as they are on things of lower concernment, there are none ſo enſlaved to the neceſſities of life, who might not find many vacancies that might be huſbanded to this advantage of their knowledge. *Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding.*

or a book. No, the advice to him is, obſerve what paſſes, and what good or hurt accompanies or follows it.

Remark what it is that pleaſes you only for a few moments, and then either brings immediate uneaſineſs, or lays a foundation for ſome future.

You find ſeveral things of ſervice to you, obſerve which is of moſt, which has no ſort of inconvenience attending it, or very little in compariſon of its advantage; and, if there are none of them without ſome inconveniencies, which has the feweſt—which does you good in a higher degree, or for a longer term.

You are continually with thoſe of the ſame nature with yourſelf; take notice what is ſerviceable or prejudicial to them; you may learn from their experience what your own teaches you not. Every day will furniſh ſome or other occurrence that may be a profitable leſſon to you, make it ſuch; overlook nothing that affects your well-being; attend chiefly to what concerns it.

Go over frequently in your thoughts the obſervations you have made on what is more or leſs benefit you; let them be deeply imprinted upon your mind, make them ſo familiar to yourſelf, that the offer of a leſs good may never ſurpriſe and betray you into the neglect, and, by that means, the loſs of a greater.

You are at all times at liberty to conſider your own nature, be acquainted with it, ſee what you can do for yourſelf, what ſhare of your happineſs has no dependance on the things without you; what bleſſings may be offered to you by your own diſpoſitions.

You neceſſarily ſhun evil: don't miſtake it; be ſure of what is ſo; be appriſed of the degrees of it; be thoroughly inſtructed in theſe, that a deſire to eſcape what you could eaſily bear, may never occaſion you a diſtreſs which you would pronounce inſupportable. Endeavour to inform yourſelf what evil you cannot too induſtriouſly avoid—what you ſhould readily ſubmit to—what you may change into good.

He, to whoſe ſituation terms like theſe would be unſuitable, muſt have *reaſon to ſeek*, as well as a *livelihood*. Our natural underſtanding fits all of us for a taſk like this; nor can it be inconſiſtent with any the hardeſt labour to which our ſupport will oblige us.

The whole of this ſo ſevere a leſſon is this brief one; Do your beſt for yourſelf; be as happy as the right uſe of the abilities God has given you can make you.

3. As for the unconcernedneſs of ſo great a part of our ſpecies at their ignorance and errors—the entire ſatisfaction they expreſs under them: with regard to this, let it be conſidered, that we are no more to judge of good from the practice of numbers, than of truth from their opinions.

They thoroughly enjoy themſelves, you ſay, with their little knowledge, and many miſtakes.

And are any of us in our younger years better pleaſed than when we are ſuffered to ſport away our time—to paſs it without the leaſt controul and inſtruction? But becauſe we are thus pleaſed, are we rightly ſo? Could worſe befal us, than to be permitted to continue thus agreeably unreſtrained and uninſtructed?

The man in a lethargy deſires you would let him doſe on: he apprehends no danger, when you ſee the greateſt: you grieve and vex him, when you attempt to cure him.

Does any one who has more ſenſe than the bulk of his fellow-creatures, wiſh for their dulneſs, that he might ſhare their diverſions—wiſh for their thoughtleſſneſs, that he might join in their mirth?

Could the neglect of our rational faculties be accompanied, throughout our continuance in being, with the ſatisfaction at preſent expreſſed by ſo many under it, this indeed might be ſomething in its favour; but this is by no means the caſe. He who gave us theſe faculties, and the ability to improve them, muſt intend that we ſhould improve them: by fruſtrating his intention, we incur his diſpleaſure; if we incur it, we may juſtly expect, ſooner or later, to feel the effects thereof.

Nor is it to be thought that the neglect of our reaſon is, from the good we hereby forego, its own ſufficient puniſhment, and therefore not likely to expoſe us to any other. We cannot rightly think thus, becauſe of the extenſive miſchief occaſioned by this neglect. It is very far from terminating in ourſelves, from making us the only ſufferers Were it ſo confined, ſome pretence there might be for conſidering our mere crime as our ample puniſhment. But ſuch it cannot appear, when it does infinite hurt to others—to our neighbourhood—to our friends—to our family—to the whole community of which we are members.

What is enough for myſelf, what I can do without, ſhould be the leaſt of my concern. My duty is to reflect what I can do for others; how I may make myſelf of greateſt uſe. We ſtand all largely indebted

to

to our fellow-creatures; and, owing them ſo much, if we neglect to qualify ourſelves for ſerving them, we greatly injure them. But as this is not the place for purſuing theſe reflections, I will now only remark, of what deplorable conſequence it is to our children (whoſe title to our endeavours for their benefit, all acknowledge) that the culture of our minds is ſo little our care—that we ſlight the rational improvements, with a capacity for which our Creator has ſo graciouſly favoured us.

Unapprehenſive of the miſchief our offſpring muſt neceſſarily receive from our ſloth, our intemperance, and other criminal gratifications, we impair their frame before it is yet completed; we entail on them miſery, before we give them life.

Their reaſon ſeems to be watched in its appearance, only that it may be applied to for its ſpeedier corruption. Every thing they are at firſt taught to value, is what they cannot enough deſpiſe; and all the pains that ſhould be taken to keep their minds from vain fears, are employed to introduce them.

The chief of what our memory receives in our childhood, is what our maturer age moſt wiſhes to forget.

While we are ignorant how hurtful it is to be governed by our paſſions, our wiſe directors permit them to govern us, and thereby give them a ſtrength which we afterwards fruitleſsly lament and oppoſe. To ſave our tears, we are to have our will; and, for a few moments of preſent quiet, be condemned to years of diſtreſs. Imaginary evils we are bid to regard as the principal real ones; and what we ſhould moſt avoid, we are, by examples of greateſt weight with us, encouraged to practiſe.

How much indeed both the bodies and minds of children ſuffer from the ill-informed underſtanding of their parents, is ſcarcely to be conceived—what advantages they loſe by it—what miſery they feel: and therefore, as they are the immediate objects of our care—as nature has made them ſuch, and all the prejudice they receive from any failure of ours, from any neglect on our part in qualifying ourſelves to aſſiſt them in the way we ought to do it, is really an injury done them by us; we cannot think, that if we won't endeavour to have juſt notions of things, we are ſufficiently punished by being without them—we can, with no probability, ſuppoſe, that, if we are content to be loſers ourſelves, it will be ſatisfaction enough for any diſtreſs that our careleſſneſs or ſupineneſs brings on others, even on them whoſe welfare we ought moſt to conſult.

Of what advantage it is to both ſexes that *the parent*, under whoſe guidance they are in their tender years, ſhould not have confined her thoughts to the recommendations of apparel, furniture, equipage—to the amuſements in faſhion—to the forms of good breeding—to the low topics of female converſation; we have the moſt remarkable inſtances in the family of *Emilia*. She has for many years been the wife of one, whoſe rank is the leaſt part of his merit: made by him the mother of a numerous offſpring, and having from his important and uninterrupted avocations, their education left entirely to her, 'till they were qualified for a more extenſive inſtruction; it was her ſtudy how ſhe might be of the greateſt uſe to them they were ever under her eye: her attention to forming their manners could be diverted by none of the pleaſures, by none of the engagements that claim ſo many of the hours of a woman of quality. She did not awe, but reaſon her children into their duty; they ſhewed themſelves to practiſe it not from conſtraint, but conviction. When they were abſent from her—when they were in company, where they might have been as free as they pleaſed, I have, with aſtoniſhment, obſerved them as much influenced by what their wiſe mother had adviſed, as they could have been by any thing ſhe would have ſaid had ſhe been then preſent. In her converſation with them ſhe was perpetually inculcating uſeful truths; ſhe talked them into more knowledge, by the time that they were ſix or ſeven years old, than is uſually attained at, perhaps, twice that age.

Let me indulge my imagination, and, by its aid, give a ſample of her inſtructions; firſt to one of the females of her family, and then, to one of the males. *Leonora*, her eldeſt daughter, has, among her many accompliſhments, great ſkill in painting. When her mother and ſhe ſtood viewing the pictures, that crouded each ſide of the room in which they were, *Emilia* deſired to hear what the pupil of ſo eminent a maſter had to obſerve on the works before them. *Leonora* began; praiſed the bold and animated manner in this piece, the ſoftneſs and delicacy of that. Nothing could be more graceful than the attitude of this figure; the expreſſion in that was ſo

happy

happy, the colouring ſo beautiful, that one might truly ſay of it, to make it alive, ſpeech alone is wanted; nor would you think even that wanting, were you to truſt wholly to your eyes. Here ſhe admired the ſkilful diſtribution of light and ſhade: there the perſpective was ſo wonderfully exact, that in the great number of objects preſented to the eye, it could fix on none but what had its proper place, and juſt dimenſion. How free is that drapery? what a variety is there in it, yet how well adjuſted in the whole to the ſeveral figures in the piece? Does not that group extremely please your ladyſhip? the diſpoſition is quite fine, the aſſociation of the figures admirable; I know not which you could pitch upon to have abſent or altered. *Leonora* purſuing this ſtrain, *Emilia* interrupted her: Have we nothing, child, but exactneſs here? Is every thing before us quite finiſhed and faultleſs? You will be pleaſed, Madam, to reflect on what you have ſo often inculcated, That one would always chuſe to be ſlow in cenſure, and liberal of praiſe—That commendation, freely beſtowed on what deſerves it, credits alike our temper and our underſtanding.

This I would have you never forget. But I'm here a learner; in that light you are now to conſider me; and as your French maſter taught you pronunciation, not only by giving a right, but by imitating your wrong one; making you by that means more ſenſible where the difference lay; ſo to qualify me for a judge in painting, it will not ſuffice to tell me where the artiſt has ſucceeded, if you obſerve not, likewiſe, where he has miſcarried.

Leonora then proceeded to ſhew where the drawing was incorrect—the attitude unpeaceful—the *coſtume* ill preſumed—the countenance irregular—the contours harſh—the light too ſtrong—the ſhade too deep; extending her remarks in this way to a great number of pieces in the collection. You have been thus far, interpoſed *Emilia*, my inſtructor, let me now be yours. Suppoſe your own portrait here. In the ſame manner that you would examine it, judge of the original. This *you* ought to do, and be it will be done by *others*; and the more blemiſhes *you* diſcover, the fewer ſhall probably leave for *them* to reproach you with. The faults in the picture may be known to him who drew it, and yet be ſuffered to appear, from his inability to correct them; but when you diſcern what a fault in yourſelf, if you cannot amend, you can, often, conceal it. Here you have the advantage of the painter; in another reſpect he has it greatly of you. Not one in a thouſand is a judge of the *failures* in his performance; and therefore even when *many* may be objected to him, he ſhall paſs, in common eſteem, for an excellent artiſt. But let the woman, unconſcious of her imperfections, be at no pains to remedy or hide them, all who converſe with her are judges of them; when ſhe permits them to be ſeen, they are certain to be cenſured.

You have ſufficiently convinced me, to how many things the painter muſt attend—againſt what various miſtakes he has to guard: each of your criticiſms on him may be a leſſon to yourſelf; every blemiſh or beauty in any part of his works has ſomething correſpondent to it in human life.

The deſign is faulty, not only when the end we propoſe to ourſelves is confeſſedly criminal, but when it is low and mean; when, likewiſe, we let our time paſs at random without any concern for what reaſon and duty require, but as caprice, or humour, or paſſion ſuggeſts.

We offend againſt proportion, when we arrogate to ourſelves the deſert we want, or over-rate what may be allowed us—when we hate not what is really evil; or when our affections are placed on what is not our proper good. You remember the diſſection of a female heart in the *Spectator*; I refer you to it, that I may ſpare my own reflections, on what would furniſh copious matter for no very pleaſing ones.

Your ladyſhip will pardon me for interrupting you; but I can't help thinking, that the head and heart of a beau or country 'ſquire would furniſh as much folly and corruption, as the head and heart of any woman in the kingdom.

We ſhall never, child, become better, by thinking who are worſe than ourſelves. If the charge upon us be juſt, we ſhould conſider how to get clear of it, and not who are liable to one equally reproachful. Were I to bid you waſh your face, would you think yourſelf juſtified in not doing it, becauſe you could ſhew me a woman of rank with a dirtier? But to the purpoſe.

That expreſſion, any failure in which you would, as a judge of painting, treat without mercy, is, in morals, violated by whatever is out of character. All inconſiſtency in practice—in profeſſion and practice; every thing unbecoming your ſex—your

your education—your capacity—your ſtation, deſerves the ſame cenſure that the pencil meets with, when it errs in expreſſion.

Skill in the diſtribution of light and ſhade, or the *clair-obſcure*, as, I think, the term of art is, I ſhould apprehend reſembled by prudence; which teaches us to ſhew ourſelves in the moſt advantageous point of view—brings forward and brightens our good qualities, but throws back and obſcures our defects—ſuffers nothing to diſtinguiſh itſelf that will be to our diſparagement, nor ſhades any thing that will credit us.

By *ordonnance* is meant I apprehend, the manner of placing the ſeveral objects in a piece, or the diſpoſition of them with reſpect to the whole compoſure. And what can be fitter for us, than to conſider where we are, and to appear accordingly? The civilities that are leſs decently ſhewn in the church, it would be a great indecorum to neglect in the drawing-room. The freedom that will gain you the hearts of your inferiors, ſhall, if uſed towards thoſe of a higher rank, make you be thought the worſt-bred woman in the world. Let the ſeaſon for it be diſregarded, your chearfulneſs ſhall be offenſive, your gravity ſeem ridiculous—your wit bring your ſenſe into queſtion, and your very friendlieſt interpoſition be thought not ſo much a proof of your affection as of your impertinence. 'Tis the right placing of things that ſhews our diſcretion—that keeps us clear of difficulties—that raiſes our credit—that principally contributes to give any of our deſigns ſucceſs.

To beauty in colouring correſponds, perhaps, good nature improved by good breeding. And, certainly, as the canvaſs could furniſh no deſign ſo well fancied, no draught ſo correct, but what would yet fail to pleaſe, and would even diſguſt you, were the colours of it ill-united—not ſuſtained by each other—void of their due harmony; ſo both ſenſe and virtue go but a little way in our recommendation, if they appear not to their proper advantage in an eaſineſs of behaviour—in ſoft and gentle manners, and with all the graces of affability, courteſy and complaiſance. I ſee, by your ſmiling, you are ſatisfied you cannot be accuſed of being a bad colourift. Believe me, you have then gained a very material point; and the more concerns you have in the world, the more proofs you will find of its importance. I'll drop this ſubject when I have ſaid to you, That if to make a good picture is ſuch a complicated taſk, requires ſo much attention, ſuch extenſive obſervation—if an error in any of the principal parts of painting ſo offends, takes off ſo greatly from the merit of the piece—if he, who is truly an artiſt, overlooks nothing that would be at all a blemiſh to his performance, and would call each trivial indecorum a fault, think, child, what care about the original ought to equal this for the portrait—of what infinitely greater conſequence it muſt be, to have every thing right within ourſelves, than to give a fair appearance to the things without us; and how much leſs pardonably any violation of decorum would be charged on your life, than on your pencil.

The moſt finiſhed repreſentation only pleaſes by its correſpondence to what it repreſents, as nature well imitated; and if juſtneſs in mere repreſentation and imitation can have the charms you find in it, you may eaſily conceive the ſtill greater delight that muſt ariſe from beholding the beauties of nature itſelf; ſuch, particularly, as the pencil cannot imitate—the beauties of rational nature, thoſe which the poſſeſſor gives herſelf—which are of ten thouſand times the moment of any in her outward ſymmetry—which, how highly ſoever they may adorn her, profit her ſtill more; and are not only to her own advantage, but to that of the age in which ſhe lives, and poſſibly, of remoteſt generations.

My concern to ſee you this fair unblemiſhed original makes me ſtrangely unmindful on what topic I am got. There, ſurely, can be no proof wanting, how much a wife and good woman excels any pencil or any woman, who has but the merit of a portrait, a fine appearance.

In this way *Emilia* takes each opportunity to form the manners of her daughter—to give her throughout juſt and reaſonable ſentiments, and diſpoſe her to the exact diſcharge of her duty in every relation.

Leonora, thus educated, has the fools and the follies of the age in their due contempt—judges wiſely—acts prudently—however uſefully or innocently employed—can paſs her evenings very chearfully with a card in her hand—can be perfectly in humour when ſhe is at home, and all her acquaintance at the aſſembly; and ſeems likely to borrow no credit from her fortune, which ſhe will not fully repay.

We will diſmiſs the daughter, and repreſent *Emilia* parting with her ſon [illegible]

terms like theſe. I am now to take my leave of you, for one campaign at leaſt. It is the firſt you ever ſerved; let me adviſe, and do you act, as if it would be your laſt: the dangers, to which you will be expoſed, give both of us reaſon to fear it: if it pleaſe God that it ſhould be ſo, may you not be found unprepared, nor I unreſigned! This I am the leſs likely to be, when *you* have had *my* beſt counſel, and *I your* promiſe to reſt upon it. He bowing, and aſſuring her, that whatever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to ſay to him, it would be carefully remembered; ſhe proceeded—I could never conceive, what induced the ſoldier to think that he might take greater liberties than the reſt of mankind. He is, 'tis true, occaſionally ſubjected to greater hardſhips, and he runs greater hazards; but by a lewd and vicious life, he makes theſe hardſhips abundantly more grievous than they otherwiſe would be—he diſqualifies himſelf to bear them. What would you think of his wits, who, becauſe he is to be much in the cold, ſits, as often as he can, cloſe to the fire? An habitual ſobriety and regularity of manners is, certainly, the beſt preſervative of that vigorous conſtitution, which makes it leaſt uneaſy to endure fatigue and cold, hunger and thirſt.

The dangers to which the ſoldier is expoſed, are ſo far from excuſing his licentiouſneſs, when he has no enemy near him, that they ought to be conſidered as the ſtrongeſt motive to conform himſelf, at all times, to the rules of reaſon and religion. A practice agreeable to them is the beſt ſupport of his ſpirits, and the ſureſt proviſion for his ſafety—It will effectually remove his fears, and can alone encourage his hopes: nothing but it can give him any comfortable expectation, if what threatens him ſhould befal him. He who is ſo much in danger, ought to be properly *armed* againſt it, and this he can never be by reflecting on the women he has corrupted—on his hours of intemperance, or on any other of his extravagancies. You won't, perhaps, allow that he wants the *armour* I would provide him, becauſe he never knows the apprehenſions that require it. But I am conſidering what his apprehenſions ought to be, not what they are. The nature of things will not be altered by our opinion about them.

It is granted, that a ſoldier's life is, frequently, in the utmoſt *hazard*; and the queſtion is not, how a thoughtleſs, ſtupid, abſurd creature ſhould behave in ſuch a ſituation; but, what ſhould be done in it by a man of prudence and ſenſe? I ſay, he will attend to the value of what he *hazards*—to the conſequence of its loſs; and, if found of very great, he will ſo act, that the loſs thereof may be, if poſſible, ſome or other way made up to him, or accompanied with the feweſt inconveniencies. Inſenſibility of danger is the merit of a bull-dog. True courage ſees danger, but deſpiſes it only from rational motives—from the conſiderations of duty. There can be no virtue in expoſing life, where there is no notion of its value; you are a brave man, when you fully underſtand its worth, and yet in a good cauſe diſregard death.

If, thus to be ready to die is commendable, wholly from the cauſe that makes us ſo, which is, unqueſtionably, the caſe; I don't ſee how ſuch an indifference to life, when honour calls you to riſk it, can conſiſt with paſſing, at any ſeaſon, immorally and diſſolutely.

Here is a gallant officer who will rather be killed than quit his poſt—than be wanting in the defence of his country! Is not this a fine reſolution in one who, by his exceſſes, makes himſelf every day leſs able to ſerve his country; or who ſets an example, which, if followed, would do his country as much miſchief as it could have to fear from its moſt determined enemy?

The inconſiderate and thoughtleſs may laugh at vice—may give ſoft terms to very bad actions, or ſpeak of them, as if they were rather matter of jeſt than abhorrence: but whoever will reflect whence all the miſery of mankind ariſes—what the ſource is of all the evils we lament; he cannot but own, that if any thing ought to make us ſerious—if we ought to deteſt any thing, it ſhould be *that*, from which ſuch terrible effects are derived.

For the very ſame reaſon that we preſer health to ſickneſs—eaſe to pain, we muſt prefer virtue to vice. Moral evil ſeems to me to have a neceſſary connection with natural. According to my notion of things, there is no crime but what creates pain, or has a tendency to create it to others or ourſelves: every criminal is ſuch, by doing ſomething that is directly, or in its conſequences, hurtful to himſelf, or to a fellow-creature.

Is not here a foundation of religion that no objections can affect? Deprive us of it, you deprive us of the only effectual reſtraint from thoſe practices, which are moſt detrimental to the world—you deprive us

of

of virtue, and thereby of all the true happineſs we have here to expect.

To charge religion with the miſchief occaſioned by miſtakes about it, I think full as impertinent, as to decry reaſon for the wrong uſe that has been made of it; or government, for the bad adminiſtration of *every kind of it, in every part of the world.* What ſhall prove to the advantage of mankind, will, *in all caſes*, depend upon themſelves: that which is, confeſſedly, moſt for it, in every inſtance you can think of, you ſee, occaſionally, abuſed; and by that abuſe becoming as hurtful, as it would, otherwiſe, have been beneficial. Controverſy I hate; and to read books of it as ill ſuits my leiſure as my inclination: yet I do not profeſs a religion, the grounds of which I have never conſidered. And upon the very ſame grounds that I am convinced of the truth of religion in general, I am ſo of the truth of chriſtianity. The good of the world is greatly promoted by it. If we would take chriſtianity for our guide throughout, we could not have a better—we could not have a ſurer to all the happineſs of which our preſent ſtate admits. Its ſimplicity may have been diſguiſed—its intention perverted—its doctrines miſrepreſented, and concluſions drawn, ſuiting rather the intereſt or ambition of the expoſitor, than the directions of the text: but when I reſort to the rule itſelf;—when I find it aſſerting, that the whole of my duty is to love God above all things, and my neighbour as myſelf—to live always mindful by whom I am ſent into, and preſerved in, the world, and always diſpoſed to do in it the utmoſt good in my power; I can no more doubt, whether this is the voice of my Creator, than I can doubt, whether it muſt be his will, that, when he has made me a reaſonable creature, I ſhould act like one. But I will drop a topic, on which I am ſure your father muſt have ſufficiently enlarged: I can only ſpeak to it more generally: *difficulties* and *objections* I muſt leave him to obviate; yet thus much confidently affirming, that if you won't adopt an irreligious ſcheme, till you find one clear of them, you will continue as good a chriſtian, as it has been our joint care to make you. I pray God you may do ſo. He that would corrupt your principles, is the enemy you have moſt to fear; an enemy who means you worſe, than any you will draw your ſword againſt.

When you are told, that the ſoldier's religion is his honour, obſerve the practice of them from whom you hear it; you'll ſoon then have proof enough, they mean little more by honour, than what is requiſite to keep or advance their commiſſions—that they are ſtill in their own opinion men of nice honour, though abandoned to the groſſeſt ſenſuality and exceſs—though chargeable with acts of the fouleſt perfidy and injuſtice—that the honour by which they govern themſelves differs as widely from what is truly ſuch, as humour from reaſon. True humour is to virtue what good breeding is to good nature, the poliſhing, the refinement of it. And the more you think of chriſtianity, the more firmly you will be perſuaded, that in its precepts *the ſtricteſt rules of honour* are contained. By theſe I, certainly, would have you always guided, and, on that very account, have reminded you of the religion, which not only ſhews you them, but propoſes the reward likelieſt to attach you to them. I have done. Take care of yourſelf. You won't fly danger, don't court it. If the one would bring your courage into queſtion, the other will your ſenſe. The raſh is as ill qualified for command, as the coward. May every bleſſing attend you! And to ſecure your happineſs, live always attentive to your duty; reverence and obey Him to whom you owe your being, and from whom muſt come whatever good you can hope for in it. Adieu. I can't ſay it would ſufficiently comfort me for your loſs, that you died with honour; but it would infinitely leſs afflict me to hear of you among the dead, than among the profligate.

What has been the iſſue of inſtructions like theſe from both parents? *Scipio*, for ſo we will call the worthy man, from the time he received his commiſſion, has alſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his courage and conduct. The greateſt dangers have not terrified, the worſt examples have not corrupted him. He has approved himſelf diſdaining by cowardice to keep *life*, and abhorring to ſhorten *it* by exceſs: the bravery with which he has hazarded *it*, is equalled by the prudence with which he paſſes *it*.

§ 149. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE SECOND.

Cum animus, cognitis perceptiſque virtutibus, à corporis obſequio, indulgentiaque diſceſſerit, voluptatemque, ſicut labem aliquam deorſum oppreſſerit, omnemque mortis doloriſque materiem effugerit, ſocietatemque cæleſtis ecleſtis cœli

[illegible] suos, omnesque naturâ conjunctos, suos duxerit, cultumque deorum, & puram religionem [illegible] aut excogitari poterit [illegible] *Tull. de Legibus.*

Among the *Indians* there is an excellent [illegible] men, called *Gymnosophists*: these I [illegible] admire, not as skilled in propagating the vine——in the arts of grafting or agriculture. They apply not themselves to till the ground——to search after gold——to break the horse——to tame the bull——to shear or feed sheep or goats. What is it then that engages them? One thing preferable to all these. Wisdom is the pursuit as well of the old men, the teachers, as of the young, their disciples. Nor is there any thing among them that I so much praise, as their aversion to sloth and idleness.

When the tables are spread, before the meat is set on them, all the youth, assembling to their meal, are asked by their masters——In what useful task they have been employed from sun-rising to that time.——One represents himself as having been [illegible] an arbitrator, and succeeded by his prudent management in composing a difference——in making them friends who were at variance. A second had been paying obedience to his parents commands. A third had made some discovery by his own application, or learned something by another's instruction. The rest give an account of themselves in the same way.

He who has done nothing to deserve a dinner, is turned out of doors without one.

Dipping into *Apuleius* for my afternoon's amusement, the foregoing passage was the [illegible] I read, before I fell into a slumber, which exhibited to me a vast concourse of the fashionable people at the court-end of the town, under the examination of a Gymnosophist, how they had passed their morning. He begun with the men.

Many of them acknowledged, that the morning, properly speaking, was near gone, before their eyes were opened.

Many of them had only risen to dress——to visit——to amuse themselves at the drawing-room or coffee-house.

Some had by riding or walking been [illegible] that health at the beginning of the day, which the close of it would wholly [illegible] in impairing.

Some from the time they had got on their own cloaths, had been engaged in [illegible] others put on theirs——in attending levees——in endeavouring to procure, by their importunity, what they had disqualified themselves for by their idleness.

Some had been early out of their beds, but it was because they could not, from their ill-luck the preceding evening, rest in them; and when risen, as they had no spirits, they could not reconcile themselves to any sort of application.

Some had not had it in their power to do what was of much consequence; in the former part of the morning, they wanted to speak with their tradesmen; and in the latter, they could not be denied to their friends.

Others, truly, had been reading, but reading what could make them neither wiser nor better, what was not worth their remembering, or what they should wish to forget.

It grieved me to hear so many of eminent rank, both in the sea and land service, giving an account of themselves that levelled them with the meanest under their command.

Several appeared with an air expressing the fullest confidence that what they had to say for themselves would be to the philosopher's entire satisfaction. They had been employed as Virtuosi should be——had been exercising their skill in the liberal arts, and encouraging the artists. Medals, pictures, statues had undergone their examination, and been their purchase. They had been inquiring what the literati of *France*, *Germany*, *Italy*, had of late published; and they had bought what suited their respective tastes.

When it appeared, that the completing a *Roman* series had been their concern, who had never read over, in their own language, a *Latin* historian —— that they who grudged no expence for originals, knew them only by hearsay from their worst copies —— that the very persons who had paid so much for the labour of *Rysbrack*, upon Sir *Andrew's judgment*, would, if they had followed their *own*, have paid the same sum for that of *Bird's*——That the book-buyers had not laid out their money on what they ever proposed to read, but on what they had heard commended, and what they wanted to fit a shelf, and fill a library that only served them for a breakfast-room; this class of men the Sage pronounced the idlest of all idle people, and doubly blameable, as wasting alike their time and their fortune.

The follies of one sex had so tired the phi-

philoſopher, that he would ſuffer no account to be given him of thoſe of the other. It was eaſy for him to gueſs how the females muſt have been employed, where ſuch were the examples in thoſe they were to *honour and obey*.

For a ſhort ſpace there was a general ſilence. The Gymnoſophiſt at length expreſſed himſelf to this effect: You have been repreſented to me as a people who would uſe your own reaſon——who would think for yourſelves——who would freely inquire, form your opinions on evidence, and adopt no man's ſentiments merely becauſe they were his. A character, to which, for aught I can find, you are as ill entitled as, perhaps, moſt nations in the univerſe. The freedom with which great names are oppoſed, and received opinions queſtioned by *ſome* among you, is, probably, no other than what is uſed by *force* of every country in which liberal inquiries are purſued. The difference is, *you* ſafely publiſh your ſentiments on every ſubject; to *them* it would be penal to avow any notions that agree not with thoſe of their ſuperiors. But when you thus paſs your days, as if you thought not at all, have you any pretence to freedom of thought? Can they be ſaid to love truth, who ſhun conſideration? When it ſeems your ſtudy to be uſeleſs, to be of no ſervice to others or yourſelves——when you treat your time as a burthen, to be eaſed of which is your whole concern——when that ſituation, thoſe circumſtances of life are accounted the happieſt, which muſt tempt you to be idle and inſignificant; human nature is as much diſhonoured by you, as it is by any of thoſe people, whoſe ſavageneſs or ſuperſtition you have in the greateſt contempt.

Let me not be told, how well you approve your reaſon by your arguments or your ſentiments. The proper uſe of reaſon, is to act reaſonably. When you ſo groſsly fail in this, all the juſt apprehenſions you may entertain, all the right things you may ſay, only prove with what abilities you are formed, and with what guilt you miſapply them.

The Sage here raiſing his arm with his voice, I concluded it adviſeable not to ſtand quite ſo near him. In attempting to remove I awoke, and haſtened to commit to writing a dream that had ſo much truth in it, and therefore expreſſed how reaſonable it will be to conſider to what uſe of our time we are directed.

First, by our preſent ſtate and condition;

Secondly, By the relation we bear to each other;

Thirdly, By that in which we ſtand towards the Deity.

If we are raiſed above the brutes——if we are undeniably of a more excellent kind, we muſt be made for a different purpoſe; we cannot have the faculties they want, but in order to a life different from theirs; and when our life is not ſuch——when it is but a round of eating, drinking, and ſleeping, as theirs is——when, by our idleneſs and inattention, we are almoſt on a level with them, both as to all ſorts of duty, and all uſeful knowledge that we poſſeſs, our time muſt have been grievouſly miſemployed; there is no ſurer token of its having been ſo, than that we have done ſo little to advance ourſelves above the brute, when our Creator had vouchſafed us ſo far ſuperior a capacity.

The creatures below us are wholly intent on the pleaſures of ſenſe, becauſe they are capable of no other: but as man is capable of much higher and nobler, he muſt have this privilege, that his purſuits may be accordingly——that his better nature ſhould be better employed.

Were we born only to ſatisfy the appetites we have in common with the brute kind, we ſhould, like it, have no higher principle to direct us——to furniſh us with other delights. All the diſtinction between us that this principle *can* make, was, undoubtedly, intended by our Creator to be made; and the leſs any appears, our abuſe of this principle, and conſequently our oppoſition to our Maker's will, is the more notorious and blameable.

It may ſeem then plain, that there are advantages to be purſued, and a certain degree of excellence to be attained by us, according to the powers that we have, and the creatures below us want. How indulgent ſhould we ſhould be to improve each opportunity for this, we may learn by attending, in the next place, to our *uncertain*, and, at all events, *ſhort* continuance on earth.

We are fully apprized, that by the paſſage of a few hours or days no progreſs can be made in any thing, that has the leaſt pretence to commendation. Thoſe accompliſhments, that are confined to our fingers ends, what months, what years of application do they coſt us! And, alas! what trifles are the moſt admired of them

in compariſon of a great number of others for which we are qualified; and which, as they are ſo infinitely preferable to theſe, ought to be ſo much the more earneſtly ſought! When, therefore, the whole term allowed for gaining and uſing them, is thus precarious and ſhort, we can have but a very ſmall portion of it to diſpoſe of as we pleaſe——to paſs entirely as mere fancy or humour ſuggeſts. If much is to be done in a very ſhort time, the good huſbandry of it muſt be conſulted: and there is no one, who conſiders what we, univerſally, may effect—in how many particulars we may be of ſervice to ourſelves——how much depends upon our endeavours——how neceſſary they are for our attaining what ſhould be moſt valued by us, what is of greateſt conſequence to us; there is, I ſay, no one, who conſiders theſe things, but muſt admit, that we have much to do, and therefore, that the ſcanty term we have for it ought to be carefully managed—can only by a prudent management ſuffice for the diſpatch of ſuch a taſk.

And our opportunities, for making attainments thus deſirable, ſhould be ſo much the more diligently watched and readily embraced, as they meet with many unavoidable interruptions even in our ſhort life.

How great a part of our time is *neceſſarily* loſt to us—is conſumed by, that ſhorter death, our ſleep! We are really better œconomiſts than ordinary in this inſtance, if only a third part of our life thus paſſes: and on the reſt of it what a large demand is made by our meals——by our juſtifiable recreations——by the forms and civilities, to which a proper correſpondence with our fellow creatures obliges us? Add to theſe neceſſary deductions, the many caſual ones with which we all, unavoidably, meet, and it will ſoon appear, what an exceeding ſmall part of our ſhort continuance on earth, we have to beſtow on ſuch purpoſes of living, as alone can be of credit to us.

We are further to reflect, that in the ſmall part of our life, in which we can be employed like reaſonable creatures, opportunities, for doing what may be of greateſt moment, do not always ſerve us: and with ſome of them, if loſt we never again meet.

We depend very much on things without us, and over which we have no ſort of command. There may be an extraordinary advantage derived to us from them; but, if the firſt offer of this be neglected, we may never have a ſecond.

Nor is it only the dependance we have on things without us, that requires us ſo carefully to watch our opportunities: we have a ſtill more awakening call, if poſſible, to this from within ourſelves——from the reſtraints to which the exerciſe of our powers is ſubjected. We cannot uſe theſe when and as we pleaſe——we cannot chuſe the time of life wherein to avail ourſelves of our natural endowments, and to reap all the advantage deſigned us in them.

When we are in our youth, our bodies eaſily receive whatever mein or motion can recommend us: where is the ſound ſo difficult, which our tongue cannot be then taught to expreſs? To what ſpeed may our feet then be brought, and our hands to what dexterity? But if we are advanced to manhood before the forming us in any of theſe ways is attempted, all endeavour after it will then either be quite fruitleſs, or, probably, leſs ſucceſsful than it would have been in our earlier years; and whatever its ſucceſs be, a much greater might have formerly been obtained with half the pains.

The very ſame is it with our underſtanding, with our will and our paſſions. There is a certain ſeaſon when our minds may be enlarged——when a vaſt ſtock of uſeful truths may be acquired——when our paſſions will readily ſubmit to the government of reaſon—when right principles may be ſo fixed in us, as to influence every important action of our future lives: but the ſeaſon for this extends neither to the whole, nor to any conſiderable length of our continuance upon earth; it is limited to a few years of our term; and, if throughout theſe we neglect it, error or ignorance are, according to the ordinary courſe of things, entailed upon us. Our will becomes our law——our luſts gain a ſtrength that we afterwards vainly oppoſe——wrong inclinations become ſo confirmed in us, that they defeat all our endeavours to correct them.

II. Let me proceed to conſider what directions are furniſhed us for the employment of our time, by the relation we bear to each other.

Society is manifeſtly upheld by a circulation of kindneſs: we are all of us, in ſome way or other, wanting aſſiſtance, and in like manner, qualified to give it. None are in a ſtate of independency on their fellow-creatures. The moſt ſlenderly endowed are not a mere burthen on their kind; even they can contribute their ſhare to the

common good, and may be to the political body, what thoſe parts of us, in which we leaſt pride ourſelves, are to the natural, not greatly indeed its ornaments, but much for its real uſe.

We learn what are juſtly our natural claims, from this mutual dependency: that on its account, as well as for other reaſons, our life is not to paſs in a round of pleaſure or idleneſs, or according to the ſuggeſtions of mere humour and fancy, or in ſordid or ſelfiſh purſuits.

There can be nothing more evidently my duty than that I ſhould return the kindneſs I receive——than that, if many are employed in promoting my intereſt, I ſhould be as intent on furthering theirs.

All men are by nature equal. Their common paſſions and affections, their common infirmities, their common wants give ſuch conſtant remembrances of this equality, even to them who are moſt diſpoſed to forget it, that they cannot, with all their endeavours, render themſelves wholly unmindful thereof——they cannot become *inſenſible*, how unwilling ſoever they may be to *conſider*, that their debt is as large as their demands——that they owe to others, as much as they can reaſonably expect from them.

But are all then upon a level—muſt thoſe diſtinctions be thrown down, which, being the chief ſupport of the order and peace of ſociety, are ſuch of its happineſs; and which nature herſelf may be judged to appoint, by the very diſpoſitions and abilities with which ſhe forms us; qualifying ſome for rule, and fitting ſome for ſubjection?

That, in many inſtances, we are all upon a level, none can deny, who regard the materials of our bodies—the diſeaſes and pain to which we are ſubject—our entrance into the world, the means of preſerving us in it—the length of our continuance therein—our paſſage out of it. But then as it will not follow, that, becauſe we are made of the ſame materials—are liable to the ſame accidents and end, we, therefore, are the ſame throughout; neither is it a juſt concluſion, that, becauſe we are levelled in our dependence, we ſhould be ſo in our employments.

Superiority will remain——diſtinctions will be preſerved, though all of us muſt ſerve each other, while that ſervice is differently performed.

Superiority has no ſort of connection with idleneſs and uſeleſſneſs: it may exempt us from the bodily fatigue of our inferiors, from their confinement and hardſhips—it may entitle ſome to the deference and ſubmiſſion of thoſe about them; but it by no means exempts any of us from all attention to the common good, from all endeavours to promote it—by no means does it entitle any of us to live, like ſo many drones, on the induſtry of others, to reap all the benefit we can from them, and be of none to them.

The diſtinctions of prince and ſubject—noble and vulgar—rich and poor, conſiſt not in this, that the one has a great deal to do, and the other nothing—that the one muſt be always buſied, and the other may be always taking his pleaſure, or enjoying his eaſe. No, in this they conſiſt, that theſe ſeveral perſons are differently *buſied*—aſſiſt each other in different ways.

The ſovereign acquaints himſelf with the true ſtate of his kingdom—directs the execution of its laws—provides for the exact adminiſtration of juſtice—ſecures the properties of his people—preſerves their peace. Theſe are his cares; and that they may be the more aſſured of ſucceſs, and have their weight more eaſily ſupported, his commands find the readieſt obedience—a large revenue is aſſigned him—the higheſt honours are paid him. It is not, in any of theſe inſtances, the man who is regarded, but the head of the community; and that for the benefit of the community—for the ſecurity of its quiet, and the furtherance of its proſperity.

The nobility have it their taſk, to qualify themſelves for executing the more honourable and important offices of the commonwealth, and to execute theſe offices with diligence and fidelity. The very ſtation to which they are advanced, is ſuppoſed either the recompence of great ſervice done the public, or of the merit of an uncommon capacity to ſerve it.

The richer members of the ſtate, as they have all the helps that education can give them—as in their riper age they have all the opportunity they can wiſh for to improve upon theſe helps—as their circumſtances exempt them from the temptations to which poverty is expoſed; to them is committed the diſcharge of thoſe offices in the commonwealth, which are next to the higheſt, and ſometimes even of theſe—they either concur in making laws for the ſociety, or are chiefly concerned in executing them—commerce, arts, ſcience, liberty, virtue, whatever can be for the credit and peace—for the eaſe and proſperity of a nation,

tion, depends on the part they act——on their conduct.

Let them be a ſupine, indolent race, averſe to rational inquiries—to all ſerious application—let it be their buſineſs to divert themſelves, to give a looſe to fancy and appetite—let all their ſchemes be thoſe of ſelf-indulgence, and their life a round of vanity and ſenſuality; ſad muſt be the condition of the nation to which they belong! throughout it muſt be diſorder and confuſion—it muſt have the worſt to fear from its more powerful neighbours.

And as, in all countries, *they* who are diſtinguiſhed by *their* rank or fortune, have *their* poſt, *their* duty, *their* talk for the common good—as to diſcharge this requires many accompliſhments, the attainment of which is, matter of much attention and pains, requires an improved underſtanding, command of paſſions, an integrity and reſolution, which only can be preſerved by an habitual ſerioufneſs and reflection—as *they* cannot fail in *their* parts, cannot miſemploy *their* leiſure, and unfit themſelves for, or be negligent in the ſervice appointed *them*, but *their* country muſt ſuffer grievouſly in its moſt valuable intereſts; the diligence *they* ſhould uſe, the little time *they* have to triſle away is evident: it is moſt evident under what obligations *they* are, not to abandon themſelves to merely animal gratifications, and the pleaſures of ſenſe—to ſloth and inactivity.

Nor is it only from the omiſſion of what *they* ought to perform, that the public will in this caſe ſuffer, but from the example *they* ſet. An inſenſibility that they are to live to any uſeful purpoſes—a thoughtleſſneſs of their having any thing to mind but their humour and liking—a groſs careleſſneſs how their days paſs, cannot appear amongſt thoſe of higher rank, but the infection will ſpread itſelf among thoſe of a lower; theſe will deſire to be as lazy and worthleſs as their ſuperiors—to have the ſame ſhare of mirth and jollity—to be of as little conſequence to the public.

That this will be the caſe, is as certain, as experience can make any thing. It has been, and is, every where, found, that where they, who have the wealth, and are therefore ſuppoſed, though very unreaſonably, to have the ſenſe of a nation, treat their time as of no account, only think of making it ſubſervient to their exceſſes, their vanity, or their ſports; the ſame wrong notions ſoon ſpread among their inferiors.

The populace, indeed, cannot be quite ſo diſſolute—they cannot be ſo immerſed in ſloth and ſenſuality, as the richer part of a nation, becauſe their circumſtances permit it not: their maintenance muſt coſt them ſome care and pains, but they will take as little as they can—they will, as far as is in their power, have their fill of what their betters teach them to be the comforts of life, the enjoyments proper for reaſonable creatures—they cannot debauch themſelves in the more elegant and expenſive ways, but they will in thoſe which ſuit their education and condition——they cannot be wholly uſeleſs, but if they make themſelves of any ſervice, it ſhall only be, becauſe they are paid for it, becauſe they cannot be ſupported without it.

And how can we exect that things ſhould be otherwiſe? It is not, upon the loweſt computation, one in a hundred who forms his manners upon the principles of reaſon. Example, cuſtomaary practice govern us. And, as they, who are more eſpecially dependent upon others, have it taught them, from their very infancy, to reſpect thoſe on whom they depend—to obſerve them—to be directed by them; no wonder that they ſhould be fond of imitating them, as far as their ſituation admits; no wonder that they ſhould copy their follies, ſince *that* they can do moſt eaſily, and *that* moſt ſuits their natural depravity.

But to him, whoſe induſtry is his ſupport, I would obſerve: he ſhould not think, that, if they, who enjoy the plenty he wants, are prodigal of their time—miſemploy it—waſte it; *their* abuſe of it will at all excuſe *his*. He cannot poſſibly be ignorant how unfitting ſuch a waſte of time is—how much good it hinders—how much evil it occaſions—and how much a greater ſufferer he will be from it, than thoſe who are in more plentiful circumſtances.

And let it be conſidered, by both high and low, rich and poor, that there can be nothing ſo becoming them, there can be nothing that will give them ſo ſolid, ſo laſting a ſatisfaction, as to be employed in ſerving mankind—in furthering their happineſs. What thought can we entertain more honourable with reſpect to God himſelf, than that "his mercy is over all his "works"—that his goodneſs is continually diſplaying itſelf through the whole extent of being—that the unthankful and the evil he not only forbears, but ſtill ſeeks to awaken to a due acknowledgment of him—to a juſt ſenſe of their true intereſt,

by perſevering in his kindneſs towards them, by continuing to them the bleſſings they ſo ill deſerve?

And if the conſideration of the univerſal Creator as thus acting be really that which makes him appear moſt amiable to us—which affects us with the moſt profound veneration of him, and chiefly renders it pleaſing to us to contemplate his other perfections; what worth do we evidence, how highly do we recommend ourſelves, when employed either in qualifying ourſelves for doing good, or in doing it,—when we have the common advantage our conſtant purſuit—when we ſeek for pleaſure in making ourſelves of uſe, and feel happineſs in the degree in which we communicate it?

III. What employment of our time the relation in which we ſtand to God ſuggeſts to us, I am next to ſhew.

Every one who reads this, I may juſtly ſuppoſe ſenſible that there is a nature ſuperior to his own, and even poſſeſſed of the higheſt excellencies—that to it we owe our exiſtence, owe the endowments, which place us at the head of all the creatures upon earth, owe whatever can make us deſire to have our exiſtence continued to us—that by this ſuperior nature *alone*, many of our wants can be ſupplied—that on it we entirely depend—that from its favour the whole of our increaſing happineſs can be expected,

From what we thus know of God and ourſelves, there muſt ariſe certain duties towards him, the performanee of which will have its demand on our time. His perfections require our higheſt veneration; this cannot be exerciſed or preſerved without our ſerious attention to and recollection of them. His mercies demand our moſt humble and grateful acknowledgments; proper acts of thankſgiving are therefore what we ſhould be blameable to omit; they daily become us, and ſhould be made with all the ſolemnity and fervour, that ſuit the kindneſs vouchſafed us, and the majeſty of him to whom we addreſs ourſelves *. A due ſenſe of our weakneſs and wants is a conſtant admonition to us to look up to that Being whoſe power and goodneſs are infinite, and to cheriſh ſuch diſpoſitions as are moſt likely to recommend us to him: hence it is evident what ſtreſs we ſhould lay upon thoſe awful invocations of the divine interpoſition in our favour, and upon that devout confeſſion of our unworthineſs of it, which have a natural tendency to keep the Deity preſent to our remembrance, and to purify our hearts.

Public acknowledgments of the goodneſs of God, and application for his bleſſings, contribute to give a whole community ſuitable apprehenſions of him; and theſe, if it be my duty to entertain, it is equally my duty to propagate; both as the regard I pay the divine excellencies is hereby fitly expreſſed, and as the ſame advantage, that I receive from ſuch apprehenſions, will be received by all whom they affect in the ſame manner with me. Hence it is clearly our duty to join in the public worſhip—to promote by our regular attendance upon it, a like regularity in others.

Theſe obſervations will, I hope, be thought ſufficient proofs, that, from the relation we bear to God, a certain portion of our time is his claim—ought to be ſet apart for meditation upon him, for prayer to him, and for ſuch other exerciſe of our reaſon as more immediately reſpects him, and ſuits our obligations towards him.

Dean Bolton.

§ 150. *On the Employment of Time.*

ESSAY THE THIRD.

'Since all things are uncertain, favour 'yourſelf.' Where have I met with it? Whoſeſoever the advice is, it proceeds upon a ſuppoſition abſolutely falſe, That there is an uncertainty in all things: and were the ſuppoſition true, the inference would be wrong; did we allow, that there was ſuch an uncertainty in all things, it would be wrongly concluded from thence, that we ſhould favour ourſelves.

* Never to acknowledge the enjoyments and privileges we have received, and hold, of God, is in effect to *deny* that we received them from him: not to apply to him for a ſupply of our wants, is to *deny*, either our wants, or his power of helping us. *Religion of Nature delineated*, p. 121.

If I ſhould never pray to God, or worſhip him at all, ſuch a total omiſſion would be equivalent to this aſſertion, there is no God, who governs the world, to be adored; which, if there is ſuch a Being, muſt be contrary to truth. Alſo *generally* and *notoriouſly* to neglect this duty, though not always, will favour, if not directly proclaim, the ſame untruth. For certainly to worſhip God after this manner, is only to worſhip him accidentally, which is to declare it a great accident that he is worſhipped at all; and this approaches as near as poſſible to a *total* neglect. Beſides, ſuch a ſparing and infrequent worſhipper of the Deity, betrays ſuch an habitual diſregard of him, as will render every religious act indignificant and null. *Ib.* p. 18.

Firſt, there is not the uncertainty here ſuppoſed. With regard to thoſe things, which call us to thoughts very different from that of *favouring* ourſelves—which ſhould withdraw our attention from our own will, our own liking—which ſuggeſt to us quite other conſiderations than of taking our eaſe, and indulging our appetites—which ſhould make the animal life the leaſt of our concern—which ſhould render us only ſolicitous to purify ourſelves, and be uſeful to our fellow-creatures; with regard to theſe things, I ſay, we have either abſolute certainty, or the higheſt degree of probability.

To have produced ſo much beauty and order, as every where diſcover themſelves, intelligence was not only *requiſite*, but great wiſdom and power. The beneficial effects naturally reſulting from the things thus beautifully formed and orderly diſpoſed, *demonſtrate* the goodneſs, as well as the wiſdom and power of their author.

That the benefits he deſigned, ſhould conſtantly take place, *muſt*, as he is a good being, *be agreeable to his will*; and whatever hinders their taking effect, *muſt be diſagreeable to it*.

We *cannot have a ſurer mark* of what pleaſes him, than its being productive of happineſs; and whatever has miſery accompanying it, *carries with it the cleareſt proof* of its diſpleaſing him.

A virtuous practice greatly furthering the happineſs of mankind, *muſt be pleaſing to their Maker*; a vicious one *muſt diſpleaſe him*, as it neceſſarily obſtructs their happineſs.

If from any accidental indiſpoſition of things, as from the number of the criminal, virtue ſhould *here* miſs its reward, there is *great likelihood* that it will *elſewhere* receive it; and, if vice, by a like accident, ſhould, in particular inſtances, not carry with it thoſe marks of its offending the Governor of the world, which it in moſt caſes bears, there is the *higheſt probability* that it will have its puniſhment in ſome future ſtate. There is that probability in favour of *virtue*, not only from what our reaſonings on the juſtice and goodneſs of God induce us to think *it* has to expect from him, but alſo from the viſible manner in which he ſignifies his approbation of it. He has impreſſed a ſenſe of *its* worth on the minds of all mankind—he has made ſatisfaction inſeparable from a conformity to it—he has appointed many advantages, in the ordinary courſe of things, *its* attendants: which ſeem concurring *aſſurances*, that to whatſoever diſadvantages *it* may now, occaſionally expoſe us, they will be at length fully recompenſed. And there is the *probability* I have mentioned, that the guilty will not be always without a puniſhment adequate to their crimes, not only from the apprehenſions we may fitly entertain of a juſt Governor of the univerſe; but, alſo, from the manner in which he, to the notice of all men, expreſſes his abhorrence of vice: annexing to *many* crimes immediate inconveniences—giving *others* a very ſhort reſpite from the ſevereſt diſtreſs, the painfulleſt diſeaſes—allowing *none* to have our reaſon and conſcience on their ſide, to be approved by us in our hours of ſerioufneſs and calm reflection.

Virtue is, *evidently*, preſerved and promoted by frequent conſideration—by diligence and application—by the denial of our appetites—by the reſtraint of our inclinations—by a conſtant watchfulneſs over our paſſions—by cheriſhing in ourſelves ſentiments of humanity and benevolence. Vice is, as *manifeſtly*, produced, and confirmed by inattention—by ſupineneſs and careleſſneſs—by favouring our appetites—by conſulting rather what we are diſpoſed to, than what is beſt for us, rather what inclination, than what reaſon ſuggeſts—by an attachment to the ſatisfaction of the preſent moment, to our immediate profit or convenience—by adopting narrow, ſelfiſh principles.

Thus it will appear, that there is by no means an uncertainty in all things. Moſt certain it is from whence virtue has its ſecurity and improvement. Equally certain is it how we become bad, and how we are made worſe. Virtue has, in the nature of things, a reward of which it cannot be deprived, and vice as ſure a puniſhment. All thoſe accidents which obſtruct either the advantages ſuiting a virtuous practice, or the ſufferings that a vicious one ought to feel, may *fitly* carry our thoughts to ſome future ſtate, when each will have its full deſert from that Being, who has ſo clearly expreſſed as well his approbation of virtue, as his abhorrence of vice; and whoſe goodneſs, wiſdom and power, as they admit of *demonſtration*, ſo *they cannot but be believed* to concur in beſtowing thoſe rewards and puniſhments, which will be moſt for the

welfare of the nobleſt part of the creation, the intelligent part of it.

But if there were the uncertainty that is not; the right conſequence would not be, Favour yourſelf: it would be, Secure yourſelf: Provide againſt the worſt. Let your preſent enjoyments be directed by the influence they may have on your future happineſs: conſider the whole poſſible extent of your exiſtence, and forego the ſatisfaction of a few moments, rather than hazard the loſs of a good that may continue for endleſs ages.

Such ſeem the proper inferences in this caſe; and the ſecurity of ourſelves is very unlikely to be effected by favouring ourſelves: the reſult of this, in a remoter period, may, with the higheſt degree of probability, be conjectured from what is, every day, experienced.

Bear and forbear, is the leſſon for him who merely ſeeks to give his preſent life all the comfort in his power. Great inconveniences we cannot even here avoid, but by ſubmitting to leſſer.

Freedom from pain is the price of the enjoyments we deny ourſelves; and ſtrength of body purchaſed by the exerciſe that ſo ſeverely fatigues it.

To what ſleepleſs nights would he be condemned, whoſe eaſe throughout the day was to have no interruption? How little reliſh ſhould we have of our food, were we to know nothing of the diſquiet of hunger? The man who would moſt taſte the gratifications of ſenſe, muſt be the moſt ſparing in his application to them; *thence it is* they not only are heightened, but continued to us. It ſeems the condition of our being, that we ſhould have no pleaſure *gratis*—that we ſhould pay for each, before or after its enjoyment. To decline whatever we could be leſs pleaſed with, is the ſureſt way to increaſe both the number of our ſufferings, and their weight.

What can be more precarious than the continuance of human life? Who in his twentieth year acknowledges not, how uncertain it is whether he ſhall ſee his fortieth? Yet no one of common prudence ſeeks barely to crowd as much ſatisfaction into his life, as can conſiſt with his reaching that period: there is no prudent man but denies himſelf many things, in hopes of attaining a much longer term.

We muſt unuſually fail in the love of our children, if we would not purſue their welfare, in the ſame way by which we judge our own beſt conſulted. But where is the advocate for "Favour yourſelf, ſince all "things are uncertain," who, if diſcretion makes any part of his character, governs himſelf by that principle in their education—who does not reſtrain them in a thouſand inſtances? while yet the uneaſineſs it gives, and the tears it coſts them, may probably never find that very ſmall recompence, which muſt be the utmoſt he can propoſe from it. I ſay, this recompence may, *probably*, never be found; a late eminent mathematician having, upon an exact calculation, obſerved, that one half of thoſe that are born, are dead in ſeventeen years time.

Some claim to a public ſpirit, to a love of their country, we find made by the generality of us, even in this very profligate age. But from him, whoſe rule it is to favour himſelf, the public can have nothing to expect. Were this the prevailing principle among us, 'tis obvious how little regard would be ſhewn to the common welfare.

All of the learned profeſſions would regulate their application, by its ſubſerviency to their maintenance, and think they had nothing ſo much to ſtudy, as how to make their fortune.

Soldier and ſailor would have no notion of any honour diſtinct from their advantage—of any obligation they could be under, when their pay might be ſafe, to endanger their perſons.

The people would judge none ſo fit to repreſent them, as they who had been at the greateſt expence in corrupting them: and the repreſentatives of the people would ſee no reaſon why the whole of what was to be gained ſhould go to their conſtituents.

In ſhort, nothing but ſupineneſs and ſloth—an attachment to their eaſe, and the gratification of their ſenſes—low, unmanly views—purſuits throughout the moſt ſelfiſh and ſordid could prevail, among all orders and degrees of men, in any country, where the received doctrine was, *favour yourſelf.*

Hence certainly is it, that not only the better conſtituted governments, but even the nations of a leſs refined policy, have encouraged ſo much an indifference to the ſcanty portion of life here allotted us—to the continuance, the eaſe, the conveniences of it; exciting, by various methods, each member of the community, to have chiefly at heart the public intereſt—to be ever di-

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ligent and active in promoting it—to ſubmit to any difficulties for the ſervice of his country, and to deſpiſe death in its defence.

Nor do we, univerſally, eſteem any characters more, than thoſe of the perſons who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their diſintereſtedneſs—by their zeal for the common good—by their ſlighting all private advantages that came in competition with it.

What has been the language of the more generous Heathen, but the very reverſe of Favour thyſelf? *Plato* adviſes his friend *Archytas* to conſider "that we are "not born for ourſelves alone—that our "country, our parents, our friends have "their reſpective claims upon us." *Epiſt.* ix. p. 358. vol. 3.

Ariſtotle, in ſettling the true difference between the lawful and culpable love of ourſelves, obſerves, that ſuch love of ourſelves is, undoubtedly, blameable, as induces us to ſeek as large a ſhare as may be, of wealth, honour, and ſenſual pleaſure. He, afterwards, conſiders a life of reaſon and virtue, as the proper life of a man, and pronounces him the true lover of himſelf, who makes ſuch a life his care.

He goes on, "When all are intent on "the practice of what is right, and each "lays himſelf out on the worthieſt actions, "the public welfare will, thereby, be ef"fectually provided for, and every private "perſon conſult his own greateſt happi"neſs. It is moſt truly ſaid, of the good "man, that he will ſerve his friends and "his country—will do it, even at the ex"pence of his life. For, as to wealth, "honour, and all thoſe other goods about "which there is ſo much ſtir in the world, "he will have *no* regard to them, when "they come into competition with the diſ"charge of his duty. He will rather chuſe to live one year well, than many at random. He is juſtly thought the good man, who has nothing ſo much at heart, as how to act rightly."

To mention another *Greek* writer;

We are born, ſays the excellent emperor *Antoninus*, to aſſiſt each other, l. 2. 1. His counſel is, "Whatſoever you do, do it with a view to your being a good man; good, not in the ordinary, but in the ſtrict and proper ſenſe of the word," l. iv. § 10. "In this delight, in this repoſe yourſelf, in paſſing from one uſeful action to another; ſtill mindful of the Deity." l. vi. § 7.

"Whatſoever I do," ſays he, "by my"ſelf, or the aſſiſtance of others, ought "wholly to be directed by what the com"mon advantage requires." l. vii. § 5.

He, elſewhere, cenſures every action of ours, that has no reference either immediately, or more remotely, to the duties of ſocial life, l. ix. § 23. To deſpiſe, ſays *Tully*, and make no account of pleaſure, life, wealth, in compariſon of the public welfare, is the part of a great and generous mind.—A life of toil and trouble in order to promote, if poſſible, the good of all mankind, would be much more agreeable to nature, than to paſs one's days in ſolitude, not only without any care, but enjoying the greateſt pleaſures, and having every thing could be wanted at command. *De Off.* l. iii. 283, 284.

We are all, according to *Seneca*, members of one great body, Ep. 95. We muſt conſult the happineſs of others, if we would our own. In his treatiſe *of a Happy Life*, mentioning what the man muſt be, who may hope to paſs hence to the abodes of the celeſtial beings; part of his deſcription of him is, "That he lives as if "he knew himſelf born for others—con"ſults in all he does the approbation of "his conſcience—regulates his every ac"tion by conſidering it as well known to "the public, as it is to himſelf—treats the "whole world as his country—regards "the gods as preſent wherever he is, "and as remarking whatever he acts and "ſpeaks."

True happineſs is, throughout this author's works, conſidered as derived from virtue—from the ſteady purſuit of what is right and our duty.

Theſe reflections will, I hope, appear not improperly introducing the conſideration of the part we have to act as expectants of happineſs in a future ſtate; the ſubject of the following eſſay.

This expectation does not indeed furniſh any employment of our time that would not be comprehended under the heads on which I have already enlarged; but it is the ſtrongeſt poſſible enforcement of what they teach us.

Can I ſuppoſe that beyond the grave there is any happineſs prepared for me, if I live unmindful of the privileges here vouchſafed me—if, when I am placed above the beaſts, I will put myſelf upon a level with them—if that ſpiritual part of me, which makes me a fit ſubject for this

happineſs, be neglected, and all my care and pains laid out on my body, on what was earth ſo lately, and muſt ſo ſpeedily be earth again?

Are there certain diſpoſitions which prepare us for, and which, by being perfected, probably conſtitute the happineſs of another life; and may we hope to obtain it, when our purſuits contributed to ſuppreſs theſe diſpoſitions, or when we are wholly regardleſs of cultivating them?

Whatever I hope for in a future abode, I ought to think the reward of ſomething here done by me; and when the time for action here is ſo ſhort, even in its longeſt continuance—when likewiſe our opportunities are ſo few, and ſo irrecoverably loſt, we muſt conclude it moſt fitting, in order to the ſucceſs of our hopes, to embrace the opportunity before us; not to neglect it from a preſumption of finding others which perhaps may never come, or, if they do come, may be leſs favourable to us than the preſent; but to derive from this every advantage it is capable of yielding us.

Further, if according to the greater or leſs uſe of which we make ourſelves to our fellow-creatures, we more or leſs anſwer the end of our creation, we muſt conceive this to be a point, our ſpecial regard to which will be the neceſſary conſequence of the views we have beyond the grave. The bliſs we then promiſe ourſelves cannot be thought a likelier reward of any practice, than of that which aims at the moſt extenſive good; nor can one of common ſenſe think ſuch happineſs likely to be our portion, after a life ſpent as unprofitably, as that of thoſe creatures, the whole of whoſe ſatisfactions we all confine to thoſe they at preſent enjoy—to their preſent exiſtence. Hence our hopes after death will be perpetually urging us to what we can do moſt for the good of mankind, and muſt be a motive to it of the greateſt weight.

Thus, likewiſe, when I contemplate a more deſirable ſtate of being, than what I am now granted, awaiting me at my departure hence; as it is impoſſible that I ſhould not at the ſame time take into my conſideration, to whom I muſt owe this bleſſing, from whom it can be received; I muſt hereby be neceſſarily led to a great deſire of pleaſing him from whom it is to come, and therefore to all ſuch application to him, and acknowledgment of his excellencies, as can be ſuppoſed due from and required of me.

To all the ſeveral taſks I have mentioned, we are thus particularly directed by attending to the happineſs reſerved for us; the conſideration of it thus ſtrongly enforces their performance.

How far it muſt in general contribute to the beſt employment of our time, the following obſervations may, I hope, fully convince us.

If we ſurvey the things, on the value of which we are univerſally agreed, we ſhall perceive few, if any, of them obtained or ſecured without more or leſs care on our part, and ſome of them only the recompence of our painfulleſt endeavour. The long enjoyment of health is in vain expected, if we wholly decline the fatigue of exerciſe, and the uneaſineſs of ſelf-denial. The greateſt eſtate muſt at length be waſted by him, who will be at no trouble in the management of it, who cannot torment his brains with examining accounts, and regulating the various articles of a large expence. Whoſe power is ſo eſtabliſhed that the preſervation of it coſts him not much ſolicitude—many anxious thoughts; and compels him not to mortify himſelf in numerous inſtances? This is the caſe of them whom *we eſteem* the moſt fortunate of their kind. As to the generality, how difficult do they find the acquiſition of the meaneſt of theſe advantages? What years of diligence does it coſt them to raiſe but a moderate fortune? Vaſt numbers we find ſtruggling throughout their lives for a bare ſupport.

The chief bleſſings of life—the goods moſt worthy our purſuit, are not only *for the moſt part*, but *altogether*, the fruits of long and unwearied endeavours after them. Where is the very uſeful art that can be learned without a cloſe and tedious application—that we can make any tolerable progreſs in, before many of our days are paſſed? How much, and what an attentive experience—what repeated obſervations, and how exact a reaſoning upon them, are neceſſary to form us to any degree of wiſdom?—Duly to regulate our paſſions—to have them under command—rightly directed, and more or leſs warm proportionably to the influence their object has upon our happineſs, will coſt us, as every one is ſenſible, a watchfulneſs and care of ſuch continuance, as is ſubmitted to by few even of thoſe, who beſt know how far it would be overpaid by the good its purchaſe.

If then we pay ſo dear for every ſatisfaction

faction we now enjoy—if there be nothing desirable on earth but what has its price of labour set upon it, and what is most desirable comes to us by the most labour; who in his wits can believe that happiness far exceeding the utmost in our present state, will at length be our portion without any solicitude we need be at about it—without any qualifications we have to acquire in order to it—without any pains we are to take after it? Nothing in Paganism or *Mahommedism*, nothing in *Popery* is so absurd as this supposition.

There is an uniformity in all the proceedings of God. As they are all grounded on an unerring wisdom, they must testify their correspondence to *it*, by what they have to *each other:* and so we find they do in all cases wherein we can fathom them. We know not, indeed, *in what way* we are to be made happy in another life; but *with what* our being so is connected—*to what* it must depend, we are sufficiently instructed. The means of making ourselves thus happy which are put in our power, plainly teach, that by *their* use it must be effected. Lesser goods, derived to us only by our care and industry, demonstrate how we are to secure greater. The chief blessings, that are now within our reach, being never vouchsafed but to our extraordinary efforts—to our most earnest endeavours to gain them, lead us to the fullest conviction, that the same must be the condition of whatever enjoyments we can promise ourselves after our death—that they will only be the reward of the diligence with which they have been sought—of the difficulties their pursuit has occasioned us.

The Atheist himself—he who having no views beyond this world, gives his lusts their full range in it, acts with abundantly more sense and consistency, than he who, full of the hopes of immortality, yet consults his humour or his ease, his pleasure or his profit, regardless of any understanding he has to improve, or any progress in virtue he has to make. Nor is there any thing that so much confirms the irreligious man in his bad principles, as his observing this conduct in them who profess to believe a God and another life. He thinks, and, I must own, but too justly, that it is the same thing not to be influenced by such a belief, and not to have it—that it is even much more reasonable to give up all expectations of future happiness, than to expect it, and yet do nothing in order to it—do nothing that can appear at all qualifying us for, or entitling us to it: in a word, he rightly thinks that, supposing there be a God of that perfect justice and wisdom which he is represented, he cannot make any difference hereafter between them who have absolutely denied his justice—his wisdom—nay his very being, and them who, with all their acknowledgments of him and his perfections, would yet never sacrifice any of their inclinations to him—would not be at any pains to know his will, or, if they did know it, would only so far obey it, as it was agreeable to their own.

I hardly can quit this subject. So great is the danger—so certain, I may say, is the mischief of persuading ourselves, that an eternal happiness will recompence the little we do to secure it, that I scarcely know when I have said enough to evince what conduct alone it can reward.

As the visible world is the only universal guide to our conjectures on the invisible, and therein, as I have observed, the method of Providence in dispensing its blessing, is manifest to every eye; all those which can most engage our wishes depending wholly on what we do to obtain them: as, likewise, whether we consider the wisdom of God, or his truth, or his justice, they all concur in teaching us this lesson, that an ever-continuing felicity can only be prepared for a distinguished virtue.

As things, I say, are thus, may it not properly be asked, What can it be that so strangely infatuates us—that possesses us with hopes so extravagantly absurd—that makes a pursuit so lazy and remiss, which ought to be so vigorous and uninterrupted? I know not what this possibly can be, but, either, the numbers that countenance our practice, or, the reliance we have on the Deity's undbounded goodness.

As to the former, how little stress we should lay on numbers, will be evident from these four considerations.

First, They, who in every age, are most commended for their wisdom and prudence, never take the multitude for their pattern; but, on the other hand, constantly live in a direct opposition to its practices, and dissuade all, to whom they are well-wishers from them.

Secondly, Those follies and vices, which are the reproach of numbers, are not therefore, the less mischievous in their consequences.

ſequences. The increaſing multitudes of the lewd and drunken do not, in any inſtance, occaſion lewdneſs and drunkenneſs to have more favourable circumſtances attending them, either with reſpect to the perſons, or the poſterity of the guilty: and if God be, in no inſtance, more favourable to the vicious in this world, becauſe of their numbers; we have hence too ſad a proof that they have not the leaſt ground to expect he ſhould be ſo in the next.

Thirdly, What we call great numbers, are, probably in reſpect of the whole creation of rational beings, extremely few; perhaps no more than ſome few grains of ſand, in compariſon of thoſe amazing heaps that ſpread the deſarts of the earth, and ſhores of the ocean. Suppoſing, therefore, all offenders among the human kind, puniſhed by God according to their deſerts; that puniſhment might be making examples of a very ſmall, of the very ſmalleſt part of his creatures, for the good of the reſt—for preſerving innumerable millions—an infinite race in their due obedience.

Fourthly, An eſtabliſhed order taking place in all the works of God that we are acquainted with; every thing in the natural world being ſubjected to certain laws; and in the moral world, good having ſtill a tendency to produce good, nor ever failing to do it, unleſs from ſome accidental hindrances; and evil, when things are in their proper courſe, producing evil: we have very ſtrong reaſon to believe, that an unchangeable God—he whoſe wiſdom uniformly diſplays itſelf—has fixed things thus, that thus they will proceed to all eternity; good following from good, evil from evil; with this difference alone, with reſpect to us, in another ſtate, that all hindrances of the natural conſequences of things will there be removed—nothing will prevent the virtuous man's reaping the fruits of his virtue, nor will any thing hinder the whole of the diſmal effects of vice from being felt by them, who have here allowed themſelves in it. And, if this be the caſe, than which nothing is more probable, it is then quite clear, that all the hopes of the guilty from their numbers muſt be utterly vain—that it would be full as reaſonable to think a plague could not be a dangerous diſtemper, becauſe it is ſo infectious an one; as to think that we ſhall be ſafe amidſt our crimes, becauſe of the multitude that ſhare them.

With regard to the goodneſs of God, how groundleſs our reliance muſt be upon it, when we act contrary to the ends for which we were made—when we neglect our opportunities, and abuſe our capacities, will, I hope, be ſufficiently plain to us, if we attend to the following ſhort remarks.

1. We aſcribe goodneſs to God as a perfection; but nothing can be a perfection in him, which has, morally ſpeaking, a neceſſary tendency to make his creatures leſs perfect—leſs careful to anſwer the ends of their creation; and this the divine goodneſs would certainly do, if it were indeed ſuch as allowed us nothing to fear, tho' we neglected to uſe rightly the abilities and opportunities afforded us.

2. As God is the Governor of the world—is acknowledged ſo by all who own his being; we muſt, therefore, conſider his goodneſs, as that of a governor, or as conſiſtent with, and agreeable to, a wiſe government: but can this be ſaid of his goodneſs, if it exempt from all puniſhment our wilful and continued diſobedience to his laws, and thereby encourage us to diſobey them?

3. One attribute or perfection of the Deity cannot claſh with another: his goodneſs, for inſtance, with his juſtice: but the puniſhment of evil is as much a part of juſtice, as the rewarding of good. To treat evil, as if it were not evil, can neither be agreeable to juſtice or truth; and this would be the caſe—evil would be regarded as if it were not evil, did the goodneſs of God ſo favour the wilful offender, that his crimes would never receive their deſert.

4. To reſtrain evil, to obſtruct its progreſs, muſt be the care of a good Governor, nay would be the ſureſt proof of his goodneſs. To puniſh, therefore, ſuch as act contrary to the law of their nature—contrary to the well-being of ſociety, and therein contrary to their own and the common happineſs, is not only a part of juſtice, but even of goodneſs itſelf. We could not conſider God as good, had he not properly guarded againſt his creatures corrupting themſelves, and againſt that corruption extending itſelf: and what are the diſcouragements to this, but in the way of puniſhment—but by the ſufferings the guilty have to fear? The more there are who act in defiance of theſe ſufferings, the more neceſſary it becomes to inflict them; and offenders can have no

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reaſon to think that the mercy of God will ſpare them, when the greateſt mercy is ſhewn in obviating the miſchief of ſuch examples, by treating them according to what they have deſerved.

Let us behold the goodneſs of God in this light, and this is that in which we ought to ſee it—this is its true repreſentation; and thus ſeen, it cannot but convince us how impoſſible it is that we ſhould have any thing to hope after a life unprofitably, vainly ſpent—how much ſuch a life has neceſſarily to fear.

Dean Bolton.

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.

§ 151. *Introduction to the Catechiſm.*

The Catechiſm begins with a recital of our baptiſmal vow, as a kind of preface to the whole. It then lays down the great chriſtian principle of faith; and leaving all myſterious inquiries, in which this ſubject is involved, it paſſes on to the rules of practice. Having briefly recited theſe, it concludes with a ſimple, and very intelligible explanation of baptiſm, and the Lord's Supper.

The catechiſm then begins very properly, with a recital of our baptiſmal vow, as the beſt preface to that belief, and thoſe rules of practice, in which that vow engaged us.—But before we examine the vow itſelf, two appendages of it require explanation—the uſe of ſponſors—and the addition of a name.

With regard to the ſponſor, the church probably imitates the appointment of the legal guardian, making the beſt proviſion it can for the pious education of orphans, and deſerted children. The temporal and the ſpiritual guardian may equally betray their truſt: both are culpable: both accountable: but ſurely the latter breaks the more ſacred engagement.

As to promiſing and vowing in the name of another (which ſeems to carry ſo harſh a ſound) the ſponſor only engages for the child, as any one would engage for another, in a matter which is manifeſtly for his advantage: and on a ſuppoſition, that the child hereafter will ſee it to be ſo—that is, he promiſes, as he takes it for granted, the child itſelf would have promiſed, if it had been able.

With regard to the name, it is no part of the ſacrament; nor pretends to ſcriptural authority. It reſts merely on ancient uſage. A cuſtom had generally obtained, of giving a new name, upon adopting a new member into a family. We find it common among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews; nay, we read that even God himſelf, when he received Abram into covenant, giving an early ſanction to this uſage, changed his name to Abraham. In imitation of this common practice, the old chriſtians gave baptiſmal names to their children, which were intended to point out their heavenly adoption, as their ſurnames diſtinguiſhed their temporal alliance.

From conſidering the uſe of ſponſors, and of the name in baptiſm, we proceed next to the vow itſelf, which is thus expreſſed. "My godfathers did promiſe "three things in my name: 1ſt, That I "ſhould renounce the devil, and all his "works, the pomps and vanities of this "wicked world, and all the ſinful luſts of "the fleſh. 2dly, That I ſhould believe "all the articles of the chriſtian faith; and "3dly, That I ſhould keep God's holy "will, and commandments, and walk in "the ſame all the days of my life."

Firſt then, we promiſe to "renounce "the devil, and all his works, the pomps "and vanities of this wicked world, and "all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh." "The "devil, the world, and the fleſh," is a comprehenſive mode of expreſſing every ſpecies of ſin, however diſtinguiſhed; and from whatever ſource derived: all which we can only engage to renounce as far as we are able; but alſo to take pains in tracing the labyrinths of our own hearts; and in removing the gloſſes of ſelf-deceit. Without this, all renunciation of ſin is pretence.

Being thus enjoined to renounce our groſs, habitual ſins, and thoſe bad inclinations, which lead us into them; we are required next to "believe all the articles "of the chriſtian faith." This is a natural progreſſion. When we are thoroughly convinced of the malignity of ſin, we in courſe wiſh to avoid the ill conſequences of it; and are prepared to give a fair hearing to the evidence of religion. There is a cloſe connection between vice and infidelity. They mutually ſupport each other. The ſame connection ſubſiſts between a well-diſpoſed mind, and the truths of religion: and faith perhaps is not ſo involuntary an act, as many of our modern philoſophers would perſuade us.

After "believing the articles of the "chriſtian faith," we are laſtly injoined to "keep God's holy will and command-"ments."

" ments." Here too is the ſame natural progreſſion. As the renunciation of ſin prepares the way for faith, ſo does faith, lead directly to obedience. They ſeem related to each other, as the mean and the end. " The end of the commandment," ſaith the apoſtle, " is charity out of a pure " heart, and of a good conſcience, and of " faith unfeigned." Faith (which is the act of believing upon rational evidence) is the great fountain, from which all chriſtian virtues ſpring. No man will obey a law, till he hath informed himſelf whether it be properly authorized: or, in other words, till he believe in the juriſdiction that enacted it.—If our faith in Chriſt doth not lead us to obey him; it is what the ſcriptures call a dead faith, in oppoſition to a ſaving one.

To this inſeparable connection between faith and obedience, St. Paul's doctrine may be objected, where he ſeems to lay the whole ſtreſs on faith, in oppoſition to works*.—But it is plain, that St. Paul's argument requires him to mean by faith, the whole ſyſtem of the chriſtian religion (which is indeed the meaning of the word in many other parts of ſcripture); and by works, which he ſets in oppoſition to it, the moral law. So that in fact, the apoſtle's argument relates not to the preſent queſtion; but tends only to eſtabliſh the ſuperiority of chriſtianity. The moral law, argues the apoſtle, which claimed on the righteouſneſs of works, makes no proviſion for the deficiencies of man. Chriſtianity alone, by opening a door of mercy, gave him hopes of that ſalvation, which the other could not pretend to give.

Upon renouncing ſin, believing the articles of the chriſtian faith, and keeping God's holy commandments, as far as ſinful man can keep them, we are entitled by promiſe to all the privileges of the goſpel. We " become members of Chriſt, children " of God, and inheritors of the kingdom " of heaven." We are redeemed through the merits of Chriſt; pardoned through the mercies of God; and rewarded with a bleſſed immortality.

This account of our baptiſmal vow concludes with a queſtion, leading us to acknowledge the neceſſity of obſerving this vow; and to declare our belief, that our only hope of keeping it reſts upon the aſſiſtance of God. *Gilpin.*

§ 152. *On the Creed—the Belief of God.*

The creed begins with a profeſſion of our belief in " God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

The being of a God is one of thoſe truths, which ſcarce require proof. A proof ſeems rather an injury, as it ſuppoſes doubt. However, as young minds, though not ſceptical, are uninformed, it may not be improper to ſelect, out of the variety of arguments which evince this great truth, two or three of the moſt ſimple.

The exiſtence of a Deity, we prove from the light of nature. For his attributes, at leaſt in any perfection, we muſt look into ſcripture.

A few plain and ſimple arguments drawn from the creation of the world—the preſervation of it—and the general conſent of mankind, ſtrike us with more conviction, than all the ſubtilties of metaphyſical deduction.

We prove the being of a God firſt from the creation of the world.

The world muſt have been produced either by deſign, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be ſuppoſed. Let us ſee then with which of theſe characters it is impreſſed.

The characteriſtic of the works of deſign, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteriſtic of the works of chance is juſt the reverſe.—When we ſee ſtones anſwering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately ſay, they were put together by deſign: but when we ſee them thrown about in a diſorderly heap, we ſay as confidently, they have been thrown ſo by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of deſign. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The ſun, for inſtance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furniſhing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper ſoils, and juices for their nouriſhment. Theſe again are connected with animals, by ſupplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great

* See Rom. iii. 28. and indeed great part of the epiſtle.

end

end of ſuſtaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is deſign ſhewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally ſhewn in every part. It is ſeen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is ſeen in every vegetable, furniſhed with parts exactly ſuited to its ſituation. In the leaſt, as well as in the greateſt of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nouriſhment from the crannies of the ſtones; and flouriſhes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of deſign, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of ſuch deſign—of ſuch amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wiſdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What ſhall we ſay then of the author of the great original itſelf, in all its grandeur, and furniſhed with all its various inhabitants?

The argument drawn from the preſervation of the world, is indeed rather the laſt argument advanced a ſtep farther.

If chance could be ſuppoſed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the higheſt degree of credulity, to ſuppoſe, it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The ſun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every ſeed produces now the ſame fruit it ever did. Every ſpecies of animal life is ſtill the ſame. Could chance continue this regular arrangement? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God?

Laſtly, we ſee this great truth, the being of a God, witneſſed by the general conſent of mankind. This general conſent muſt ariſe either from tradition, or it muſt be the reſult of men's own reaſoning. Upon either ſuppoſition, it is an argument equally ſtrong. If the firſt ſuppoſition be allowed, it will be difficult to aſſign any ſource of this tradition, but God himſelf. If the ſecond, it can ſcarce be ſuppoſed that all mankind, in different parts of the world, ſhould agree in the belief of a thing, which never exiſted. For though doubts have ariſen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well aſcertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been diſcovered, among whom ſome traces of religious worſhip have not been found.

Be it ſo, ſays the objector; yet ſtill we find ſingle perſons, even in civilized countries, and ſome of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this ſubject; but have proclaimed aloud their diſbelief of a divine being.

We anſwer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly ſettled. Bad men, rather endeavour to convince themſelves, than are really convinced.—But even on a ſuppoſition, that a few ſuch perſons could be found, what is their teſtimony againſt ſo great a majority, as the reſt of mankind? The light of the ſun is univerſally acknowledged, though it happens, that, now and then, a man may be born blind.

But ſince, it ſeems, there are difficulties in ſuppoſing a divine creator, and preſerver of the world, what ſyſtem of things does the atheiſt ſuppoſe attended with fewer? He ſees the world produced before him. He ſees it hath been created; and is preſerved. Some account of this matter muſt be given. If ours diſpleaſe him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheiſtical creeds: none of which hath ſtood the teſt of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheiſt's great argument indeed againſt a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injuſtice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times: but it is one of the bleſſings, which attends chriſtianity, that it ſatisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and eaſy ſolution of this poignant objection. What if we obſerve an inaccurate diſtribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depreſſed, and vice triumphant? It is nothing, ſays the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an inconſiderable part of his being; a point only in the expanſe of eternity: who believes he is ſent into this world, merely to prepare himſelf for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward, nor puniſhment. Happineſs unqueſtionably attends virtue even here, and

and miſery, vice: but it is not the happineſs of a ſplendid ſtation, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the miſery of low circumſtances, but of a guilty conſcience. The things of this world are not, in their own nature, connected either with happineſs or miſery. Attended ſometimes by one, and ſometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends neither an elevated, nor a depreſſed ſituation as the ultimate completion of his will.

Beſides, if worldly proſperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudencies enough about them to deſerve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deſerve ſucceſs. Why ſhould imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpoſe ſhare in the puniſhment, though connected with vice?

Thus then we ſee the being of a God is the univerſal creed of nature. But though nature could inveſtigate the ſimple truth, ſhe could not preſerve it from error. Nature merely takes her notions from what ſhe ſees, and what ſhe hears, and hath ever moulded her gods in the likeneſs of things in heaven, and things on earth. Hence every part of the creation, animate and inanimate, hath, by turns, been an object of worſhip. And even the moſt refined nations, we know, had groſs conceptions on this head. The wiſeſt of them indeed, by obſerving the wonders of creation, could clothe the Deity with wiſdom and power: but they could go no farther. The virtues of their heroes afforded them the higheſt ideas of perfection: and with theſe they arrayed their gods; mixing alſo with their virtues, ſuch vices, as are found in the characters of the beſt of men.

For juſt notions of the Deity, we muſt have recourſe then to revelation alone. Revelation removes all theſe abſurdities. It diſpels the clouds of ignorance; and unveils the divine majeſty, as far as it can be the object of human contemplation. The lax notions of libertiniſm, on one hand, which make the Deity an inobſervant governor; and the gloomy ideas of ſuperſtition, on the other, which ſuppoſe him to be a dark malignant being, are equally expoſed. Here we are informed of the omniſcience and omnipreſence of God. Here we learn, that his wiſdom and power are equalled by his goodneſs; and that his mercy is over all his works. In ſhort, we learn from revelation, that we are in the hands of a being, whoſe knowledge we cannot evade, and whoſe power we cannot reſiſt; who is merciful and good to all his creatures; and will be ever ready to aſſiſt and reward thoſe, who endeavour to conform themſelves to his will: but whoſe juſtice, at the ſame time, accompanying his mercy, will puniſh the bold and careleſs ſinner in proportion to his guilt.

Gilpin.

§ 153. *On the Creed continued—the Belief of Jeſus Chriſt.*

After profeſſing our belief in God, the creed proceeds with a profeſſion of our belief "in Jeſus Chriſt, his ſon, our Lord."

A perſon celebrated as Jeſus Chriſt was, we may ſuppoſe, would naturally find a place in the profane hiſtory of his times. It may not be amiſs, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the teſtimony of ſome of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at leaſt inform us, that ſuch a perſon lived at the time we aſſert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—I ſhall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius *, tells us, that "the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the inſtigation of one Chriſt, were continually making diſturbances."

Tacitus †, ſpeaking of the perſecution of chriſtians, tells us, "that the author of that name was Chriſt, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius."

Pliny's ‡ teſtimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, deſiring his inſtructions with regard to chriſtians. He blames their obſtinacy in refuſing to ſacrifice to the Roman deities—but from their own confeſſion can draw nothing, but that they aſſemble, on a certain day, before ſun-riſe—that they pay divine honours to Chriſt as a God—that they bind themſelves by a ſacrament not to ſteal, nor to commit adultery, nor to deceive—and that, after the performance of theſe rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he examined, he ſays, two of them by torture: yet ſtill he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, except their abſurd ſuperſtitions. He

* In vita Claud. Cæſ. † Lib. 15. ‡ Lib. 10.

thinks,

thinks, however, the matter ſhould be inquired into: for chriſtianity had brought religion into great diſuſe. The markets were crowded with victims; and ſcarce a purchaſer came near them.

Theſe writers afford us ſufficient teſtimony, that Jeſus Chriſt lived at the time we aſſert; and that he was the author of a new religion. They had opportunities of being well informed; could have no intereſt in falſifying; were no converts to the new ſect; but talk of Chriſt, only as they would of any ſingular perſon, whom they had occaſion to mention. Their teſtimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a ſtep farther, and examine the ſcripture evidence of Chriſt, which proves not only his exiſtence; but that he is our Lord, or the Meſſiah—and not only that he was the author of a new religion; but that this religion is true.

Upon examining the grand ſcripture evidence on this head, we find the greateſt ſtreſs laid upon miracles and prophecies: both of which are direct appeals to God, by a claim to ſupernatural power. And though both theſe modes of evidence are calculated as well for us who live in remoter times, as for thoſe who lived in the earlieſt; yet the evidence from miracles ſeems more particularly addreſſed to them; as that from prophecy is to us. They were the eye-witneſſes of the miracles of the goſpel, of which we have only the evidence at ſecond-hand. Whereas prophecy is a mode of evidence, which increaſes through every age. The early chriſtians had it in part; but to us this amazing web is ſtill more unfolded; and more of its wonderful texture diſplayed.—Let us examine each in its order.

Among the eye-witneſſes of the goſpel miracles, were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them; to trace out fraud, if any ſuch were latent; and did unqueſtionably receive them with all that circumſpection which was due to ſuch wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the chriſtian faith; while the moſt ignorant ſpectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour's miracles were ſuch as could not poſſibly, from the nature of the facts themſelves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a ſtrange ſound to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor was the Saviour of the world; and we cannot ſuppoſe, that any man, much leſs that a multitude of men, would embrace ſuch a belief without clear conviction: eſpecially as no worldly advantage lay on the ſide of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world, and embraced a life of perſecution.—Let us conſider the ſingle miracle of Chriſt's reſurrection. Jeſus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was ſo far in general credited, that the ſepulchre was ſealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well ſuppoſe, therefore, that his favourers would naturally, upon this occaſion, reaſon thus: "Jeſus hath now put his pretenſions upon a fair iſſue. He hath told us, he will ariſe from the dead on the third day:—here then let us ſuſpend our judgment, and wait the reſult. Three days will determine whether he be an impoſtor, or the real Meſſiah."—It is very natural to ſuppoſe, that the favourers of Jeſus would reaſon, after his death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond credibility, that any of them would have continued his diſciples, had they found him falſifying in this point. But we know they did continue his diſciples after this. We know alſo, that many proſelytes, convinced by this very event, embraced the chriſtian religion.—We have all the reaſon in the world therefore to believe, that they were fully ſatisfied. His miracles were to them a ſufficient proof of his pretenſions. All candid men would have acquieſced, as they did; and in their belief we have a very ſtrong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we obſerve, that the writers of the Old Teſtament ſeem, in various parts, to characterize ſome extraordinary perſon, who was in proceſs of time to make his appearance in the world. The marks are peculiar, and can neither be miſtaken nor miſapplied. "He was to be born of a virgin—he was to turn the hearts of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt—though dignified with the characters of a prince, he was to be a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief—though deſcribed to be without ſin, he was to be numbered with tranſgreſſors——his hands and his feet were to be pierced—he was to be made an offering for ſin—and was never to ſee corruption."—Theſe prophecies were publiſhed many hundred years before the birth of Chriſt: and had been all along in the hands, not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters.

The

The Old Teſtament had been early tranſlated into the Greek language; and received into the politeſt libraries of thoſe times.

With theſe ideas, let us open the New Teſtament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than theſe prophecies of Chriſt in one Teſtament, are to his hiſtory in the other. Here we ſee that extraordinary virgin-birth unravelled. —Here we ſee a life ſpent in turning the hearts of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt—Here we find the prince of his people, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.——Here we ſee the Lord of righteouſneſs numbered with tranſgreſſors—we ſee his hands and his feet pierced—we ſee him made an offering for ſin—and we ſee realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

It were an eaſy matter to carry this compariſon through a more minute detail of circumſtances: but I mean only to trace the outlines of this great reſemblance. To compleat the picture would be a copious work.

Beſides theſe predictions, which related immediately to the life and death of Chriſt: there were many others, which deſerve notice. Among theſe the two great leading prophecies were thoſe of the calling of the Gentiles, and of the diſperſion of the Jews.

The calling of the Gentiles was one of the earlieſt prophecies of the Old Teſtament. The Jews were diſtinguiſhed in appearance, as the favourite people of God; and they were ſufficiently elated upon that diſtinction. But if they had attended cloſely to their prophets, they might have diſcovered, that all the prophecies which deſcribed the happy ſtate of the church, had evidently a more diſtant proſpect, than to them. Thoſe early promiſes, in particular, which were repeated to the patriarchs, were not merely confined to their poſterity; but included "all the nations of the earth *."—And when the later prophets, as the great event approached, ſpoke a plainer, and a more intelligible language, the whole nation might have underſtood, as Simeon, and ſome of the wiſeſt and moſt intelligible of them did underſtand, that "a light was ſprung up to lighten the Gentiles."

The prophecy of the diſperſion of the Jewiſh nation is alſo very antient, being attributed by Moſes to the patriarch Jacob. "The ſceptre ſhall not depart from Judah, until Shiloh come." Whatever may be the preciſe meaning of the word 'ſceptre' in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly ſignify that idea of regal power, which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means ſome badge of authority, that implies a formed and ſettled government. And as to the word 'Shiloh,' all commentators, jewiſh as well as chriſtian, explain it to mean the Meſſiah—The ſenſe therefore of the prophecy is plainly this—that the Jews ſhould continue in the form of a ſociety, till the time of the Meſſiah. Accordingly we find that, ſoon after Chriſt's death, the ſceptre did depart from Judah: the Jews loſt all form of a political ſociety; and are a ſingular inſtance of a people, ſcattered over the whole earth, preſerved to this day ſeparate from all other people, and yet without a ſettlement any where.

Our Saviour's prophecy of the growth of his church, is likewiſe among the more remarkable predictions. He told his diſciples, that "his religion was like a grain of muſtard-ſeed, which was the leaſt of all ſeeds; but when it grew up, it ſhould become a great tree, and the fowls of the air ſhould lodge in the branches of it." He told them alſo, that "the gates of hell ſhould never prevail againſt it."

The Jewiſh religion was continually enforced by the idea of a jealous God, watching over it, and threatening judgments from heaven upon every tranſgreſſion. The divine authority was ſtamped openly upon it. The people trembled and worſhipped.

When the impoſtor Mahomet ſet up for a reformer, he could not indeed enforce his religion by divine judgments; but he did it by temporal. He drew his ſword and held it to the breaſts of his oppoſers, while he promiſed to the obedient a full gratification of their paſſions.

But in the chriſtian religion, nothing of this kind appeared. No temporal judgments threatened on one hand: no ſenſual indulgences allured on the other. A few deſponding ignorant mechanics, the diſciples of a perſon crucified as a common malefactor, were all the parade, with which

* See Gen. xii. 3. xviii. 18. xxii. 18. xxvi. 4.

this

this religion was uſhered into the world; and all the human aſſiſtance which it had to boaſt.—And yet this religion, which oppoſed the ſtrongeſt prejudices, and was oppoſed by the greateſt princes, made its way in a few years, from a remote corner, through the whole Roman empire.—Thus was our Saviour's prophecy, in oppoſition to all human calculation, exactly fulfilled. The leaſt of all ſeeds became a ſpreading tree; and a church was eſtabliſhed, which could not be deſtroyed by all the powers of hell.

But although the church of Chriſt could not be deſtroyed, it was corrupted; and in a courſe of years fell from its genuine purity. This corrupt ſtate of it—the deluſions of popery—the efforts of reformation, and various other circumſtances relating to it, are not unreaſonably ſuppoſed to be held forth, in the prophetic parts of the New Teſtament.

But I forbear to dwell upon prophecies, which are not obvious enough to carry general conviction; though many of them have been well explained by thoſe *, who are verſed in the hiſtories to which they allude. Future times will, in all probability, reflect a ſtronger light upon them. Some of the great prophecies, which we have juſt conſidered, ſhone but with a feeble ray, during the times they were fulfilling, though they now ſtrike us in ſo forcible a manner. *Gilpin.*

§154. *The Creed continued—Conception and Birth of Chriſt, &c.*

We have now ſhewn upon what foundation we believe the ſecond article of our creed; let us next conſider the remaining articles—the hiſtory of Chriſt, as delivered in ſcripture, and the benefits which he procured for us—the aſſiſtance of the Holy Spirit—the remiſſion of our ſins—and everlaſting life.

Firſt, then, we believe that Chriſt was "conceived of the Holy Ghoſt, and born of the virgin Mary." The manner of this miraculous conception we inquire not into. It is a point not only beyond the limits of human inquiry; but to us at leaſt a point very unimportant. We believe juſt the Scripture-account of it, and aſſure ourſelves, that if it had concerned us, it would have been more plainly revealed.—One thing, however, we may obſerve on this head, that nothing is ſaid in Scripture of paying divine honours to the virgin Mary. Thoſe rites are totally of popiſh origin.

We farther believe, that Chriſt "ſuffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; and that he deſcended into hell,"—that is, we declare our belief of the Scripture-account of the circumſtances and the reality of Chriſt's death.

To make an action clear, it is neceſſary, firſt, to eſtabliſh its date. This is uſually done by ranging it under the magiſtrate who then preſided, the time of whoſe government is always regiſtered in ſome public record.—Thus we believe that Chriſt's death happened when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea. We believe alſo, with regard to the manner of his death, that he was crucified; that he died as really as any mortal ever did; and that he was buried in the tomb of Joſeph of Arimathea †.

The "deſcent into hell" is undoubtedly a more obſcure expreſſion than might be wiſhed in a creed, and was not indeed added till many ages after the creed was firſt compoſed ‡. But as creeds are human compoſitions, we believe this, and every other difficulty, only as conſiſtent with Scripture. Now the ſenſe which ſeems moſt agreeable to Scripture, is, that his ſoul remained till his reſurrection in that place (whatever that place is) where the ſpirits of the bleſſed reſt: and the expreſſion ſeems to have been added, only that we may the more ſtrongly expreſs our belief of the reality of his death. This we do, when we expreſs our belief of the ſeparation of his ſoul and body. "He was buried,"—and "deſcended into hell." The firſt expreſſion relates to his body, which was laid in the grave; the ſecond to his ſoul, which paſſed into the place of departed ſpirits.

We farther believe, that "on the third day he roſe again from the dead." The reſurrection of Chriſt from the dead is a point of the utmoſt importance to chriſ-

* See Biſhop Newton's Diſſertations; and Biſhop Hurd's Sermons on Prophecy.

† Iſaiah foretold he ſhould "make his grave with the rich." And St. Matthew tells us, that [illegible] Matt. xxvii. 57. Iſaiah liii. 9.

‡ See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iii. c. 3.

tians. On the certainty of Chriſt's reſurrection depend all hopes of our own. On this article, therefore, we ſhall be more large.

And, in the firſt place, what is there in it that need ſhock our reaſon? It was a wonderful event: but is not nature full of wonderful events? When we ſeriouſly weigh the matter, is it leſs ſtrange, that a grain of corn thrown into the ground ſhould die, and riſe again with new vegetation, than that a human body, in the ſame circumſtances, ſhould aſſume new life? The commonneſs of the former makes it familiar to us, but not in any degree leſs unaccountable. Are we at all more acquainted with the manner in which grain germinates, than with the manner in which a body is raiſed from the dead? And is it not obviouſly ſtriking, that the ſame power which can effect the one, may effect the other alſo?—But analogy, though it tend to convince, is no proof. Let us proceed then to matter of fact.

That the body was dead, and ſafely lodged in the tomb, and afterwards conveyed out of it, was agreed on, both by thoſe who oppoſed, and by thoſe who favoured the reſurrection. In the circumſtances of the latter fact, they differ widely.

The diſciples tell their ſtory—a very plain and ſimple one—that, ſcarce expecting the event, notwithſtanding their maſter had himſelf foretold it, they were ſurpriſed with an account that the body was gone—that they found afterwards, to their great aſtoniſhment, that their maſter was again alive—that they had been ſeveral times with him; and appealed for the truth of what they ſaid to great numbers, who, as well as themſelves, had ſeen him after his reſurrection.

The chief prieſts, on the other ſide, declared the whole to be a forgery; aſſerting, that the plain matter of fact was, the diſciples came by night, and ſtole the body away, while the ſoldiers ſlept.

Such a tale, unſupported by evidence, would be liſtened to in no court of juſtice. It has not even the air of probability. Can it be ſuppoſed, that the diſciples, who had fled with terror when they might have reſcued their maſter's life; would venture, in the face of an armed guard, to carry off his dead body?—Or is it more probable, that they found the whole guard aſleep; when we know, that the vigilance of centinels is ſecured by the ſtricteſt diſcipline?—Beſides, what advantage could ariſe from ſuch an attempt? If they miſcarried, it was certain ruin, both to them and their cauſe. If they ſucceeded, it is difficult to ſay what uſe they could make of their ſucceſs. Unleſs they could have produced their dead body alive, the ſecond error would be worſe than the firſt. Their maſter's prophecy of his own reſurrection was an unhappy circumſtance; yet ſtill it was wrapped in a veil of obſcurity. But if his diſciples endeavoured to prove its completion, it was their buſineſs to look well to the event. A detection would be ſuch a comment upon their maſter's text, as would never be forgotten.—When a cauſe depends on falſehood, every body knows, the leſs it is moved the better.

This was the caſe of the other ſide. Obſcurity there was wanted. If the chief prieſts had any proof, why did they not produce it? Why were not the diſciples taken up and examined upon the fact? They never abſconded. Why were they not judicially tried? Why was not the trial made public? and why were not authentic memorials of the fraud handed down to poſterity; as authentic memorials were of the fact, recorded at the very time, and place, where it happened? Chriſtianity never wanted enemies to propagate its diſparagement.—But nothing of this kind was done. No proof was attempted—except indeed the teſtimony of men aſleep. The diſciples were never queſtioned upon the fact; and the chief prieſts reſted ſatisfied with ſpreading an inconſiſtent rumour among the people, impreſſed merely by their own authority.

Whatever records of heathen origin remain, evince the truth of the reſurrection. One is very remarkable. Pontius Pilate ſent the emperor Tiberius a relation of the death and reſurrection of Chriſt; which were recorded at Rome, as uſual, among other provincial matters. This intelligence made ſo great an impreſſion, it ſeems, upon the emperor, that he referred it to the ſenate, whether Jeſus Chriſt of Judea ſhould not be taken into the number of the Roman gods?—Our belief of this fact is chiefly founded upon the teſtimony of Juſtin Martyr, and Tertullian, two learned heathens, in the age ſucceeding Chriſt, who became chriſtians from this very evidence, among others, in favour of chriſtianity.

chriſtianity. In their apologies *, ſtill extant, one of which was made to the ſenate of Rome, the other to a Roman governor, they both appeal to theſe records of Pontius Pilate, as then generally known; which we cannot conceive ſuch able apologiſts would have done, if no ſuch records had ever exiſted †.

Having ſeen what was of old objected to the reſurrection of Chriſt, it may be proper alſo to ſee the objections of modern diſbelievers.

And, firſt, we have the ſtale objection, that nothing is more common among the propagators of every new religion, than to delude their ignorant proſelytes with falſe ſtories. What a variety of inconſiſtent tales did the votaries of heatheniſm believe! What abſurdities are adopted into the Mahometan creed! To what ſtrange tales do the vulgar papiſts give credit! And can we ſuppoſe better of the reſurrection of Chriſt, than that it was one of thoſe pious frauds, intended merely to impoſe upon the people, and advance the credit of the new ſect?

This is juſt as eaſily ſaid, as that his diſciples ſtole him away, while the guard ſlept. Both are aſſertions without proof.

Others have objected Chriſt's partial diſcovery of himſelf, after his reſurrection. If he had boldly ſhewn himſelf to the chief prieſts; or publicly to all the people; we might have had a more rational foundation for our belief. But as he had only for his witneſſes, upon this occaſion, a few of his choſen companions, the thing has certainly a more ſecret appearance than might be wiſhed.

This inſinuation is founded upon a paſſage in the Acts of the Apoſtles, in which it is ſaid, that "God ſhewed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witneſſes choſen before of God." The queſtion is, what is meant by witneſſes choſen before of God? Certainly nothing more than perſons expreſsly, and by particular deſignation, intended to be the witneſſes of this event. Others might ſee him if they pleaſed: but theſe were not the people, to whom God ſhewed him openly: this particular deſignation was confined to the "choſen wineſſes."—And is there any thing more in this, than we ſee daily in all legal proceedings? Does not every body wiſh to have the fact, about which he is concerned, authenticated by indubitable records; or by living teſtimony, if it can be had? Do we not procure the hands of witneſſes, appointed to this purpoſe, in all our deeds and writings?—Let us not, however, anſwer the objection by an arbitrary explanation of the text; but let us compare this explanation with the matter of fact.

On the morning of the reſurrection, the apoſtles, who ran to the ſepulchre to make themſelves acquainted with what they had heard, received a meſſage from their maſter, injoining them to meet him in Galilee. It does not appear, that this meſſage was conveyed with any ſecrecy; it is rather probable it was not; and that the diſciples told it to as many as they met. The women, it is expreſsly ſaid, told it "to the eleven, and all the reſt." Who the reſt were, does not appear: but it is plain, from the ſequel, that the thing was generally known; and that as many as choſe either to ſatisfy their faith, or gratify their curioſity, repaired for that purpoſe to Galilee. And thus we find St. Peter making a diſtinction between the voluntary and the choſen witneſs—between thoſe "who had companied with the apoſtles all the time that the Lord Jeſus went in and out among them, from his baptiſm till his aſcenſion," and thoſe who "were ordained to be the witneſſes of his reſurrection ‡."

St. Paul goes farther, and in expreſs words tells us, "that Chriſt was ſeen ‖ "after his reſurrection of above five hundred brethren at once:" and it is probable, from the expreſſion, "at once," that he was ſeen, at different times, by many more.

If then Chriſt thus appeared in Galilee to as many as choſe to ſee him; or even

* Juſt. Mart. Apol. ad Anton. P.—Tertull. Apol. cap. 15.

† The acts of Pilate, as they are called, are often treated with contempt; for no reaſon, that I know. I never met with any thing againſt them of more authority than a ſneer. Probable they certainly were; and a bare probability, when nothing oppoſes it, has its weight. But here the probability is ſtrengthened by no ſmall degree of poſitive evidence; which, if the reader wiſhes to ſee collected in one point of view, I refer him to the article of "Chriſt's ſuffering under Pontius Pilate," in Biſhop Pearſon's expoſition of the Creed.

Among other authorities, that of the learned commentator on Euſebius, is worth remarking: "Fuere "graviora Pilati acta; ad quæ provocabant primi chriſtiani, tanquam ad certiſſima fidei monumenta."

‡ Acts i. 21. ‖ 1 Cor. xv.

if he appeared only to five hundred people, of whom St. Paul tells us the greateſt part were ſtill alive, when he wrote this epiſtle, there can ſurely be no reaſonable cauſe of offence at his appearing, beſides theſe, to a few of his choſen companions, who attended by expreſs appointment, as perſons deſigned to record the event.

In fact, if the ſame method be purſued in this inquiry, which is uſual in all others, the evidence of theſe choſen companions is all that is neceſſary. Here are twelve men produced (in general three or four men are thought ſufficient) on whoſe evidence the fact depends. Are they competent witneſſes? Have they thoſe marks about them, which characteriſe men of integrity? Can they be challenged on any one ground of rational exception? If not, their evidence is as ſtrictly legal, as full, and as ſatisfactory, as any reaſonable man can require.—But in this great cauſe, we ſee the evidence is carried ſtill farther. Here are five hundred perſons waiting without, ready to add their teſtimony, if any one ſhould require it, to what has already been more than legally proved. So that the argument even addreſſes itſelf to that abſurd diſtinction, which we often find in the cavils of infidelity, between *rem certam*, and *rem certiſſimam*.

Upon the whole, then, we may affirm boldly, that this great event of the reſurrection of Chriſt is founded upon evidence equal to the importance of it. If we expect ſtill more, our anſwer is upon record: "If ye believe not Moſes and the prophets," God's ordinary means of ſalvation, "neither will ye be perſuaded, though one roſe from the dead."—There muſt be bounds in all human evidence; and he who will believe nothing, unleſs he have every poſſible mode of proof, muſt be an infidel in almoſt every tranſaction of life. With ſuch perſons there is no reaſoning. They who are not ſatisfied, becauſe Chriſt did not appear in open parade at Jeruſalem; would farther have aſked, if he had appeared in the manner they expected, why did he not appear to every nation upon earth? Or, perhaps, why he did not ſhew himſelf to every individual?

To theſe objections may be added a ſcruple, taken from a paſſage of Scripture, in which it is ſaid, that "Chriſt ſhould lie three days and three nights in the heart of the earth:" whereas, in fact, he only lay two nights, one whole day, and a part of two others.

But no figure in ſpeech is more common than that of putting a part for the whole. In the Hebrew language perhaps this licence is more admiſſible, than in any other. A day and a night complete one whole day: and as our Saviour lay in the ground a part of every one of theſe three portions of time, he might be ſaid, by an eaſy liberty of ſpeech, to have lain the whole. *Gilpin.*

§ 155. *Creed continued—Chriſt's Aſcenſion.—Belief in the Holy Ghoſt.*

We believe farther, that Chriſt "aſcended into heaven, and ſitteth on the right hand of God."

Chriſt's aſcenſion into heaven reſts on the ſame kind of proof, as his reſurrection. Both of them are events, which the apoſtles were "ordained to witneſs." But though their teſtimony in this caſe, as well as in the reſurrection, is certainly the moſt legal, and authentic proof, and fully ſufficient for any reaſonable man; yet this does not exclude the voluntary teſtimony of others. It is evident, that the apoſtles were not the ſole eye-witneſſes of this event: for when St. Peter called together the firſt aſſembly of the church to chuſe a ſucceſſor to Judas Iſcariot, he tells them, they muſt neceſſarily chuſe one, out of thoſe men, who had been witneſſes of all that Chriſt did, from his baptiſm "till his aſcenſion:" and we find, there were in that meeting an hundred and twenty perſons*, thus qualified.

Be it however as it will, if this article ſhould reſt on a leſs formal proof, than the reſurrection, it is of no great conſequence: for if the reſurrection be fully proved, nobody can well deny the aſcenſion. If the teſtimony of the evangeliſts be allowed to prove the one; their word may be taken to eſtabliſh the other.

With regard to "the right hand of God," it is a ſcriptural expreſſion uſed merely in conformity to our groſs conceptions; and is not intended to imply any diſtinction of parts, but merely the idea of pre-eminence.

We believe farther, that "Chriſt ſhall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article contains the moſt ſerious

* See Acts i. 15.

truth,

truth, that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it was an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it ſeemed probable, that, as we had reaſon given us for a guide, we ſhould hereafter be accountable for its abuſe: and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durſt deliver thoſe truths under the veil of fable, which the philoſopher kept more to himſelf, give us many traits of the popular belief on this ſubject *. But the goſpel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curioſity of human nature, ever delighting to explore unbeaten regions, hath often been tempted, beyond its limits, into fruitleſs inquiries; ſcrutinizing the time of this event; and ſettling, with vain preciſion, the circumſtances of it. All curioſity of this kind is idle at leaſt, if not preſumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his diſpenſation, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aſide.

Let us then leave all fruitleſs inquiries about this great event; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon ſuch circumſtances of it as moſt concern us.—Let us animate our hopes with the ſoothing reflection, that we have our ſentence, in a manner, in our own power,—that the ſame gracious goſpel, which directs our lives, ſhall direct the judgment we receive,—that the ſame gracious perſon ſhall be our judge, who died for our ſins—and that his goodneſs, we are aſſured, will ſtill operate towards us; and make the kindeſt allowances for all our infirmities.

But leſt our hopes ſhould be too buoyant, let us conſider, on the other hand, what an awful detail againſt us will then appear. The ſubject of that grand inquiry will be all our tranſgreſſions of known duty—all our omiſſions of knowing better—our ſecret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives, which often accompany our moſt plauſible actions—and we are told, even our idle words.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Then ſhall it be known, whether we have anſwered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world ſubſervient to a better?—Whether we have prepared ourſelves for a ſtate of happineſs in heaven, by endeavouring to communicate happineſs to our fellow creatures upon earth? Whether we have reſtrained our appetites, and paſſions; and reduced them within the bounds of reaſon and religion? Or, whether we have given ourſelves up to pleaſure, gain, or ambition; and formed ſuch attachments to this world, as fit us for nothing elſe; and leave us no hopes either of gaining, or of enjoying a better? It will be happy for us, if on all theſe heads of inquiry, we can anſwer without diſmay.—Worldly diſtinctions, we know, will then be of no avail. The proudeſt of them will be then confounded. "Naked came we into the world; and naked muſt we return." We can carry nothing beyond the grave, but our virtues, and our vices.

I ſhall conclude what hath been ſaid on the laſt judgment with a collection of paſſages on this head from Scripture; where only our ideas of it can be obtained. And though moſt of theſe paſſages are figurative; yet as figures are intended to illuſtrate realities, and are indeed the only illuſtrations of which this ſubject is capable, we may take it for granted, that theſe figurative expreſſions are intended to convey a juſt idea of the truth.—With a view to make the more impreſſion upon you, I ſhall place theſe paſſages in a regular ſeries, though collected from various parts.

"The Lord himſelf ſhall deſcend from heaven with his holy angels—The trumpet ſhall ſound; and all that are in the grave ſhall hear his voice, and come forth—Then ſhall he ſit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations ſhall be gathered before him—the books ſhall be opened; and men ſhall be judged according to their works.—They who have ſinned without law, ſhall periſh (that is, be judged) without law; and they who have ſinned in the law, ſhall be judged by the law.—Unto whomſoever much is given, of him ſhall be much required.—Then ſhall he ſay to them on his right hand, Come, ye bleſſed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. And to them on his left, Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.—Then ſhall the righteous ſhine forth in the preſence of their Father; while the wicked ſhall go into everlaſting puniſhment: there ſhall be wailing and gnaſhing of teeth.—What manner of perſons ought we then to be in all holy converſation, and godlineſs? looking for, and haſtening unto, the day of our

* See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's Æn.

Lord; when the heavens being on fire, ſhall be diſſolved, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat.—Wherefore, beloved, ſeeing that we look for ſuch things, let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without ſpot, and blameleſs; that each of us may receive that bleſſed ſentence "Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant: thou haſt been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We believe, farther, in "the Holy Ghoſt;" that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God.—We inquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, have ſome kind of union, and ſome kind of diſtinction; becauſe both this union and this diſtinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exiſt we inquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been neceſſary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (beſides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apoſtles, and enabled them to propagate the goſpel—and that it will aſſiſt all good men in the conſcientious diſcharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine with regard to the aſſiſtance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God (which is the moſt eſſential part of this article) is briefly this:

Our beſt endeavours are inſufficient. We are unprofitable ſervants, after all; and cannot pleaſe God, unleſs ſanctified, and aſſiſted by his Holy Spirit. Hence the life of a good man hath been ſometimes called a ſtanding miracle; ſomething beyond the common courſe of nature. To attain any degree of goodneſs, we muſt be ſupernaturally aſſiſted.

At the ſame time, we are aſſured of this aſſiſtance, if we ſtrive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we truſt in ourſelves, we ſhall fail. If we truſt in God without doing all we can ourſelves, we ſhall fail likewiſe. And if we continue obſtinate in our perverſeneſs, we may at length totally incapacitate ourſelves from being the temples of the Holy Ghoſt.

And indeed what is there in all this, which common life does not daily illuſtrate? Is any thing more common, than for the intellect of one man to aſſiſt that of another? Is not the whole ſcheme of education an infuſion of knowledge and virtue not our own? Is it not evident too, that nothing of this kind can be communicated without application on the part of the learner? Are not the efforts of the teacher in a manner neceſſarily proportioned to this application? If the learner becomes languid in his purſuits, are not the endeavours of the teacher of courſe diſcouraged? And will they not at length wholly fail, if it be found in the end they anſwer no purpoſe?—In a manner analogous to this, the Holy Spirit of God cooperates with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are neceſſary to obtain God's aſſiſtance: and the more earneſtly theſe endeavours are exerted, the meaſure of this grace will of courſe be greater. But, on the other hand, if theſe endeavours languiſh, the aſſiſtance of Heaven will leſſen in proportion; and if we behave with obſtinate perverſeneſs, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always ſtrive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner, in which this ſpiritual aſſiſtance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our ſouls upon our bodies. We are ſenſible, that our ſouls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally conſonant to reaſon, that the divine influence may act upon our ſouls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The prieſts of every oracle were ſuppoſed to be inſpired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were univerſally believed to act under the influence of a ſupernatural aſſiſtance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This ſhews, at leaſt, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reaſon. *Gilpin.*

§ 156. *Creed continued.—The Holy Catholic Church, &c.*

We believe, farther, in the "holy catholic church," and the "communion of ſaints."

"I believe in the holy catholic church," is certainly a very obſcure expreſſion to a proteſtant; as it is very capable of a popiſh conſtruction, implying our truſt in the infallibility of the church; whereas we attribute infallibility to no church upon earth. The moſt obvious ſenſe, therefore, in

in which it can be conſidered as a proteſtant article of our belief, is this, that we call no particular ſociety of chriſtians a holy catholic church; but believe, that all true and ſincere chriſtians of whatever communion, or particular opinion, ſhall be the objects of God's mercy. The patriarchal covenant was confined to a few. The Jewiſh church ſtood alſo on a very narrow baſis. But the chriſtian church, we believe, is truly catholic: its gracious offers are made to all mankind; and God through Chriſt will take out of every nation ſuch as ſhall be ſaved.

The "communion of ſaints," is an expreſſion equally obſcure: and whatever might have been the original meaning of it, it certainly does not reſolve itſelf into a very obvious one to us. If we ſay we mean by it, that good chriſtians living together on earth, ſhould exerciſe all offices of charity among themſelves, no one will contradict the article; but many perhaps may aſk, Why is it made an article of faith? It relates not ſo much to faith, as to practice: and the ten commandments might juſt as well be introduced as articles of our belief.

To this I can only ſuggeſt, that it may have a place among the articles of our creed, as a teſt of our enlarged ideas of chriſtianity, and as oppoſed to the narrow-mindedneſs of ſome chriſtians, who harbour very uncharitable opinions againſt all who are not of their own church; and ſcruple not to ſhew their opinions by uncharitable actions. The papiſts particularly deny ſalvation to any but thoſe of their own communion, and perſecute thoſe of other perſuaſions where they have the power.—In oppoſition to this, we profeſs our belief of the great chriſtian law of charity. We believe we ought to think charitably of good chriſtians of all denominations; and ought to practiſe a free and unreſtrained communion of charitable offices towards them.

In this light the ſecond part of the article depends upon the firſt. By the "holy catholic church," we mean all ſincere chriſtians, of whatever church, or peculiarity of opinion; and by "the communion of ſaints," a kind and charitable behaviour towards them.

Though it is probable this was not the orginal meaning of the article, yet as the reformers of the liturgy did not think it proper to make an alteration, we are led to ſeek ſuch a ſenſe as appears moſt conſiſtent with ſcripture.—We are aſſured, that this article, as well as the "deſcent into hell," is not of the ſame antiquity as the reſt of the creed.*.

We profeſs our belief farther in the "forgiveneſs of ſins."—The Scripture-doctrine of ſin, and of the guilt, which ariſes from it, is this:

Man was originally created in a ſtate of innocence, yet liable to fall. Had he perſevered in his obedience, he might have enjoyed that happineſs, which is the conſequence of perfect virtue. But when this happy ſtate was loſt, his paſſions and appetites became diſordered, and prone to evil. Since that time we have all been, more or leſs, involved in ſin, and are all therefore, in the Scripture-language, "under the curſe;" that is, we are naturally in a ſtate of unpardoned guilt.

In this mournful exigence, what was to be done? In a ſtate of nature, it is true, we might be ſorry for our ſins. Nature too might dictate repentance. But ſorrow and repentance, though they may put us on our guard for the future, can make no atonement for ſins already committed. A reſolution to run no more into debt may make us cautious; but can never diſcharge a debt already contracted †.

In this diſtreſs of nature, Jeſus Chriſt came into the world. He threw a light upon the gloom that ſurrounded us.—He ſhewed us, that in this world we were loſt—that the law of nature could not ſave us—that the tenor of that law was perfect obedience, with which we could not comply—but that God—thro' his mediation, offered us a method of regaining happineſs—that he came to make that atonement for us, which we could not make for ourſelves—and to redeem us from that guilt, which would otherwiſe overwhelm us—that faith and obedience were, on our parts, the conditions required in this gracious co-

* See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iv. chap. 3.

† Thus Mr. Jenyns expreſſes the ſame thing: "The puniſhment of vice is a debt due to juſtice, which "cannot be remitted without compenſation: repentance can be no compenſation. It may change a wicked "man's diſpoſitions, and prevent his offending for the future: but can lay no claim to pardon for what is "paſt. If any one by profligacy and extravagance contracts a debt, repentance may make him wiſer, and "hinder him from running into farther diſtreſſes, but can never pay off his old bonds, for which he muſt "be ever accountable, unleſs they are diſcharged by himſelf, or ſome other in his ſtead."

View of the Intern. Evid. p. 112.

venant—and that God promiſed us, on his, the pardon of our ſins, and everlaſting life—that we were firſt therefore to be made holy through the goſpel of Chriſt, and then we might expect ſalvation through his death: "Us, who were dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, would he quicken. Chriſt would redeem us from the curſe of the law. By grace we ſhould be ſaved thro' faith; and that not of ourſelves: it was the gift of God. Not of works, leſt any man ſhould boaſt." *Gilpin.*

§ 157. *Creed continued—Reſurrection of the Body.*

We believe farther, "in the reſurrection of the body."—This article preſumes our belief in the immortality of the ſoul.

What that principle of life is which we call the ſoul; how it is diſtinguiſhed from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what ſtate it ſubſiſts, when its bodily functions ceaſe; are among thoſe indiſſoluble queſtions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithſtanding the difficulties, which attend the diſcuſſion of theſe queſtions, the truth itſelf hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their ſouls were immortal from their own feelings, ſo impreſſed with an expectation of immortality—from obſerving the progreſſive ſtate of the ſoul, capable, even after the body had attained its full ſtrength, of ſtill higher improvements both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their ſituation here ſo apparently incomplete in itſelf; and from a variety of other topics, which the reaſon of man was able to ſuggeſt.—But though nature could obſcurely ſuggeſt this great truth; yet Chriſtianity alone threw a clear light upon it, and impreſſed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds.

But the article before us proceeds a ſtep farther. It not only implies the immortality of the ſoul; but aſſerts the reſurrection of the body.—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature. In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the ſoul in an embodied ſtate. It was airy indeed, and bloodleſs; but ſtill it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations.

In theſe particulars the Scripture does not gratify our curioſity. From various paſſages we are led to believe, that the body ſhall certainly riſe again: but in what manner, or of what ſubſtance, we pretend not to examine. We learn "that it is ſown in corruption, and raiſed in incorruption; that it is ſown in diſhonour, and raiſed in glory; that it is ſown a natural body, and raiſed a ſpiritual body:" from all which we gather, that whatever ſameneſs our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more ſpiritualized nature; and will not be ſubject to thoſe infirmities, to which they were ſubject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Inſtead, therefore, of entering into any metaphyſical diſquiſitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep ſubject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty, muſt end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical uſe; and the uſe we ought to make of it is, to pay that regard to our bodies, which is due to them—not vainly to adorn—not luxuriouſly to pamper them; but to keep them as much as poſſible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undefiled, there to be ſealed up in expectation of a bleſſed reſurrection.

Laſtly, we believe "in the life everlaſting;" in which article we expreſs our faith in the eternity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments.

This article is nearly related to the laſt, and is involved in the ſame obſcurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will conſiſt, after death, our reaſon gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which ſo nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages, but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expreſſions. We are told, "there will then reign fulneſs of joy, and pleaſures for evermore—that the righteous ſhall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away—where they ſhall ſhine forth, as the ſun, in the preſence of their father—where error, and ſin, and miſery ſhall be no more—where ſhall be aſſembled an innumerable company of angels, the general aſſembly of the church, the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect—that they ſhall neither hunger, nor thirſt any more—that all tears ſhall be wiped from their eyes—that there ſhall be neither death, nor ſorrow, nor pain."

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From theſe, and ſuch expreſſions as theſe, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future ſtate of happineſs, yet we can eaſily gather a few circumſtances, which muſt of courſe attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will laſt for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happineſs of this world—that, as in this world, our paſſions and appetites prevail; in the next, reaſon and virtue will have the ſuperiority—"hunger and thirſt, tears and ſorrow," we read, "will be no more"—that is, all uneaſy paſſions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will be then removed—all anxious and intruding cares—and we ſhall feel ourſelves compleat and perfect; and our happineſs, not dependent, as here, upon a thouſand precarious circumſtances, both within and without ourſelves, but conſiſtent, uniform, and ſtable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the puniſhment of the wicked conſiſts. In the Scripture we find many expreſſions, from which we gather, that it will be very great. It is there called "an everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where ſhall be weeping, and gnaſhing of teeth—where the wicked ſhall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation—where they ſhall have no reſt, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greateſt caution and humility upon ſuch paſſages as theſe; yet "the worm that never dieth," and "the fire that is never quenched," are ſtrong expreſſions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticiſm. Let the deiſt bravely argue down his fears, by demonſtrating the abſurdity of conſuming a ſpirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future puniſhment: and convince us, that where it cannot reform, it muſt be unjuſt.—But let us, with more modeſty, lay our hands humbly upon our breaſts, confeſs our ignorance; revere the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful ſubmiſſion to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future puniſhments appeared no ſuch unreaſonable doctrine. Their ſtate of the damned was of eternal duration. A vulture for ever tore thoſe entrails, which were for ever renewed *.

Of one thing, however, we may be well aſſured (which may ſet us entirely at reſt in all our enquiries on this deep ſubject, that every thing will, in the end, be right—that a juſt and merciful God muſt act agreeably to juſtice and mercy—and that the firſt of theſe attributes will moſt aſſuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and puniſhments, the great and moſt convincing practical truth which ariſes, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourſelves for the happineſs of a future world. As this happineſs will laſt for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange—this world, "which is but for a moment, for that everlaſting weight of glory which fadeth not away!"

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greateſt diſcouragement from this doctrine, as every ſin we commit in this world may be conſidered as an addition to an everlaſting account in the next. *Gilpin.*

§ 158. *On the Ten Commandments.*

Having conſidered the articles of our faith, we proceed to the rules of practice. Theſe, we know, are of ſuch importance, that, let our faith be what it will, unleſs it influence our lives, it is of no value. At the ſame time, if it be what it ought to be, it will certainly have this influence.

On this head, the ten commandments are firſt placed before us; from which the compoſers of the catechiſm, as well as many other divines, have drawn a compleat ſyſtem of chriſtian duties. But this is perhaps rather too much †. Both Moſes,

* ——— Poſtroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viſcera ——— Æn. vi. 596.
——— Sedet, æternumque ſedebit
Infelix Theſeus——— Ib. 616.

† In the fourth volume of Biſhop Warburton's commentary on Pope's works, in the ſecond ſatire of Dr. Donne, are theſe lines:

Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no cannoniſt can tell
In which commandment's large contents they dwell.

"The original" ſays the biſhop, "is more humorous:

In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;

ſes, in the law, and Chriſt in the goſpel, ſeem to have enlarged greatly on morals: and each of them, eſpecially the latter, to have added many practical rules, which do not obviouſly fall under any of the commandments.

But though we cannot call the decalogue a compleat rule of duty, we accept it with the utmoſt reverence, as the firſt great written law that ever God communicated to man. We conſider it as an eternal monument, inſcribed by the finger of God himſelf, with a few ſtrong, indelible characters; not defining the minutiæ of morals; but injoining thoſe great duties only, which have the moſt particular influence upon the happineſs of ſociety; and prohibiting thoſe enormous crimes, which are the greateſt ſources of its diſtreſs.

The ten commandments are divided into two parts, from their being originally written upon two tables. From hence one table is ſuppoſed to contain our duty to God; the other our duty to man. But this ſeems to be an unauthorized diviſion; and hath a tendency to a verbal miſtake; as if ſome duties were owing to God; and others to man: whereas in fact we know that all duties are equally owing to God.—However, if we avoid this miſconception, the diviſion into our duty to God, and our duty to man, may be a convenient one.—The four firſt commandments are contained in the firſt table: the remaining ſix in the ſecond.

At the head of them ſtands a prohibition to acknowledge more than one God.

The ſecond commandment bears a near relation to the firſt. The former forbids polytheiſm; the latter idolatry: and with this belief, and practice, which generally accompanied each other, all the nations of the earth were tainted, when theſe commandments were given: eſpecially thoſe nations by whom the Jews were ſurrounded.

The third commandment injoins reverence to God's name. This is a ſtrong religious reſtraint in private life; and as a ſolemn oath is the ſtricteſt obligation among men, nothing can be of greater ſervice to ſociety, than to hold it in general reſpect.

The fourth commands the obſervance of the ſabbath; as one of the beſt means of preſerving a ſenſe of God, and of religion in the minds of men.

The ſecond table begins with injoining obedience to parents; a duty in a peculiar manner adapted to the Jewiſh ſtate, before any regular government was erected. The temporal promiſe, which guards it, and which can relate only to the Jews, may either mean a promiſe of long life to each individual, who obſerved the precept: or, of ſtability to the whole nation upon the general obſervance of it: which is perhaps a better interpretation.

The five next commandments are prohibitions of the moſt capital crimes, which pollute the heart of man, and injure the peace of ſociety.

The firſt of them forbids murder, which is the greateſt injury that one man can do another; as of all crimes the damage in this is the moſt irreparable.

The ſeventh commandment forbids adultery. The black infidelity, and injury which accompany this crime; the confuſion in families, which often ſucceeds it; and the general tendency it hath to deſtroy all the domeſtic happineſs of ſociety, ſtain it with a very high degree of guilt.

The ſecurity of our property is the object of the eighth commandment.

The ſecurity of our characters, is the object of the ninth.

The tenth reſtrains us not only from the actual commiſſion of ſin; but from thoſe bad inclinations, which give it birth.

After the commandments follows a commentary upon them, intituled, "our duty to God," and "our duty to our neighbour;" the latter of which might more properly be intitled, "Our duty to our neighbour and ourſelves."—Theſe ſeem intended as an explanation of the commandments upon Chriſtian principles; with the addition of other duties, which do not properly fall under any of them. On theſe we ſhall be more large.

The firſt part of our duty to God, is, "to "believe in him;" which is the foundation of all religion, and therefore offers itſelf firſt to our conſideration. But this great point hath been already conſidered.

The next branch of our duty to God, is to fear him. The fear of God is impreſſed equally upon the righteous man,

"as if the ten commandments were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to receive every thing, which either the "law of nature, or the goſpel commands. A juſt ridicule on thoſe practical commentators, as they are "called, who include all moral and religious duties within them."

and

and the ſinner. But the fear of the ſinner conſiſts only in the dread of puniſhment. It is the neceſſary conſequence of guilt; and is not that fear, which we conſider as a duty. The fear of God here meant, conſiſts in that reverential awe, that conſtant apprehenſion of his preſence, which ſecures us from offending him.—When we are before our ſuperiors, we naturally feel a reſpect, which prevents our doing any thing indecent in their ſight. Such (only in a higher degree) ſhould be our reverence of God, in whoſe ſight, we know, we always ſtand. If a ſenſe of the divine preſence hath ſuch an influence over us, as to check the bad tendency of our thoughts, words, and actions; we may properly be ſaid to be impreſſed with the fear of God. —If not, we neglect one of the beſt means of checking vice, which the whole circle of religious reſtraint affords.

Some people go a ſtep farther; and ſay, that as every degree of light behaviour, though ſhort of an indecency, is improper before our ſuperiors; ſo is it likewiſe in the preſence of Almighty God, who is ſo much ſuperior to every thing that can be called great on earth.

But this is the language of ſuperſtition. Mirth, within the bounds of innocence, cannot be offenſive to God. He is offended only with vice. Vice, in the loweſt degree, is hateful to him: but a formal ſet behaviour can be neceſſary only to preſerve human diſtinctions.

The next duty to God is that of love, which is founded upon his goodneſs to his creatures. Even this world, mixed as it is with evil, exhibits various marks of the goodneſs of the Deity. Moſt men indeed place their affections too much upon it, and rate it at too high a value: but in the opinion even of wiſe men, it deſerves ſome eſtimation. The acquiſition of knowledge, in all its branches; the intercourſe of ſociety; the contemplation of the wonderful works of God, and all the beauteous ſcenes of nature; nay, even the low inclinations of animal life, when indulged with ſobriety and moderation, furniſh various modes of pleaſure and enjoyment.

Let this world however go for little. In contemplating a future life, the enjoyments of this are loſt. It is in the contemplation of futurity, that the chriſtian views the goodneſs of God in the fulleſt light. When he ſees the Deity engaging himſelf by covenant to make our ſhort abode here a preparation for our eternal happineſs hereafter—when he is aſſured that this happineſs is not only eternal, but of the pureſt and moſt perfect kind—when he ſees God, as a father, opening all his ſtores of love and kindneſs, to bring back to himſelf a race of creatures fallen from their original perfection, and totally loſt through their own folly, perverſeneſs, and wickedneſs; then it is that the evils of life ſeem as atoms in the ſun-beam; the divine nature appears overflowing with goodneſs to mankind, and calls forth every exertion of our gratitude and love.

That the enjoyments of a future ſtate, in whatever thoſe enjoyments conſiſt, are the gift of God, is ſufficiently obvious: but with regard to the government of this world, there is often among men a ſort of infidelity, which aſcribes all events to their own prudence and induſtry. Things appear to run in a ſtated courſe; and the finger of God, which acts unſeen, is never ſuppoſed.

And, no doubt, our own induſtry and prudence have a great ſhare in procuring for us the bleſſings of life. God hath annexed them as the reward of ſuch exertions. But can we ſuppoſe, that ſuch exertions will be of any ſervice to us, unleſs the providence of God throw opportunities in our way? All the means of worldly happineſs are ſurely no other than the means of his government. Moſes ſaw among the Jews a kind of infidelity like this, when he forbad the people to ſay in their hearts, "My power, and the might of my hands hath gotten me this wealth:" whereas, he adds, they ought to remember, "That it is the Lord who giveth power to get wealth."

Others again have objected to the goodneſs of God, his permiſſion of evil. A good God, ſay they, would have prevented it; and have placed his creatures in a ſituation beyond the diſtreſſes of life.

With regard to man, there ſeems to be no great difficulty in this matter. It is enough, ſurely, that God has put the means of comfort in our power. In the natural world, he hath given us remedies againſt hunger, cold, and diſeaſe; and in the moral world, againſt the miſchief of ſin. Even death itſelf, the laſt great evil, he hath ſhewn us how we may change into the moſt conſummate bleſſing. A ſtate of trial, therefore, and a future world, ſeem eaſily to ſet things to rights on this head.

The miſery of the brute creation is indeed more unaccountable. But have we

not

not the modeſty to ſuppoſe, that this difficulty may be owing to our ignorance? And that on the ſtrength of what we know of the wiſdom of God, we may venture to truſt him for thoſe parts which we cannot comprehend?

One truth, after all, is very apparent, that if we ſhould argue ourſelves into atheiſm, by the untractableneſs of theſe ſubjects, we ſhould be ſo far from getting rid of our difficulties, that, if we reaſon juſtly, ten thouſand greater would ariſe, either from conſidering the world under no ruler, or under one of our own imagining.

There remains one farther conſideration with regard to the love of God, and that is, the meaſure of it. We are told we ought to love him "with all our heart, with all our ſoul, and with all our ſtrength." Theſe are ſtrong expreſſions, and ſeem to imply a greater warmth of affection, than many people may perhaps find they can exert. The affections of ſome are naturally cool, and little excited by any objects. The guilty perſon, is he, whoſe affections are warm in every thing but religion.—The obvious meaning therefore of the expreſſion is, that whether our affections are cool or warm, we ſhould make God our chief good—that we ſhould ſet our affections more upon him, than upon any thing elſe—and that, for his ſake, and for the ſake of his laws, we ſhould be ready to reſign every thing we have, and even life itſelf. So that the words ſeem nearly of the ſame import with thoſe of the apoſtle, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." *Gilpin.*

§ 159. *Worſhip and Honour of God.*

Our next duty to God is, to worſhip him, to give him thanks, to put our whole truſt in him, and to call upon him.

Since the obſervance of the ſabbath is founded upon many wiſe and juſt reaſons, what have they to anſwer for, who not only neglect this inſtitution themſelves, but bring it by their example into contempt with others? I ſpeak not to thoſe who make it a day of common diverſion; who, laying aſide all decency, and breaking through all civil and religious regulations; ſpend it in the moſt licentious amuſements: ſuch people are paſt all reproof: but I ſpeak to thoſe, who in other things profeſs themſelves to be ſerious people; and, one might hope, would act right, when they were convinced what was ſo.

But our prayers, whether in public, or in private, are only an idle parade, unleſs we put our truſt in God.

By putting our truſt in God, is meant depending upon him, as our happineſs, and our refuge.

Human nature is always endeavouring either to remove pain; or, if eaſe be obtained, to acquire happineſs. And thoſe things are certainly the moſt eligible, which in theſe reſpects are the moſt effectual. The world, it is true, makes us flattering promiſes: but who can ſay that it will keep them? We conſiſt of two parts, a body, and a ſoul. Both of theſe want the means of happineſs, as well as the removal of evil. But the world cannot even afford them to the body. Its means of happineſs, to thoſe who depend upon them as ſuch, are, in a thouſand inſtances, unſatisfying. Even, at beſt, they will fail us in the end. While pain, diſeaſes, and death, ſhew us, that the world can afford no refuge againſt bodily diſtreſs. And if it cannot afford the means of happineſs, and of ſecurity, to the body, how much leſs can we ſuppoſe it able to afford them to the ſoul?

Nothing then, we ſee, in this world, is a ſufficient foundation for truſt: nor indeed can any thing be but Almighty God, who affords us the only means of happineſs, and is our only real refuge in diſtreſs. On him, the more we truſt, the greater we ſhall feel our ſecurity; and that man who has, on juſt religious motives, confirmed in himſelf this truſt, wants nothing elſe to ſecure his happineſs. The world may wear what aſpect it will: it is not on it that he depends. As far as prudence goes, he endeavours to avoid the evils of life; but when they fall to his ſhare (as ſooner or later we muſt all ſhare them) he reſigns himſelf into the hands of that God who made him, and who knows beſt how to diſpoſe of him. On him he thoroughly depends, and with him he has a conſtant intercourſe by prayer; truſting, that whatever happens is agreeable to that juſt government, which God has eſtabliſhed: and that, of conſequence, it muſt be beſt.

We are injoined next "to honour God's holy name."

The name of God is accompanied with ſuch ideas of greatneſs and reverence, that it ſhould never paſs our lips without ſuggeſting thoſe ideas. Indeed it ſhould never be mentioned, but with a kind of awful heſitation, and on the moſt ſolemn occaſions;

caſions; either in ſerious diſcourſe, or, when we invoke God in prayer, or when we ſwear by his name.

In this laſt light we are here particularly injoined to honour the name of God. A ſolemn oath is an appeal to God himſelf; and is intitled to our utmoſt reſpect, were it only in a political light; as in all human concerns it is the ſtrongeſt teſt of veracity; and has been approved as ſuch by the wiſdom of all nations.

Some religioniſts have diſapproved the uſe of oaths, under the idea of prophaneneſs. The language of the ſacred writers conveys a different idea. One of them ſays, "An oath for confirmation is an end of all ſtrife:" another, "I take God for record upon my ſoul:" and a third, "God is my witneſs."

To the uſe of oaths, others have objected, that they are nugatory. The good man will ſpeak the truth without an oath; and the bad man cannot be held by one. And this would be true, if mankind were divided into good and bad: but as they are generally of a mixed character, we may well ſuppoſe, that many would venture a ſimple falſehood, who would yet be ſtartled at the idea of perjury *.

As an oath therefore taken in a ſolemn manner, and on a proper occaſion, may be conſidered as one of the higheſt acts of religion; ſo perjury, or falſe ſwearing, is certainly one of the higheſt acts of impiety; and the greateſt diſhonour we can poſſibly ſhew to the name of God. It is, in effect, either denying our belief in a God, or his power to puniſh. Other crimes wiſh to eſcape the notice of Heaven; this is daring the Almighty to his face.

After perjury, the name of God is moſt diſhonoured by the horrid practice of curſing. Its effects in ſociety, it is true, are not ſo miſchievous as thoſe of perjury; nor is it ſo deliberate an act: but yet it conveys a ſtill more horrid idea. Indeed, if there be one wicked practice more peculiarly diabolical, than another, it is this: for no employment can be conceived more ſuitable to infernal ſpirits, than that of ſpending their rage and impotence in curſes, and execrations. If this ſhocking vice were not ſo dreadfully familiar to our ears, it could not fail to ſtrike us with the utmoſt horror.

We next conſider common ſwearing; a ſin ſo univerſally practiſed, that one would imagine ſome great advantage, in the way either of pleaſure or profit, attended it. The wages of iniquity afford ſome temptation: but to commit ſin without any wages, is a ſtrange ſpecies of infatuation. —May we then aſk the common ſwearer, what the advantages are, which ariſe from this practice?

It will be difficult to point out one.—Perhaps it may be ſaid, that it adds ſtrength to an affirmation. But if a man commonly ſtrengthen his affirmations in this way, we may venture to aſſert, that the practice will tend rather to leſſen, than confirm his credit. It ſhews plainly what he himſelf thinks of his own veracity. We never prop a building till it becomes ruinous.

Some forward youth may think, that an oath adds an air and ſpirit to his diſcourſe; that it is manly and important; and gives him conſequence. We may whiſper one ſecret in his ear, which he may be aſſured is a truth—Theſe airs of manlineſs give him conſequence with thoſe only, whoſe commendation is diſgrace: others he only convinces, at how early an age he wiſhes to be thought profligate.

Perhaps he may imagine, that an oath gives force and terror to his threatenings—In this he may be right; and the more horribly wicked he grows, the greater object of terror he may make himſelf. On this plan, the devil affords him a complete pattern for imitation.

Paltry as theſe apologies are, I ſhould ſuppoſe, the practice of common ſwearing has little more to ſay for itſelf.—Thoſe however, who can argue in favour of this ſin, I ſhould fear, there is little chance to reclaim.—But it is probable, that the greater part of ſuch as are addicted to it, act rather from habit, than principle. To deter ſuch perſons from indulging ſo pernicious a habit, and to ſhew them, that it is worth their while to be at ſome pains to conquer it, let us now ſee what arguments may be produced on the other ſide.

In the firſt place, common ſwearing leads to perjury. He who is addicted to ſwear on every trifling occaſion, cannot but often, I had almoſt ſaid unavoidably, give the ſanction of an oath to an untruth. And though I ſhould hope ſuch perjury is not a ſin of ſo heinous a nature, as what, in

* They who attend our courts of juſtice, often ſee inſtances among the common people of their aſſerting roundly what they will either refuſe to ſwear; or, when ſworn, will not aſſert.

judicial

judicial matters, is called wilful and corrupt; yet it is certainly ſtained with a very great degree of guilt.

But ſecondly, common ſwearing is a large ſtride towards wilful and corrupt perjury, inaſmuch as it makes a ſolemn oath to be received with leſs reverence. If nobody dared to take an oath, but on proper occaſions, an oath would be received with reſpect; but when we are accuſtomed to hear ſwearing the common language of our ſtreets, it is no wonder that people make light of oaths on every occaſion; and that judicial, commercial, and official oaths, are all treated with ſo much indifference.

Thirdly, common ſwearing may be conſidered as an act of great irreverence to God; and as ſuch, implying alſo a great indifference to religion. If it would diſgrace a chief magiſtrate to ſuffer appeals on every trifling, or ludicrous occaſion; we may at leaſt think it as diſreſpectful to the Almighty.—If we loſe our reverence for God, it is impoſſible we can retain it for his laws. You ſcarce remember a common ſwearer, who was in other reſpects an exact chriſtian.

But, above all, we ſhould be deterred from common ſwearing by the poſitive command of our Saviour, which is founded unqueſtionably upon the wickedneſs of the practice: "You have heard," ſaith Chriſt, "that it hath been ſaid by them of old time, thou ſhalt not forſwear thyſelf: but I ſay unto you, ſwear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, neither by the earth, for it is his footſtool: but let your communication" (that is, your ordinary converſation) "be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatſoever is more than theſe cometh of evil."—St. James alſo, with great emphaſis preſſing his maſter's words, ſays, "Above all things, my brethren, ſwear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, leſt you fall into condemnation."

I ſhall juſt add, before I conclude this ſubject, that two things are to be avoided, which are very nearly allied to ſwearing.

The firſt is, the uſe of light exclamations, and invocations upon God, on every trivial occaſion. We cannot have much reverence for God himſelf, when we treat his name in ſo familiar a manner; and may aſſure ourſelves, that we are indulging a practice, which muſt weaken impreſſions, that ought to be preſerved as ſtrong as poſſible.

Secondly, ſuch light expreſſions, and wanton phraſes, as ſound like ſwearing, are to be avoided; and are often therefore indulged by ſilly people, for the ſake of the ſound; who think (if they think at all) that they add to their diſcourſe the ſpirit of ſwearing without the guilt of it. Such people had better lay aſide, together with ſwearing, every appearance of it. Theſe appearances may both offend, and miſlead others; and with regard to themſelves, may end in realities. At leaſt, they ſhew an inclination to ſwearing: and an inclination to vice indulged, is really vice.

Gilpin.

§ 160. *Honour due to God's Word—what it is to ſerve God truly, &c.*

As we are injoined to honour God's holy name, ſo are we injoined alſo "to honour his holy word."

By God's holy word we mean, the Old Teſtament and the New.

The books of the Old Teſtament open with the earlieſt accounts of time, earlier than any human records reach; and yet, in many inſtances, they are ſtrengthened by human records. The heathen mythology is often grounded upon remnants of the ſacred ſtory, and many of the Bible events are recorded, however imperfectly, in prophane hiſtory. The very face of nature bears witneſs to the deluge.

In the hiſtory of the patriarchs is exhibited a moſt beautiful picture of the ſimplicity of ancient manners; and of genuine nature unadorned indeed by ſcience, but impreſſed ſtrongly with a ſenſe of religion. This gives an air of greatneſs and dignity to all the ſentiments and actions of theſe exalted characters.

The patriarchal hiſtory is followed by the Jewiſh. Here we have the principal events of that peculiar nation, which lived under a theocracy, and was ſet apart to preſerve and propagate * the knowledge of the true God through thoſe ages of ignorance antecedent to Chriſt. Here too we find thoſe types, and repreſentations, which the apoſtle to the Hebrews calls the ſhadows of good things to come.

To thoſe books, which contain the le-

* See the ſubject very learnedly treated in one of the firſt chapters of Jenkins's Reaſonableneſs of Chriſtianity.

giſlation

giſlation and hiſtory of the Jews, ſucceed the prophetic writings. As the time of the promiſe drew ſtill nearer, the notices of its approach became ſtronger. The kingdom of the Meſſiah, which was but obſcurely ſhadowed by the ceremonies of the Jewiſh law, was marked in ſtronger lines by the prophets, and proclaimed in a more intelligible language. The office of the Meſſiah, his miniſtry, his life, his actions, his death, and his reſurrection, are all very diſtinctly held out. It is true, the Jews, explaining the warm figures of the prophetic language too literally, and applying to a temporal dominion thoſe expreſſions, which were intended only as deſcriptive of a ſpiritual, were offended at the meanneſs of Chriſt's appearance on earth; and would not own him for that Meſſiah, whom their prophets had foretold; though theſe very prophets, when they uſed a leſs figurative language, had deſcribed him, as he really was, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.

To theſe books are added ſeveral others, poetical and moral, which adminiſter much inſtruction, and matter of meditation to devout minds.

The New Teſtament contains firſt the ſimple hiſtory of Chriſt, as recorded in the four goſpels. In this hiſtory alſo are delivered thoſe excellent inſtructions, which our Saviour occaſionally gave his diſciples; the precepts and the example blended together.

To the goſpels ſucceeds an account of the lives and actions of ſome of the principal apoſtles; together with the early ſtate of the chriſtian church.

The epiſtles of ſeveral of the apoſtles, particularly of St. Paul, to ſome of the new eſtabliſhed churches, make another part. Our Saviour had promiſed to endow his diſciples with power from on high to complete the great work of publiſhing the goſpel: and in the epiſtles that work is completed. The truths and doctrines of the chriſtian religion are here ſtill more unfolded, and inforced: as the great ſcheme of our redemption was now finiſhed by the death of Chriſt.

The ſacred volume is concluded with the revelations of St. John; which are ſuppoſed to contain a prophetic deſcription of the future ſtate of the church. Some of theſe prophecies, it is thought on very good grounds, are already fulfilled; and others, which now, as ſublime deſcriptions only, amuſe the imagination, will probably, in the future ages of the church, be the objects of the underſtanding alſo.

The laſt part of our duty to God is, "to ſerve him truly all the days of our life."

"To ſerve God truly all the days of our life," implies two things: firſt, the mode of this ſervice; and ſecondly, the term of it.

Firſt, we muſt ſerve God truly. We muſt not reſt ſatisfied with the outward action; but muſt take care that every action be founded on a proper motive. It is the motive alone that makes an action acceptable to God. The hypocrite "may faſt twice in the week, and give alms of all that he poſſeſſes:" nay, he may faſt the whole week, if he be able, and give all he has in alms; but if his faſts and his alms are intended as matter of oſtentation only, neither the one, nor the other, is that true ſervice which God requires. God requires the heart: he requires that an earneſt deſire of acting agreeably to his will, ſhould be the general ſpring of our actions; and this will give even an indifferent action a value in his ſight.

As we are injoined to ſerve God truly, ſo are we injoined to ſerve him "all the days of our life." As far as human frailties will permit, we ſhould perſevere in a conſtant tenor of obedience. That lax behaviour, which inſtead of making a ſteady progreſs, is continually relapſing into former errors, and running the ſame round of ſinning and repenting, is rather the life of an irreſolute ſinner, than of a pious chriſtian. Human errors, and frailties, we know, God will not treat with too ſevere an eye; but he who, in the general tenor of his life, does not keep advancing towards chriſtian perfection; but ſuffers himſelf, at intervals, entirely to loſe ſight of his calling, cannot be really ſerious in his profeſſion: he is at a great diſtance from ſerving God truly all the days of his life; and has no ſcriptural ground to hope much from the mercy of God.

That man, whether placed in high eſtate, or low, has reached the ſummit of human happineſs, who is truly ſerious in the ſervice of his great Maſter. The things of this world may engage, but cannot engroſs, his attention; its ſorrows and its joys may affect, but cannot diſconcert him. No man, he knows, can faithfully ſerve two maſters. He hath hired himſelf to one—that great Maſter, whoſe commands he reveres, whoſe favour he ſeeks, whoſe diſpleaſure alone is the real object of his fears:

and

and whoſe rewards alone are the real objects of his hope. Every thing elſe is trivial in his ſight. The world may ſooth; or it may threaten him: he perſeveres ſteadily in the ſervice of his God; and in that perſeverance feels his happineſs every day the more eſtabliſhed. *Gilpin.*

§ 161. *Duties owing to particular perſons—duty of children to parents—reſpect and obedience—in what the former conſiſts—in what the latter—ſuccouring a parent—brotherly affection—obedience to laws—founded on the advantages of ſociety.*

From the two grand principles of "loving our neighbour as ourſelves: and of doing to others as we would have them do to us," which regulate our ſocial intercourſe in general, we proceed to thoſe more confined duties, which ariſe from particular relations, connections, and ſtations in life.

Among theſe, we are firſt taught, as indeed the order of nature directs, to conſider the great duty of children to parents.

The two points to be inſiſted on, are reſpect and obedience. Both theſe ſhould naturally ſpring from love; to which parents have the higheſt claim. And indeed parents, in general, behave to their children, in a manner both to deſerve and to obtain their love.

But if the kindneſs of the parent be not ſuch as to work upon the affections of the child, yet ſtill the parent has a title to reſpect and obedience, on the principle of duty; a principle, which the voice of nature dictates; which reaſon inculcates; which human laws, and human cuſtoms, all join to inforce; and which the word of God ſtrictly commands.

The child will ſhew reſpect to his parent, by treating him, at all times, with deference. He will conſult his parent's inclination, and ſhew a readineſs, in a thouſand nameleſs trifles, to conform himſelf to it. He will never peeviſhly contradict his parent; and when he offers a contrary opinion, he will offer it modeſtly. Reſpect will teach him alſo, not only to put the beſt colouring upon the infirmities of his parent; but even if theſe infirmities be great, it will ſoften and ſcreen them, as much as poſſible, from the public eye.

Obedience goes a ſtep further, and ſuppoſes a poſitive command. In things unlawful indeed, the parental authority cannot bind: but this is a caſe that rarely happens. The great danger is on the other ſide, that children, through obſtinacy or ſullenneſs, ſhould refuſe their parents' lawful commands; to the obſervance of all which, however inconvenient to themſelves, they are tied by various motives; and above all, by the command of God, who in his ſacred denunciations againſt ſin, ranks diſobedience to parents among the worſt *.

They are farther bound, not only to obey the commands of their parents; but to obey them chearfully. He does but half his duty, who does it not from his heart.

There remains ſtill a third part of filial duty, which peculiarly belongs to children when grown up. This the catechiſm calls ſuccouring or adminiſtering to the neceſſities of the parent; either in the way of managing his affairs, when he is leſs able to manage them himſelf: or in ſupplying his wants, ſhould he need aſſiſtance in that way. And this the child ſhould do, on the united principles of love, duty, and gratitude. The hypocritical Jew would ſometimes evade this duty, by dedicating to ſacred uſes what ſhould have been expended in aſſiſting his parent. Our Saviour ſharply rebukes this perverſion of duty; and gives him to underſtand, that no pretence of ſerving God can cover the neglect of aſſiſting a parent. And if no pretence of ſerving God can do it, ſurely every other pretence muſt ſtill be more unnatural.

Under this head alſo we may conſider that attention, and love, which are due to other relations, eſpecially that mutual affection which ſhould ſubſiſt between brothers. The name of brother expreſſes the higheſt degree of tenderneſs; and is generally uſed in ſcripture, as a term of peculiar endearment, to call men to the practice of ſocial virtue. It reminds them of every kindneſs, which man can ſhew to man. If then we ought to treat all mankind with the affection of brothers, in what light muſt they appear, who being really ſuch, are ever at variance with each other, continually doing ſpiteful actions, and thewing, upon every occaſion, not only a want of brotherly kindneſs, but even of common regard?

The next part of our duty is "to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him."

By the "King, and all that are put in authority under him," is meant the various

* Rom. i. 30.

parts

parts of the government we live under, of which the king is the head: and the meaning of the precept is, that we ought to live in dutiful ſubmiſſion to legal authority.

Government and ſociety are united. We cannot have one without the other; and we ſubmit to the inconveniencies, for the ſake of the advantages.

The end of ſociety is mutual ſafety and convenience. Without it, even ſafety could in no degree be obtained: the good would become a prey to the bad; nay, the very human ſpecies to the beaſts of the field.

Still leſs could we obtain the conveniencies of life; which cannot be had without the labour of many. If every man depended upon himſelf for what he enjoyed, how deſtitute would be the ſituation of human affairs!

But even ſafety and convenience are not the only fruits of ſociety. Man, living merely by himſelf, would be an ignorant unpoliſhed ſavage. It is the intercourſe of ſociety which cultivates the human mind. One man's knowledge and experience is built upon another's; and ſo the great edifice of ſcience and poliſhed life is reared.

To enjoy theſe advantages, therefore, men joined in ſociety; and hence it became neceſſary, that government ſhould be eſtabliſhed. Magiſtrates were created; laws made; taxes ſubmitted to; and every one, inſtead of righting himſelf (except in mere ſelf-defence) is injoined to appeal to the laws he lives under, as the beſt ſecurity of his life and property. *Gilpin.*

§ 162. *Duty to our teachers and inſtructors—ariſing from the great importance of knowledge and religion—and the great neceſſity of gaining habits of attention, and of virtue, in our youth—analogy of youth and manhood to this world and the next.*

We are next injoined "to ſubmit ourſelves to all our governors, teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters." Here another ſpecies of government is pointed out. The laws of ſociety are meant to govern our riper years; the inſtructions of our teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters, are meant to guide our youth.

By our "teachers, ſpiritual paſtors, and maſters," are meant all thoſe who have the care of our education, and of our inſtruction in religion; whom we are to obey, and liſten to, with humility and attention, as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion. The inſtructions we receive from them are unqueſtionably ſubject to our own judgment in future life; for by his own judgment every man muſt ſtand or fall. But, during our youth, it is highly proper for us to pay a dutiful ſubmiſſion to their inſtructions, as we cannot yet be ſuppoſed to have formed any judgment of our own. At that early age it ſhould be our endeavour to acquire knowledge; and afterwards unprejudiced to form our opinions.

The duty which young people owe to their inſtructors, cannot be ſhewn better, than in the effect which the inſtructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to conſider the advantages of an early attention to theſe two things, both of great importance, knowledge and religion.

The great uſe of knowledge in all its various branches (to which the learned languages are generally conſidered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juſter, and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, you add the experience of others to your own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real ſuperiority over another.

Beſides, the mind muſt be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much ingroſſed by thoſe employments, in which the neceſſities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labour ſtands in the room of education; and fills up thoſe vacancies of mind, which, in a ſtate of idleneſs, would be ingroſſed by vice. And if they, who have more leiſure, do not ſubſtitute ſomething in the room of this, their minds alſo will become the prey of vice; and the more ſo, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that houſe mentioned in the goſpel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him ſeven other ſpirits more wicked than himſelf, they took poſſeſſion. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each ſucceeding vice becomes more depraved.—If then the mind muſt be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquiſition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities

he hath afforded us; and not turn into a curſe thoſe means of leiſure, which might become ſo great a bleſſing.

But however neceſſary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more ſo. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, ſuperiority and rank in life: but the other is abſolutely eſſential to his happineſs.

In the midſt of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleaſing ſcene; it engages our deſires; and in a degree ſatisfies them alſo. But it is wiſdom to conſider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if diſappointment and vexation do not ſour our taſte for pleaſure, at leaſt ſickneſs and infirmities will deſtroy it. In theſe gloomy ſeaſons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where ſhall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and reſignation to his will, and truſt in him for deliverance, what is there that can ſecure us againſt the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a ſtudious attention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we ſhall never do it: that we ſhall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice by neglecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fitteſt ſeaſon. The mind is then ready to receive any impreſſion. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is then ſtronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more ſuited to thoſe parts of learning which are converſant in words. Beſides, there is ſometimes in youth a modeſty and ductility, which in advanced years, if thoſe years eſpecially have been left a prey to ignorance, become ſelf-ſufficiency and prejudice; and theſe effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.—But, above all, unleſs habits of attention and application are early gained, we ſhall ſcarcely acquire them afterwards.—The inconſiderate youth ſeldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loſs, till he knows alſo that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the ſeaſon to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the ſide of virtue. It will make every thing ſmooth and eaſy. The earlieſt principles are generally the moſt laſting; and thoſe of a religious caſt are ſeldom wholly loſt. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aſide; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worſe, and bring on a reformation. Whereas he, who has ſuffered habits of vice to get poſſeſſion of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a ſenſe of religion. In a common courſe of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity muſt rouſe him. He muſt be awakened by a ſtorm, or ſleep for ever.—How much better is it then to make that eaſy to us, which we know is beſt! And to form thoſe habits now, which hereafter we ſhall wiſh we had formed!

There are, who would reſtrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themſelves; leſt they ſhould imbibe prejudice for truth. But why ſhould not the ſame caution be uſed in ſcience alſo; and the minds of youth left void of all impreſſions? The experiment, I fear, in both caſes would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during ſo long a period, though nothing elſe ſhould find entrance, vice certainly would: and it would make the larger ſhoots, as the ſoil would be vacant. A boy had better receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind is ſet a thinking it may depoſit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at laſt: but in a ſtate of ſtagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the ſame proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we muſt form and cultivate thoſe habits of virtue, which muſt qualify us for a better ſtate. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an oppoſite kind, inſtead of gaining that exalted ſtate, which is promiſed to our improvement, we ſhall of courſe ſink into that ſtate, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood: to which it is, properly ſpeaking, a ſtate of preparation. During this ſeaſon we muſt qualify ourſelves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted.

planted. If we have ſauntered away our youth, we muſt expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early poſſeſſion of us, they will probably increaſe as we advance in life; and make us a burden to ourſelves, and uſeleſs to ſociety. If again, we ſuffer ourſelves to be miſled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new ſtrength, and end in diſſolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and induſtry, of virtue and ſobriety, we ſhall find ourſelves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourſelves, we ſhall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to reſiſt every new temptation, as it ariſes. *Gilpin.*

§ 163. *Behaviour to ſuperiors.*

We are next injoined "to order ourſelves lowly and reverently to all our betters."

By our betters are meant they who are in a ſuperior ſtation of life to our own; and by "ordering ourſelves lowly and reverently towards them," is meant paying them that reſpect which is due to their ſtation.

The word 'betters' indeed includes two kinds of perſons, to whom our reſpect is due—thoſe who have a natural claim to it; and thoſe who have an acquired one; that is, a claim ariſing from ſome particular ſituation in life.

Among the firſt, are all our ſuperior relations; not only parents, but all other relations, who are in a line above us. All theſe have a natural claim to our reſpect. —There is a reſpect alſo due from youth to age; which is always becoming, and tends to keep youth within the bounds of modeſty.

To others, reſpect is due from thoſe particular ſtations which ariſe from ſociety and government. Fear God, ſays the text; and it adds, "honour the king."

It is due alſo from many other ſituations in life. Employments, honours, and even wealth, will exact it; and all may juſtly exact it, in a proper degree.

But it may here perhaps be inquired, why God ſhould permit this latter diſtinction among men? That ſome ſhould have more authority than others, we can eaſily ſee, is abſolutely neceſſary in government; but among men, who are all born equal, why ſhould the goods of life be diſtributed in ſo unequal a proportion?

To this inquiry, it may be anſwered, that, in the firſt place, we ſee nothing in this, but what is common in all the works of God. A gradation is every where obſervable. Beauty, ſtrength, ſwiftneſs, and other qualities, are varied through the creation in numberleſs degrees. In the ſame manner likewiſe are varied the gifts of fortune, as they are called. Why therefore ſhould one man's being richer than another ſurprize us more than his being ſtronger than another, or more prudent?

Though we can but very inadequately trace the wiſdom of God in his works, yet very wiſe reaſons appear for this variety in the gifts of fortune. It ſeems neceſſary both in a civil, and in a moral light.

In a civil light, it is the neceſſary accompaniment of various employments; on which depend all the advantages of ſociety. Like the ſtones of a regular building, ſome muſt range higher, and ſome lower; ſome muſt ſupport, and others be ſupported; ſome will form the ſtrength of the building, and others its ornament; but all unite in producing one regular and proportioned whole. If then different employments are neceſſary, of courſe different degrees of wealth, honour, and conſequence, muſt follow; a variety of diſtinctions and obligations; in ſhort, different ranks, and a ſubordination, muſt take place.

Again, in a moral light, the diſproportion of wealth, and other worldly adjuncts, gives a range to the more extenſive exerciſe of virtue. Some virtues could but faintly exiſt upon the plan of an equality. If ſome did not abound, there were little room for temperance: if ſome did not ſuffer need, there were as little for patience. Other virtues again could hardly exiſt at all. Who could practiſe generoſity, where there was no object of it? Who humility, where all ambitious deſires were excluded?

Since then Providence, in ſcattering theſe various gifts, propoſes ultimately the good of man, it is our duty to acquieſce in this order, and "to behave ourſelves lowly and reverently" (not with ſervility, but with a decent reſpect) "to all our ſuperiors."

Before I conclude this ſubject, it may

be proper to obſerve, in vindication of the ways of Providence, that we are not to ſuppoſe happineſs and miſery neceſſarily connected with riches and poverty. Each condition hath its particular ſources both of pleaſure and pain, unknown to the other. Thoſe in elevated ſtations have a thouſand latent pangs, of which their inferiors have no idea; while their inferiors again have as many pleaſures, which the others cannot taſte. I ſpeak only of ſuch modes of happineſs or miſery as ariſe immediately from different ſtations. Of miſery, indeed, from a variety of other cauſes, all men of every ſtation are equal heirs: either when God lays his hand upon us in ſickneſs, or misfortune: or when, by our own follies and vices, we become the miniſters of our own diſtreſs.

Who then would build his happineſs upon an elevated ſtation? Or who would envy the poſſeſſion of ſuch happineſs in another? We know not with what various diſtreſſes that ſtation, which is the object of our envy, may be attended.—Beſides, as we are accountable for all we poſſeſs, it may be happy for us that we poſſeſs ſo little. The means of happineſs, as far as ſtation can procure them, are commonly in our own power, if we are not wanting to ourſelves.

Let each of us then do his duty in that ſtation which Providence has aſſigned him; ever remembering, that the next world will ſoon deſtroy all earthly diſtinctions.—One diſtinction only will remain among the ſons of men at that time—the diſtinction between good and bad; and this diſtinction it is worth all our pains and all our ambition to acquire. *Gilpin.*

§ 164. *Againſt wronging our neighbours by injurious words.*

We are next inſtructed "to hurt nobody by word or deed—to be true and juſt in all our dealings—to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts—to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing—our tongues from evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering."

The duties comprehended in theſe words are a little tranſpoſed. What ſhould claſs under one head is brought under another. "To hurt nobody by word or deed," is the general propoſition. The under parts ſhould follow: Firſt, "to keep the tongue from evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering;" which is, "to hurt nobody by word." Secondly, "to be true and juſt in all our dealings;" and "to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing;" which is, "to hurt nobody by deed." As to the injunction, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts," it belongs properly to neither of theſe heads; but is a diſtinct one by itſelf. The duties being thus ſeparated, I ſhall proceed to explain them.

And, firſt, of injuring our neighbour by our "words." This may be done, we find, in three ways; by "evil-ſpeaking, by lying, and by ſlandering."

By "evil-ſpeaking," is meant ſpeaking ill of our neighbour; but upon a ſuppoſition, that this ill is the truth. In ſome circumſtances it is certainly right to ſpeak ill of our neighbour; as when we are called upon in a court of juſtice to give our evidence; or, when we can ſet any one right in his opinion of a perſon, in whom he is about to put an improper confidence. Nor can there be any harm in ſpeaking of a bad action, which has been determined in a court of juſtice, or is otherwiſe become notorious.

But on the other hand, it is highly diſallowable to ſpeak wantonly of the characters of others from common fame: becauſe, in a thouſand inſtances, we find that ſtories, which have no better foundation, are miſrepreſented. They are perhaps only half-told—they have been heard through the medium of malice or envy—ſome favourable circumſtance hath been omitted—ſome foreign circumſtance hath been added—ſome trifling circumſtance hath been exaggerated—the motive, the provocation, or perhaps the reparation hath been concealed—in ſhort, the repreſentation of the fact is, ſome way or other totally different from the fact itſelf.

But even, when we have the beſt evidence of a bad action, with all its circumſtances before us, we ſurely indulge a very ill-natured pleaſure in ſpreading the ſhame of an offending brother. We can do no good; and we may do harm: we may weaken his good reſolutions by expoſing him: we may harden him againſt the world. Perhaps it may be his firſt bad action. Perhaps nobody is privy to it but ourſelves. Let us give him at leaſt one trial. Let us not caſt the firſt ſtone. Which of our lives could ſtand ſo ſtrict a ſcrutiny? He only who is without ſin himſelf can have any excuſe for treating his brother with ſeverity.

Let us next conſider "lying;" which

is an intention to deceive by falſehood in our words.—To warn us againſt lying, we ſhould do well to conſider the folly, the meanneſs, and the wickedneſs of it.

The folly of lying conſiſts in its defeating its own purpoſe. A habit of lying is generally in the end detected; and, after detection, the lyar, inſtead of deceiving, will not even be believed when he happens to ſpeak the truth. Nay, every ſingle lye is attended with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, which lead to a detection, that it is often diſcovered. The uſe generally made of a lye, is to cover a fault; but as the end is ſeldom anſwered, we only aggravate what we wiſh to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honeſt confeſſion would ſerve us better.

The meanneſs of lying ariſes from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly ſpeak the truth; but have recourſe to low ſubterfuges, which always argue a ſordid and diſingenuous mind. Hence it is, that in the faſhionable world, the word lyar is always conſidered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedneſs of lying conſiſts in its perverting one of the greateſt bleſſings of God, the uſe of ſpeech, in making that a miſchief to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the great bond of ſociety. Falſehood, of courſe, tends to its diſſolution. If one man may lye, why not another? And if there is no mutual truſt among men, there is an end of all intercourſe and dealing.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lye. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally ſpeaking, are true; and is equally criminal with the moſt downright breach of truth. When St. Peter aſked Sapphira (in the 5th chapter of the Acts) "whether her huſband had ſold the land for ſo much?" She anſwered he had: and literally ſhe ſpoke the truth; for he had ſold it for that ſum included in a larger. But having an intention to deceive, we find the apoſtle conſidered the equivocation as a lye.

In ſhort, it is the intention to deceive, which is criminal: the mode of deception, or the vehicle in which poiſon is conveyed, is of no conſequence. A nod, or ſign, may convey a lye as effectually as the moſt deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promiſe. While a reſolution remains in our own breaſts, it is ſubject to our own review: but when we make another perſon a party with us, an engagement is made; and every engagement, though only of the lighteſt kind, ſhould be punctually obſerved. If we have added to this engagement a ſolemn promiſe, the obligation is ſo much the ſtronger: and he who does not think himſelf bound by ſuch an obligation, has no pretenſions to the character of an honeſt man. A breach of promiſe is ſtill worſe than a lye. A lye is ſimply a breach of truth: but a breach of promiſe is a breach both of truth and truſt.

Forgetfulneſs is a weak excuſe: it only ſhews how little we are affected by ſo ſolemn an engagement. Should we forget to call for a ſum of money, of which we were in want, at an appointed time? Or do we think a ſolemn promiſe of leſs value than a ſum of money?

Having conſidered evil ſpeaking and lying, let us next conſider ſlandering. By ſlandering, we mean, injuring our neighbour's character by falſehood. Here we ſtill riſe higher in the ſcale of injurious words. Slandering our neighbour is the greateſt injury, which words can do him; and is, therefore, worſe than either evil-ſpeaking or lying. The miſchief of this ſin depends on the value of our characters. All men, unleſs they be paſt feeling, deſire naturally to be thought well of by their fellow-creatures: a good character is one of the principal means of being ſerviceable either to ourſelves or others; and among numbers, the very bread they eat depends upon it. What aggravated injury, therefore, do we bring upon every man, whoſe name we ſlander? And, what is ſtill worſe, the injury is irreparable. If you defraud a man; reſtore what you took, and the injury is repaired. But, if you ſlander him, it is not in your power to ſhut up all the ears, and all the mouths, to which your tale may have acceſs. The evil ſpreads, like the winged ſeeds of ſome noxious plants, which ſcatter miſchief on a breath of air, and diſperſe it on every ſide, and beyond prevention.

Before we conclude this ſubject, it may juſt be mentioned, that a ſlander may be ſpread as a lye may be told, in various ways. We may do it by an inſinuation, as well as in a direct manner; we may ſpread it in a ſecret; or propagate it under the colour of friendſhip.

I may add alſo, that it is a ſpecies of ſlander, and often a very malignant one, to leſſen the merits or exaggerate the

failings of others; as it is likewiſe to omit defending a miſrepreſented character, or to let others bear the blame of our offences. *Gilpin.*

§ 165. *Againſt wronging our neighbour by injurious actions.*

Having thus conſidered injurious words, let us next conſider injurious actions. On this head we are injoined "to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing, and to be true and juſt in all our dealings."

As to theft, it is a crime of ſo odious and vile a nature, that one would imagine no perſon, who hath had the leaſt tincture of a virtuous education, even though driven to neceſſity, could be led into it.—I ſhall not, therefore, enter into a diſſuaſive from this crime; but go on with the explanation of the other part of the injunction, and ſee what it is to be true and juſt in all our dealings.

Juſtice is even ſtill more, if poſſible, the ſupport of ſociety, than truth: inaſmuch as a man may be more injurious by his actions, than by his words. It is for this reaſon, that the whole force of human law is bent to reſtrain injuſtice; and the happineſs of every ſociety will increaſe in proportion to this reſtraint.

We very much err, however, if we ſuppoſe, that every thing within the bounds of law is juſtice. The law was intended only for bad men; and it is impoſſible to make the meſhes of it ſo ſtrait, but that many very great enormities will eſcape. The well meaning man, therefore, knowing that the law was not made for him, conſults a better guide—his own conſcience, informed by religion. And, indeed, the great difference between the good and the bad man conſiſts in this: the good man will do nothing, but what his conſcience will allow; the bad man will do any thing which the law cannot reach.

It would, indeed, be endleſs to deſcribe the various ways, in which a man may be diſhoneſt within the limits of law. They are as various as our intercourſe with mankind. Some of the moſt obvious of them I ſhall curſorily mention.

In matters of commerce the knave has many opportunities. The different qualities of the ſame commodity—the different modes of adulteration—the ſpecious arts of vending—the frequent ignorance in purchaſing; and a variety of other circumſtances, open an endleſs field to the ingenuity of fraud. The honeſt fair dealer, in the mean time, has only one rule, which is, that all arts, however common in buſineſs, which are intended to deceive, are utterly unlawful. It may be added, upon this head, that if any one, conſcious of having been a tranſgreſſor, is deſirous of repairing his fault, reſtitution is by all means neceſſary; till that be done, he continues in a courſe of injuſtice.

Again, in matters of contract, a man has many opportunities of being diſhoneſt within the bounds of law. He may be ſtrict in obſerving the letter of an agreement, when the equitable meaning requires a laxer interpretation: or, he can take the laxer interpretation, when it ſerves his purpoſe; and at the loop-hole of ſome ambiguous expreſſion exclude the literal meaning, though it be undoubtedly the true one.

The ſame iniquity appears in withholding from another his juſt right; or in putting him to expence in recovering it. The movements of the law are ſlow; and in many caſes cannot be otherwiſe; but he who takes the advantage of this to injure his neighbour, proves himſelf an undoubted knave.

It is a ſpecies of the ſame kind of injuſtice to withhold a debt, when we have ability to pay; or to run into debt, when we have not that ability. The former can proceed only from a bad diſpoſition; the latter, from ſuffering our deſires to exceed our ſtation. Some are excuſed, on this head, as men of generous principles, which they cannot confine. But what is their generoſity? They aſſiſt one man by injuring another. And what good ariſes to ſociety from hence? Such perſons cannot act on principle; and we need not heſitate to rank them with thoſe, who run into debt to gratify their own ſelfiſh inclinations. One man deſires the elegancies of life; another deſires what he thinks an equal good, the reputation of generoſity.

Oppreſſion is another ſpecies of injuſtice; by which, in a thouſand ways, under the cover of law, we may take the advantage of the ſuperiority of our power, either to cruſh an inferior, or humble him to our deſigns.

Ingratitude is another. A loan, we know, claims a legal return. And is the obligation leſs, if, inſtead of a loan, you receive a kindneſs? The law, indeed, ſays nothing on this point of immorality; but an honeſt conſcience will be very loud in the condemnation of it.

We

We may be unjuſt alſo in our reſentment; by carrying it beyond what reaſon and religion preſcribe.

But it would be endleſs to deſcribe the various ways, in which injuſtice diſcovers itſelf. In truth, almoſt every omiſſion of duty may be reſolved into injuſtice.

The next precept is, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts."

The malice and hatred of our hearts ariſe, in the firſt place, from injurious treatment; and ſurely no man, when he is injured, can at firſt help feeling that he is ſo. But Chriſtianity requires, that we ſhould ſubdue theſe feelings, as ſoon as poſſible; "and not ſuffer the ſun to go down upon our wrath." Various are the paſſages of ſcripture, which inculcate the forgiveneſs of injuries. Indeed no point is more laboured than this; and with reaſon, becauſe no temper is more productive of evil, both to ourſelves and others, than a malicious one. The ſenſations of a mind burning with revenge are beyond deſcription: and as we are at theſe ſeaſons very unable to judge coolly, and of courſe liable to carry our reſentment too far, the conſequence is, that, in our rage, we may do a thouſand things, which can never be atoned for, and of which we may repent as long as we live.

Beſides, one act draws on another; and retaliation keeps the quarrel alive. The goſpel, therefore, ever gracious and kind to man, in all its precepts, injoins us to check all thoſe violent emotions, and to leave our cauſe in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, ſaith the Lord;" and he who, in oppoſition to this precept, takes vengeance into his own hands, and cherithes the malice and hatred of his heart, may aſſure himſelf that he has not yet learned to be a Chriſtian. Theſe precepts, perhaps, may not entirely agree with modern principles of honour: but let the man of honour ſee to that. The maxims of the world cannot change the truth of the goſpel.

Nay, even in recovering our juſt right, or in purſuing a criminal to juſtice, we ſhould take care that it be not done in the ſpirit of retaliation and revenge. If theſe be our motives, though we make the law our inſtrument, we are equally guilty.

But beſides injurious treatment, the malice and hatred of our hearts have often another ſource, and that is envy: and thus in the litany; "envy, malice, and hatred," are all joined together with great propriety. The emotions of envy are generally cooler, and leſs violent, than thoſe which ariſe from the reſentment of injury; ſo that envy is ſeldom ſo miſchievous in its effects as revenge: but with regard to ourſelves, it is altogether as bad, and full as deſtructive of the ſpirit of chriſtianity. What is the religion of that man, who inſtead of thanking Heaven for the bleſſings he receives, is fretting himſelf continually with a diſagreeable compariſon between himſelf and ſome other? He cannot enjoy what he has, becauſe another has more wealth, a fairer fame, or perhaps more merit, than himſelf. He is miſerable, becauſe others are happy.

But to omit the wickedneſs of envy, how abſurd and fooliſh is it, in a world where we muſt neceſſarily expect much real miſery, to be perniciouſly inventive in producing it!

Beſides, what ignorance! We ſee only the glaring outſide of things. Under all that envied glare, many unſeen diſtreſſes may lurk, from which our ſtation may be free: for our merciful Creator ſeems to have beſtowed happineſs, as far as ſtation is concerned, with great equality among all his creatures.

In concluſion, therefore, let it be the great object of our attention, and the ſubject of our prayers, to rid our minds of all this curſed intruſion of evil thoughts—whether they proceed from malice, or from an envious temper. Let all our malicious thoughts ſoften into charity and benevolence; and let us "forgive one another, as God, for Chriſt's ſake, has forgiven us." As for our envious thoughts, as far as they relate to externals, let them ſubſide in humility, acquieſcence, and ſubmiſſion to the will of God. And when we are tempted to envy the good qualities of others, let us ſpurn ſo baſe a conception, and change it into a generous emulation—into an endeavour to raiſe ourſelves to an equality with our rival, not to depreſs him to a level with us. *Gilpin.*

§ 166. *Duties to ourſelves.*

Thus far the duties we have conſidered come moſt properly under the head of thoſe which we owe to our neighbour; what follows, relates rather to ourſelves. On this head, we are inſtructed "to keep our bodies in temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity."

Though, our ſouls ſhould be our great concern, yet, as they are nearly connected

with our bodies, and as the impurity of the one contaminates the other, a great degree of moral attention is, of courſe, due to our bodies alſo.

As our firſt ſtation is in this world, to which our bodies particularly belong, they are formed with ſuch appetites as are requiſite to our commodious living in it; and the rule given us is, "to uſe the world ſo as not to abuſe it." St. Paul, by a beautiful alluſion, calls our bodies the "temples of the Holy Ghoſt;" by which he means to impreſs us with a ſtrong idea of their dignity; and to deter us from debaſing, by low pleaſures, what ſhould be the ſeat of ſo much purity. To youth theſe cautions are above meaſure neceſſary, becauſe their paſſions and appetites are ſtrong; their reaſon and judgment weak. They are prone to pleaſure, and void of reflection. How, therefore, theſe young adventurers in life may beſt ſteer their courſe, and uſe this ſinful world ſo as not to abuſe it, is a conſideration well worth their attention. Let us then ſee under what regulations their appetites ſhould be reſtrained.

By keeping our bodies in temperance is meant avoiding exceſs in eating, with regard both to the quantity and quality of our food. We ſhould neither eat more than our ſtomachs can well bear; nor be nice and delicate in our eating.

To preſerve the body in health is the end of eating; and they who regulate themſelves merely by this end, who eat without choice or diſtinction, paying no regard to the pleaſure of eating, obſerve perhaps the beſt rule of temperance. They go rather indeed beyond temperance, and may be called abſtemious. A man may be temperate, and yet allow himſelf a little more indulgence. Great care, however, is here neceſſary; and the more, as perhaps no preciſe rule can be affixed, after we have paſſed the firſt great limit, and let the palate looſe among variety *. Our own diſcretion muſt be our guide, which ſhould be conſtantly kept awake by conſidering the many bad conſequences which attend a breach of temperance.—Young men, in the full vigour of health, do not conſider theſe things; but as age comes on, and different maladies begin to appear, they may perhaps repent they did not a little earlier practiſe the rules of temperance.

In a moral and religious light, the conſequences of intemperance are ſtill worſe. To enjoy a comfortable meal, when it comes before us, is allowable: but he who ſuffers his mind to dwell upon the pleaſures of eating, and makes them the employment of his thoughts, has at leaſt opened one ſource of mental corruption †.

After all, he who would moſt perfectly enjoy the pleaſures of the table, ſuch as they are, muſt look for them within the rules of temperance. The palate, accuſtomed to ſatiety, hath loſt its tone; and the greateſt ſenſualiſts have been brought to confeſs, that the coarſeſt fare, with an appetite kept in order by temperance, affords a more delicious repaſt, than the moſt luxurious meal without it.

As temperance relates chiefly to eating, ſobernes or ſobriety relates properly to drinking. And here the ſame obſervations recur. The ſtricteſt, and perhaps the beſt rule, is merely to ſatisfy the end of drinking. But if a little more indulgence be taken, it ought to be taken with the greateſt circumſpection.

With regard to youth, indeed, I ſhould be inclined to great ſtrictneſs on this head. In eating, if they eat of proper and ſimple food, they cannot eaſily err. Their growing limbs, and ſtrong exerciſe, require larger ſupplies than full-grown bodies, which muſt be kept in order by a more rigid temperance. But if more indulgence be allowed them in eating, leſs, ſurely, ſhould in drinking. With ſtrong liquors of every kind they have nothing to do; and if they ſhould totally abſtain on this head, it were ſo much the better. The languor which attends age ‡, requires perhaps, now and then, ſome aids; but the

* ——— Nam variæ res,
Ut noceant homini, credas memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit. At ſimul aſſis
Miſceueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita —— Hor.

† ——— Corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulum auræ. Hor Sat.

‡ Ubive
Accedant anni, et tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet. Ibid.

ſpirits

ſpirits of youth want no recruits: a little reſt is ſufficient.

As to the bad conſequences derived from exceſſive drinking, beſides filling the blood with bloated and vicious humours, and debauching the purity of the mind, as in the caſe of intemperate eating, it is attended with this peculiar evil, the loſs of our ſenſes. Hence follow frequent inconveniencies and mortifications. We expoſe our follies—we betray our ſecrets—we are often impoſed upon—we quarrel with our friends—we lay ourſelves open to our enemies; and, in ſhort, make ourſelves the objects of contempt, and the topics of ridicule to all our acquaintance.—Nor is it only the act of intoxication which deprives us of our reaſon during the prevalence of it; the habit of drunkenneſs ſoon beſots and impairs the underſtanding, and renders us at all times leſs fit for the offices of life.

We are next injoined "to keep our bodies in chaſtity." "Flee youthful luſts," ſays the apoſtle, "which war againſt the ſoul." And there is ſurely nothing which caries on a war againſt the ſoul more ſucceſsfully. Wherever we have a catalogue in ſcripture (and we have many ſuch catalogues) of thoſe ſins which in a peculiar manner debauch the mind, theſe youthful luſts have always, under ſome denomination, a place among them.—To keep ourſelves free from all contagion of this kind, let us endeavour to preſerve a purity in our thoughts—our words—and our actions.

Firſt, let us preſerve a purity in our thoughts. Theſe dark receſſes, which the eye of the world cannot reach, are the receptacles of theſe youthful luſts. Here they find their firſt encouragement. The entrance of ſuch impure ideas perhaps we cannot always prevent. We may always however prevent cheriſhing them: we may always prevent their making an impreſſion upon us: the devil may be caſt out as ſoon as diſcovered.

Let us always keep in mind, that even into theſe dark abodes the eye of Heaven can penetrate: that every thought of our hearts is open to that God, before whom we muſt one day ſtand; and that however ſecretly we may indulge theſe impure ideas, at the great day of account they will certainly appear in an awful detail againſt us.

Let us remember again, that if our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghoſt, our minds are the very ſanctuaries of thoſe temples: and if there be any weight in the apoſtle's argument againſt polluting our bodies, it urges with double force againſt polluting our minds.

But, above all other conſiderations, it behoves us moſt to keep our thoughts pure, becauſe they are the fountains from which our words and actions flow. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth ſpeaketh." Obſcene words and actions are only bad thoughts matured, and ſpring as naturally from them as the plant from its ſeed. It is the ſame vicious depravity carried a ſtep farther; and only ſhews a more confirmed and a more miſchievous degree of guilt. While we keep our impurities in our thoughts, they debauch only ourſelves: bad enough, it is true. But when we proceed to words and actions, we let our impurities looſe: we ſpread the contagion, and become the corrupters of others.

Let it be our firſt care, therefore, to keep our thoughts pure. If we do this, our words and actions will be pure of courſe. And that we may be the better enabled to do it, let us uſe ſuch helps as reaſon and religion preſcribe. Let us avoid all company, and all books, that have a tendency to corrupt our minds; and every thing that can inflame our paſſions. He who allows himſelf in theſe things, holds a parley with vice; which will infallibly debauch him in the end, if he do not take the alarm in time, and break off ſuch dalliance.

One thing ought to be our particular care, and that is, never to be unemployed. Ingenious amuſements are of great uſe in filling up the vacuities of our time. Idle we ſhould never be. A vacant mind is an invitation to vice. *Gilpin.*

§ 167. *On coveting and deſiring other men's goods.*

We are forbidden, next, "to covet, or deſire other men's goods."

There are two great paths of vice, into which bad men commonly ſtrike; that of unlawful pleaſure, and that of unlawful gain.—The path of unlawful pleaſure we have juſt examined; and have ſeen the danger of obeying the headſtrong impulſe of our appetites.—We have conſidered alſo an immoderate love of gain, and have ſeen diſhoneſty and fraud in a variety of ſhapes. But we have yet viewed them only as they relate to ſociety. We have viewed only the outward action. The rule before us, "We muſt not covet, nor deſire other men's

men's goods," comes a ſtep nearer home, and conſiders the motive which governs the action.

Covetouſneſs, or the love of money, is called in ſcripture "the root of all evil;" and it is called ſo for two reaſons; becauſe is makes us wicked, and becauſe it makes us miſerable.

Firſt, it makes us wicked. When it once gets poſſeſſion of the heart, it will let no good principle flouriſh near it. Moſt vices have their fits; and when the violence of the paſſion is ſpent, there is ſome interval of calm. The vicious appetite cannot always run riot. It is fatigued at leaſt by its own impetuoſity; and it is poſſible, that in this moment of tranquillity, a whiſper from virtue may be heard. But in avarice, there is rarely intermiſſion. It hangs like a dead weight upon the ſoul, always pulling it to earth. We might as well expect to ſee a plant grow upon a flint, as a virtue in the heart of a miſer.

It makes us miſerable as well as wicked. The cares and the fears of avarice are proverbial; and it muſt needs be, that he, who depends for happineſs on what is liable to a thouſand accidents, muſt of courſe feel as many diſtreſſes, and almoſt as many diſappointments. The good man depends for happineſs on ſomething more permanent; and if his worldly affairs go ill, his great dependance is ſtill left *. But as wealth is the god which the covetous man worſhips (for "covetouſneſs," we are told, "is idolatry,") a diſappointment here is a diſappointment indeed. Be he ever ſo proſperous, his wealth cannot ſecure him againſt the evils of mortality; againſt that time, when he muſt give up all he values; when his bargains of advantage will be over, and nothing left but tears and deſpair.

But even a deſiring frame of mind, though it be not carried to ſuch a length, is always productive of miſery. It cannot be otherwiſe. While we ſuffer ourſelves to be continually in queſt of what we have not, it is impoſſible that we ſhould be happy with what we have. In a word, to abridge our wants as much as poſſible, not to increaſe them, is the trueſt happineſs.

We are much miſtaken, however, if we think the man who hoards up his money is the only covetous man. The prodigal, though he differ in his end, may be as avaricious in his means †. The former denies himſelf every comfort; the latter graſps at every pleaſure. Both characters are equally bad in different extremes. The miſer is more deteſtable in the eyes of the world, becauſe he enters into none of its joys; but it is a queſtion, which is more wretched in himſelf, or more pernicious to ſociety.

As covetouſneſs is eſteemed the vice of age, every appearance of it among young perſons ought particularly to be diſcouraged; becauſe if it gets ground at this early period, nobody can tell how far it may not afterwards proceed. And yet, on the other ſide, there may be great danger of encouraging the oppoſite extreme. As it is certainly right, under proper reſtrictions, both to ſave our money, and to ſpend it, it would be highly uſeful to fix the due bounds on each ſide. But nothing is more difficult than to raiſe theſe nice limits between extremes. Every man's caſe, in a thouſand circumſtances, differs from his neighbour's: and as no rule can be fixed for all, every man of courſe, in theſe diſquiſitions, muſt be left to his own conſcience. We are indeed very ready to give our opinions how others ought to act. We can adjuſt with great nicety what is proper for them to do: and point out their miſtakes with much preciſion; while nothing is neceſſary to us, but to act as properly as we can ourſelves; obſerving as juſt a mean as poſſible between prodigality and avarice; and applying, in all our difficulties, to the word of God, where theſe great land-marks of morality are the moſt accurately fixed.

We have now taken a view of what is prohibited in our commerce with mankind: let us next ſee what is injoined. (We are ſtill proceeding with thoſe duties which we owe to ourſelves). Inſtead of ſpending our fortune therefore in unlawful pleaſure, or increaſing it by unlawful gain; we are required "to learn and labour truly (that is honeſtly) to get our own living, and to do our duty in that ſtate of life, unto which it ſhall pleaſe God to call us."—Theſe words will be ſufficiently explained by conſidering, firſt, that we all have ſome ſtation in life—ſome

* Sæviat, atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet? ——— Hor. Sat.
† Alieni appetens, ſui profuſus. Sal. de Catal.

particular

particular duties to diſcharge; and ſecondly, in what manner we ought to diſcharge them.

Firſt, that man was not born to be idle, may be inferred from the active ſpirit that appears in every part of nature. Every thing is alive; every thing contributes to the general good; even the very inanimate parts of the creation, plants, ſtones, metals, cannot be called totally inactive, but bear their part likewiſe in the general uſefulneſs. If then every part, even of inanimate nature, be thus employed, ſurely we cannot ſuppoſe it was the intention of the Almighty Father, that man, who is the moſt capable of employing himſelf properly, ſhould be the only creature without employment.

Again, that man was born for active life, is plain from the neceſſity of labour. If it had not been neceſſary, God would not originally have impoſed it. But without it, the body would become enervated, and the mind corrupted. Idleneſs, therefore, is juſtly eſteemed the origin both of diſeaſe and vice. So that if labour and employment, either of body or mind, had no uſe, but what reſpected ourſelves, they would be highly proper: but they have farther uſe.

The neceſſity of them is plain, from the want that all men have of the aſſiſtance of others. If ſo, this aſſiſtance ſhould be mutual; every man ſhould contribute his part. We have already ſeen, that it is proper there ſhould be different ſtations in the world—that ſome ſhould be placed high in life, and others low. The loweſt, we know, cannot be exempt from labour; and the higheſt ought not: though their labour, according to their ſtation, will be of a different kind. Some, we ſee, "muſt labour (as the catechiſm phraſes it) to get their own living; and others ſhould do their duty in that ſtate of life, whatever that ſtate is, unto which it hath pleaſed God to call them." All are aſſiſted: all ſhould aſſiſt. God diſtributes, we read, various talents among men; to ſome he gives five talents, to others two, and to others one: but it is expected, we find, that notwithſtanding this inequality, each ſhould employ the talent that is given to the beſt advantage: and he who received five talents was under the ſame obligation of improving them, as he who had received only one; and would, if he had hid his talents in the earth, have been puniſhed, in proportion to the abuſe. Every man, even in the higheſt ſtation, may find a proper employment, both for his time and fortune, if he pleaſe: and he may aſſure himſelf that God, by placing him in that ſtation, never meant to exempt him from the common obligations of ſociety, and give him a licence to ſpend his life in eaſe and pleaſure. God meant aſſuredly, that he ſhould bear his part in the general commerce of life—that he ſhould conſider himſelf not as an individual, but as a member of the community; the intereſts of which he is under an obligation to ſupport with all his power;—and that his elevated ſtation gives him no other pre-eminence than that of being the more extenſively uſeful.

Having thus ſeen, that we have all ſome ſtation in life to ſupport—ſome particular duties to diſcharge; let us now ſee in what manner we ought to diſcharge them.

We have an eaſy rule given us in ſcripture on this head; that all our duties in life ſhould be performed "as to the Lord, and not unto man:" that is, we ſhould conſider our ſtations in life as truſts repoſed in us by our Maker; and as ſuch ſhould diſcharge the duties of them. What, though no worldly truſt be repoſed? What, though we are accountable to nobody upon earth? Can we therefore ſuppoſe ourſelves in reality leſs accountable? Can we ſuppoſe that God, for no reaſon that we can divine, has ſingled us out, and given us a large proportion of the things of this world (while others around us are in need) for no other purpoſe than to ſquander it away upon ourſelves? To God undoubtedly we are accountable for every bleſſing we enjoy. What mean, in ſcripture, the talents given, and the uſe aſſigned; but the conſcientious diſcharge of the duties of life, according to the advantages with which they are attended?

It matters not whether theſe advantages be an inheritance, or an acquiſition: ſtill they are the gift of God. Agreeably to their rank in life, it is true, all men ſhould live; human diſtinctions require it; and in doing this properly, every one around will be benefited. Utility ſhould be conſidered in all our expences. Even the very amuſements of a man of fortune ſhould be founded in it.

In ſhort, it is the conſtant injunction of ſcripture, in whatever ſtation we are placed, to conſider ourſelves as God's ſervants, and as acting immediately under his eye, not

not expecting our reward among men, but from our great Maſter who is in heaven. This ſanctifies, in a manner, all our actions: it places the little difficulties of our ſtation in the ſight of God's appointments; and turns the moſt common duties of life into acts of religion. *Gilpin.*

§ 168. *On the ſacrament of baptiſm.*

The ſacrament of baptiſm is next conſidered; in which, if we conſider the inward grace, we ſhall ſee how aptly the ſign repreſents it.—The inward grace, or thing ſignified, we are told, is "a death unto ſin, and a new birth unto righteouſneſs:" by which is meant that great renovation of nature, that purity of heart, which the chriſtian religion is intended to produce. And ſurely there cannot be a more ſignificant ſign of this than water, on account of its cleanſing nature. As water refreſhes the body, and purifies it from all contracted filth; it aptly repreſents that renovation of nature, which cleanſes the ſoul from the impurities of ſin. Water indeed, among the ancients, was more adapted to the thing ſignified, than it is at preſent among us. They uſed immerſion in baptiſing: ſo that the child being dipped into the water, and raiſed out again, baptiſm with them was more ſignificant of a new birth unto righteouſneſs. But though we, in theſe colder climates, think immerſion an unſafe practice; yet the original meaning is ſtill ſuppoſed.

It is next aſked, What is required of thoſe who are baptiſed? To this we anſwer, "Repentance, whereby they forſake ſin; and faith, whereby they ſtedfaſtly believe the promiſes of God, made to them in that ſacrament."

The primitive church was extremely ſtrict on this head. In thoſe times, before chriſtianity was eſtabliſhed, when adults offered themſelves to baptiſm, no one was admitted, till he had given a very ſatisfactory evidence of his repentance; and till, on good grounds, he could profeſs his faith in Chriſt: and it was afterwards expected from him, that he ſhould prove his faith and repentance, by a regular obedience during the future part of his life.

If faith and repentance are expected at baptiſm; it is a very natural queſtion, Why then are infants baptiſed, when, by reaſon of their tender age, they can give no evidence of either?

Whether infants ſhould be admitted to baptiſm, or whether that ſacrament ſhould be deferred till years of diſcretion; is a queſtion in the chriſtian church, which hath been agitated with ſome animoſity. Our church by no means looks upon baptiſm as neceſſary to the infant's ſalvation*. No man acquainted with the ſpirit of chriſtianity can conceive, that God will leave the ſalvation of ſo many innocent ſouls in the hands of others. But the practice is conſidered as founded upon the uſage of the earlieſt times: and the church obſerving, that circumciſion was the introductory rite to the Jewiſh covenant; and that baptiſm was intended to ſucceed circumciſion; it naturally ſuppoſes, that baptiſm ſhould be adminiſtered to infants, as circumciſion was. The church, however, in this caſe, hath provided ſponſors, who make a profeſſion of obedience in the child's name. But the nature and office of this proxy hath been already examined, under the head of our baptiſmal vow. *Gilpin.*

§ 169. *On the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper.*

The firſt queſtion is an enquiry into the original of the inſtitution: "Why was the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper ordained?"

It was ordained, we are informed,—"for the continual remembrance of the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt; and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

In examining a ſacrament in general, we have already ſeen, that both baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper, were originally inſtituted as the "means of receiving the grace of God; and as pledges to aſſure us thereof."

But beſides the primary ends, they have each a ſecondary one; in repreſenting the two moſt important truths of religion; which gives them more force and influence. Baptiſm, we have ſeen, repreſents that renovation of our ſinful nature, which the goſpel was intended to introduce: and the peculiar end, which the Lord's ſupper had in view, was the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt; with all the be-

* The catechiſm aſſerts the ſacraments to be only generally neceſſary to ſalvation, excepting particular caſes. Where the uſe of them is intentionally rejected, it is certainly criminal.—The Quakers indeed reject them on principles: but though we may wonder both at their logic and divinity, we ſhould be ſorry to include them in an anathema.

nefits which ariſe from it—the remiſſion of our ſins—and the reconciliation of the world to God. "This do," ſaid our Saviour (alluding to the paſſover, which the Lord's ſupper was deſigned to ſupercede) not as hitherto, in memory of your deliverance from Egypt; but in memory of that greater deliverance, of which the other was only a type: "Do it in remembrance of me."

The outward part, or ſign of the Lord's ſupper, is "bread and wine"—the things ſignified are the "body and blood of Chriſt."—In examining the ſacrament of baptiſm, I endeavoured to ſhew, how very apt a ſymbol water is in that ceremony. Bread and wine alſo are ſymbols equally apt in repreſenting the body and blood of Chriſt: and in the uſe of theſe particular ſymbols, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that our Saviour had an eye to the Jewiſh paſſover; in which it was a cuſtom to drink wine, and to eat bread. He might have inſtituted any other apt ſymbols for the ſame purpoſe; but it was his uſual practice, through the whole ſyſtem of his inſtitution, to make it, in every part, as familiar as poſſible: and for this reaſon he ſeems to have choſen ſuch ſymbols as were then in uſe; that he might give as little offence as poſſible in a matter of indifference.

As our Saviour, in the inſtitution of his ſupper, ordered both the bread and the wine to be received; it is certainly a great error in papiſts, to deny the cup to the laity. They ſay, indeed, that, as both fleſh and blood are united in the ſubſtance of the human body; ſo are they in the ſacramental bread; which, according to them, is changed, or, as they phraſe it, tranſubſtantiated into the real body of Chriſt. If they have no other reaſon, why do they adminiſter wine to the clergy? The clergy might participate equally of both in the bread.—But the plain truth is, they are deſirous, by this invention, to add an air of myſtery to the ſacrament, and a ſuperſtitious reverence to the prieſt, as if he, being endowed with ſome peculiar holineſs, might be allowed the uſe of both.

There is a difficulty in this part of the catechiſm, which ſhould not be paſſed over. We are told, that "the body and blood of Chriſt are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's ſupper." This expreſſion ſounds very like the popiſh doctrine, juſt mentioned, of tranſubſtantiation. The true ſenſe of the words undoubtedly is, that the faithful believer only, verily and indeed receives the benefit of the ſacrament; but the expreſſion muſt be allowed to be inaccurate, as it is capable of an interpretation ſo entirely oppoſite to that which the church of England hath always profeſſed.—I would not willingly ſuppoſe, as ſome have done, that the compilers of the catechiſm meant to manage the affair of tranſubſtantiation with the papiſts. It is one thing to ſhew a liberality of ſentiment in matters of indifference; and another to ſpeak timidly and ambiguouſly, where eſſentials are concerned.

It is next aſked, What benefits we receive from the Lord's ſupper? To which it is anſwered, "The ſtrengthening and refreſhing of our ſouls by the body and blood of Chriſt, as our bodies are by the bread and wine." As our bodies are ſtrengthened and refreſhed, in a natural way, by bread and wine; ſo ſhould our ſouls be, in a ſpiritual way, by a devout commemoration of the paſſion of Chriſt. By gratefully remembering what he ſuffered for us, we ſhould be excited to a greater abhorrence of ſin, which was the cauſe of his ſufferings. Every time we partake of this ſacrament, like faithful ſoldiers, we take a freſh oath to our leader; and ſhould be animated anew, by his example, to perſevere in the ſpiritual conflict in which, under him, we are engaged.

It is laſtly aſked, "What is required of them who come to the Lord's ſupper?" To which we anſwer, "That we ſhould examine ourſelves, whether we repent us truly of our former ſins—ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God's mercy through Chriſt—with a thankful remembrance of his death; and to be in charity with all men."

That pious frame of mind is here, in very few words, pointed out, which a chriſtian ought to cheriſh and cultivate in himſelf at all times; but eſpecially, upon the performance of any ſolemn act of religion. Very little indeed is ſaid in ſcripture, of any particular frame of mind, which ſhould accompany the performance of this duty; but it may eaſily be inferred from the nature of the duty itſelf.

In the firſt place, "we ſhould repent us truly of our former ſins; ſtedfaſtly purpoſing to lead a new life." He who performs a religious exerciſe, without being earneſt in this point; adds only a phariſaical hypocriſy to his other ſins. Unleſs

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he seriously resolve to lead a good life, he had better be all of a piece; and not pretend, by receiving the sacrament, to a piety which he does not feel.

These "stedfast purposes of leading a new life," form a very becoming exercise to christians. The lives even of the best of men afford only a mortifying retrospect. Though they may have conquered some of their worst propensities; yet the triumphs of sin over them, at the various periods of their lives, will always be remembered with sorrow; and may always be remembered with advantage; keeping them on their guard for the future, and strengthening them more and more in all their good resolutions of obedience.—And when can these meditations arise more properly, than when we are performing a rite, instituted on purpose to commemorate the great atonement for sin?

To our repentance, and resolutions of obedience, we are required to add "a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ; with a thankful remembrance of his death." We should impress ourselves with the deepest sense of humility—totally rejecting every idea of our own merit—hoping for God's favour only through the merits of our great Redeemer—and with hearts full of gratitude, trusting only to his all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lastly, we are required, at the celebration of this great rite, to be "in charity with all men." It commemorates the greatest instance of love that can be conceived; and should therefore raise in us correspondent affections. It should excite in us that constant flow of benevolence, in which the spirit of religion consists; and without which indeed we can have no religion at all. Love is the very distinguishing badge of christianity: "By this," said our great Master, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

One species of charity should, at this time, never be forgotten; and that is, the forgiveness of others. No acceptable gift can be offered at this altar, but in the spirit of reconciliation.—Hence it was, that the ancient christians instituted, at the celebration of the Lord's supper, what they called love-feasts. They thought, they could not give a better instance of their being in perfect charity with each other, than by joining all ranks together in one common meal.—By degrees, indeed, this well-meant custom degenerated; and it may not be amiss to observe here, that the passages * in which these ceremonies are rebuked, have been variously misunderstood, and have frightened many well meaning persons from the sacrament. Whereas what the apostle here says, hath no other relation to the rite, than as it was attended by a particular abuse in receiving it; and as this is a mode of abuse which does not now exist, the apostle's reproof seems not to affect the christians of this age.

What the primary, and what the secondary ends in the two sacraments were, I have endeavoured to explain. But there might be others.

God might intend them as trials of our faith. The divine truths of the gospel speak for themselves: but the performance of a positive duty rests only on faith.

These institutions are also strong arguments for the truth of christianity. We trace the observance of them into the very earliest times of the gospel. We can trace no other origin than what the scriptures give us. These rites therefore greatly tend to corroborate the scriptures.

God also, who knows what is in man, might condescend so far to his weakness, as to give him these external badges of religion, to keep the spirit of it more alive. And it is indeed probable, that nothing has contributed more than these ceremonies to preserve a sense of religion among mankind. It is a melancholy proof of this, that no contentions in the christian church have been more violent, not carried on with more acrimony, and unchristian zeal, than the contentions about baptism and the Lord's supper; as if the very essence of religion consisted in this or that mode of observing these rites.—But this is the abuse of them.

Let us be better taught: let us receive these sacraments, for the gracious purposes for which our Lord enjoined them, with gratitude, and with reverence. But let us not lay a greater stress upon them than our Lord intended. Heaven, we doubt not, may be gained, when these have been the means of receiving neither the one sacrament nor the other. But unless our affections are right, and our lives conformable to them, we can never please God, though we perform the externals of religion with ever so much exactness. We may get clear notions about the sacraments: the

* See 1 Cor. xi.

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world has long been divided on theſe ſubjects; and a gracious God, it may be hoped, will pardon our errors. But in matters of practice we have no apology for error. The great lines of our duty are drawn ſo ſtrong, that a deviation here is not error, but guilt.

Let us then, to conclude, from the whole, make it our principal care to purify our hearts in the ſight of God. Let us beſeech him to increaſe the influence of his Holy Spirit within us, that our faith may be of that kind "which worketh by love;" that all our affections, and from them our actions, may flow in a ſteady courſe of obedience; that each day may correct the laſt by a ſincere repentance of our miſtakes in life; and that we may continue gradually to approach nearer the idea of chriſtian perfection. Let us do this, diſclaiming, after all, any merits of our own; and not truſting in outward obſervances; but truſting in the merits of Chriſt to make up our deficiencies; and we need not fear our acceptance with God. *Gilpin.*

§ 170. *A ſerious expoſtulation with unbelievers.*

It were to be wiſhed, that the enemies of religion would at leaſt bring themſelves to apprehend its nature, before they oppoſed its authority. Did religion make its boaſt of beholding God with a clear and perfect view, and of poſſeſſing him without covering or veil, the argument would bear ſome colour, when men ſhould alledge, that none of theſe things about them, do indeed afford this pretended evidence, and this degree of light. But ſince religion, on the contrary, repreſents men as in a ſtate of darkneſs, and of eſtrangement from God; ſince it affirms him to have withdrawn himſelf from their diſcovery, and to have choſen, in his word, the very ſtyle and appellation of Deus abſconditus; laſtly, ſince it employs itſelf alike in eſtabliſhing theſe two maxims, that God has left, in his church, certain characters of himſelf, by which they who ſincerely ſeek him, ſhall not fail of a ſenſible conviction; and yet that he has, at the ſame time, ſo far ſhaded and obſcured theſe characters, as to render them imperceptible to thoſe who do not ſeek him with their whole heart, what advantage is it to men, who profeſs themſelves negligent in the ſearch of truth to complain ſo frequently, that nothing reveals and diſplays it to them? For this very obſcurity, under which they labour, and which they make an exception againſt the church, does itſelf evince one of the two grand points which the church maintains (without affecting the other) and is ſo far from overthrowing its doctrines, as to lend them a manifeſt confirmation and ſupport.

If they would give their objections any ſtrength, they ought to urge, that they have applied their utmoſt endeavour, and have uſed all means of information, even thoſe which the church recommends, without ſatisfaction. Did they expreſs themſelves thus, they would indeed attack religion in one of its chief pretenſions: but I hope to ſhew, in the following papers, that no rational perſon can ſpeak after this manner; and I dare aſſert, that none ever did. We know very well, how men under this indifferency of ſpirit, behave themſelves in the caſe: they ſuppoſe themſelves to have made the mightieſt effort towards the inſtruction of their minds, when they have ſpent ſome hours in reading the ſcriptures, and have aſked ſome queſtions of a clergyman concerning the articles of faith. When this is done, they declare to all the world, that they have conſulted books and men without ſucceſs. I ſhall be excuſed, if I refrain not from telling ſuch men, that this neglect of theirs is inſupportable. It is not a foreign or a petty intereſt, which is here in debate; we are ourſelves the parties, and all our hopes and fortunes are the depending ſtake.

The immortality of the ſoul is a thing which ſo deeply concerns, ſo infinitely imports us, that we muſt have utterly loſt our feeling, to be altogether cold and remiſs in our enquiries about it. And all our actions or deſigns, ought to bend ſo very different a way, according as we are either encouraged or forbidden, to embrace the hope of eternal rewards, that it is impoſſible for us to proceed with judgment and diſcretion, otherwiſe than as we keep this point always in view, which ought to be our ruling object, and final aim.

Thus is it our higheſt intereſt, no leſs than our principal duty, to get light into a ſubject on which our whole conduct depends. And, therefore, in the number of wavering and unſatisfied men, I make the greateſt difference imaginable between thoſe who labour with all their force to obtain inſtruction, and thoſe who live without giving themſelves any trouble, or ſo much as any thought in this affair.

I cannot but be touched with a hearty compaſſion for thoſe who ſincerely groan under

under this dissatisfaction; who look upon it as the greatest of misfortunes, and who spare no pains to deliver themselves from it, by making these researches their chief employment, and most serious study. But as for those, who pass their life without reflecting on its issue, and who, for this reason alone, because they find not in themselves a convincing testimony, refuse to seek it elsewhere, and to examine to the bottom, whether the opinion proposed be such as we are wont to entertain by popular simplicity and credulity, or as such, though obscure in itself, yet is built on solid and immoveable foundations, I consider them after quite another manner. The carelessness which they betray in an affair, where their person, their interest, their whole eternity is embarked, rather provokes my resentment than engages my pity. Nay, it strikes me with amazement and astonishment; it is a monster to my apprehension. I speak not this as transported with the pious zeal of a spiritual and rapturous devotion: on the contrary, I affirm, that the love of ourselves, the interest of mankind, and the most simple and artless reason, do naturally inspire us with these sentiments; and that to see thus far, is not to exceed the sphere of norefined, uneducated men.

It requires no great elevation of soul, to observe, that nothing in this world is productive of true contentment; that our pleasures are vain and fugitive, our troubles innumerable and perpetual: and that, after all, death, which threatens us every moment, must, in the tempest of a few years (perhaps of a few days) put us into the eternal condition of happiness, or misery, or nothing. Between us and these three great periods, or states, no barrier is interposed, but life, the most brittle thing in all nature; and the happiness of heaven being certainly not designed for those who doubt whether they have an immortal part to enjoy it, such persons have nothing left, but the miserable chance of annihilation, or of hell.

There is not any reflection which can have more reality than this, as there is none which has greater terror. Let us set the bravest face on our condition, and play the heroes as artfully as we can; yet see here the issue which attends the goodliest life upon earth.

It is in vain for men to turn aside their thoughts from this eternity which awaits them, as if they were able to destroy it by denying it a place in their imagination: it subsists in spite of them; it advanceth not observed; and death, which is to draw the curtain from it, will in a short time infallibly reduce them to the dreadful necessity of being for ever nothing, or for ever miserable.

We have here a doubt of the most affrighting consequence, and which, therefore, to entertain, may be well esteemed the most grievous of misfortunes: but, at the same time, it is our indispensable duty not to lie under it, without struggling for deliverance.

He then who doubts, and yet seeks not to be resolved, is equally unhappy and unjust: but if withal he appears easy and composed, if he freely declares his indifference, nay, if he takes a vanity in professing it, and seems to make this most deplorable condition the subject of his pleasure and joy, I have not words to see a name so extravagant a creature. Where is the very possibility of entering into these thoughts and resolutions? What delight is there in expecting misery without end? What vanity in finding one's self encompassed with impenetrable darkness? Or what consolation in despairing for ever of a comforter?

To sit down with some sort of convalescence under so fatal an ignorance, is a thing unaccountable beyond all expression, and they who live with such a disposition, ought to be made sensible of its absurdity and stupidity, by having their inward reflections laid open to them, that they may grow wise by the prospect of their own folly. For behold how men are wont to reason, while they obstinately remain thus ignorant of what they are, and refuse all methods of instruction and illumination.

Who has sent me into the world I know not; what the world is I know not, nor what I am myself. I am under an astonishing and terrifying ignorance of all things. I know not what my body is, what my senses, or my soul: this very part of me which thinks what I speak, which reflects upon every thing else, and even upon itself, yet is as mere a stranger to its own nature, as the dullest thing I carry about me. I behold these frightful spaces of the universe with which I am encompassed, and I find myself chained in one little corner of the vast extent, without understanding why I am placed in this four, rather than in any other; or why this moment of time given me to live, was assigned rather at such a point, than at any other of the whole eternity which was before me, or

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of all that which is to come after me. I ſee nothing but infinities on all ſides, which devour and ſwallow me up like an atom, or like a ſhadow, which endures but a ſingle inſtant, and is never to return. The ſum of my knowledge is, that I muſt ſhortly die: but that which I am moſt ignorant of is this very death, which I feel unable to decline.

As I know not whence I came, ſo I know not whither I go; only this I know, that at my departure out of the world, I muſt either fall for ever into nothing, or into the hands of an incenſed God, without being capable of deciding, which of theſe two conditions ſhall eternally be my portion. Such is my ſtate, full of weakneſs, obſcurity, and wretchedneſs. And from all this I conclude, that I ought, therefore, to paſs all the days of my life, without conſidering what is hereafter to befall me; and that I have nothing to do, but to follow my inclinations without reflection or diſquiet, in doing all that, which, if what men ſay of a miſerable eternity prove true, will infallibly plunge me into it. It is poſſible I might find ſome light to clear up my doubts; but I ſhall not take a minute's pains, nor ſtir one foot in the ſearch of it. On the contrary, I am reſolved to treat thoſe with ſcorn and deriſion who labour in this enquiry and care; and, ſo to run without fear or foreſight, upon the trial of the grand event; permitting myſelf to be led eaſily on to death, utterly uncertain as to the eternal iſſue of my future condition.

In earneſt, it is a glory to religion to have ſo unreaſonable men for its profeſſed enemies; and their oppoſition is of ſo little danger, that it ſerves to illuſtrate the principal truths which our religion teaches. For the main ſcope of Chriſtian faith is to eſtabliſh thoſe two principles, the corruption of nature, and the redemption by Jeſus Chriſt. And theſe oppoſers, if they are of no uſe towards demonſtrating the truth of the redemption, by the ſanctity of their lives, yet are at leaſt admirably uſeful in ſhewing the corruption of nature, by ſo unnatural ſentiments and ſuggeſtions.

Nothing is ſo important to any man as his own eſtate and condition; nothing ſo dreadful, ſo amazing, as eternity. If, therefore, we find perſons indifferent to the loſs of their being, and to the danger of endleſs misery, it is impoſſible that this temper ſhould be natural. They are quite other men in all other regards, they fear the ſmalleſt inconveniencies, they ſee them as they approach, and feel them if they arrive, and he who paſſeth days and nights in chagrin or deſpair, for the loſs of an employment, or for ſome imaginary blemiſh in his honour, is the very ſame mortal who knows that he muſt loſe all by death, and yet remains without diſquiet, reſentment, or emotion. This wonderful inſenſibility, with reſpect to things of the moſt fatal conſequence, in a heart ſo nicely ſenſible of the meaneſt trifles, is an aſtoniſhing prodigy, and unintelligible inchantment, a ſupernatural blindneſs and infatuation.

A man in a cloſe dungeon, who knows not whether ſentence of death has paſſed upon him, who is allowed but one hour's ſpace to inform himſelf concerning it, and that one hour ſufficient, in caſe it have paſſed, to obtain its reverſe, would act contrary to nature and ſenſe, ſhould he make uſe of this hour not to procure information, but to purſue his vanity or ſport. And yet ſuch is the condition of the perſons whom we are now deſcribing; only with this difference, that the evils with which they are every moment threatened, do infinitely ſurpaſs the bare loſs of life, and that tranſient puniſhment which the priſoner is ſuppoſed to apprehend: yet they run thoughtleſs upon the precipice, having only caſt a veil over their eyes, to hinder them from diſcerning it, and divert themſelves with the officiouſneſs of ſuch as charitably warn them of their danger.

Thus not the zeal alone of thoſe who heartily ſeek God, demonſtrates the truth of religion, but likewiſe the blindneſs of thoſe who utterly forbear to ſeek him, and who paſs their days under ſo horrible a neglect. There muſt needs be a ſtrange turn and revolution in human nature, before men can ſubmit to ſuch a condition, much more ere they can applaud and value themſelves upon it. For ſuppoſing them to have obtained an abſolute certainty, that there was no fear after death, but of falling into nothing, ought not this to be the ſubject rather of deſpair, than of jollity? And is it not therefore the higheſt pitch of ſenſeleſs extravagance, while we want this certainty, to glory in our doubt and diſtruſt?

And yet, after all, it is too viſible, that man has ſo far declined from his original nature, and as it were departed from himſelf, to nouriſh in his heart a ſecret ſeed-plot of joy, ſpringing up from the libertine reflections. This brutal eaſe, or indolence, between the fear of hell, and annihilation,

carries ſomewhat ſo tempting in it, that not only thoſe who have the misfortune to be ſceptically inclined, but even thoſe who cannot unſettle their judgment, do yet eſteem it reputable to take up a counterfeit diffidence. For we may obſerve the largeſt part of the herd to be of this latter kind, falſe pretenders to infidelity, and mere hypocrites in atheiſm. There are perſons whom we have heard declare, that the genteel way of the world conſiſts in thus acting the bravo. This is that which they term throwing off the yoke, and which the greater number of them profeſs, not ſo much out of opinion, as out of gallantry and complaiſance.

Yet, if they have the leaſt reſerve of common ſenſe, it will not be difficult to make them apprehend, how miſerably they abuſe themſelves by laying ſo falſe a foundation of applauſe and eſteem. For this is not the way to raiſe a character, even with worldly men, who, as they are able to paſs a ſhrewd judgment on things, ſo they eaſily diſcern that the only method of ſucceeding in our temporal affairs, is to prove ourſelves honeſt, faithful, prudent, and capable of advancing the intereſt of our friends; becauſe men naturally love nothing but that which ſome way contributes to their uſe and benefit. But now what benefit can we any way derive from hearing a man confeſs that he has eaſed himſelf of the burden of religion; that he believes no God, as the witneſs and inſpector of his conduct; that he conſiders himſelf as abſolute maſter of what he does, and accountable for it only to his own mind? Will he fancy that we ſhall be hence induced to repoſe a greater degree of confidence in him hereafter? or to depend on his comfort, his advice, or aſſiſtance, in the neceſſities of life? Can he imagine us to take any great delight or complacency when he tells us, that he doubts whether our very ſoul be any thing more than a little wind and ſmoke? Nay, when he tells it us with an air of aſſurance, and a voice that teſtifies the contentment of his heart? Is this a thing to be ſpoken of with pleaſantry? or ought it not rather be lamented with the deepeſt ſadneſs, as the moſt melancholic reflection that can ſtrike our thoughts?

If they would compoſe themſelves to ſerious conſideration, they muſt perceive the method in which they are engaged to be ſo very ill choſen, ſo repugnant to gentility, and ſo remote even from that good air and grace which they purſue, that, on the contrary, nothing can more effectually expoſe them to the contempt and averſion of mankind, or mark them out for perſons defective in parts and judgment. And, indeed, ſhould we demand from them an account of their ſentiments, and of the reaſons which they have to entertain this ſuſpicion in religious matters, what they offered would appear ſo miſerably weak and trifling, as rather to confirm us in our belief. This is no more than what one of their own fraternity told them, with great ſmartneſs, on ſuch an occaſion, If you continue (ſays he) to diſpute at this rate, you will infallibly make me a Chriſtian. And the gentleman was in the right: for who would not tremble to find himſelf embarked in the ſame cauſe, with ſo forlorn, ſo deſpicable companions?

And thus it is evident, that they who wear no more than the outward maſk of theſe principles, are the moſt unhappy counterfeits in the world; inaſmuch as they are obliged to put a continual force and conſtraint on their genius, only that they may render themſelves the moſt impertinent of all men living.

If they are heartily and ſincerely troubled at their want of light, let them not diſſemble the diſeaſe. Such a confeſſion could not be reputed ſhameful; for there is really no ſhame, but in being ſhameleſs. Nothing betrays ſo much weakneſs of ſoul, as not to apprehend the miſery of man, while living without God in the world: nothing is a ſurer token of extreme baſeneſs of ſpirit, than not to hope for the reality of eternal promiſes: no man is ſo ſtigmatized a coward, as he that dares the bravo againſt heaven. Let them therefore leave theſe impieties to thoſe who are born with ſo unhappy a judgment, as to be capable of entertaining them in earneſt. If they cannot be Chriſtian men, let them, however, be men of honour: and let them, in concluſion, acknowledge, that there are but two ſorts of perſons, who deſerve to be ſtiled reaſonable, either thoſe who ſerve God with all their heart, becauſe they know him; or thoſe who ſeek him with all their heart, becauſe as yet they know him not.

If then there are perſons who ſincerely enquire after God, and who, being truly ſenſible of their miſery, affectionately deſire to be reſcued from it; it is to theſe alone that we can in juſtice afford our labour and ſervice, for their direction in finding

finding out that light of which they feel the want.

But as for thoſe who live without either knowing God, or endeavouring to know him, they look on themſelves as ſo little deſerving their own care, that they cannot but be unworthy the care of others: and it requires all the charity of the religion which they deſpiſe, not to deſpiſe them to ſuch a degree, as even to abandon them to their own folly: but ſince the ſame religion obliges us to conſider them, while they remain in this life, as ſtill capable of God's enlightening grace; and to acknowledge it as very poſſible, that, in the courſe of a few days, they may be repleniſhed with a fuller meaſure of faith than we now enjoy; and we ourſelves, on the other ſide, fall into the depths of their preſent blindneſs and miſery; we ought to do for them, what we deſire ſhould be done to us in their caſe; to intreat them that they would take pity on themſelves, and would at leaſt advance a ſtep or two forward, if perchance they may come into the light. For which end it is wiſhed, that they would employ in the peruſal of this piece, ſome few of thoſe hours, which they ſpend ſo unprofitably in other purſuits. It is poſſible they may gain ſomewhat by the reading; at leaſt, they cannot be great loſers: but if they ſhall apply themſelves to it, with the true ſincerity, and with an unfeigned deſire of knowing the truth, I deſpair not of their ſatisfaction, or of their being convinced by ſo many proofs of our divine religion, as they will here find laid together. *Monſ. Paſcal.*

§ 171. *Of the temper of mind which is neceſſary for the diſcovery of divine truth, and the degree of evidence that ought to be expected in divine matters; with an inſtance of reaſons for the truth of the Holy Bible.*

If all our knowledge be derived from God, and if it has pleaſed God to require a certain degree of probity, ſeriouſneſs, impartiality, and humility of mind, together with hearty prayers to him for his direction, bleſſing, and aſſiſtance; and a proper ſubmiſſion to him, before he will communicate his truths to men; I mean, at leaſt, communicate the ſame ſo as ſtrall make a due impreſſion upon their minds, and turn to their real profit and edification, to their true improvement in virtue and happineſs: and if men at any time come to the examination either of the works or word of God, without that temper of mind, and without thoſe addreſſes for his aid, and ſubmiſſion to his will, which he has determined ſhall be the conditions of his communications to them; eſpecially if they come with the contrary diſpoſitions, with a wicked, partial, proud, and ludicrous temper, and with an utter diſregard to God, his providence, worſhip, and revelation; all their reſearches will come to nothing: if, I ſay, this be the caſe, as to divine knowledge, as I believe it is, it cannot but be highly neceſſary for us all to conſider of this matter beforehand, and to endeavour after the proper qualifications, before we ſet ourſelves about the main enquiries themſelves. If it has alſo pleaſed God to expect from us ſome more deference and regard for him, than for our poor fallible fellow-creatures here below, and to claim our belief and obedience, upon plain external evidence, that certain doctrines or duties are derived from him, without our being always let into the ſecrets of his government, or acquainted with the reaſons of his conduct, and alſo to expect that this plain external evidence be treated, as it is in all the other caſes of human determinations and judgments: I mean, that it be ſubmitted to, and acquieſced in, when it appears to be ſuch as in all other caſes would be allowed to be ſatisfactory, and plainly ſuperior to what is alledged to the contrary; if, I ſay, this alſo be the caſe, as to divine knowledge, as I believe it is, it will be very proper for us all to conſider of this matter beforehand alſo; that ſo we may not be afterward diſappointed, when in our future progreſs we do not always find that irreſiſtible and overbearing degree of evidence for certain divine truths, which in ſuch caſes is not to be had; which in truth is almoſt peculiar to the mathematics; and the expectation of which is ſo common, though unjuſt, a pretence for infidelity among us.

As to the former of theſe enquiries, or that temper of mind which is neceſſary for the diſcovery of divine truth; it can certainly be no other than what the light of nature, and the conſciences of men influenced thereby dictate to us; thoſe, I mean, already intimated; ſuch as ſeriouſneſs, integrity, impartiality, and prayer to God, with the faithful belief, and ready practice of ſuch truths and duties, as we do all along diſcover to be the word and will of God; together with ſuch a modeſty or reſignation

of mind, as will reſt ſatisfied in certain ſublime points, clearly above our determination, with full evidence that they are revealed by God, without always inſiſting upon knowing the reaſons of the divine conduct therein immediately, before we will believe that evidence. Theſe are ſuch things as all honeſt and ſober men, who have naturally a ſenſe of virtue and of God, in their minds, muſt own their obligation to. We all know, by the common light of nature, till we eclipſe or corrupt it by our own wickedneſs, that we are to deal with the utmoſt fairneſs, honeſty, and integrity in all, eſpecially in religious matters; that we are to hearken to every argument, and to conſider every teſtimony without prejudice, or bias, and ever to pronounce agreeably to our convictions; that we are but weak, frail, dependent creatures; all whoſe faculties, and the exerciſe of them, are derived from God; that we ought therefore to exerciſe a due modeſty, and practiſe a due ſubmiſſion of mind in divine matters, particularly in the ſearch after the nature, and laws, and providence of our great Creator; a ſubmiſſion, I mean, not to human, but to divine authority, when once it ſhall be authenticly made known to us, that the humble addreſſing of ourſelves to God for his aid, direction, and bleſſing on our ſtudies and enquiries, is one plain inſtance of ſuch our ſubmiſſion to him; and that a ready compliance with divine revelation, and a ready obedience to the divine will, ſo far as we have clearly diſcovered it, is another neceſſary inſtance of the ſame humble regard to the divine Majeſty. Nor indeed, can any one who comes to theſe ſacred enquiries with the oppoſite diſpoſitions of diſhoneſty, partiality, pride, buffoonery, neglect of all divine worſhip, and contempt of all divine revelation, and of all divine laws, expect, even by the light of nature, that God ſhould be obliged to diſcover farther divine truths to him. Nor will a ſober perſon, duly ſenſible of the different ſtates of Creator and creature, imitate Simon Magus, and his followers, in the firſt ages of the goſpel; and ſet up ſome metaphyſical ſubtilties, or captious queſtions, about the conduct of providence, as ſufficient to ſet aſide the evidence of confeſſed miracles themſelves; but will rather agree to that wiſe aphoriſm laid down in the law of Moſes, and ſuppoſed all over the Bible; "that ſecret things "belong unto the Lord our God; but "things that are revealed, to us and to our "children, that we may do them." Deut. xxix. 29. Now, in order to the making ſome impreſſions upon men in this matter, and the convincing them, that all our diſcoveries are to be derived from God; and that we are not to expect his bleſſing upon our enquiries without the foregoing qualifications, devotions, and obedience, give me leave here, inſtead of my own farther reaſoning, to ſet down from the ancient Jewiſh and Chriſtian writers, ſeveral paſſages which ſeem to me very remarkable, and very pertinent to our preſent purpoſe; not now indeed, as ſuppoſing any of thoſe obſervations of ſacred authority, but as very right in themſelves; very agreeable to the light of nature; and very good teſtimonies of the ſenſe of wiſe men in the ſeveral ancient ages of the world to this purpoſe. And I chooſe to do this the more largely here, becauſe I think this matter to be of very great importance; becauſe it ſeems to be now very little known or conſidered, at leaſt very little practiſed by ſeveral pretended enquirers into revealed religion; and becauſe the neglect hereof ſeems to me a main occaſion of the ſcepticiſm and infidelity of this age.

"The Lord ſpake unto Moſes, ſaying; See, I have called by name Bezaleel, the ſon of Uri, the ſon of Hur, of the tribe of Judah: and I have filled him with the Spirit of God, in wiſdom, and in underſtanding, and in knowledge, &c. And in the hearts of all that are wiſe-hearted, I have put wiſdom, &c." Ex. xxxi. 1, 2, 3, 6.

"It ſhall come to paſs, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to obſerve to do all his commandments, and his ſtatutes, which I command thee this day, that all theſe curſes ſhall come upon thee, and overtake thee;—— the Lord ſhall ſmite thee with madneſs, and blindneſs, and aſtoniſhment of heart; and thou ſhalt grope at noon-day, as the blind gropeth in darkneſs." Deut. xxviii. 15, 28, 29.

"The Lord hath not given you an heart to perceive, and eyes to ſee, and ears to hear, unto this day." Deut. xxix. 4.

"Give thy ſervant an underſtanding heart to judge thy people; that I may diſcern between good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy ſo great a people! And the ſpeech pleaſed the Lord, that Solomon had aſked this thing. And God ſaid unto him, Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing; —haſt aſked for thyſelf underſtanding to diſcern judgment; behold I have done according to thy words; lo, I have given thee

a wiſe

a wiſe and an underſtanding heart; ſo that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee ſhall any ariſe like unto thee. ——And all Iſrael heard of the judgment which the king had judged; and they feared the king; for they ſaw that the wiſdom of God was in him, to do judgment." 1 Kings, iii. 9, 10, 11, 12, 28.

"I ſaid, days ſhould ſpeak; and multitude of years ſhould teach wiſdom. But there is a ſpirit in man; and the inſpiration of the Almighty giveth them underſtanding." Job, xxxii. 7, 8.

"Behold in this thou art not juſt; I will anſwer thee, that God is greater than man. Why doſt thou ſtrive againſt him? For he giveth not account of any of his matters." Job, xxxiii. 12, 13.

"Surely it is meet to be ſaid unto God, I have borne chaſtiſement; I will not offend any more. That which I ſee not, teach thou me; if I have done iniquity, I will do no more." Job, xxxiv. 31, 32.

"God thundereth marvellouſly with his voice; great things doth he which we cannot comprehend." Job, xxxvii. 5.

"With God is terrible majeſty. Touching the Almighty we cannot find him out; he is excellent in power, and in judgment, and in plenty of juſtice: he will not afflict. —Men do therefore fear him: he reſpecteth not any that are wiſe of heart." Job, xxxvii. 22, 23, 24.

"Who hath put wiſdom in the inward parts? Or who hath given underſtanding unto the heart?" Job, xxxviii. 36.

"Then Job anſwered the Lord and ſaid; I know that thou canſt do every thing, and that no thought can be with-holden from thee.—Who is he that hideth counſel without knowledge? Therefore have I uttered that I underſtood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not." Job, xlii. 1, 2, 3.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye ſeeth thee.—Wherefore I abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes." Job, xlii. 5, 6.

"The meek will he guide in judgment: the meek will he teach his way." Pſalm, xxv. 9.

"The ſecret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will ſhew them his covenant." Pſalm, xxv. 14.

"Thou through thy commandments haſt made me wiſer than mine enemies; for they are ever with me. I have more underſtanding than all my teachers, for thy teſtimonies are my meditation. I underſtand more than the ancients, becauſe I keep thy precepts. Through thy precepts I get underſtanding; therefore I hate every falſe way." Pſalm, cxix. 98, 99, 100, 104.

"Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty; neither do I exerciſe myſelf in great matters, or in things too high for me." Pſalm, cxxxi. 1.

"The Lord giveth wiſdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and underſtanding." Prov. ii. 6.

"Truſt in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not to thine own underſtanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he ſhall direct thy paths." Prov. iii. 5, 6.

"The froward is abomination to the Lord: but his ſecret is with the righteous." Prov. iii. 32.

"God giveth to a man that is good in his ſight, wiſdom, and knowledge, and joy." Eccleſ. ii. 26.

"God hath made every thing beautiful in his time: alſo he hath ſet the world in their heart; ſo that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end." Eccleſ. iii. 11.

"Then I beheld all the work of God, that a man cannot find out the work that is done under the ſun; becauſe though a man labour to ſeek it out: yet he ſhall not find it; yea further, though a wiſe man think to know it, yet ſhall he not be able to find it." Eccleſ. viii. 17.

"As for theſe four children, God gave them knowledge and ſkill in all learning and wiſdom." Dan. i. 17.

"None of the wicked ſhall underſtand, but the wiſe ſhall underſtand." Dan. xii. 10.

"Who is wiſe, and he ſhall underſtand theſe things; prudent, and he ſhall know them: for the ways of the Lord are right, and the juſt ſhall walk in them: but the tranſgreſſors ſhall fall therein." Hoſ. xiv. 9.

"And the angel that was ſent unto me, whoſe name was Uriel, gave me an anſwer, and ſaid, thy heart hath gone too far in this world: and thinkeſt thou to comprehend the way of the Moſt High?" 2 Eſd. iv. 1, 2.

"He ſaid moreover unto me; thine own things, and ſuch as are grown up with thee, canſt thou not know, how ſhould thy veſſel then be able to comprehend the way of the Higheſt." 2 Eſd. iv. 10, 11.

"They that dwell upon the earth may underſtand nothing; but that which is upon the earth: and he that dwelleth above the heavens, may only underſtand the things

that are above the height of the heavens, &c." 2 Eſd. iv. 21.

"Into a malicious ſoul wiſdom ſhall not enter, nor dwell in the body that is ſubject unto ſin, &c." Wiſd. i. 41. &c.

"Their own wickedneſs hath blinded them." Wiſd. ii. 21.

"As for the myſteries of God, they know them not." Wiſd. ii. 22.

"Wherefore I prayed, and underſtanding was given me: I called upon God, and the ſpirit of wiſdom came to me." Wiſd. vii. 7.

"It is God that leadeth unto wiſdom, and directeth the wiſe. For in his hand are both we and our words; all wiſdom alſo, and knowledge of workmanſhip." Wiſd. vii. 15, 16.

"When I perceived that I could not otherwiſe obtain wiſdom, except God gave her me; (and that was a point of wiſdom alſo, to know whoſe gift ſhe was) I prayed unto the Lord, and beſought him, and with my whole heart I ſaid," Wiſd. viii. 21.

"Give me wiſdom that ſitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children. For I thy ſervant, and ſon of thine handmaid, am a feeble perſon, and of a ſhort time, and too young for the underſtanding of judgment and laws. For though a man be never ſo perfect among the children of men, yet if thy wiſdom be not with him, he ſhall be nothing regarded." Wiſd. ix. 4, 5, 6.

"Hardly do we gueſs aright at things that are upon earth; and with labour do we find the things that are before us: but the things that are in heaven who hath ſearched out?" Wiſd. ix. 9.

"All wiſdom cometh from the Lord, and is with him for ever.——She is with all fleſh according to his gift; and he hath given her to them that love him." Ec. i. 1, 10.

"If thou deſire wiſdom, keep the commandments, and the Lord ſhall give her unto thee. For the fear of the Lord is wiſdom and inſtruction; and faith and meekneſs are his delight." Ec. i. 26, 27.

"Myſteries are revealed unto the meek. ——Seek not out the things that are too hard for thee; neither ſearch the things that are above thy ſtrength. But what is commanded thee, think thereupon with reverence; for it is not needful for thee to ſee the things that are in ſecret. Ec. iii. 19, 21, 22.

"Let thy mind be upon the ordinances of the Lord, and meditate continually in his commandments. He ſhall eſtabliſh thine heart, and give thee wiſdom at thine own deſire." Ec. vi. 37.

"Wiſdom, knowledge, and underſtanding of the law, are of the Lord. Love, and the way of good works, are from him. Error and darkneſs had their beginning together with ſinners." Ec. xi. 15, 16.

"Fooliſh men ſhall not attain unto wiſdom; and ſinners ſhall not ſee her. For ſhe is far from pride; and men that are liars cannot remember her." Ec. xv. 7, 8.

"He that keepeth the law of the Lord getteth the underſtanding thereof; and the perfection of the fear of the Lord is wiſdom." Ec. xxi 11.

"As his ways are plain unto the holy, ſo are they ſtumbling-blocks unto the wicked." Ec. xxxix. 24.

"The Lord hath made all things, and to the godly hath he given wiſdom." Ec. xliii. 33.

"If any man will do his will, he ſhall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I ſpeak of myſelf." John, vii. 17.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God! How unſearchable are his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out!" Rom. xi. 33.

"If any of you lack wiſdom, let him aſk of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it ſhall be given him.—Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." James i. 5, 17.

Now from all this evidence, and much more that might be alledged, it is apparent, that the Jewiſh and Chriſtian religions always ſuppoſe, that there muſt be a due temper of mind in the enquirers, or elſe the arguments for thoſe religions will not have their due effect. That the courſe of God's providence deſigns hereby to diſtinguiſh between the well-diſpoſed, the meek, the humble, and the pious, which are thoſe whom the common light of nature declares may expect the divine bleſſing on their ſtudies of this ſort; and the ill-diſpoſed, the obſtinate, the proud, and the impious, which are thoſe whom the ſame common light of nature aſſures us may expect the divine malediction on the ſame: and that 'tis not for want of convincing and ſatisfactory evidence in the buſineſs of revelation, but becauſe many men come with perverſe, ſceptical, and wicked diſpoſitions, that they fail of ſatisfaction therein. Accordingly, I think, it is true, in common

obſervation,

obſervation, that the virtuous and the religious, I mean thoſe that are ſuch according to natural conſcience, do rarely, if ever, fail on their enquiries to embrace and acquieſce in both the Jewiſh and Chriſtian revelations, and that the debauched and profane do as ſeldom fail on their enquiries to reject and ridicule them. Which different ſucceſs of the ſame examination, agrees exactly with the whole tenor of the Scriptures, and is the very ſame which muſt be true, in caſe thoſe Scriptures be true alſo; and is, by conſequence, a conſiderable confirmation of their real verity and inſpiration. And certainly, he that conſiders his own weakneſs and dependance on God, and that all truth and evidence muſt come originally from him, will by natural judgment and equity pronounce, that he who expects the divine bleſſing and illumination, in points of ſuch vaſt conſequence, as thoſe of revelation moſt certainly are, ought above all things to purify his will, and rectify his conduct in ſuch points as all the world knows to be the will of God; and to addreſs himſelf to the Divine Majeſty with due fervency and ſeriouſneſs, for his aid and aſſiſtance, before he can juſtly promiſe himſelf ſucceſs in ſo great and momentous an undertaking.

But then, as to the ſecond enquiry, or the degree of evidence that ought to be expected in religious matters, it ſeems to me very neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat upon this ſubject alſo, before we come to our main deſign. For as on the one ſide it is a great error in all caſes to expect ſuch evidence as the nature of the ſubject renders impoſſible; ſo it is as weak on the other ſide, to lay the ſtreſs of important truths on ſuch evidence, as is in its own nature unſatisfactory and precarious: or to aſſert with great aſſurance what can no way be proved, even by that ſort of evidence which is proper for the ſubject in debate. An inſtance of the firſt ſort we have in Autolicus, an Heathen, in his debates with Theophilus of Antioch; who appears weakly to have inſiſted upon ſeeing the God of the Chriſtians, ere he would believe his exiſtence; while one of the known attributes of that God is, that he is inviſible. And almoſt equally prepoſterous would any philoſophic ſceptic now be, who ſhould require the ſight of the air in which we breathe, before he would believe that there was ſuch an element at all. Whereas it is clear, that the air may be demonſtrated to be ſufficiently ſenſible and real, by a thouſand experiments; while yet none of tho periments can render it viſible to u as the exiſtence of a ſupreme being be demonſtrated by innumerable ments, although none of thoſe argu imply even the poſſibility of his being perly ſeen by any of his creatures. then, that we may keep a mean he may neither on one ſide, expect in o ligious enquiries, overbearing, or ſ mathematic evidence, ſuch as is impo to be denied or doubted of by any; would render the conſtant deſign of vidence, already ſtated, entirely ineffe and force both good and bad to b lievers, without any regard to their fications and temper of mind: nor o other ſide, may we depend on ſuch and precarious arguments, as are not ſufficient or ſatisfactory to even fair, h and impartial men. I intend here to der, what that degree of evidence is ought to be inſiſted on; without whic are not, and with which we are oblig acquieſce in divine matters. Now th gree of evidence I take to be that, a oth·r, which upright judges are deter ed by in all the important affairs of and life that come before them: and ac ing to which, they ever aim to give tence in their courts of judicature. I c to inſtance in this judicial evidence, theſe judicial determinations eſpecially cauſe the perſons concerned in ſuch ters are, by long uſe, and the nature of employment, generally ſpeaking, the and moſt ſagacious diſcoverers of t and thoſe that judge the moſt unbiaſ and fairly, concerning ſufficient or in cient evidence, of all others. Such up judges then, never expect ſtrictly un able, or mathematic evidence; which know is, in human affairs, abſolutely poſſible to be had: they don't require the witneſſes they examine ſhould be i lible, or impeccable, which they are ſible would be alike wild and ridicu yet do they expect full, ſufficient, or vincing evidence; and ſuch as is p ly ſuperior to what is alledged on other ſide: and they require that the neſſes they believe, be, ſo far as the able to diſcover, of a good character, right, and faithful. Nor do they thi too much trouble to uſe their utmoſt and ſagacity in diſcovering where the lies; how far the witneſſes agree wi contradict each other; and which wa ſeveral circumſtances may be beſt

pared, so as to find out any forgery, or detect any knavery which may be suspected in any branches of the evidence before them. They do not themselves pretend to judge of the reality or obligation of any ancient laws, or acts of parliament, from their own meer guesses or inclinations, but from the authenticneſs of the records which contain them, and though they are not able always to ſee the reaſon, or occaſion, or wiſdom of ſuch laws, or acts of parliament; yet do they, upon full external evidence that they are genuine, allow and execute the ſame, as conſidering themſelves to be not legiſlators, but judges; and owning that ancient laws, and ancient facts, are to be known not by gueſſes or ſuppoſals, but by the production of ancient records, and original evidence for their reality. Nor in ſuch their proceedure do they think themſelves guilty in their ſentences, if at any time afterwards they diſcover that they have been impoſed upon by falſe witneſſes, or forged records; ſuppoſing, I mean, that they are entricious, that they did their utmoſt to diſcover the truth, and went exactly by the beſt evidence that lay before them; as knowing they have done their duty, and muſt in ſuch a caſe be blameleſs before God and man, notwithſtanding the miſtake in the ſentences themſelves. Now this is that procedure which I would earneſtly recommend to thoſe that have a mind to enquire to good purpoſe into revealed religion: that after they have taken care to purge themſelves from all thoſe vices which will make it their great intereſt that religion ſhould be falſe; after they have reſolved upon honeſty, impartiality, and meekneſs, which are virtues by the law of nature; after they have devoutly implored the divine aſſiſtance and bleſſing on this their important undertaking; which is a duty likewiſe they are obliged to by the ſame law of nature; that after all this preparation, I ſay, they will ſet about the enquiry itſelf, in the very ſame manner that has been already deſcribed, and that all our ordinary judges proceed by in the diſcovery of truth. Let them ſpare for no pains, but conſult all the originals, wherever they can come at them; and let them uſe all that diligence, ſagacity, and judgment, which they are maſters of, in order to ſee what real external evidence there is for the truth of the facts on which the Jewiſh and Chriſtian religions do depend. I here ſpeak of the truth of facts, as the firſt way to determine what is truly religion, becauſe all the world, I think, owns, that if thoſe facts be true, their inſtitutions of religion muſt alſo be true, to be derived from God; and that no particular difficulties, as to the reaſons of ſeveral laws, or the conduct of providence in ſeveral caſes, which theſe inſtitutions do not pretend to give us a full account of, can be ſufficient to ſet aſide the convincing evidence which the truth of ſuch facts brings along with it. For example: Thoſe who are well ſatisfied of the truth of the Moſaic hiſtory; of the ten miraculous plagues with which the God of Iſrael ſmote the Egyptians; of the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red ſea, while the Iſraelites were miraculouſly conducted through the ſame; and of the amazing manner wherein the decalogue was given by God to that people at mount Sinai; will for certain believe that the Jewiſh religion was in the main derived from God, though he ſhould find ſeveral ceremonial paſſages in the Jewiſh ſacred books, which he could not account for, and ſeveral ritual laws given that nation which he could not gueſs at the reaſon why they were given them. And the caſe is the very ſame as to the miraculous reſurrection, and glorious aſcenſion of our bleſſed Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt, with regard to the New Teſtament: on which account I reckon that the truth of ſuch facts is to be principally enquired into, when we have a mind to ſatisfy ourſelves as to the verity of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian religions. And if it be alledged that ſome of theſe facts are too remote to afford us any certain means of diſcovery at this diſtance of time; I anſwer, That then we are to ſearch ſuch of thoſe facts as we can examine, and to find into the acknowledgment or denial of thoſe that are ancienter, in the oldeſt teſtimonies now extant; into the effects and conſequences, and ſtanding memorials of ſuch facts in after ages, and how far they were real, and allowed to be ſo, and to them, we are to determine concerning them, by the beſt evidence we can have, and not by a bare ſuppoſition, or a wiſh that things had been otherwiſe, overbalance our real evidence of facts in any caſe whatſoever. I do not mean that our enquiry is to have no regard to internal characters, or the contents of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian revelations; or that he is not to examine into that alſo in the goſpel, before he admits even the proof from miracles themſelves; becauſe what pretended miracles ſoever are wrought, for the ſupport of idolatry, or wickedneſs, or the eſtabliſhment

bliſhment of notions contrary to the divine attributes, or of an immoral, or profane, or cruel religion, though they may prove ſuch a religion to be ſupernatural, yet will they only prove that it comes from wicked dæmons, or evil ſpirits, and not from a God of purity and holineſs, and ſo will by no means prove it divine, or worthy of our reception. But then, it is, for the main, ſo well known, that the Jewiſh and Chriſtian inſtitutions do agree to the divine attributes, and do tend to purity, holineſs, juſtice and charity; and are oppoſite to all immorality, profaneneſs, and idolatry, that I think there will not need much examination in ſo clear a caſe; and that, by conſequence, our main enquiry is to be as to the truth of the facts thereto relating. And in this caſe, I fear not to invite all our ſceptics and unbelievers, to uſe their greateſt nicety, their entire ſkill, their ſhrewdeſt abilities, and their utmoſt ſagacity in this enquiry; being well aſſured from my own obſervations in this matter, that the proper reſult of ſuch an exact hiſtorical enquiry will be as plainly and evidently on the ſide of revealed religion.

There is ſuch an inimitable air of ſincerity, honeſty, and impartiality, in the ſacred hiſtorians; the ancient profane teſtimonies ſtill extant do ſo generally atteſt to, and confirm the facts, ſo far as they are concerned; the moſt ancient predictions have been all along ſo exactly and wonderfully fulfilled; the characters of the Meſſias in the Old Teſtament have been ſo particularly anſwered in the New; our Lord's own predictions, and thoſe of St. Paul and St. John have been all along hitherto ſo ſurpriſingly accompliſhed, the epiſtles of the apoſtles, and the hiſtory and ſufferings of them and of their immediate ſucceſſors, do ſo fully confirm the miracles and circumſtances belonging to the firſt times of the Goſpel; that he who acquaints himſelf originally with theſe things, if he come with an untainted and honeſt mind, cannot eaſily be other than a believer and a Chriſtian.

I cannot but heartily wiſh, for the common good of all the ſceptics and unbelievers of this age, that I could imprint in their minds all that real evidence for natural and for revealed religion that now is, or during my paſt enquiries has been upon my own mind thereto relating; and that their temper of mind were ſuch as that this evidence might afford them as great ſatisfaction as it has myſelf.—But though this entire communication of the evidence that is, or has been in my own mind, for the certainty of natural religion, and of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian inſtitutions, be, in its own nature, impoſſible; yet, I hope, I may have leave to addreſs myſelf to all, eſpecially to the ſceptics and unbelievers of our age; to do what I am able for them in this momentous concern; and to lay before them, as briefly and ſeriouſly as I can, a conſiderable number of thoſe arguments which have the greateſt weight with me, as to the hardeſt part of what is here deſired and expected from them; I mean the belief of revealed religion, or of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian inſtitutions, as contained in the books of the Old and New Teſtament.—But to wave farther preliminaries, ſome of the principal reaſons which make me believe the Bible to be true are the following;

1. The Bible lays the law of nature for its foundation; and all along ſupports and aſſiſts natural religion; as every true revelation ought to do.

2. Aſtronomy, and the reſt of our certain mathematic ſciences, do confirm the accounts of Scripture; ſo far as they are concerned.

3. The moſt ancient and beſt hiſtorical accounts now known, do, generally ſpeaking, confirm the accounts of Scripture; ſo far as they are concerned.

4. The more learning has encreaſed, the more certain in general do the Scripture accounts appear, and its difficult places are more cleared thereby.

5. There are, or have been generally, ſtanding memorials preſerved of the certain truths of the principal hiſtorical facts, which were conſtant evidences for the certainty of them.

6. Neither the Moſaical law, nor the Chriſtian religion, could poſſibly have been received and eſtabliſhed without ſuch miracles as the ſacred hiſtory contains.

7. Although the Jews all along hated and perſecuted the prophets of God; yet were they forced to believe they were true prophets, and their writings of divine inſpiration.

8. The ancient and preſent ſtate of the Jewiſh nation are ſtrong arguments for the truth of their law, and of the Scripture prophecies relating to them.

9. The ancient and preſent ſtates of the Chriſtian church are alſo ſtrong arguments for the truth of the Goſpel, and of the Scripture prophecies relating thereto.

10. The miracles whereon the Jewiſh and Chriſtian religion are founded, were of

of old owned to be true by their very enemies.

11. The ſacred writers, who lived in times and places ſo remote from one another, do yet all carry on one and the ſame grand deſign, viz. that of the ſalvation of mankind, by the worſhip of, and obedience to the one true God, in and through the King Meſſiah; which, without a divine conduct, could never have been done.

12. The principal doctrines of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian religion are agreeable to the moſt ancient traditions of all other nations.

13. The difficulties relating to this religion are not ſuch as affect the truth of the facts, but the conduct of providence, the reaſons of which the ſacred writers never pretended fully to know, or to reveal to mankind.

14. Natural religion, which is yet ſo certain in itſelf, is not without ſuch difficulties, as to the conduct of providence, as are objected to revelation.

15. The ſacred hiſtory has the greateſt marks of truth, honeſty and impartiality, of all other hiſtories whatſoever; and withal has none of the known marks of knavery and impoſture.

16. The predictions of Scripture have been ſtill fulfilled in the ſeveral ages of the world whereto they belong.

17. No oppoſite ſyſtems of the univerſe, or ſchemes of divine revelation, have any tolerable pretences to be true, but thoſe of the Jews and Chriſtians.

Theſe are the plain and obvious arguments which perſuade me of the truth of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian revelations.

Whiſton.

§ 172. *The divine Legation of Moſes.*

The evidence the Jews had to believe the ſeveral matters related by Moſes, preceding the deliverance from Egypt, was, ſo far as we know, no more than Moſes's word; whoſe credit was ſufficiently eſtabliſhed, by the teſtimonies given to him by the Deity; but, at the ſame time, it is not certain that they had not ſome diſtinct tradition concerning theſe things. But, as to his authority, and the authority of the laws and inſtitutions given by him, they had, and their children, and we who take it from their children, have the ſtrongeſt evidence the nature of the thing is capable of. For,

1. The whole people, an infinite multitude, were witneſſes of all the miracles wrought preceding the deliverance from Egypt, and of the final miracle that atchieved their deliverance; in memory whereof, the paſſover, an annual ſolemnity, was inſtituted, with the ſtrongeſt injunctions to acquaint their children with the cauſe of that obſervance, and to mark that night throughout all their generations for ever.

2. The whole people were witneſſes to the miracle in paſſing the Red Sea, and ſang that hymn which Moſes compoſed on that occaſion, which was preſerved for the uſe of their children.

3. The whole people were witneſſes to the dreadful promulgation of the law from Sinai, with which they were alſo to acquaint their children; and the feaſt of Pentecoſt was annually to be obſerved on the day on which that law was given; beſides that the very tables in which the ten commands were written, were depoſited in the Ark, and remained, at leaſt, till the building of Solomon's temple, and probably till the deſtruction of it.

4. The whole people were witneſſes to the many miracles wrought, during the ſpace of forty years, in the wilderneſs: to the pillar of fire and cloud, to the manna, quails, &c. a ſample of the manna remained to future generations: and they were directed to relate what they ſaw to their children.

5. The whole people were witneſſes to the framing and building of the Ark, and Tabernacle; they were all contributors to it; they ſaw the cloud fill and reſt upon it, and they aſſiſted at the ſervices performed there; and, to commemorate this, as well as their ſojourning in tents in the wilderneſs, the annual feaſt of Tabernacles was appointed, which in ſucceeding years, they were to explain to their children.

As theſe things were abſolutely ſufficient to ſatisfy the children of Iſrael, then in being, touching the authority and obligation of this law, ſeveral things were added to enforce the obſervance, and to preſerve the memory and evidence of what was to be obſerved.

1. The law was by Moſes, at the command of God, put into writing, for the greater certainty, as well as all the directions for making the Ark, the Cherubim, the Tabernacle, the prieſt's garments, &c. and all the rules of government, judicature, &c. with every other circumſtance revealed, for directing the faith and the conduct of the nation.

2. The law was to be preſerved, peruſed, and attended to, in the moſt carefu-

manner:

manner; the prieſts, who were to judge in queſtions relating to it, muſt be well verſed in it; the king, who was to rule over the nation, was to write out a copy of it for himſelf, and to peruſe it continually; and the people were to write out paſſages of it, and to wear them by way of ſigns, upon their hands, and of frontlets, between their eyes, and to write them upon the poſt of their doors, &c. And they were to teach their children the moſt notable parts of it, and particularly to inſtruct them in the miracles attending the deliverance from Egypt, as they ſat in their houſe, as they walked by the way, as they lay down, and as they roſe up, &c.

3. Beſides the authority that promulgated the law, there was a ſolemn covenant and agreement between God and the people, whereby the people became bound to keep, preſerve, and obſerve this law, and all that was contained in it: and God became bound to be the God of the Iſraelitiſh people, to protect, and proſper them: and this covenant, towards the end of their ſojourning in the wilderneſs, was ſolemnly renewed.

4. The particulars of this covenant, upon God's part, were, to give the people the good land of Canaan, a land flowing with milk and honey, to preſerve, and protect them in it; to give them perpetual indurance, and victory over their and his enemies; to proſper them in all their labours; to give them the increaſe of their fields, and flocks; and to make them a great, a happy, and a flouriſhing people; on condition that they kept and obeyed his law.

5. The particulars, on the part of the people, were, to ſerve Jehovah, and no other God, in the way directed by the law; to preſerve, obſerve, and obey the law carefully, and exactly; and if they failed or tranſgreſſed, to ſubmit and conſent to the ſevere ſanction of the law and covenant, which, in many inſtances, was, to individuals tranſgreſſing, death (to be cut off from the people) and to the bulk of the people, deſtruction, captivity, diſperſion, blindneſs, madneſs, &c. beſides the forfeiture of all the good promiſes.

6. Beſides the other bleſſings, and pre-eminences, God was, by ſome ſpecial viſible ſymbol of his preſence, to reſide continually with the people; firſt, in the Tabernacle, which was made in the wilderneſs for that end, and afterwards in the temple; whence he was to give judgment and directions, and to anſwer prayers, and accept of vows.

7. This covenant was alſo reduced into writing, and was the tenure by which the Iſraelites held the land of Canaan, and on which all their hopes were founded; wherefore it muſt in all generations be conſidered by them as a thing of no ſmall moment.

As God was the head of this ſtate, and as the people held immediately their land of him; ſo he made ſeveral regulations for holding that property, that are very remarkable.

1. The land was by his command divided into twelve lots, one for each tribe; and they were put in poſſeſſion accordingly, to the excluſion of the tribe of Levi, who for their portion had no more than what attended the ſervice of God's houſe, and ſome cities with ſuburbs, diſperſed amongſt other tribes.

2. Not only were the deſcendants of each tribe to enjoy, in excluſion of other tribes, their own lot, but the particular fields and parcels, within each tribe, were to remain for ever with the reſpective families that firſt poſſeſſed them, and on failure of the iſſue of the poſſeſſor, to the neareſt of that family: hence all lands ſold returned at the jubilee to the proprietor, or his neareſt a-kin; he who had a right to revenge blood might redeem.

3. This right of blood, depending upon knowledge of deſcent and genealogy, made it abſolutely neceſſary for the children of Iſrael to keep very exact records and proofs of their deſcent; not to mention the expectation they had of ſomething ſurpriſingly ſingular from the many promiſes made to Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob, that the bleſſing to mankind ſhould ſpring from their Seed; and, in tracing their genealogy, we ſee they were very critical, upon their return from Babylon: ſo that, before their records were diſturbed by the captivity, it could not well be otherwiſe, but that every body of any note amongſt the Jews could tell you the name of his anceſtor, who firſt had the family-poſſeſſion, in the days of Joſhua, and how many degrees, and by what deſcent he was removed from him. And as theſe firſt poſſeſſors, purſuant to the cuſtom of the nation, muſt have been deſcribed by their father's name, 'tis highly probable, they could have quoted by name that anceſtor who ſaw the miracles in Egypt, who ſaw the law given, who entered

tered into the covenant, and who contributed to the ſetting up the Ark and Tabernacle.

4. The very ſurpriſing care taken by the Deity to keep the breed of the Jews pure and genuine, by the proofs of virginity, and by the miraculous waters of jealouſy, is a circumſtance that merits attention, and will eaſily induce a belief that deſcent and birth was a matter much minded amongſt them. And,

5. The appointment and obſervance of the ſabbatical year, and, after the ſeventh ſabbatical year, a year of jubilee, for the general releaſe of debts, lands, &c. is a circumſtance of great moment, not only as theſe notable periods were uſeful towards the eaſy computation of time, but as it made enquiry into titles, and conſequently genealogy, neceſſary every fiftieth year; and as the ceſſation from culture every ſeventh year gave continual occaſions for the Deity's diſplaying his power in increaſing the crop of the ſixth, purſuant to his promiſe.

Now, taking theſe circumſtances together under conſideration, could any human precaution have provided more means to keep up the memory and evidence of any fact? Could this have been done by human foreſight or force? Has any thing like to it ever been in the world beſides?

What could tend more to perpetuate the memory of any event, than to deliver a whole people, by public glorious miracles, from intolerable ſlavery? To publiſh a very extraordinary ſyſtem of laws immediately from heaven? To put this law in writing together with the covenant for the obeying it? To make the tenure of the eſtates depend on the original diviſion of the land, to men who ſaw the miracles, and firſt took poſſeſſion, and on the proximity of relation, by deſcent to them? To appoint a return of lands every fiftieth year, which ſhould give perpetual occaſion to canvaſs thoſe deſcents? To order a ſabbath every ſeventh year for the land, the loſs of which ſhould be ſupplied by the preceding year's increaſe? And to ſelect a whole tribe conſiſting of many thouſands, to be the guardians, in ſome degree the judges and the executors of this law; who were barred from any portion of the land, in common with their brethren, and were contented with the contributions that came from the other tribes, without any fixed portion amongſt them. This muſt keep up the belief and authority of that law amongſt the deſcendants of that people, or nothing could: and if ſuch a belief, under all theſe circumſtances, prevailed amongſt a people ſo conſtituted, that belief could not poſſibly proceed from impoſture; becauſe the very means provided, for proof of the truth, are ſo many checks againſt any poſſibility of impoſition.

If any man will ſuggeſt that the law of the Jews is no more than human invention, and that the book of the law is a forgery, let him ſay when it was impoſed upon that people, or at what period it could have poſſibly been impoſed upon them, ſo as to gain belief, later than the period they mention, and under other circumſtances than thoſe they relate.

Could the whole people have been perſuaded at any one period, by any impoſtor, that they were told ſeverally by their fathers, and they by theirs, that the law was given with ſuch circumſtances, and under ſuch promiſes, and threats, if they were not really told ſo; or that they, throughout all their generations, had worn certain paſſages of the law by way of frontlets and ſigns, if it had not really been ſo?

Could the whole people have been perſuaded to ſubmit to the pain of death, upon all the offences which the law makes capital, unleſs their fathers had done ſo, upon the evidence of the authority of that law?

Could the whole people have been perſuaded that they had kept exact genealogies, in order to entitle them to the bleſſings, and to the inheritances ſeverally, unleſs they actually had done ſo?

Could the whole people believe that they had kept paſſovers, feaſts of tabernacles, &c. down from the date of the law, commemorative of the great events they relate to, unleſs they had really done ſo?

Could the children of Iſrael have been impoſed on to receive an Ark, and a Tabernacle, then forged, and a compleat ſyſtem of ſervice and liturgy, as deſcending from Moſes by the direction of God, unleſs the Ark and that ſervice had come to them from their anceſtors, as authorized by God?

Could the whole people have ſubmitted to pay tythe, firſt fruits, &c. upon a feigned revelation? Or, could the tribe of Levi, without divine authority, have ſubmitted, not only to the being originally without a portion in Iſrael, but to the being incapable of any, in hopes of the contributions of the people; which however large when the whole twelve tribes ſerved at the

ſame temple, became very ſcanty when ten of them withdrew their allegiance from heaven?

Could ever the book of the law, if conſigned to the Levites, and promulgated, have been loſt, ſo as to give room for new fictions? Or could a book of the law have been forged, if there was none precedent, and put upon the people, as a book that had been delivered to the Levites by Moſes? If no book at all ever was delivered by him to them, what authority could be pretended for ſuch a book?

Had a book been to be forged, in order to be received by the people, could it have contained ſo many ſcandalous reflections and accuſations againſt the people, and ſo many fatal threats and predictions concerning them? and, if it had been ſo framed, could it have been received as authentic?

If the law, &c. was forged, it muſt have been before the days of David: becauſe by the ſacred hymns, in his time, the publication of the law is celebrated, and the law was obſerved: and yet the time between the entry of Iſrael into the land, and the reign of David, being but about four hundred years, is too ſhort a ſpace for forgetting the real manner of the entry, and forging another, to be received by a people, whoſe genealogy was ſo fixed, and whoſe time was reckoned by ſuch periods.

If the book of the law was not forged before the reign of David, it could not poſſibly be forged after, unleſs the whole hiſtory of the kingdom, the tabernacle, the temple, and all the ſacred hymns and prophecies, are looked upon as one compleat fiction; becauſe the tabernacle, the temple, the œconomy of the kingdom, the ſacred hymns, and all the other writings ſaid to be ſacred, bear formal relation to the law.

But, that all theſe things were not ſuppoſitious, is evident from the anxious zeal that poſſeſſed the Jews who returned from the captivity; from their ſolicitude to ſtore the city, the temple and the ſacred ſervice; from their ſtrict examination of their genealogies, and ſcrupulous care to comply with the law.

The ſpace between the captivity and the return was ſo ſhort, that ſome who ſaw the firſt temple, ſaw alſo the ſecond, and many who were themſelves, or at leaſt thoſe fathers had been, officers in the firſt temple, returned to the ſervice of the ſecond: ſo that it is utterly impoſſible that the hiſtory, the liturgy, the ſervice of the Jews, preceding the return, ſhould be a fiction, at leaſt that it ſhould be a fiction earlier than the return.

And the ſtory of this nation, from that period, falls in ſo much with the hiſtory of the reſt of the world; their ſacred books have been ſo ſoon after that tranſlated, and they have been ſo famous for the tenaciouſneſs of their laws, that there is no poſſibility of ſuſpecting that their law and hiſtory was forged later than the return. And, if it is granted, that the devotions, the precepts, the inſtitutions, and rites and ceremonies of this law, and the great lines of their hiſtory, are not forged; one needs, as to the preſent conſideration, be but little ſolicitous concerning the accuracy of the copy of the books of the law, and of the other ſacred books; and whether there may not have been ſome miſtake and interpolations. It is not with one or one hundred words or ſentences we have to do; it is with the ſyſtem of the ſacrificature, and the other religious laws and ſervices of the Jews, and with the political eſtabliſhment of their theocratical government, and the authority for the eſtabliſhment of both, that we have, at preſent, concern.

For, if ſuch a ſyſtem of religious ſervices and ceremonies was revealed and commanded by God, if, for the greater certainty, it was reduced into writing by Moſes, by divine direction; if ſuch a model of government was framed, as is manifeſtly calculated for keeping up the obſervance of thoſe ſervices, and preſerving the memory of the inſtitution, and keeping up the authority of the book wherein it was recorded; and if the nation, to whom this inſtitution was delivered, have preſerved it accordingly: compleat evidence thence ariſes to us of the divinity of the inſtitution; and leads to a demonſtrative proof of the truth of the Chriſtian religion, to which all the emblematical inſtitutions tend, and in which they center.

Lord Forbes.

§ 173. *On the Old and New Teſtament.*

The Old Teſtament hath, by the general conſent of learned men, all the marks of pureſt antiquity; there being nothing in the world which in this reſpect is equal to it, or which may pretend to be compared with it; all other the moſt ancient monuments of antiquity coming ſhort of it by many ages. It was written in the firſt and

and most ancient languages, from which the very alphabets and letters of all other languages were derived.

This book contains, as the most ancient, so the most exact story of the world, the propagation of men, and the dispersing of families into the several parts of the earth.

And though this book were written in several ages and places, by several persons, yet doth the doctrine of it accord together, with a most excellent harmony, without any dissonance or inconsistency.

And for the manner of delivering the things contained in it, 'tis in solemn, reverend and majestic, so exactly suited to the nature of things, as may fully provoke our wonder and acknowledgment of its divine original.

And as for the New Testament; that various correspondences, which is found to the chief things of the Old Testament, may sufficiently evidence that eternal relation, dependence, and affinity which there is between them. That in such an age there was such a man as Christ, who preached such a doctrine, wrought many miracles, suffered an ignominious death, and was afterwards worshipped as God, having abundance of disciples and followers of his strictly amongst the subject, but a while after, amongst several of the most wise and learned men; who in a short space of time did propagate their belief and doctrine into the most remote parts of the world: May, all this is for the truth of the matter of fact, not so much as doubted or called into question, by Julian, or Celsus, or the Jews themselves, or any other of the most avowed enemies of Christianity. But we have it by as good certainty as any rational man can with or hope for, that is, by universal tradition, as well as records or books.

And if these things were so, as to the matter of fact, the common principles of nature will assure us, that 'tis no way unlikely with the nature of the Deity, his truth, wisdom, or justice, to work such miracles in confirmation of a lie or imposture.

Nor can it be reasonably objected, that these miracles are now ceased, and we have not any such extraordinary way to confirm the truth of our religion. 'Tis consistent that they were upon the first plantation of it, when men were to be initiated and enformed in this new doctrine. And there may be as much of the wisdom of providence in the taking them now, as in working them then; it being not reasonable to think that the universal laws of nature, by which things are to be regularly guided in their natural course, should frequently, or upon every little occasion, be violated or disordered.

To which may be added that wonderful way whereby this religion hath been prepared in the world, with much simplicity and inferiority in the first publishers of it, without arts, or fashion, or favour of great men, or the persuasions of philosophers or orators; only by the naked proposal of plain evident truth, with a firm confidence of believing and dying for it, by which it hath subdued all kind of perswasions and oppositions, and triumphed wherever all encouragement or entrance could be had in its way, or made against it.

The excellency of the things contained in the Gospel are able to astonish a rational being, as are other religions as profession whatsoever hath thought of, so expressly insisted upon.

Some of the learned Heathens have placed the happiness of man in the external sensual delights of this world.

Others of the wiser Heathens have spoken sometimes doubtfully concerning a future state, and therefore have placed the reward of virtue, in the doing of virtuous things. Virtue is its own reward. Which though there be much truth, yet it doth not afford encouragement enough for the full desires of a rational soul.

Others who have owned a state after this life, have placed the happiness of it in gross and carnal pleasures, fruits and gardens, and enjoyments, and other such low and gross enjoyments.

Whereas the doctrine of Christianity doth fix it upon things that are much more spiritual and sublime; the beholding of God, a clear unerring understanding, a perfect tranquillity of mind, a conformity to God, a perpetual admiring and praising of him; than which the mind of man cannot frame any thing that is more excellent or delectable.

As to the duties that are enjoined in reference to divine worship, they are full of facility and spiritual devotion, as may shame all the pompous observances of other religions in their costly furniture, their dark wild mysteries, and external observances.

obſervances. Whereas this refers chiefly to the holineſs of the mind, reſignation to God, love of him, dependance upon him, ſubmiſſion to his will, endeavouring to be like him.

And as for the duties of the ſecond table, which concern our mutual converſation towards one another, it allows nothing that is hurtful or noxious, either to ourſelves or others; forbids all kind of injury or revenge; commands to overcome evil with good; to pray for enemies and perſecutors; doth not admit of any mental, much leſs any corporal uncleanneſs; doth not tolerate any immodeſt or uncomely word or geſture; forbids us to wrong others in their goods and poſſeſſions, or to miſpend our own; requires us to be very tender both of our own and other men's reputation; in brief, it enjoins nothing but what is helpful, and uſeful, and good for mankind. Whatever any philoſophers have preſcribed concerning their moral virtues of temperance, and prudence, and patience, and the duties of ſeveral relations, is here enjoined, in a far more eminent, ſublime, and comprehenſive manner: beſides ſuch examples and incitations to piety as are not to be paralleled elſewhere: the whole ſyſtem of its doctrines being tranſcendently excellent, and ſo exactly conformable to the higheſt pureſt reaſon, that in thoſe very things wherein it goes beyond the rules of moral philoſophy, we cannot in our beſt judgment but conſent to ſubmit to it.

In brief; it doth in every reſpect ſo fully anſwer the chief ſcope and deſign of religion in giving all imaginable honour and ſubmiſſion to the Deity, promoting the good of mankind, ſatisfying and ſupporting the mind of man with the higheſt kind of enjoyments, that a rational ſoul can wiſh or hope for, as no other religion or profeſſion whatſoever can pretend unto.—

Infidels pretend want of clear and infallible evidence for the truth of Chriſtianity; than which nothing can be more abſurd and unworthy of a rational man. For let it be but impartially conſidered; what is it, that ſuch men would have? Do they expect mathematical proof and certainty in moral things? Why, they may as well expect to ſee with their ears, and hear with their eyes: ſuch kind of things being altogether as diſproportioned to ſuch kind of proofs, as the objects of the ſeveral ſenſes are to one another. The arguments or proof to be uſed in ſeveral matters are of various and different kinds, according to the nature of the things to be proved. And it will become every rational man to yield to ſuch proofs, as the nature of the thing which he enquires about is capable of: and that man is to be looked upon as froward and contentious, who will not reſt ſatisfied in ſuch kind of evidence as is counted ſufficient, either by all others, or by moſt, or by the wiſeſt men.

If we ſuppoſe God to have made any revelation of his will to mankind, can any man propoſe or fancy any better way for conveying down to poſterity the certainty of it, than that clear and univerſal tradition which we have for the hiſtory of the Goſpel? And muſt not that man be very unreaſonable, who will not be content with as much evidence for an ancient book or matter of fact, as any thing of that nature is capable of? If it be only infallible and mathematical certainty that can ſettle his mind, why ſhould he believe that he was born of ſuch parents, and belongs to ſuch a family? 'Tis poſſible men might have combined together to delude him with ſuch a tradition. Why may he not as well think, that he was born a Prince and not a ſubject, and conſequently deny all duties of ſubjection and obedience to thoſe above him? There is nothing ſo wild and extravagant, to which men may not expoſe themſelves by ſuch a kind of nice and ſcrupulous incredulity.

Whereas, if to the enquiries about religion a man would but bring with him the ſame candour and ingenuity, the ſame readineſs to be inſtructed, which he doth to the ſtudy of human arts and ſciences, that is, a mind free from violent prejudices and a deſire of contention; it can hardly be imagined, but that he muſt be convinced and ſubdued by thoſe clear evidences, which offer themſelves to every inquiſitive mind, concerning the truth of the principles of religion in general, and concerning the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the Chriſtian religion.

Biſhop Wilkins.

§ 174. *Chief deſign, and principal intention of the civil government of the Hebrews.*

To lay down a true plan of the Hebrew government, it will be requiſite previouſly to conſider, what particular views the lawgiver might have in it. If any particular ends were deſigned, to promote which the plan of the government itſelf was

to

to be adjuſted; thoſe deſigns will help to explain many parts and conſtitutions of the government, as it will ſhew the great wiſdom of the legiſlator, which has made the plan in its ſeveral parts moſt fit, and proper to ſerve, and ſecure thoſe ends.

The Hebrew government appears not only deſigned to ſerve the common and general ends of all good governments; to protect the property, liberty, ſafety, and peace of the ſeveral members of the community, in which the true happineſs and proſperity of national ſocieties will always conſiſt; but moreover to be an holy people to Jehovah, and a kingdom of prieſts. For thus Moſes is directed to tell the children of Iſrael, "Ye have ſeen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagles wings, and brought you unto myſelf. Now therefore if you will hear my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye ſhall be a peculiar treaſure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine, and ye ſhall be unto me a kingdom of prieſts and an holy nation." We learn what this covenant was in a further account of it. "Ye ſtand this day all of you before the Lord your God, your captains of your tribes, your elders and your officers, and all the men of Iſrael; that you ſhould enter into covenant with the Lord thy God, and into his oath which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day; that he may eſtabliſh thee to-day for a people unto himſelf, and that he may be unto thee a God, as he hath ſaid unto thee, and as he hath ſworn unto thy fathers, to Abraham, Iſaac, and to Jacob: for ye know," adds Moſes, "how we have dwelt in the land of Egypt, and how we came through the nations which ye paſſed by; and ye have ſeen their abominations and their idols, wood and ſtone, ſilver and gold which were among them, leſt there ſhould be among you, man, or woman, or family, or tribe, whoſe heart turneth away this day from the Lord our God to go and ſerve the Gods of theſe nations."

Without any enquiry into the critical meaning of theſe expreſſions ſeverally, every one may eaſily ſee this general intention of them; that the covenant of Jehovah with the Hebrew people, and their oath by which they bound their allegiance to Jehovah their God and King, was, that they ſhould receive and obey the laws which he ſhould appoint as their ſupreme governor, with a particular engagement to keep themſelves from the idolatry of the nations round about them, whether the idolatry they had ſeen while they dwelt in the land of Egypt, or had obſerved in the nations by which they paſſed into the promiſed land. In keeping this allegiance to Jehovah, as their immediate and ſupreme Lord, they were to expect the bleſſings of God's immediate and particular protection in the ſecurity of their liberty, peace, and proſperity, againſt all attempts of their idolatrous neighbours; but if they ſhould break their allegiance to Jehovah, or forſake the covenant of Jehovah, by going and ſerving other Gods and worſhipping them, then they ſhould forfeit theſe bleſſings of God's protection, and the anger of Jehovah ſhould be kindled againſt the land, to bring upon it all the curſes that are written in this book.

The true ſenſe then of this ſolemn tranſaction, between God and the Hebrew nation, which may be called the original contract of the Hebrew government, is to this purpoſe: If the Hebrews would voluntarily conſent to receive Jehovah for their Lord and King, to keep his covenant and laws, to honour and worſhip him as the one true God, in oppoſition to all idolatry; then, though God as ſovereign of the world rules over all the nations of the earth, and all the nations are under the general care of his providence, he would govern the Hebrew nation by peculiar laws of his particular appointment, and bleſs it with a more immediate and particular protection; he would ſecure to them the invaluable privileges of the true religion, together with liberty, peace and proſperity, as a favoured people above all other nations. It is for very wiſe reaſons you may obſerve, that temporal bleſſings and evils are made ſo much uſe of in this conſtitution, for theſe were the common and prevailing enticements to idolatry; but by thus taking them into the Hebrew conſtitution, as rewards to obedience, and punihments of diſobedience, they became motives to true religion, inſtead of encouragements to idolatry.

The idolatrous nations worſhipped ſubordinate beings, whom they owned ſubject to the Supreme; but they believed they had the immediate direction of the bleſſings of life; that they gave health, life, fruitful ſeaſons, plenty, and pro-

lity. This we are told by Maimonides, was a doctrine taught by the Sabians in their books, as well as in their inſtructions to the people.

One of the oldeſt of the prophets has ſo fully expreſſed this reaſon of the Hebrew conſtitution, that we need no further evidence of it. "For their mother hath played the harlot, ſhe that conceived them hath done ſhamefully; for ſhe ſaid, I will go after my lovers, that give me my bread and my water, my wool, and my flax, mine oil, and my drink. For ſhe did not know that I gave her corn, and wine, and oil, and multiplied her ſilver and gold, which they prepared for Baal. Therefore will I return, and take away my corn in the time thereof, and my wine in the ſeaſon thereof; and will recover my wool and my flax, given to cover her nakedneſs."

The prophet Jeremiah gives the ſame reaſon why the Jews fell into the idolatrous practice of burning incenſe to the queen of heaven: "But we will certainly do whatſoever thing goeth forth out of our own mouths to burn incenſe unto the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto her, as we have done; we, and our fathers, our kings and our princes in the cities of Judah, and in the ſtreets of Jeruſalem; for then had we plenty of victuals, and were well, and ſaw no evil; but ſince we left off to burn incenſe to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink-offerings unto her, we have wanted all things, and have been conſumed by the ſword and by the famine."

This common doctrine of idolatry, that the ſeveral bleſſings of life came from ſome demon or idol, to whom the authority and power of beſtowing temporal bleſſings were committed, was of ſo general and powerful influence, that it became the wiſdom of an inſtitution deſigned to preſerve the faith and worſhip of the one true God, againſt idolatry, to aſſert that God was the author of every bleſſing of life, that he had not parted with the adminiſtration of providence, or given over the diſpoſal of thoſe bleſſings to any ſubordinate beings whatſoever; ſo that health, long life, plenty and all kinds of proſperity, were to be ſought for, from him, as his gift, and only from his bleſſing and protection.

Whoever has juſt notions of the great evils of idolatry to the diſhonour of the ſupreme Sovereign and Governor of the world, to the corruption of the eſſential principles of true religion and virtuous practice, as idolatry directed ſo many barbarous, immoral and inhuman rites, and encouraged ſuch enormous acts of vice, as acts of religion, of which ſome or other of the idols they worſhipped were examples, and were eſteemed to patronize them; it will appear to them a deſign worthy the goodneſs, as well as the wiſdom of God, to put ſome ſtop to ſuch a dangerous evil: eſpecially when it was ſo general and prevailing, that all fleſh had corrupted its way, and all the nations of the earth were running eagerly into it. Even the Egyptians, a people ſo famed for wiſdom and good underſtanding, were as ſenſeleſs and as corrupt in their idolatry, as any of their neighbours. The Hebrews themſelves, whatever former care had been taken to preſerve the knowledge of the true God and true religion in the family of Abraham, were ſo addicted to this common corruption of religion, and were ſo ready to fall into it, that there ſeemed no other way left to put any ſtop to the progreſs of idolatry any where, or to preſerve the true religion in any people, but by ſome conſtitution formed on this plan, and which might effectually carry on this deſign in the ſeveral parts of it. And this the goodneſs and wiſdom of God made a principal deſign in the conſtitution of the Jewiſh government.

More effectually to anſwer this chief deſign, there was another ſubordinate intention in the conſtitution of this government. It was of no ſmall conſequence to keep this nation ſeparate from other nations, and from ſuch intercourſe with idolaters as might end in an apoſtacy from their own religion to the idolatry of their neighbours. There is then a law in general given by Moſes, in which he is directed to ſay in God's name to the children of Iſrael, "I am the Lord your God, after the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, ſhall ye not do; and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, ſhall ye not do; neither ſhall ye walk in their ordinances, ye ſhall do my judgments and keep my ordinances to walk herein; I am Jehovah your God."

Further, Moſes having recited the many and great abominations committed by the Canaanites, on the loſs of the right knowledge of the one true God and of the true religion; and through the corruption of idolatrous doctrines and practices, it is added; "Defile not ye yourſelves in any of theſe things: for in all theſe the nati.s

are defiled, which I cast out before you." And again; "therefore shall ye keep mine ordinance that ye commit not any one of these abominable customs which were committed before you, that ye defile not yourselves therein; I am Jehovah your God." For the same purpose it is repeated; "and ye shall not walk in the manners of the nations which I cast out before you, for they committed all these things, and therefore I abhorred them; but I have said unto you, ye shall inherit their land, and I will give it unto you to possess it; a land that floweth with milk and honey. I am the Lord your God which hath separated you from other people, and ye shall be holy unto me; for I the Lord am holy, and have separated you from other people that ye should be mine."

It had appeared by notorious examples, how easily the Hebrews themselves were to be entired into idolatry, by frequenting the company of idolaters, and by conversing too much and too familiarly with them, while Israel abode in Shittim; "the people began to commit whoredom with the daughters of Moab, and they called the people to the sacrifice of their gods; and the people did eat, and bowed down to their gods:" so easy was the passage from feasting with them on their sacrifices, to joining with them in their idolatry. "Thus Israel joined himself to Baal-peor."

Such an example of prevailing idolatry, is justly given, as a sufficient reason for a careful separation of the Hebrew people from idolatrous neighbours, in order to prevent so very dangerous temptations in future times. Moses therefore thus exhorts Israel, "Your eyes have seen what the Lord did, because of Baal-peor, the Lord thy God hath destroyed them from among you; but ye that did cleave unto the Lord your God, are alive every one of you this day. Behold I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that you should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. Keep therefore and do them, for that is your wisdom and your understanding, in the sight of all the nations which shall hear of all these statutes, and say, surely this great nation is a great and understanding people."

Among the laws here spoken of, there are some, the wisdom of which appear principally, if not solely, as they were chosen and commanded to this end, to separate the Hebrews from their idolatrous neighbours, by a prohibition of every idolatrous rite. The law itself for prohibiting intermarriages with idolaters expressly gives the reason for it. "Neither shalt you make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son; for they will turn away the son from following me, that they may serve other gods; so will the anger of the Lord be kindled against you and destroy thee suddenly."

Many other laws, which at first sight seem to be of small importance and concern, the enacting of which some look for no reason at all, but the mere will of the lawgiver, will appear in this view, of great use and importance, sufficient for the wisdom of God to take notice of, when he gave laws to this nation. The most jealous of the Hebrew doctors, has very well explained several of the Mosaical laws upon this single consideration.

He gives this general reason for those laws, that they were made to keep men from idolatry, and such silly opinions as are akin to idolatry; such as the pretences to incantations, divinations, foretelling things by the stars, or by the publication of some spirit or demon, or confabling with such persons. He further justly observes, that such things as are supposed to be effected by any magic actions, or are founded on any disparations or fictions of the likes, necessarily induce men to reverence and worship them. He observes many of the magic rites consisted in certain gestures, actions, or the use of certain words, and mentions several examples of such superstitions; among the rest a remarkable rite to prevent a storm of hail.

However trifling some of the Mosaical laws may appear at first view, and unworthy the wisdom of God to enact them as laws; yet the case will appear quite otherwise, when they are considered as necessary provisions against the danger of idolatry.

The law, for instance, that appoints, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard," will thus appear directions of importance, when it was to prevent a magical custom of the idolatrous priests, who made this love of cutting off their hair and beards essential to their worship; and not them as things of consequence, in order to procure from their idols the General blessings they desired and prayed for. A prohibition of such idolatrous and magical ceremonies was not so trivial, or below the

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care of a wiſe Law-giver, who had a deſign in the conſtitution of the Hebrew government, to keep that people from all idolatrous cuſtoms.

In like manner we may eaſily perceive a reaſon why the law ſhould direct, "Neither ſhall a garment of linen and woollen come upon thee;" when we underſtand, that ſuch mixed garments of linen and woollen were the proper habits of idolatrous prieſts; and which, according to the profeſſed doctrines of their idolatrous worſhip, were ſuppoſed to have ſome powerful magical virtue in them.

For the ſame reaſon we can eaſily underſtand the wiſdom of appointing by law, that "the woman ſhall not wear that which appertaineth unto a man, neither ſhall a man put on a woman's garment; for all that do ſo are abomination to the Lord thy God;" when it was an idolatrous conſtitution of their neighbours, as Maimon found it in a magic book, that men ought to ſtand before the ſtar of Venus in the flowered garments of women; and women were to put on the armour of men before the ſtar of Mars, as biſhop Patrick on the place truly repreſents its meaning.

The ſame idolatrous cuſtom is obſerved by Macrobius, that men worſhipped Venus in women's habits, and women in the habits of men.

There is no reaſon then, we ſee, to imagine that theſe laws, which were to diſtinguiſh the Hebrew people from the idolatrous nations, were made only out of hatred to their neighbours, and to all their cuſtoms and manners, good or bad, innocent as well as idolatrous. It appears on the contrary to be plainly quite another reaſon; it was from a wiſe care of their preſervation from ſuch idolatrous cuſtoms, as there was very great reaſon to fear, would prove a dangerous temptation to lead them into idolatry, and which were hardly to be uſed without it. All reflections, with how much confidence ſoever on the Hebrew laws, as if they were eſtabliſhed upon no better motives than the hatred of their neighbours, will appear in this view groundleſs, and without all foundation, when the true reaſon ſhall appear ſo wiſe, ſo plain, and ſo natural.

Theſe two views then, to preſerve in the Hebrew nation the knowledge and worſhip of the one true God, and to preſerve it from the ſpreading evils of idolatry, by ſeparating it from the ſociety of idolaters, by forbidding all uſe of idolatrous rites and cuſtoms, may be looked upon as conſiderable intentions in the conſtitution; according to which, we are to examine and to judge of the equity and wiſdom of the conſtitution itſelf. Neither of which can be ſo well judged of, without taking theſe intentions into conſideration. If we regard the Hebrew conſtitution only as an inſtitution of religion and religious worſhip, or only as a civil polity and a form of civil government, we ſhall widely miſtake the true nature of it. It is evident beyond queſtion, the Moſaical account of it repreſents it a theocracy, in which Jehovah is God, and King; and in which the true worſhip of the only true God was to be preſerved againſt idolatry, and the nation, in obedience to the laws of this inſtitution, ſhould enjoy liberty, peace, proſperity and happineſs in the protection of a wiſe and powerful government.

It may be proper to obſerve here, that theſe deſigns appear in themſelves worthy the wiſdom and the goodneſs of God; that he ſhould take care in ſome proper way to put a ſtop to ſo prevailing a courſe of idolatry. If the deſign ſhall appear in itſelf manifeſtly wiſe and good, the proper means to effect it will appear to be equitable, wiſe and good alſo. Some ſeem not to perceive, at leaſt are not willing to own this. The more fully then to make us ſenſible of it, let us briefly obſerve ſome of the many great evils of idolatry, which this Hebrew conſtitution was intended and formed to prevent.

One of the chief and moſt influencing principles of idolatry, was a falſe perſuaſion that the temporal bleſſings of life, health, length of days, fruitful ſeaſons, victory in wars, and ſuch advantages, were to be expected and ſought for as the gifts of ſome inferior and ſubordinate beings, as guardians of mortal men; or from ſecret influence of the ſtars and heavenly bodies, ſuppoſed inhabited, and animated by ſome powerful beings, or gods, whoſe protection and favour were to be obtained by the uſe of ſome magical ceremonies, geſtures and words, or by ſome ſenſeleſs or ſome barbarous rites of worſhip.

Thus men came not only to loſe the true knowledge of the only one God, and of his immediate providence, and that all theſe bleſſings could therefore come from him alone, who was beſt pleaſed and

beſt worſhipped by virtue, goodneſs, righteouſneſs and true holineſs; but they became neceſſarily vicious and corrupt in practice, as well as principle. They came to think they were not to expect the bleſſings of life from the favour of the one true God, a Being himſelf of infinite purity, righteouſneſs, and goodneſs, by reverencing and by imitating him; but from the favour of a Jupiter, who with all his fine titles is repreſented in his hiſtory, to have been as intemperate, as luſtful, and as wicked as any the worſt of men; or from a Mercury, a patron of thieves and robbers; or from a Bacchus, the god of intemperance and drunkenneſs; or from a Venus, the patroneſs of all manner of uncleanneſs, and debauchery.

The known principles and the moſt ſacred ceremonies and myſteries in the idolatrous worſhip of ſuch deities, actually ſhewed what encouragement was given to all manner of vice. They extinguiſhed all religious principles of moral virtue and goodneſs, and gave additional ſtrength to men's natural inclinations, to intemperance, luſt, fraud, violence, and every kind of unrighteouſneſs and debauchery. The Phalli, and the Mylli, known religious rites in the worſhip of Bacchus, Oſiris, and Ceres, were ſuch obſcene ceremonies, that modeſty forbids to explain them. It may be ſufficient to mention the known cuſtom of virgins before marriage, ſacrificing their chaſtity to the honour of Venus, as a laſcivious goddeſs, as the hiſtorian expreſſes it, leſt ſhe alone ſhould appear laſcivious. A cuſtom, according to the hiſtorian, which was eſpecially uſed in Cyprus, which was in the neighbourhood of Canaan.

Idolatry had introduced another moſt cruel cuſtom of human ſacrifices. This prevailed among the Phenicians, the Tyrians, and the Carthaginians, a Tyrian colony; on which inhuman cuſtom the forementioned hiſtorian makes this remark, that they uſed a bloody and wicked rite of religion, as a remedy. They offered men for ſacrifices, and brought young children to the altars, at an age that uſually moves the compaſſion of an enemy; and endeavoured to obtain the favour of the gods by the blood of thoſe, for whoſe lives prayers were more generally uſed to be made to the gods.

This cruel cuſtom, how inhuman ſoever, ſuch were the evil effects of idolatry, ſoon became almoſt univerſal; and ſpread itſelf among the Greeks, the Gauls, and the German nations.

Among the Canaanites it was a known cuſtom to offer their children to Moloch, likely the ſame idol with Adrameleck and Anameleck. Some learned men have indeed been willing to believe, that paſſing through the fire to Moloch, might mean ſort of purification, rather than actual burning them in the fire; but beſides the teſtimony of hiſtorians in general to the practice of other nations, the Scripture plainly mean conſuming them to death by fire. So it is deſcribed by the prophet Ezekiel; "And have cauſed their ſons whom they bare unto me, to paſs through the fire to devour them." Did they cauſe them to paſs through the fire, only to purify them, and to preſerve them alive? No, certainly; but to devour or conſume them. The ſame prophet elſewhere determines this meaning. "Thou haſt ſlain my children and delivered them to cauſe them to paſs through the fire." It is charged as an act of idolatry in Ahaz that he cauſed his ſon to paſs through the fire, according to the abomination of the Heathen. This is explained in another place, that "he burned his children in the fire after the abomination of the Heathen." And it is expreſsly ſaid of Adrameleck, and Anameleck, the idols of Sepharvaim, that "they burned their children in the fire to them."

If we conſider the many other abominable immoralities of the Canaanites, which they defiled themſelves, as they are enumerated in the prohibition of them to the Hebrew nation, we may eaſily perceive, that a nation which had defiled themſelves in ſo many and ſo great abominations, did well deſerve an exemplary puniſhment from the righteous judge of the earth; that it was wiſe, as well as juſt, to ſhew in their puniſhment, that their idols were not, as they imagined or falſely believed, the givers of long life, peace, and worldly proſperity; but that the one true God was alone the ſupreme diſpoſer of all the bleſſings of providence, and that none of the idol gods, in whom they truſted, could ſave them out of his hand, or deliver them, when God ſhould viſit their iniquities.

May we not alſo perceive a kind deſign in giving ſome remarkable inſtances of providence, for the puniſhment of ſo great

immoralities, the effects of idolatrous principles and practice, and for the encouragement of ſuch acknowledgment and worſhip of the true God, as was the beſt preſervative againſt theſe abominations, by ſome viſible inſtances of particular protection and favour; to let ſuch worſhippers of the true God know, that by keeping themſelves from thoſe abominations, the natural and uſual effects of idolatry, they ought to hope for the continuance of ſuch particular protection and favour in all afterages?

Hence it may appear, the ſeverity with which the Hebrew hiſtory acquaints us, the Canaanites were puniſhed, and the title whereby the Hebrews held their land, from God caſt out before them, were no ways inconſiſtent with the juſtice, or wiſdom, or goodneſs of God, as ſome have miſrepreſented. The queſtion is really brought to this one point, Whether ſuch abominable immoralities, as followed naturally and univerſally from their idolatrous principles, and forms of worſhip, were not highly criminal; ſo criminal as to deſerve puniſhment? that it became the juſtice and wiſdom of the Governor of the world to put ſome ſtop to them, to prevent them in ſome meaſure, by forming and eſtabliſhing a conſtitution in which the knowledge and worſhip of the one true God ſhould be preſerved in oppoſition to idolatry, a perpetual ſource of innumerable vices and immoralities. Idolatry, you ſee then, appears in the natural fruits of it, not only an error of the underſtanding, not at all a matter of harmleſs ſpeculation, but a principle of very dangerous immoralities, which led men naturally, and even with the encouragements of religion, into intemperance, uncleanneſs, murders, and many vices, inconſiſtent with the proſperity and peace of ſociety, as well as with the happineſs of private perſons. When God will puniſh ſuch iniquities, he puniſhes men for their wickedneſs, not for their error. He puniſhes men for ſuch wickedneſs, as deſerves to be puniſhed, whatever pretended principles or real dictates of conſcience it may proceed from. No man ſure, can reaſonably account it injuſtice in a government to puniſh ſodomy, beſtiality, or the frequent murder of innocent children, what pretences ſoever men could make to conſcience or religion, in juſtification of them. The moſt unnatural vices were countenanced by the myſteries of idolatrous worſhip; the uſe of that obſcene ceremony the Phalli, owed its original to the memory of the ſin againſt nature, and to the hiſtory of a god hallowing it by his own act. Can any man reaſonably call ſuch a reſtraint of vice perſecution, when not to endeavour by all means to reſtrain it, would argue a great neglect, weakneſs, and folly, in any adminiſtration of government whatſoever?

If then the puniſhment for ſo heinous crimes and immoralities will be juſt and wiſe in itſelf, which way can any man find out, to make it unjuſt or unwiſe in the ſupreme Governor of the world? How can it be unjuſt in him, to appoint ſuch perſons as he ſhall think moſt fit, to execute ſuch righteous judgment by his commiſſion? The common rights of nations, and any perſonal claim of the Hebrews, are altogether out of this queſtion; the hiſtory plainly ſhews, they made no perſonal or national claim at all to the land of Canaan; but that God caſt out the people before them, for all their abominations; that it was not their own power, but the hand of God, which brought them out of the land of Egypt, and into the promiſed land. So that the whole is conſidered as the immediate act of God himſelf, for the proof of which the hiſtory gives a long ſeries of miracles, in Egypt, at the Red-Sea, for many years in the wilderneſs, at the taking of Jericho, and ſettling the Hebrew nation in the poſſeſſion of the promiſed land.

And here let us juſtly obſerve, that this very way of puniſhing the Canaanites for their many great abominations by the Hebrew nation, to whom God gave the poſſeſſion of their land, has ſome peculiar marks of wiſdom, which may ſhew it fit to be preferred to many other ways; ſuch as peſtilential diſtempers, fire from heaven, or a flood, ways in which God hath puniſhed the wickedneſs of the world in former times. For this was a very fit means for the cure, as well as the puniſhment of idolatry, to deſtroy the root of theſe great evils, as well as to execute righteous judgment on thoſe who had committed them. This was a deſign every way worthy the wiſdom and goodneſs of God. Sure then, no ways inconſiſtent with his juſtice. The protection of the Hebrew nation, and the favour of God to them as a peculiar people, was a viſible and ſtanding confutation of idolatry; it ſhewed,

that Jehovah, the one true God, the King of Iſrael, had himſelf an immediate hand in the adminiſtration of particular providence; that he had not given it out of his own hands into the hands of any inferior beings whatſoever, which error was the great foundation of idolatry. It further ſhewed the power of Jehovah the true God, manifeſted in the protection of his people, ſuperior to the power of all the idols of the Heathen; and that none of the falſe gods they worſhipped could be compared to Jehovah.

This is a queſtion then not to be argued from the common rights of men, and nations; for no ſuch rights, either of invaſion or conqueſt, are ſo much as pretended to in the moſt diſtant manner. We ſee the only point in queſtion, is, what are the rights of God's ſupreme authority? What is conſiſtent with the wiſdom of his government, how far he may puniſh the greateſt immoralities with temporal evils? Aſk the Sacred Hiſtory, it will tell you, the Hebrews ſet up no title to the land of Canaan, either civil or religious in their own right; it only makes the rights of the Sovereign of the world as extenſive as the rights of the chief magiſtrates in every government are allowed by the laws of nature and nations to be over their own ſubjects. The Scriptures on this queſtion only aſſert, that God gave a commiſſion to execute his ſentence, which was either a forfeiture of lands, or life, for a long commiſſion of crimes, that deſervedly incurred the forfeiture of both.

Whether the Hebrew nation had really ſuch a commiſſion from God, or no; whether they were truly directed by divine oracle; whether ſuch wonders were really wrought before their eyes, and ſuch unqueſtionable inſtances of divine favour and protection in a long ſeries for many years, as the Hebrew hiſtory relates: theſe are all queſtions of fact. But in all ſuch queſtions general and abſtract reaſonings can have no place, where the facts themſelves are naturally and morally poſſible, as every one may perceive they are in this caſe. If the ſupreme Governor of the world has a right to give ſuch commiſſion, if it is not unjuſt to uſe the hands of men, inſtead of a plague or fire from heaven, to puniſh the wickedneſs of men, the only queſtion that can remain in ſuch a caſe is this, whether in fact the Hebrew nation did really receive ſuch a commiſſion from Jehovah, or no: Thus far then the whole will reſt upon the evidence of the Moſaic revelation; and there I ſhall leave it, it not being the deſign of this diſſertation to enter into an argument, in which many, as I apprehend, have already given ſo full ſatisfaction. *Rev. Moſes Lowman.*

§ 175. *The fulfilment of the Moſaical prophecies concerning the Jews an unanſwerable argument for the truth of the Bible.*

IT is obſervable that the prophecies of Moſes abound moſt in the latter part of his writings. As he drew nearer his end, it pleaſed God to open to him larger proſpects of things. As he was about to take leave of the people, he was enabled to diſcloſe unto them more particulars of their future ſtate and condition. The deſign of this work will permit us to take notice of ſuch only as have ſome reference to theſe later ages; and we will confine ourſelves principally to the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, the greater part whereof we may ſee accompliſhed in the world at this preſent time.

This great prophet and lawgiver is here propoſing at large to the people the bleſſings for obedience, and the curſes for diſobedience: and indeed he had foretold at ſeveral times and upon ſeveral occaſions that they ſhould be happy or miſerable in the world, as they were obedient or diſobedient to the law that he had given them. And could there be any ſtronger evidence of the divine original of the Moſaical law? and hath not the interpoſition of providence been wonderfully remarkable in their good or bad fortune? and is not the truth of the prediction fully atteſted by the whole ſeries of their hiſtory from their firſt ſettlement in Canaan to this very day? But he is larger and more particular in recounting the curſes than the bleſſings, as if he had a preſcience of the people's diſobedience, and foreſaw that a larger portion and longer continuation of the evil would fall to their ſhare, than of the good. I know that ſome critics make a diviſion of theſe prophecies, and imagine that one part relates to the former captivity of the Jews, and to the calamities which they ſuffered under the Chaldæans; and that the other part relates to the latter captivity of the Jews and to the calamities which they ſuffered under the Romans: but there is no n

of any ſuch diſtinction: there is no reaſon to think that any ſuch was intended by the author; ſeveral prophecies of the one part as well as of the other have been fulfilled at both periods, but they have all more amply been fulfilled during the latter period; and there cannot be a more lively picture than they exhibit, of the ſtate of the Jews at preſent.

1. We will conſider them with a view to the order of time, rather than the order wherein they lie; and we may not improperly begin with this paſſage, ver. 49. "The Lord ſhall bring a nation againſt thee from far, from the end of the earth, as ſwift as the eagle flieth, a nation whoſe tongue thou ſhalt not underſtand;" and the Chaldæans might be ſaid to come from far, in compariſon with the Moabites, Philiſtines, and other neighbours, who uſed to infeſt Judea. Much the ſame deſcription is given of the Chaldæans by Jeremiah, (v. 15.) "Lo, I will bring a nation upon you from far, O houſe of Iſrael, ſaith the Lord: it is a mighty nation, it is an ancient nation, a nation whoſe language thou knoweſt not, neither underſtandeſt what they ſay." He compares them in like manner to eagles. (Lam. iv. 19.) "Our perſecutors are ſwifter than the eagles of the heaven: they purſued us upon the mountains, they laid wait for us in the wilderneſs." But this deſcription cannot be applied to any nation with ſuch propriety as to the Romans. They were truly brought from far, from the end of the earth. Veſpaſian and Adrian, the two great conquerors and deſtroyers of the Jews, both came from commanding here in Britain. The Romans too for the rapidity of their conqueſts might very well be compared to eagles, and perhaps not without an alluſion to the ſtandard of the Roman armies, which was an eagle: and their language was more unknown to the Jews than the Chaldee.

2. The enemies of the Jews are farther characteriſed in the next verſe. "A nation of fierce countenance, which ſhall not regard the perſon of the old, nor ſhow favour to the young." Such were the Chaldæans; and the ſacred hiſtorian ſaith expreſsly, (2 Chron. xxxvi. 17.) "that for the wickedneſs of the Jews God brought upon them the king of the Chaldees, who ſlew their young men with the ſword, in the houſe of their ſanctuary, and had no compaſſion upon young man or maiden, old man, or him that ſtooped for age; he gave them all into his hand." Such alſo were the Romans: for when Veſpaſian entered Gadara, Joſephus ſaith, that he ſlew all man by man, the Romans ſhowing mercy to no age, out of hatred to the nation, and remembrance of their former injuries. The like ſlaughter was made at Gamala, for nobody eſcaped beſides two women, and they eſcaped by concealing themſelves from the rage of the Romans. For they did not ſo much as ſpare young children, but every one at that time ſnatching up many caſt them down from the citadel.

Their enemies were alſo to beſiege and take their cities, ver. 52. "And he ſhall beſiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou truſtedſt, throughout all thy land. So Shalmaneſer king of Aſſyria came up againſt Samaria, and beſieged it, and at the end of three years they took it." (2 Kings xviii. 9, 10.) "So did Sennacherib king of Aſſyria come up againſt all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them:" (Ib. ver. 13.) and Nebuchadnezzar and his captains took and ſpoiled Jeruſalem, burnt the city and temple, "and brake down the walls of Jeruſalem round about." (Ib. xxv. 10.) So likewiſe the Romans, as we may read in Joſephus's hiſtory of the Jewiſh war, demoliſhed ſeveral fortified places, before they beſieged and deſtroyed Jeruſalem. And the Jews may very well be ſaid to have truſted in their high and fenced walls, for they ſeldom ventured a battle in the open field. They confided in the ſtrength and ſituation of Jeruſalem, as the Jebuſites, the former inhabitants of the place, had done before them: (2 Sam. v. 6, 7.) inſomuch that they are repreſented ſaying (Jer. xxi. 13.) "Who ſhall come down againſt us? or who ſhall enter into our habitation?" Jeruſalem was indeed a very ſtrong place, and wonderfully fortified both by nature and art, according to the deſcription of Tacitus as well as of Joſephus: and yet how many times was it taken? It was taken by Shiſhak king of Egypt, by Nebuchadnezzar, by Antiochus Epiphanes, by Pompey, by Soſius and Herod, before its final deſtruction by Titus.

4. In theſe ſieges they were to ſuffer much, and eſpecially from famine, "in the ſtraitneſs wherewith their enemies ſhould diſtreſs them," ver. 53, &c. And accordingly when the king of Syria beſieged Samaria, "there was a great famine in Samaria; and behold they beſieged

it, until an ass's head was sold for fourscore pieces of silver, and the fourth part of a cab of dove's dung for five pieces of silver." (2 Kings vi. 25.) And when Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, "the famine prevailed in the city, and there was no bread for the people of the land." (2 Kings xxv. 3.) And in the last siege of Jerusalem by the Romans there was a most terrible famine in the city, and Josephus hath given so melancholy an account of it, that we cannot read it without shuddering. He saith particularly, that women snatched the food out of the very mouths of their husbands, and sons of their fathers, and (what is most miserable) mothers of their infants: and in another place he saith, that in every house, if there appeared any semblance of food, a battle ensued, and the dearest friends and relations fought with one another, snatching away the miserable provisions of life: so literally were the words of Moses fulfilled, ver. 54. &c. "the man's eye shall be evil toward his brother, and toward the wife of his bosom, and towards his children, because he hath nothing left him in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates," and in like manner the woman's "eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter."

5. Nay it was expressly foretold, that not only the men, but even the women should eat their own children. Moses had foretold the same thing before, Levit. xxvi. 29. "Ye shall eat the flesh of your sons, and the flesh of your daughters shall ye eat." He repeats it here, ver. 53. "And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters;" and more particularly ver. 56. &c. "The tender and delicate woman among you who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness—she shall eat her children for want of all things secretly in the siege and straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in thy gates." And it was fulfilled about 600 years after the time of Moses among the Israelites, when Samaria was besieged by the king of Syria, and two women agreed together, the one to give up her son to be boiled and eaten to day, and the other to deliver up her son to be dressed and eaten to-morrow, and one of them was eaten accordingly. (2 Kings vi. 28, 29.) It was fulfilled again about 900 years after the time of Moses, among the Jews in the siege of Jerusalem before the Babylonish captivity; and Baruch thus expresseth it. (ii. 1, &c.) "The Lord hath made good his word, which he pronounced against us, to bring upon us great plagues, such as never happened under the whole heaven, as it came to pass in Jerusalem, according to the things that were written in the law of Moses, that a man should eat the flesh of his own son, and the flesh of his own daughter:" and Jeremiah thus laments it in his Lamentations, (vi. 10.) "The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children, they were their meat in the destruction of the daughter of my people." And again it was fulfilled above 1500 years after the time of Moses in the last siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and we read in Josephus particularly of a noble woman's killing and eating her own sucking child. Moses says, "The tender and delicate woman among you, who would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for delicateness and tenderness:" and there could not be a more natural and lively description of a woman, who was according to Josephus illustrious for her family and riches. Moses saith, "she shall eat them for want of all things;" and according to Josephus she had been plundered of all her substance and provisions by the tyrants and soldiers. Moses saith, that she should do it "secretly;" and according to Josephus, when she had boiled and eaten one, she covered up the rest, and kept it for another time. At so many different times and distant periods hath this prophecy been fulfilled; and one would have thought that such distress and horror had almost transcended imagination, and much less that any person could certainly have foreseen and foretold it.

6. Great numbers of them were to be destroyed, ver. 62. "And ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were as the stars of heaven for multitude." Not to mention any other of the calamities and slaughters which they have undergone, there was in the last siege of Jerusalem by Titus an infinite multitude, saith Josephus, who perished by famine: and he computes that during the whole siege, the number of those who were destroyed by that and by the war amounted to eleven hundred thousand, the people being assembled from all parts to celebrate the passover: and it

ſame author hath given us an account of 1,240,490 deſtroyed in Jeruſalem and other parts of Judea, beſides 99,200 made priſoners; as Baſnage has reckoned them up from that hiſtorian's account. Indeed there is not a nation upon earth, that hath been expoſed to ſo many maſſacres and perſecutions. Their hiſtory abounds with them. If God had not given them a promiſe of a numerous poſterity, the whole race would many a time have been extirpated.

7. They were to be carried into Egypt, and ſold for ſlaves at a very low price, ver. 68. "And the Lord ſhall bring thee into Egypt again, with ſhips: and there ye ſhall be ſold unto your enemies for bondmen and bondwomen, and no man ſhall buy you." They had come out of Egypt triumphant, but now they ſhould return thither as ſlaves. They had walked through the ſea as dry land at their coming out, but now they ſhould be carried thither in ſhips. They might be carried thither in the ſhips of the Tyrian or Sidonian merchants, or by the Romans who had a fleet in the Mediterranean; and this was a much ſafer way of conveying ſo many priſoners, than ſending them by land. It appears from Joſephus, that in the reigns of the two firſt Ptolemies many of the Jews were ſlaves in Egypt. And when Jeruſalem was taken by Titus, of the captives who were above 17 years he ſent many bound to the works in Egypt; thoſe under 17 were ſold; but ſo little care was taken of theſe captives, that eleven thouſand of them periſhed for want. And we learn from St. Jerome, that after their laſt overthrow by Adrian, many thouſands of them were ſold, and thoſe who could not be ſold, were tranſported into Egypt, and periſhed by ſhipwreck or famine, or were maſſacred by the inhabitants.

8. They were to be rooted out of their own land, ver. 63. "And ye ſhall be plucked from off the land whither thou goeſt to poſſeſs it." They were indeed plucked from off their own land, when the ten tribes were carried into captivity by the king of Aſſyria, and other nations were planted in their ſtead; and when the two other tribes were carried away captive to Babylon; and when the Romans took away their place and nation; beſides other captivities and tranſportations of the people. Afterwards, when the Emperor Adrian had ſubdued the rebellious Jews, he publiſhed an edict forbidding them upon pain of death to ſet foot in Jeruſalem, or even to approach the country round about it. Tertullian and Jerome ſay, that they were prohibited from entering into Judea. From that time to this their country hath been in the poſſeſſion of foreign lords and maſters, few of the Jews dwelling in it, and thoſe only of a low ſervile condition. Benjamin of Tudela in Spain, a celebrated Jew of the twelfth century, travelled into all parts to viſit thoſe of his own nation, and to learn an exact ſtate of their affairs: and he hath reported, that Jeruſalem was almoſt entirely abandoned by the Jews. He found there not above two hundred perſons, who were for the moſt part dyers of wool, and who every year purchaſed the privilege of the monopoly of that trade. They lived altogether under David's tower, and made there a very little figure. If Jeruſalem had ſo few Jews in it, the reſt of the holy land was ſtill more depopulate. He found two of them in one city, twenty in another, moſt whereof were dyers. In other places there were more perſons; but in upper Galilee, where the nation was in greateſt repute after the ruin of Jeruſalem, he found hardly any Jews at all. A very accurate and faithful traveller of our own nation, who was himſelf alſo in the holy land, ſaith that it is for the moſt part now inhabited by Moors and Arabians; thoſe poſſeſſing the valleys, and theſe the mountains. Turks there be few: but many Greeks with other Chriſtians of all ſects and nations, ſuch as impute to the place an adherent holineſs. Here are alſo ſome Jews, yet inherit they no part of the land, but in their own country do live as aliens.

9. But they were not only to be plucked off from their own land, but alſo to be diſperſed into all nations, ver. 25. "And thou ſhalt be removed in all the kingdoms of the earth;" and again, ver. 64. "And the Lord ſhall ſcatter thee among all people, from one end of the earth even unto the other." Nehemiah, (i. 8, 9) confeſſeth that theſe words were fulfilled in the Babyloniſh captivity; but they have more amply been fulfilled ſince the great diſperſion of the Jews by the Romans. What people indeed have been ſcattered ſo far and wide as they? and where is the nation, which is a ſtranger to them, or to which they are ſtrangers? They ſwarm in many parts of the Eaſt, are ſpread through moſt of the countries of Europe and

and Africa, and there are several families of them in the West Indies. They circulate through all parts, where trade and money circulate; and are, as I may say, the brokers of the whole world.

10. But though they should be so dispersed, yet they should not be totally destroyed. But still subsist as a distinct people, as Moses had before foretold. Levit. xxvi. 44. "And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them." The Jewish nation, like the bush of Moses, hath been always burning, but is never consumed. And what a marvellous thing is it, that after so many wars, battles, and sieges, after so many fires, famines, and pestilences, after so many rebellions, massacres, and persecutions, after so many years of captivity, slavery, and misery, they are not destroyed utterly, and though scattered among all people, yet subsist as a distinct people by themselves! Where is any thing comparable to this to be found in all the histories, and in all the nations under the sun?

11. However, they should suffer much in their dispersion, and should not rest long in any place, ver. 65. "And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have *rest*." They have been so far from finding rest, that they have been banished from city to city, from country to country. In many places they have been banished, and recalled, and banished again. We will only just mention their great banishments in modern times, and from countries very well known. In the latter end of the thirteenth century they were banished from England by Edward I. and were not permitted to return and settle again till Cromwell's time. In the latter end of the fourteenth century they were banished from France (for the seventh time, says Mezeray) by Charles VI.; and ever since they have been only tolerated, they have not enjoyed entire liberty, except at Metz, where they have a synagogue. In the latter end of the fifteenth century, they were banished from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella; and according to Mariana, there were an hundred and seventy thousand families, or as some say, eight hundred thousand persons who left the kingdom: most of them paid dearly to John II. for a refuge in Portugal, but within a few years were expelled from thence also by his successor Emanuel. And in our own time, within these few years, they were banished from Prague by the queen of Bohemia.

12. They should be "oppressed and spoiled evermore;" and their "house" and "vineyards," their "oxen" and "ass" should be taken from them, and they should "be only oppressed and crushed always," ver. 29, &c. And what frequent seizures have been made of their effects in almost all countries? how often have they been fined and fleeced by almost all governments? how often have they been forced to redeem their lives with what is almost as dear as their lives, their treasures? Instances are innumerable. We will only cite an historian of our own, who says that Henry III. always polled the Jews at every low ebb in his fortunes. One Abraham, who was fined delinquent, was forced to pay seven hundred marks for his redemption. Aaron, another Jew, protested, that the king had taken from him at times thirty thousand marks of silver, beside two hundred marks of gold, which he had presented to the queen. And in like manner he used many others of the Jews. And when they were banished in the reign of Edward I. their estates were confiscated, and immense sums thereby accrued to the crown.

13. "Their sons and their daughters should be given unto another people," ver. 32. And in several countries, in Spain and Portugal particularly, their children have been taken from them by order of the government, to be educated in the popish religion. The fourth council of Toledo ordered that all their children should be taken from them, for fear they should partake of their errors, and that they should be first up in monasteries, to be instructed in the Christian truths. And when they were banished from Portugal, the king, says Mariana, ordered all their children, under 14 years of age, to be taken from them, and baptized: a practice not at all justifiable, adds the historian, because none ought to be forced to become Christians, nor children to be taken from their parents.

14. "They should be mad for the sight of their eyes which they should see," ver. 34. And into what madness, fury, and desperation have they been pushed by the cruel usage, extortions, and oppressions which they have undergone? We will allege only two similar instances, one from ancient, and one from modern history. After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, some of

the worſt of the Jews took refuge in the caſtle of Maſada, where being cloſely beſieged by the Romans, they at the perſuaſion of Eleazar, their leader, firſt murdered their wives and children; then ten men were choſen by lot to ſlay the reſt; this being done, one of the ten was choſen in like manner to kill the other nine; which having executed, he ſet fire to the place, and then ſtabbed himſelf. There were nine hundred and ſixty who periſhed in this miſerable manner; and only two women and five boys eſcaped by hiding themſelves in the aqueducts under ground. Such another inſtance we have in our Engliſh hiſtory. For in the reign of Richard the Firſt, when the people were in arms to make a general maſſacre of them, fifteen hundred of them ſeized on the city of York to defend themſelves; but being beſieged they offered to capitulate, and to ranſome their lives with money. The offer being refuſed, one of them cried in deſpair, that it was better to die courageouſly for the law, than to fall into the hands of the Chriſtians. Every one immediately took his knife, and ſtabbed his wife and children. The men afterwards retired into the king's palace, which they ſet on fire, in which they conſumed themſelves with the palace and furniture.

15. "They ſhould ſerve other gods, wood and ſtone," ver. 36; and again, ver. 64. "they ſhould ſerve other gods, which neither they nor their fathers had known, even wood and ſtone." And is it not too common for the Jews in popiſh countries to comply with the idolatrous worſhip of the church of Rome, and to bow down to ſtocks and ſtones, rather than their effects ſhould be ſeized and confiſcated? Here again we muſt cite the author, who hath moſt ſtudied, and hath beſt written their modern hiſtory, and whom we have had occaſion to quote ſeveral times in this diſcourſe. The Spaniſh and Portugal Inquiſitions, ſaith he, reduce them to the dilemma of being either hypocrites or bankrupt. The numbers of theſe diſſemblers is very conſiderable; and it ought not to be concluded, that there are no Jews in Spain or Portugal, becauſe they are not known: they are ſo much the more dangerous, for not only being very numerous, but confounded with the eccleſiaſtics, and entering into all eccleſiaſtical dignities. In another place he ſaith, The moſt ſurpriſing thing is, that this religion ſpreads from generation to generation, and ſtill ſubſiſts in the perſons of diſſemblers in a remote poſterity. In vain the great lords of Spain make alliances, change their names, and take ancient ſcutcheons; they are ſtill known to be of Jewiſh race, and Jews themſelves. The convents of monks and nuns are full of them. Moſt of the canons, inquiſitors, and biſhops, proceed from this nation. This is enough to make the people and clergy of this country tremble, ſince ſuch ſort of churchmen can only profane the ſacraments, and want intention in conſecrating the hoſt they adore. In the mean time Orobio, who relates the fact, knew theſe diſſemblers. He was one of them himſelf, and bent the knee before the ſacrament. Moreover he brings proofs of his aſſertion, in maintaining, that there are in the ſynagogue of Amſterdam, brothers and ſiſters and near relations to good families of Spain and Portugal; and even Franciſcan monks, Dominicans, and Jeſuits, who come to do penance, and make amends for the crime they have committed in diſſembling.

16. "They ſhould become an aſtoniſhment, a proverb, and a bye-word among all nations," ver. 37. And do we not hear and ſee this prophecy fulfilled almoſt every day? is not the avarice, uſury, and hard-heartedneſs of a Jew grown proverbial, and are not their perſons generally odious among all ſorts of people? Mohammedans, Heathens, and Chriſtians, however they may diſagree in other points, yet generally agree in vilifying, abuſing, and perſecuting the Jews. In moſt places where they are tolerated, they are obliged to live in a ſeparate quarter by themſelves, (as they did here in the Old Jewry) and to wear ſome badge of diſtinction. Their very countenances commonly diſtinguiſh them from the reſt of mankind. They are in all reſpects treated, as if they were of another ſpecies. And when a great maſter of nature would draw the portrait of a Jew, how deteſtable a character hath he repreſented in the perſon of his Jew of Venice!

17. Finally, "Their plagues ſhould be wonderful, even great plagues, and of long continuance," ver. 59. And have not their plagues continued now theſe 1700 years? Their former captivities were very ſhort in compariſon; and Ezekiel and Daniel propheſied in the land of the Chaldæans: but now they have no true prophet to foretel an end of their calamities, they have only falſe Meſſiahs to delude them

and

and aggravate their misfortunes. In their former captivities they had the comfort of being conveyed to the same place; they dwelt together in the land of Goshen, they were carried together to Babylon: but now they are dispersed all over the face of the earth. What nation hath suffered so much, and yet endured so long? what nation hath subsisted as a distinct people in their own country, so long as these have done in their dispersion into all countries? and what a standing miracle is this exhibited to the view and observation of the whole world?

Here are instances of prophecies, of prophecies delivered above three thousand years ago, and yet as we see fulfilling in the world at this very time: and what stronger proofs can we desire of the divine legation of Moses? How these instances may affect others, I know not; but for myself I must acknowledge, they not only convince, but amaze and astonish me beyond expression. They are truly, as Moses foretold they would be, "a sign and a wonder for ever," ver. 45, 46. "Moreover all these curses shall come upon thee, and shall pursue thee and overtake thee, till thou be destroyed, because thou hearkenedst not unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep his commandments, and his statutes which he commanded thee: and they shall be upon thee for a sign and for a wonder, and upon thy seed for ever."

Bishop Newton.

§ 176. *The Excellence of Scripture.*

The incomparable excellency which is in the sacred Scriptures, will fully appear, if we consider the matters contained in them under this threefold capacity. 1. As matters of divine revelation. 2. As a rule of life. 3. As containing that covenant of grace which relates to man's eternal happiness.

1. Consider the Scripture generally, as containing in it matters of divine revelation, and therein the excellency of the Scripture appears in two things. 1. The matters which are revealed. 2. The manner in which they are revealed.

1. The matters which are revealed in Scripture, may be considered these three ways. 1. As they are matters of the greatest weight and moment. 2. As matters of the greatest depth and mysteriousness. 3. As matters of the most universal satisfaction to the minds of men.

1. They are matters of the greatest moment and importance for men to know. The wisdom of men is most known by the weight of the things they speak; and therefore that wherein the wisdom of God is discovered, cannot contain any thing that is mean and trivial; they must be matters of the highest importance, which the Supreme Ruler of the world vouchsafes to speak to men concerning: and such we shall find the matters which God hath revealed in his word to be, which either concern the rectifying our apprehensions of his nature, or making known to men their state and condition, or discovering the way whereby to avoid eternal misery. Now which is there of these three, which, supposing God to discover his mind to the world, it doth not highly become him to speak to men of?

1. What is there which doth more highly concern men to know, than God himself? or what more glorious and excellent object could he discover than himself to the world? There is nothing certainly which should more commend the Scriptures to us, than that thereby we may grow more acquainted with God; that we may know more of his nature, and all his perfections, and many of the great reasons of his actings in the world. We may by them understand with safety what the eternal purposes of God were as to the way of man's recovery by the death of his Son; we may there see and understand the great wisdom of God; not only in the contrivance of the world, and ordering of it, but in the gradual revelations of himself to his people, by what steps he trained up his church till the fulness of time was come; what his aim was in laying such a load of ceremonies on his people of the Jews; by what steps and degrees he made way for the full revelation of his will to the world by speaking in these last days by his Son, after he had spoke at sundry times and divers manners by the prophets, &c. unto the fathers. In the Scriptures we read the most rich and admirable discoveries of divine goodness, and all the ways and methods he useth in alluring sinners to himself; with what majesty he commands, with what condescension he intreats, with what importunity he woos men's souls to be reconciled to him; with what favour he embraceth, with what tenderness he chastiseth, with what bowels he pitieth those who have chosen him to be their God! With what power he supporteth, with what wisdom he directeth, with what cordials he refresheth the souls

of ſuch who are dejected under the ſenſe of his diſpleaſure, and yet their love is ſincere towards him! With what profound humility, what holy boldneſs, what becoming diſtance, and yet what reſtleſs importunity do we therein find the ſouls of God's people addreſſing themſelves to him in prayer! With what chearfulneſs do they ſerve him, with what confidence do they truſt him, with what reſolution do they adhere to him in all ſtreights and difficulties, with what patience do they ſubmit to his will in their greateſt extremities! How fearful are they of ſinning againſt God, how careful to pleaſe him, how regardleſs of ſuffering, when they muſt chooſe either that or ſinning, how little apprehenſive of men's diſpleaſure, while they enjoy the favour of God! Now all theſe things which are ſo fully and pathetically expreſſed in Scripture, do abundantly ſet forth to us the exuberancy and pleonaſm of God's grace and goodneſs towards his people, which makes them delight ſo much in him, and be ſo ſenſible of his diſpleaſure. But above all other diſcoveries of God's goodneſs, his ſending his Son into the world to die for ſinners, is that which the Scripture ſets forth with the greateſt life and eloquence. By eloquence, I mean not an artificial compoſure of words, but the gravity, weight, and perſuaſiveneſs of the matter contained in them. And what can tend more to melt our frozen hearts into a current of thankful obedience to God, than the vigorous reflection of the beams of God's love through Jeſus Chriſt upon us? Was there ever ſo great an expreſſion of love heard of! nay, was it poſſible to be imagined, that that God who perfectly hates ſin, ſhould himſelf offer the pardon of it, and ſend his Son into the world to ſecure it to the ſinner, who doth ſo heartily repent of his ſins, as to deny himſelf, and take up his croſs and follow Chriſt! Well might the Apoſtle ſay, "This is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jeſus Chriſt came into the world to ſave ſinners." How dry and ſapleſs are all the voluminous diſcourſes of philoſophers, compared with this ſentence! How jejune and unſatisfactory are all the diſcoveries they had of God and his goodneſs, in compariſon of what we have by the Goſpel of Chriſt! Well might Paul then ſay, "That he determined to know nothing but Chriſt and him crucified." Chriſt crucified is the library which triumphant ſouls will be ſtudying in to all eternity. This is the only library which to commend is the true ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς, that which cures the ſoul of all its maladies and diſtempers; other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and flatulent, this ſettles and compoſes them; other knowledge is apt to ſwell men into high conceits and opinions of themſelves, this brings them to the trueſt view of themſelves, and thereby to humility and ſobriety; other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them, this alters them and makes them better. So tranſcendant an excellency is there in the knowledge of Chriſt crucified above the ſublimeſt ſpeculations in the world.

And is not this an ineſtimable benefit we enjoy by the Scripture, that therein we can read and converſe with all theſe expreſſions of God's love and goodneſs, and that in his own language? Shall we admire and praiſe what we meet with in Heathen philoſophers, which is generous and handſome; and ſhall we not adore the infinite fulneſs of the Scriptures, which run over with continued expreſſions of that and a higher nature? What folly is it to magnify thoſe lean kine, the notions of philoſophers, and to contemn the fat, the plenty and fulneſs of the Scriptures? If there be not far more valuable and excellent diſcoveries of the divine nature and perfections, if there be not far more excellent directions and rules of practice in the Sacred Scriptures, than in the ſublimeſt of all the philoſophers, then let us leave our full ears, and feed upon the thin. But certainly no ſober and rational ſpirit, that puts any value upon the knowledge of God, but on the ſame account that he doth prize the diſcourſes of any philoſophers concerning God, he cannot but ſet a value of a far higher nature on the Word of God. And as the goodneſs of God is thus diſcovered in Scripture, ſo is his juſtice and holineſs: we have therein recorded the moſt remarkable judgments of God upon contumacious ſinners, the ſevereſt denunciations of a judgment to come againſt all that live in ſin, the exacteſt precepts of holineſs in the world; and what can be deſired more to diſcover the holineſs of God, than we find in Scripture concerning him? If thereſore acquaintance with the nature, perfection, deſigns of ſo excellent a being as God is, be a thing deſirable to human nature, we have the greateſt cauſe to admire the excellency and adore the fulneſs of the Scriptures, which gives ſo large, rational, and compleat account of the being and attributes of God. And which tends yet more

to commend the Scriptures to us, thoſe things which the Scripture doth moſt fully diſcover concerning God, do not at all contradict thoſe pre-ineard common notions which are in our natures concerning him, but do exceedingly advance and improve them, and tend the moſt to regulate our conceptions and apprehenſions of God, that we may not miſcarry therein, as otherwiſe men are apt to do. For it being natural to men ſo far to love themſelves, as to ſet the greateſt value upon thoſe excellencies which they think themſelves moſt maſters of; hence men come to be exceedingly miſtaken in their apprehenſions of a deity, ſome attributing one thing as a perfection, another a different thing, according to their humours and inclinations. Thus imperious ſelf-willed men are apt to cry up God's abſolute power and dominion as his greateſt perfection; eaſy and ſoft-ſpirited men his patience and goodneſs; ſevere and rigid men his juſtice and ſeverity: every one according to his humour and temper, making his god of his own complexion: and not only ſo, but in things remote enough from being perfections at all, yet becauſe they are ſuch things as they prize and value, they ſuppoſe of neceſſity they muſt be in God, as is evident in the Epicureans ἀπαθὲς, by which they exclude providence, as hath already been obſerved. And withal conſidering how very difficult it is for one who really believes that God is of a pure, juſt, and holy nature, and that he hath grievouſly offended him by his ſins, to believe that this God will pardon him upon true repentance: it is thence neceſſary that God ſhould make known himſelf to the world, to prevent our miſconceptions of his nature, and to aſſure a ſuſpicious, becauſe guilty creature, how ready he is to pardon iniquity, tranſgreſſion and ſin, to ſuch as unfeignedly repent of their follies, and return unto himſelf. Though the light of nature may dictate much to us of the benignity and goodneſs of the divine nature, yet it is hard to conceive that that ſhould diſcover further than God's general goodneſs to ſuch as pleaſe him: but no foundation can be gathered thence of his readineſs to pardon offenders, which being an act of grace, muſt alone be diſcovered by his will. I cannot think the ſun, moon, and ſtars are ſuch itinerant preachers, as to unfold unto us the whole counſel and will of God in reference to man's acceptance with God upon repentance. It is not every ſtar in the firmament can do that which the ſtar once did to the wiſe men, lead them unto Chriſt. The line in the heavens is no Paradox to the line of righteouſneſs. The beſt aſtronomer will never find the day-ſtar from on high in the reſt of his number. What he, Author of Tully's works, is true of the whole volume of the creation. There are conſiderable things to be found in them: but the name of Chriſt is not legible there. The work of redemption is not engraven in the works of providence: if it had, a particular divine revelation had been unneceſſary, and the apoſtles were ſent on a needleſs errand, which the world had underſtood without their preaching, viz. "That God was in Chriſt reconciling the world unto himſelf, not imputing to men their tranſgreſſes, and hath committed to them the miniſtry of reconciliation." How was the word of reconciliation committed to them, if it were common to them with the whole frame of the world? and the apoſtle's queere elſewhere might have been eaſily anſwered, How can men hear without a preacher? for then they might have known the way of ſalvation, without any ſpecial meſſengers ſent to deliver it to them. I grant that God's long-ſuffering and patience is intended to lead men to repentance, and that ſome general collections might be made from providence of the placability of God's nature, and that God never left himſelf without a witneſs of his goodneſs in the world, being kind to the unthankful, and doing good, in giving rain and fruitful ſeaſons. But though theſe things might ſufficiently diſcover to ſuch who were apprehenſive of the guilt of ſin that God did not act according to the greateſt ſeverity, and thereby did give ſome encouragement to hearken out and enquire after the true way of being reconciled to God; yet all this amounts not to a due foundation for faith as to the remiſſion of ſin, which doth ſuppoſe God himſelf poſitively fulfilling an act of grace and indemnity to the world, wherein he aſſures the pardon of ſin to ſuch as truly repent and unfeignedly believe his holy Goſpel. Now is not this an ineſtimable advantage we enjoy by the Scriptures, that therein we underſtand what God himſelf hath diſcovered of his own nature and perfections, and of his readineſs to pardon ſin upon thoſe gracious terms of faith and repentance, and that which neceſſarily follows from theſe two, holy and ſincere obedience?

2. The

2. The Scriptures give the moſt faithful repreſentation of the ſtate and condition of the ſoul of man. The world was almoſt loſt in diſputes concerning the nature, condition, and immortality of the ſoul before divine revelation was made known to mankind by the goſpel of Chriſt; but "life and immortality was brought to light by the goſpel," and the future ſtate of the ſoul of man, not diſcovered in an uncertain Platonical way, but with the greateſt light and evidence from that God who hath the ſupreme diſpoſal of ſouls, and therefore beſt knows and underſtands them. The Scriptures plainly and fully reveal a judgment to come, in which God will judge the ſecrets of all hearts, when every one muſt give an account of himſelf unto God, and God will call men to give an account of their ſtewardſhip here, of all the receipts they have had from him, and the expences they have been at, and the improvements they have made of the talents he put into their hands. So that the goſpel of Chriſt is the fulleſt inſtrument of the diſcovery of the certainty of the future ſtate of the ſoul, and the conditions which abide upon its being diſlodged from the body. But this is not all which the Scripture diſcovers as to the ſtate of the ſoul; for it is not only a proſpective-glaſs, reaching to the future ſtate, but it is the moſt faithful looking-glaſs, to diſcover all the ſpots and deformities of the ſoul: and not only ſhews where they are, but whence they came, what their nature is, and whither they tend. The true original of all that diſorder and diſcompoſure which is in the ſoul of man, is only fully and ſatisfactorily given us in the Word of God. The nature and working of this corruption in man, had never been ſo clearly manifeſted, had not the law and will of God been diſcovered to the world; it is the glaſs whereby we ſee the ſecret workings of thoſe bees in our parts, the corruptions of our natures; that bring forth the folly of our imaginations, the unruſineſs of our paſſions, the diſtempers of our wills, and the abundant deceitfulneſs of our hearts. And it is hard for the moſt Elephantine ſinner (one of the greateſt magnitude) ſo to trouble theſe waters, as not therein to diſcover the blackneſs of his own deformities. But that which tends moſt to awaken the dull, ſenſeleſs ſpirits of men, the Scripture doth moſt fully deſcribe the tendency of corruption, "that the wages of ſin is death," and the iſſue of continuance in ſin will be the everlaſting miſery of the ſoul, in a perpetual ſeparation from the preſence of God, and undergoing the laſhes and ſeverities of conſcience to all eternity. What a great diſcovery is this of the faithfulneſs of God to the world, that he ſuffers not men to undo themſelves without letting them know of it before hand, that they might avoid it! God ſeeks not to entrap mens ſouls, nor doth he rejoice in the miſery and ruin of his creatures, but fully declares to them what the conſequence and iſſue of their ſinful practices will be, aſſures them of a judgment to come, declares his own future ſeverity againſt contumacious ſinners, that they might not think themſelves ſurpriſed, and that if they had known there had been ſo great danger in ſin, they would never have been ſuch fools as for the ſake of it to run into eternal miſery. Now God to prevent this, with the greateſt plainneſs and faithfulneſs, hath ſhewed men the nature and danger of all their ſins, and aſks them before hand what they will do in the end thereof; whether they are able to bear his wrath, and wreſtle with everlaſting burnings? if not, he bids them bethink themſelves of what they have done already, and repent and amend their lives, leſt iniquity prove their ruin, and deſtruction overtake them, and that without remedy. Now if men have cauſe to prize and value a faithful monitor, one that tenders their good, and would prevent their ruin, we have cauſe exceedingly to prize and value the Scriptures, which give us the trueſt repreſentation of the ſtate and condition of our ſouls.

3. The Scripture diſcovers to us the only way of pleaſing God and enjoying his favour. That clearly reveals the way (which man might have ſought for to all eternity without particular revelation) whereby ſins may be pardoned, and whatever we do may be acceptable unto God. It ſhews us that the ground of our acceptance with God, is through Chriſt, whom he hath made "a propitiation for the ſins of the world," and who alone is the true and living way, whereby we may "draw near to God with a true heart, in full aſſurance of faith, having our hearts ſprinkled from an evil conſcience." Through Chriſt we underſtand the terms on which God will ſhew favour and grace to the world, and by him we have ground of a παῤῥησια acceſs with freedom and boldneſs unto God. On his account we may hope not only for grace to ſubdue our ſins, reſiſt temptations, conquer the devil and the world;

world; but having "fought this good fight, and finiſhed our courſe, by patient continuance in well doing, we may juſtly look for glory, honour, and immortality," and that "crown of righteouſneſs which is laid up for thoſe who wait in faith," holineſs and humility for the appearance of Chriſt from heaven. Now what things can there be of greater moment and importance for men to know, or God to reveal, than the nature of God and ourſelves, the ſtate and condition of our ſouls, the only way to avoid eternal miſery and enjoy everlaſting bliſs!

The Scriptures diſcover not only matters of importance, but of the greateſt depth and myſterioufneſs. There are many wonderful things in the law of God, things we may admire, but are never able to comprehend. Such are the eternal purpoſes and decrees of God, the doctrine of the Trinity, the incarnation of the Son of God, and the manner of the operation of the Spirit of God upon the ſouls of men, which are all things of great weight and moment for us to underſtand and believe that they are, and yet may be unſearchable to our reaſon, as to the particular manner of them.

The Scripture comprehends matters of the moſt univerſal ſatisfaction to the minds of men; though many things do much exceed our apprehenſions, yet others are moſt ſuitable to the dictates of our nature, As Origen bid Celſus ſee, εἰ μὴ πὰ τῆς πίστεως ἡμῶν τᾶις κοιναῖς ἐννοιαῖς ἀρχῇθεν συναγωνίσσα, μετατιθηνι τῆς ἐγγωμάτου ἀκόυσίας τὸν λεγομένων, whether it was not the agreeableneſs of the principles of faith with the common notions of human nature, which prevailed moſt upon all candid and ingenuous auditors of them. And therefore, as Socrates ſaid of Heraclitus's books, What he underſtood was excellent, and therefore he ſuppoſed that which he did not underſtand was ſo too: ſo ought we to ſay of the Scriptures: if thoſe things which are within our capacity be ſo ſuitable to our natures and reaſons, thoſe cannot contradict our reaſon which yet are above them. There are many things which the minds of men were ſufficiently aſſured that they were, yet were to ſeek for ſatisfaction concerning them, which they could never have had without divine revelation. As the nature of true happineſs, wherein it lay, and how to be obtained, which the philoſophers were ſo puzzled with, the Scriptures give us full ſatisfaction concerning it. True contentment under the troubles of life, which the Scripture only acquaints us with the true grounds of; and all the preſcriptions of Heathen moraliſts fall ſo much ſhort of, as the directions of an empiric do of a wiſe and ſkilful phyſician. Avoiding the fears of death, which can alone be through a grounded expectation of a future ſtate of happineſs which only leads men to, which cannot be had but through the right underſtanding of the Word of God. Thus we ſee the excellency of the matters themſelves contained in this revelation of the mind of God to the world.

As the matters themſelves are of an excellent nature, ſo is the manner wherein they are revealed in the Scriptures; and that,

1. In a clear and perſpicuous manner; not but there may be ſtill ſome paſſages which are hard to be underſtood, as being either prophetical, or conſiſting of ambiguous phraſes, or containing matters above our comprehenſion; but all thoſe things which concern the terms of man's ſalvation, are delivered with the greateſt evidence and perſpicuity. Who cannot underſtand what theſe things mean, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do juſtly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—that "without faith it is impoſſible to pleaſe God"—that "without holineſs none ſhall ſee the Lord"—that "unleſs we be born again we can never enter into the kingdom of heaven." theſe and ſuch like things are ſo plain and clear, that it is nothing but mens ſhutting their eyes againſt the light can keep them from underſtanding them; God intends theſe things as directions to men; and is he not able to ſpeak intelligibly when he pleaſes? He that made the tongue, ſhall he not ſpeak ſo as to be underſtood without an infallible interpreter? eſpecially when it is his deſign to make known to men the terms of their eternal happineſs? Will God judge men at the great day for not believing theſe things which they could not underſtand? Strange, that ever men ſhould judge the Scriptures obſcure in matters neceſſary, when the Scripture accounts it ſo great a judgment for men not to underſtand them. "If our goſpel be hid, it is hid to them that are loſt; in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, leſt the light of the glorious goſpel of Chriſt ſhould ſhine unto them." Sure Lot's door

was viſible enough, if it were a judgment for the men of Sodom not to ſee it; and the Scriptures then are plain and intelligible enough, if it be ſo great a judgment not to underſtand them.

2. In a powerful and authoritative manner; as the things contained in Scripture do not ſo much beg acceptance as command it; in that the expreſſions wherein our duty is concerned, are ſuch as awe men's conſciences and pierce to their hearts and to their ſecret thoughts; all things are open and naked before this Word of God; every ſecret of the mind and thought of the heart lies open to its ſtroke and force; "it is quick and powerful, ſharper than a two-edged ſword, piercing to the dividing aſunder of ſoul and ſpirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a diſcerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The word is a teleſcope to diſcover the great luminaries of the world, the truths of higheſt concernment to the ſouls of men, and it is ſuch a microſcope as diſcovers to us the ſmalleſt atom of our thoughts, and diſcerns the moſt ſecret intents of the heart. And as far as this light reacheth, it comes with power and authority, as it comes armed with the majeſty of that God who reveals it, whoſe authority extends over the ſoul and conſcience of man in its moſt ſecret and hidden receſſes.

3. In a pure and unmixed manner; in all other writings, how good ſoever, we have a great mixture of droſs and gold together: here is nothing but pure gold, diamonds without flaws, ſuns without ſpots. The moſt current coins of the world have their alloys of baſer metals, there is no ſuch mixture in divine truths; as they all come from the ſame author, ſo they all have the ſame purity. There is a Urim and Thummim upon the whole Scripture, light and perfection in every part of it. In the Philoſophers we may meet, it may be, with ſome ſcattered fragments of purer metal, amidſt abundance of droſs and impure ore; here we have whole wedges of gold, the ſame vein of purity and holineſs running through the whole book of Scriptures. Hence it is called "the form of ſound words;" here have been no huckſters to corrupt and mix their own inventions with divine truths.

4. In an uniform and agreeable manner. This I grant is not ſufficient of itſelf to prove the Scriptures to be divine, becauſe all men do not contradict themſelves in their writings, but yet here are ſome peculiar circumſtances to be conſidered in the agreeableneſs of the parts of Scripture to each other, which are not to be found in mere human writings. 1. That this doctrine was delivered by perſons who lived in different ages and times from each other. Uſually one age corrects another's faults, and we are apt to pity the ignorance of our predeceſſors, when it may be our poſterity may think us as ignorant, as we do them. But in the Sacred Scripture we read not one age condemning another; we find light ſtill increaſing in the ſeries of times in Scripture, but no reflections in any time upon the ignorance, or weakneſs of the precedent; the dimmeſt light was ſufficient for its age, and was a ſtep to further diſcovery. Quintilian gives it as the reaſon of the great uncertainty of Grammar rules, quia non analogia dimiſſa cœlo formam loquendi dedit; that which he wanted as to Grammar, we have as to divine truths; they are delivered from heaven, and therefore are always uniform and agreeable to each other.

2. By perſons of different intereſts in the world. God made choice of men of all ranks to be inditers of his oracles, to make it appear it was no matter of ſtate policy, or particular intereſt, which was contained in his word, which perſons of ſuch different intereſt, could not have agreed in as they do. We have Moſes, David, Solomon, perſons of royal rank and quality; and can it be any mean thing, which theſe think it their glory to be penners of? We have Iſaiah, Daniel, and other perſons of the higheſt education and accompliſhments, and can it be any trivial thing which theſe employ themſelves in? We have Amos, and other prophets in the Old Teſtament, and the apoſtles in the New, of the meaner ſort of men in the world, yet all theſe join in concert together; when God tunes their ſpirits, all agree in the ſame ſtrain of divine truths, and give light and harmony to each other.

3. By perſons in different places and conditions; ſome in proſperity in their own country, ſome under baniſhment and adverſity, yet all agreeing in the ſame ſubſtance of doctrine; of which no alteration we ſee was made, either for the flattery of thoſe in power, or for avoiding miſeries and calamities. And under all the different diſpenſations before, under, and after the law, though the management of things was different, yet the doctrine and deſign was for ſubſtance the ſame in all.

All the different diſpenſations agree in the ſame common principles of religion; the ſame ground of acceptance with God, and obligation to duty was common to all, though the peculiar inſtances wherein God was ſerved might be different according to the ages of growth in the church of God. So that this great uniformity conſidered in theſe circumſtances, is an argument that theſe things came originally from the ſame Spirit, though conveyed through different inſtruments to the knowledge of the world.

5. In a perſuaſive and convincing manner: and that theſe ways, 1. Bringing divine truths down to our capacity, clothing ſpiritual matter in familiar expreſſions and ſimilitudes, that ſo they might have the eaſier admiſſion into our minds. 2. Propounding things as our intereſt, which are our duty: thence God ſo frequently in Scripture, recommends our duties to us under all theſe motives which are wont to have the greateſt force on the minds of men; and annexeth gracious promiſes to our performance of them; and thoſe of the moſt weighty and concerning things. Of grace, favor, protection, deliverance, audience of prayers, and eternal happineſs, and if theſe will not prevail with men, what motives will? 3. Courting us to obedience, when he might not only command us to obey but puniſh preſently for diſobedience. Hence are all theſe moſt pathetical and affectionate ſtrains we read in Scripture: "O that there were ſuch a heart within them, that they would fear me and keep all my commandments always, that it might go well with them, and with their children after them!—Woe unto thee, O Jeruſalem, wilt thou not be made clean? when ſhall it once be?—Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O houſe of Iſrael? How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim? how ſhall I deliver thee Iſrael? how ſhall I make thee as Admah? how ſhall I ſet thee as Zeboim?—Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together.—O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not?" What majeſty and yet what ſweetneſs and condeſcenſion is there in theſe expreſſions! What obſtinacy and rebellion is it in men for them to ſtand out againſt God, when he thus comes down from his throne of majeſty and woos rebellious ſinners to return unto him that they may be pardoned! Such a matchleſs and unparalleled ſtrain of rhetoric is there in the Scripture, far above art and inſinuations of the moſt admired orators. Thus we ſee the peculiar excellency of the manner wherein the matters contained in Scripture are revealed to us: thus we have conſidered the excellency of the Scripture, as it is a diſcovery of God's mind to the world.

The Scriptures may be conſidered as a rule of life, or as a law of God, which is given for the government of the lives of men, and therein the excellency of it lies in the nature of the duties, and the encouragements to the practice of them.

1. In the nature of the duties required, which are moſt becoming God to require, moſt reaſonable for us to perform.

1. Moſt becoming God to require, as they are moſt ſuitable and agreeable to the divine nature, the imitation of which in our actions is the ſubſtance of our religion. Imitation of him in his goodneſs and holineſs, by our conſtant endeavours of mortifying ſin and growing in grace and piety. In his grace and mercy, by our kindneſs to all men, forgiving the injuries men do unto us, doing good unto our greateſt enemies. In his juſtice and equity, by doing as we would be done by, and keeping a conſcience void of offence towards God and towards men. The firſt takes in the duties of the firſt, the other the duties of the ſecond table. All acts of piety towards God, are a part of juſtice; for as Tully ſays, Quid aliud eſt pietas niſi juſtitia adversus deos? And ſo our loving God with our whole hearts, our entire and ſincere obedience to his will, is a part of natural juſtice; for thereby we do but render unto God that which is his due from us as we are his creatures. We ſee then the whole duty of man, the fearing God and keeping his commandments, is as neceſſary a part of juſtice, as the rendering to every man his own is.

2. They are moſt reaſonable for us to perform, in that 1. Religion is not only a ſervice of the reaſonable faculties which are employed the moſt in it, the commands of the Scripture reaching the heart moſt, and the ſervice required being a ſpiritual ſervice, not lying in meats and drinks, or any outward obſervations, but in a ſanctified temper of heart and mind, which diſcovers itſelf in the courſe of a Chriſtian's life: but 2. The ſervice itſelf of religion is reaſonable; the commands of the goſpel are ſuch, as no man's reaſon which conſiders them,

them, can doubt of the excellency of them. All natural worſhip is founded from the dictates of nature, all inſtituted worſhip on God's revealed will; and it is one of the prime dictates of nature, that God muſt be univerſally obeyed. Beſides, God requires nothing but what is apparently man's intereſt to do; God prohibits nothing but what will deſtroy him if he doth it; ſo that the commands of the Scriptures are very juſt and reaſonable.

2. The encouragements are more than proportionable to the difficulty of obedience. God's commands are in themſelves eaſy, and moſt ſuitable to our natures. What more rational for a creature than to obey his Maker? All the difficulty of religion ariſeth from the corruption of nature. Now God, to encourage men to conquer the difficulties ariſing thence, hath propounded the ſtrongeſt motives, and moſt prevailing arguments to obedience. Such are the conſiderations of God's love and goodneſs manifeſted to the world by ſending his Son into it to die for ſinners, and to give them an example which they are to follow, and by his readineſs through him to pardon the ſins, and accept the perſons of ſuch who ſo received him as to walk in him; and by his promiſes of grace to aſſiſt them in the wreſtling with the enemies of their ſalvation. And to all theſe add that glorious and unconceivable reward which God hath promiſed to all thoſe who ſincerely obey him, and by theſe things we ſee how much the encouragements overweigh the difficulties, and that none can make the leaſt pretence that there is no motive ſufficient to down-weigh the troubles which attend the exerciſe of obedience to the will of God. So that we ſee what peculiar excellency there is in the Scriptures as a rule of life, above all the precepts of mere moraliſts, the foundation of obedience being laid deeper in man's obligation to ſerve his Maker, the practice of obedience being carried higher in thoſe moſt holy precepts which are in Scripture, the reward of obedience being incomparably greater than what men are able to conceive, much leſs to promiſe or aſſure.

The excellency of the Scriptures appears as they contain in them a covenant of grace, or the tranſactions between God and man in order to his eternal happineſs. The more memorable any tranſactions are, the more valuable are any authentic records of them. The Scriptures contain in them the Magna Charta of heaven, an act of pardon with the royal aſſent of heaven, a proclamation of good-will from God towards men; and can we then ſet too great a value on that which contains all the remarkable paſſages between God and the ſouls of men, in order to their felicity, from the beginning of the world? Can we think, ſince there is a God in the world of infinite goodneſs, that he ſhould ſuffer all mankind to periſh inevitably without his propounding any means for eſcaping of eternal miſery? Is God ſo good to men as to this preſent life; and can we think, if man's ſoul be immortal, that he ſhould wholly neglect any offer of good to men as to their eternal welfare? Or is it poſſible to imagine that man ſhould be happy in another world without God's promiſing it, and preſcribing conditions in order to it? If ſo, then this happineſs is no free gift of God, unleſs he hath the beſtowing and promiſing of it; and man is no rational agent, unleſs a reward ſuppoſe conditions to be performed in order to the obtaining it; or man may be bound to conditions which were never required of him; or if they muſt be required, then there muſt be a revelation of God's will, whereby he doth require them: and if ſo, then there are ſome records extant of the tranſactions between God and man, in order to his eternal happineſs: for what reaſon can we have to imagine that ſuch records, if once extant, ſhould not continue ſtill, eſpecially ſince the ſame goodneſs of God is engaged to preſerve ſuch records, which at firſt did cauſe them to be indited? Suppoſing then ſuch records extant ſomewhere in the world, of theſe grand tranſactions between God and men's ſouls, our buſineſs is brought to a period; for what other records are there in the world that can in the leaſt vie with the Scriptures, as to the giving ſo juſt an account of all the tranſactions between God and men from the foundation of the world? which gives us all the ſteps, methods, and ways whereby God hath made known his mind and will to the world, in order to man's eternal ſalvation? It remains only then that we adore and magnify the goodneſs of God in making known his will to us, and that we ſet a value and eſteem on the Scriptures, as the only authentic inſtruments of that Grand Charter of peace, which God hath revealed in order to man's eternal happineſs. *Stillingfleet.*

§ 177. *The prevalence of Chriſtianity, an argument of its divinity.*

The eſtabliſhment of the Chriſtian religion among men is the greateſt of all miracles. In ſpite of all the power of Rome; in ſpite of all the paſſions, intereſts, and prejudices of ſo many nations; ſo many philoſophers; ſo many different religions; twelve poor fiſhermen, without art, without eloquence, without power, publiſh and ſpread their doctrine throughout the world. In ſpite of a perſecution for three centuries, which ſeemed every moment ready to extinguiſh it; in ſpite of continued and innumerable martyrdoms of perſons of all conditions, ſexes, and countries; the truth in the end triumphs over error, purſuant to the predictions both of the old and new law. Let any one ſhew ſome other religion, which has the ſame marks of a divine protection.

A powerful conqueror may eſtabliſh, by his arms, the belief of a religion, which flatters the ſenſuality of men; a wiſe legiſlator may gain himſelf attention and reſpect by the uſefulneſs of his laws; a ſect in credit, and ſupported by the civil power, may abuſe the credulity of the people: all this is poſſible: but what could victorious, learned, and ſuperſtitious nations ſee, to induce them ſo readily to Jeſus Chriſt, who promiſed them nothing in this world but perſecutions and ſufferings; who propoſed to them the practice of a morality, to which all darling paſſions muſt be ſacrificed. Is not the converſion of the world to ſuch a religion, without miracles, a greater and more credible one, than even the greateſt of thoſe which ſome refuſe to believe? *Fenelon.*

§ 178. *A ſummary of arguments for the truth of the Goſpel.*

He that well conſiders the force of thoſe arguments which are brought to eſtabliſh the truth of the Chriſtian religion; that ſees how they all (though drawn from different topics) conſpire in the moſt perfect manner to convince the world of the divine original of this faith; would ſcarce think it poſſible, that the reaſon and underſtanding of mankind ſhould ever oppoſe it; will therefore conclude there is ſomething more than pure infidelity at the bottom, and that they are not mere ſcruples of the mind which create ſo long and violent contention.

If he thinks on the excellency of the precepts of the Chriſtian religion, he finds them of the fitteſt nature poſſible to perſuade him to receive it as the contrivance of heaven. They are all ſo worthy of God, ſo beneficial and improving to human nature, and ſo conducive to the welfare and happineſs of ſociety.

When he conſiders the ſtrange and ſpeedy propagation of this faith through the world, with its triumph over the wit and policy, the force and malice of its formidable enemies; and all this accompliſhed by ſuch methods, as the reaſon of mankind would have pronounced the moſt fooliſh and abſurd: he ſees here the over-ruling hand of God, which alone could give it ſuch aſtoniſhing ſucceſſes, by the very ways and means from which its utter confuſion was to be expected.

The exact accompliſhment of express and unqueſtionable prophecies, concerning the moſt remarkable events of the world, is a ſolemn appeal to all reaſonable men, whether that revelation be not truly divine, which contains ſuch plain and wonderful predictions.

Laſtly, The miracles wrought by Jeſus Chriſt and his apoſtles, in confirmation of this faith and doctrine, are ſuch proofs of the near concern which heaven had therein; that he who conſiders them, and at the ſame time calls Chriſtianity an impoſture, muſt either take pains to avoid knowing the finger of God, when he ſees it, or else do infinitely worſe, by aſcribing the moſt manifeſt effects thereof to mean artifice, or diabolical power.

From theſe topics the truth of Chriſtianity has been ſo ſubſtantially argued, and ſo clearly proved; that, by all the rules of right reaſon in uſe amongſt mankind, it is rendered plainly abſurd and irrational to reject it. One need not wiſh to ſee an adverſary reduced to worſe extremities than one of thoſe arguments well managed and preſſed home would reduce him to, provided he were kept from excuſing and obliged to return no anſwers but what were directly to the purpoſe.

Humphrey Ditton.

§ 179. *The facts related in the Evangeliſts may be depended on.*

That there was ſuch a perſon as Jeſus of Nazareth, in Galilee, in the time of Tiberius Cæſar, the Roman emperor; that he had a company of poor men for his diſciples; that he and his diſciples went about the country of Judea, teaching and pro-

ing; that he was put to death upon the croſs, after the Roman manner, under Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea; that after his death, his diſciples went about into all, or moſt parts of the then known world, teaching and preaching, that this Jeſus was the Chriſt, the Son of God, and Saviour of the world, and that he was riſen from the dead, and gone into heaven; that in a few years they converted a very great number of people, in all places, to this belief; that the profeſſors of this belief were called Chriſtians; that they were moſt cruelly perſecuted, and many thouſands of them put to death, and that with the moſt exquiſite torments, for no other reaſon, but becauſe they were Chriſtians; that theſe perſecutions were ſeveral times renewed againſt them, for the ſpace of about three hundred years; and yet, for all this, that the number of Chriſtians daily encreaſed, and that not only idiots and unlearned men, but great ſcholars and philoſophers were converted to Chriſtianity, even in the times of perſecution; all this, being merely matter of fact, was never yet denied by the greateſt enemies of the Chriſtian religion. And, indeed, theſe things are ſo abundantly teſtified by the hiſtories, and other writings of thoſe times; and have been ſo generally received for truth, as well by the oppoſers as believers of Chriſtianity, by a conſtant, univerſal, and uninterrupted tradition, from thoſe days, even unto this time; that a man may as well deny the truth of any, or of all, the hiſtories of the world, as of this. *Archbiſhop Synge.*

§ 180. *Superiority of the Goſpel to all other writings, an argument of its truth.*

To what was it owing, that the Jewiſh writers ſhould have ſuch lovely and great ideas of God, and ſuch juſt notions of the worſhip due to him, far above any thing which we meet with in the writings of the greateſt lights of the Heathen world; every one of which either patronized idolatry, or fell into errors of worſe conſequence? Can it be accounted for by the force of natural or human aſſiſtances? No, the eminent philoſophers of Athens and Rome equalled them, it is certain, in natural abilities, and exceeded them confeſſedly in the ſuperſtructures of acquired knowledge, and all the advantages of a refined education. It muſt be therefore owing to ſome ſupernatural or divine helps; and none, but he, in whom are contained all the treaſures of wiſdom, could have enriched their minds to ſuch a degree, and furniſhed ſuch a vaſt expence of thought. If Judea was ennobled by theſe exalted notions, of which other nations, who were ſunk into the dregs of polytheiſm and idolatry, were deſtitute; if the kindly dew of heaven deſcended on this fleece only, while all the earth around betrayed a want of refreſhing moiſture; this was the Lord's doing, and ought to be marvellous in our eyes.

Had God revealed himſelf to the Greeks, or ſome other nation famed for their curious reſearches into every branch of literature, and for the depths of wiſdom and policy; thoſe truths, which were ſo many emanations from the great fountain of light, would have been looked upon as the reſult of their penetration, and their own diſcoveries: but by communicating his will to a people of no inventive and enterprizing genius, of no enlarged reach and compaſs of thought; ſuch ſuſpicions are avoided, and the proofs of a revelation more conſpicuous and illuſtrious. And this may be one reaſon among others, why, at a time when the reſt of the world were bigoted to ſuperſtition, idolatry, and a falſe religion, God ſingled out this nation, in that point not ſo corrupt as others, to be the guardian and depoſitary of the true.

If nothing recommended the Scripture but this ſingle conſideration, that all thoſe collected beams of ſpiritual light center in it alone, which were widely diffuſed amidſt a variety of treatiſes, and loſt amidſt a crowd of palpable abſurdities; even this would be no improbable argument of its divinity: but this is not all: let us, in order to compile an adequate, unerring ſtandard of religious truths, take in all the aſſiſtances we can get from all the philoſophers in Greece, from Tully at Rome, nay even from Confucius as far as China; and yet, after all, the ſcheme will be defective in what the Scriptures have recommended, a pure, rational worſhip of God only, in ſpirit and in truth, a fulneſs of pardon for every ſin upon repentance, and the nobleneſs of the rewards hereafter. The love of God will not be required in ſo high a degree, as it is in the Scriptures; nor enforced by ſo ſtrong a motive as our Saviour's dying for mankind has done; nor our charity and love to the diſtreſſed recommended by ſo powerful an incentive, as that our Redeemer has made them his repreſentatives, and will place to his own

account, whatever was done for his ſake to them.

One may challenge any man to produce, before Chriſtianity, among the Heathen world, ſuch a complete ſyſtem of morality, reaching all the duties of life, without any defect; and full without overflowing, or any redundancy, as the Scriptures contain.—And it is needleſs to tell any man of plain ſenſe, that there muſt be always a proportion between the cauſe and the effect. Now, if we exclude the divine power, what proportion can we find between the cauſes of Chriſtianity, and Chriſtianity itſelf? Chriſtianity is a religion, which has diſabuſed the world, and reſcued it from thoſe many vicious practices, ſuch as the expoſing of infants, polygamy, &c. which were univerſally defended among the Pagans, and from human ſacrifices, and from innumerable abominable and brutal rites; a religion ſo perfective of human nature, and ſo expreſſive of the divine; that we want ideas to carry us to a conception of any thing beyond it. And who were the authors or cauſes of this religion? Why a ſet of men bred up in low life to mean employments, which cramp the native powers of the mind. And can we ſeriouſly think, that a ſet of unlettered, unenterpriſing men, could open ſeveral rich mines of truth, which had eſcaped the laborious reſearches of the profoundeſt ſcholars, and the happy ſagacity of the moſt penetrating wits?

Since therefore every effect muſt have a competent and proportionable cauſe; and ſince the ſuppoſed natural cauſes and authors of Chriſtianity, conſidered as mere men, excluſive of divine inſpiration, were plainly unequal to the taſk, nor could ever have brought to light ſuch doctrines, as exceeded whatever the philoſophers before had done; though, laying aſide their dregs, we ſhould draw off the very flower and ſpirit of their writings: it is evident, we muſt have recourſe to ſome ſupernatural and adequate cauſe which intereſted itſelf in this affair. And to whom, but to the Father of Light, in whom there is no darkneſs at all, can we be indebted, that now, perſons of the ſlendereſt capacities may view thoſe elevated and beneficial truths in the ſtrongeſt point of light, which the fineſt ſpirits of the gentile world could not before fully aſcertain; that our meaneſt mechanics, with a moderate ſhare of application, may have juſter and fuller notions of God's attributes, of eternal happineſs, of every duty reſpecting their Maker, mankind, and themſelves, than the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars among the Heathens could attain to, after a life laid out in painful reſearches? *Seed.*

§ 181. *Various reaſonings in favour of Chriſtianity.*

God only knows, and God only can tell, whether he will forgive, and upon what terms he will forgive the offences done againſt him; what mode of worſhip he requires; what helps he will afford us; and what condition he will place us in hereafter. All this God actually has told us in the goſpel. It was to tell us this, he ſent his Son into the world, whoſe miſſion was confirmed by the higheſt authority, by ſigns from heaven, and miracles on earth; whoſe life and doctrine are delivered down to us by the moſt unexceptionable witneſſes, who ſealed their teſtimony with their blood; who were too curious and incredulous to be themſelves impoſed upon, too honeſt and ſincere, too plain and artleſs, to impoſe upon others.

What then can be the reaſon that men ſtill refuſe to ſee, and perſiſt in "loving darkneſs rather than light?" They will tell you perhaps that it is becauſe the goſpel is full of incredible myſteries; but our Saviour tells you, and he tells you much truer, that it is "becauſe their deeds are evil." The myſteries and difficulties of the goſpel can be no real objection to any man that conſiders what myſteries occur, and what inſuperable objections may be raiſed in almoſt every branch of human knowledge; and how often we are obliged, in our moſt important concerns, to decide and to act upon evidence, incumbered with greater difficulties than any that are to be found in Scripture. If we can admit no religion that is not free from myſtery, we muſt, I doubt, be content without any religion. Even the religion of nature itſelf, the whole conſtitution both of the natural and the moral world, is full of myſtery; and the greateſt myſtery of all would be, if, with ſo many irreſiſtible proofs of truth, Chriſtianity ſhould at laſt prove falſe. It is not then becauſe the goſpel has too little light for theſe men that they reject it, but becauſe it has too much. For "every one that doth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, leſt his deeds ſhould be reproved." The light of the goſpel is too prying and inquiſitive for ſuch an one. It reveals certain truths which he could wiſh to conceal from all the world, and if poſſible from himſelf. N.

is this all; it not only reveals, but it *reproves* them. It ſtrikes him with an evidence he cannot bear; an evidence not only of its own truth, but of his unworthy conduct. The goſpel does indeed offend him; but it is not his underſtanding, it is his conſcience, that is ſhocked: he could eaſily credit what it requires him to believe; but he cannot, or rather he will not, practiſe what it commands him to do.

It is plain that ſuch a man cannot poſſibly admit a revelation that condemns him; and it is as plain that the man of virtue cannot ſpurn the hand that is graciouſly ſtretched out to reward him. If he is a truly virtuous man, that is, one who ſincerely labours to know his duty, and ſincerely intends to perform it, he cannot but wiſh for more light to guide him in the inveſtigation, more aſſiſtance to ſupport him in the diſcharge of it; more happineſs to crown his perſeverance in it, than bare reaſon alone can afford him. This is what all the beſt and wiſeſt Heathens moſt ardently deſired, what nature has been continually looking out for with the utmoſt earneſtneſs of expectation. When with a mind thus diſpoſed he ſits down to examine the goſpel, ſuggeſted to me the leaſt ſhadow of a reaſon why he ſhould reject it? He finds in it a religion, pure, holy, and benevolent, as the God that gave it. He finds not only its moral precepts but even its ſublimeſt myſteries calculated to promote internal ſanctity, filial piety, univerſal philanthropy. He finds it throughout ſo great and noble, ſo congenial to the fineſt feelings, and moſt generous ſentiments of his ſoul; that he cannot but wiſh it may be true, and never yet, believe, did any good man wiſh it to be true, but he actually found it ſo. He ſees it every expectation of nature anſwered, every infirmity ſupported, every want ſupplied, every terror diſſipated, every hope confirmed; nay, he ſees that God "has done exceeding abundantly above all that we could either aſk or think;" that he has given him, what reaſon could hardly have the preſumption to hope for, eternal happineſs in a life to come. It is not a matter of indifference whether you embrace Chriſtianity or not. Though reaſon could anſwer all the purpoſes of revelation, which is far, very far from being the caſe, yet you are not at liberty to make it your ſole guide, if there be ſuch a thing as a true revelation. We are the ſubjects of the Almighty; and whether we will acknowledge it or not, we live, and cannot but live, under his government. His will is the law of his kingdom. If he has made no expreſs declaration of his will, we muſt collect it as well as we can from what we know of his nature and our own. But if he has expreſsly declared his will, that is the law we are to be governed by. We may indeed refuſe to be governed by it; but it is at our peril if we do; for if it proves to be a true declaration of his will, to reject it is rebellion.

But to reject or receive it, you may alledge, is not a thing in your own power. Belief depends not on your will, but your underſtanding. And will the righteous judge of the earth condemn you for want of underſtanding? No; but he may and will condemn you for the wrong conduct of your underſtanding. It is not indeed in your power to believe whatever you pleaſe, whether credible or incredible; but it is in your power to conſider thoroughly, whether a ſuppoſed incredibility be real or only apparent. It is in your power to beſtow a greater or leſs degree of attention on the evidence before you. It is in your power to examine it with an earneſt deſire to find out the truth, and a firm reſolution to embrace it wherever you do find it; or on the contrary, to bring with you a heart full of incorrigible depravity, or invincible prepoſſeſſions. Have you then truly and honeſtly done every thing that is confeſſedly in your power, towards forming a right judgment of revelation? Have you ever laid before yourſelf in one view the whole collective evidence of Chriſtianity? The conſiſtence, harmony, and connection, of all its various parts; the long chain of prophecies undeniably compleated in it; the aſtoniſhing and well-atteſted miracles that attended it; the perfect ſanctity of its author; the purity of its precepts; the ſublimity of its doctrines; the amazing rapidity of its progreſs; the illuſtrious company of confeſſors, ſaints, and martyrs, who died to confirm its truth; together with an infinite number of collateral proofs and ſubordinate circumſtances, all concurring to form ſuch a body of evidence, as no other truth in the world can ſhew; ſuch as muſt neceſſarily bear down, by its own weight and magnitude, all trivial objections to particular parts? Surely theſe things are not trifles; ſurely they at leaſt demand ſerioufneſs and attention. Have you then done the goſpel this common piece of juſtice? Have you ever ſat down to conſider it with impartiality and candour; without any favourite vice or early prejudice, without any fond-

neſs for applauſe, or novelty, or refinement, to miſlead you? Have you examined it with the ſame care and diligence, that you would examine a title to an eſtate? Have you enquired for proper books? Have you read the defences of revelation as well as the attacks upon it? Have you in difficult points applied for the opinion of wiſe and learned friends; juſt as you would conſult the ableſt lawyers when your property was concerned, or the moſt ſkilful phyſicians when your life was at ſtake? If you can truly ſay, that you have done all theſe things; if you have faithfully beſtowed on theſe enquiries, all the leiſure and abilities you are maſter of, and called in every help within your reach, there is little danger of any material doubts remaining upon your mind.——St. John's affection for his departed friend did not terminate with his life. It was continued after his crucifixion, to his memory, his character, and his religion. After a long life ſpent in teaching and ſuffering for that religion, he concluded it with a work of infinite utility, the reviſal of the three goſpels already written, and the addition of his own to ſupply what they had omitted. With this view principally he gives us ſeveral of our Saviour's diſcourſes with his diſciples, which are no where elſe to be met with; and it is very obſervable, that theſe, as well as the many other occurrences of his life, which he introduces as ſupplemental to the other evangeliſts, are ſuch as ſet his beloved maſter in the moſt amiable and graceful point of view, ſuch as a favourite diſciple would be moſt likely to ſelect, and moſt diſpoſed to enlarge upon. Of this kind, for inſtance, are our Saviour's diſcourſe with the woman of Samaria; the cure of the infirm man at the pool of Bethesda; the acquittal of the woman taken in adultery; the deſcription of the good ſhepherd and his ſheep; the affecting hiſtory of Lazarus; the condeſcending and expreſſive act of waſhing his diſciples feet; his inimitably tender and conſolatory diſcourſe to them juſt before his ſuffering; his moſt admirable prayer on the ſame occaſion; and his pathetic recommendation of his ſheep to St. Peter after his reſurrection. Theſe paſſages are to be found only in St. John's goſpel, and whoever reads them with attention will diſcover in them plain indications not only of a heaven-directed hand, but of a feeling and a grateful heart, ſmitten with the love of a departed friend, penetrated with a ſenſe of his diſtinguiſhed kindneſs, perfectly well informed and thoroughly intereſted, in every tender ſcene that it deſcribes, ſoothing itſelf with the recollection of little domeſtic incidents and familiar converſations, and tracing out not only the larger and more obvious features of the favourite character, but even thoſe finer and more delicate ſtrokes in it, which would have eluded a leſs obſerving eye, or leſs faithful memory, than thoſe of a beloved companion and friend.—

Our divine lawgiver ſhowed his wiſdom equally in what he enjoined, and what he left unnoticed. He knew exactly, what no Pagan philoſopher ever knew, where to be ſilent and where to ſpeak.——

That which principally attracts our notice in St. John's writings, and in his conduct, is, a ſimplicity and ſingleneſs of heart, a fervent piety, an unbounded benevolence, an unaffected modeſty, humility, meekneſs, and gentleneſs of diſpoſition. Theſe are evidently the great characteriſtic virtues that took the lead in his ſoul, and break forth in every page of his goſpel and his epiſtles.——To know what friendſhip really is, we muſt look for it in that ſacred repoſitory of every thing great and excellent, the goſpel of Chriſt.——

Our Saviour has aſſured us that he will conſider every real Chriſtian as united to him by cloſer ties than even thoſe of friendſhip. This aſſurance is given us in one of thoſe noble ſtrains of eloquence which are ſo common in the Sacred Writings. Our Lord being told that his mother and his brethren ſtood without, deſiring to ſpeak with him, he gives a turn to the little incident, perfectly new, and irreſiſtibly tender and affectionate. "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? And he ſtretched forth his hands towards his diſciples, and ſaid, Behold my mother and my brethren! For whoſoever ſhall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the ſame is my brother, and ſiſter, and mother." *Biſhop Porteus.*

§ 182. *Difficulties in the Word of God to be expected, with the duty of examining the evidence.*

Origen has obſerved, with ſingular ſagacity, that he who believes the Scriptures to have proceeded from him who is the author of nature, may well expect to find the ſame ſort of difficulties in it, as are found in the conſtitution of nature. And in a [illegible]

way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God, upon account of theſe difficulties, may, for the very ſame reaſon, deny the world to have been from him.——

Chriſtianity being ſuppoſed either true or credible, it is unſpeakable irreverence, and really the moſt preſumptuous raſhneſs, to treat it as a light matter. It can never juſtly be eſteemed of little conſequence, till it be poſitively ſuppoſed falſe. Nor do I know a higher and more important obligation which we are under, than that, of examining moſt ſeriouſly into the evidence of it, ſuppoſing its credibility; and of embracing it upon ſuppoſition of its truth. *Butler.*

§ 183. *The information the Goſpel gives moſt deſirable.*

The Chriſtian revelation has ſuch pretences, at leaſt, as may make it worthy of a particular conſideration: it pretends, to come from heaven; to have been delivered by the Son of God; to have been confirmed by undeniable miracles and prophecies; to have been ratified by the blood of Chriſt and his apoſtles, who died in aſſerting its truth: it can ſhew likewiſe an innumerable company of martyrs and confeſſors: its doctrines are pure and holy, its precepts juſt and righteous; its worſhip is a reaſonable ſervice, refined from the errors of idolatry and ſuperſtition, and ſpiritual, like the God who is the object of it: it offers the aid and aſſiſtance of heaven to the weakneſs of nature; which makes the religion of the goſpel to be as practicable, as it is reaſonable; it promiſes infinite rewards to obedience, and threatens eternal puniſhment to obſtinate offenders; which makes it of the utmoſt conſequence to us ſoberly to conſider it, ſince every one who rejects it ſtakes his own ſoul againſt the truth of it.——

Look into the Goſpel; there you will find every reaſonable hope of nature, nay every reaſonable ſuſpicion of nature, cleared up, and confirmed, every difficulty anſwered and removed. Do the preſent circumſtances of the world lead you to ſuſpect that God could never be the author of ſuch corrupt and wretched creatures as men now are? Your ſuſpicions are juſt and well founded. "God made man upright;" but through the temptation of the devil ſin entered, and death and deſtruction followed after.

Do you ſuſpect, from the ſucceſs of virtue and vice in this world, that the providence of God does not interpoſe to protect the righteous from violence, or to puniſh the wicked? The ſuſpicion is not without ground. God leaves his beſt ſervants here to be tried oftentimes with affliction and ſorrow, and permits the wicked to flouriſh and abound. The call of the goſpel is not to honour and riches here, but to take up our croſs and follow Chriſt.

Do you judge, from comparing the preſent ſtate of the world with the natural notion you have of God, and of his juſtice and goodneſs, that there muſt needs be another ſtate in which juſtice ſhall take place? You reaſon right; and the goſpel confirms the judgment. God has appointed a day to judge the world in righteouſneſs: then thoſe who mourn ſhall rejoice, thoſe who weep ſhall laugh, and the perſecuted and afflicted ſervants of God ſhall be heirs of his kingdom.

Have you ſometimes miſgivings of mind? Are you tempted to miſtruſt this judgment, when you ſee the difficulties which ſurround it on every ſide; ſome which affect the ſoul in its ſeparate ſtate, ſome which affect the body in in its ſtate of corruption and diſſolution? Look to the goſpel: there theſe difficulties are accounted for; and you need no longer puzzle yourſelf with dark queſtions concerning the ſtate, condition, and nature of ſeparate ſpirits, or concerning the body, however to appearance loſt and deſtroyed; for the body and ſoul ſhall once more meet to part no more, but to be happy for ever. In this caſe the learned cannot doubt, and the ignorant may be ſure, that 'tis the man, the very man himſelf, who ſhall riſe again: for an union of the ſame ſoul and body is as certainly the reſtoration of the man, as the dividing them was the deſtruction.

Would you know who it is that gives this aſſurance? 'Tis one who is able to make good his word: one who loved you ſo well as to die for you; yet one too great to be held a priſoner in the grave. No; he roſe with triumph and glory, the firſt-born from the dead, and will in like manner call from the duſt of the earth all thoſe who put their truſt and confidence in him.

But who is this, you'll ſay, who was ſubject to death, and yet had power over death?

death? How could ſo much weakneſs and ſo much ſtrength meet together? That God has the power of life, we know; but then he cannot die: that man is mortal, we know; but then he cannot give life.

Conſider; does this difficulty deſerve an anſwer, or does it not? Our bleſſed Saviour lived among us in a low and poor condition, expoſed to much ill treatment from his jealous countrymen: when he fell into their power, their rage knew no bounds: they reviled him, inſulted him, mocked him, ſcourged him, and at laſt nailed him to a croſs, where by a ſhameful and wretched death he finiſhed a life of ſorrow and affliction. Did we know no more of him than this, upon what ground could we pretend to hope that he will be able to ſave us from the power of death? We might ſay with the diſciples, "We truſted this had been he who ſhould have ſaved Iſrael;" but he is dead, he is gone, and all our hopes are buried in his grave.

If you think this ought to be anſwered, and that the faith of a Chriſtian cannot be a reaſonable faith, unleſs it be able to account for this ſeeming contradiction; I beſeech you then never more complain of the goſpel for furniſhing an anſwer to this great objection, for removing this ſtumbling-block out of the way of our faith. He was a man, and therefore he died. He was the ſon of God, and therefore he roſe from the dead, and will give life to all his true diſciples. He it was who formed this world and all things in it, and for the ſake of man was content to become man, and to taſte death for all, that all through him may live. This is a wonderful piece of knowledge which God has revealed to us in his goſpel; but he has not revealed it to raiſe our wonder, but to confirm and eſtabliſh our faith in him to whom he hath committed all power, "whom he hath appointed heir of all things."

Had the goſpel required of us to expect from Chriſt the redemption of our ſouls and bodies, and given us no reaſon to think that Chriſt was endowed with power equal to the work, we might juſtly have complained; and it would have been a ſtanding reproach, that Chriſtians believe they know not what. But to expect redemption from the Son of God, the reſurrection of our bodies from the ſame hand which at firſt created and formed them, are rational and well-founded acts of faith; and it is the Chriſtian's glory, that he knows in whom he has believed.

That the world was made by the ſon of God, is a propoſition with which reaſon has no fault to find: that he who made the world ſhould have power to renew it to life again, is highly conſonant to reaſon. All the myſtery lies in this, that ſo high and great a perſon ſhould condeſcend to become man, and ſubject to death, for the ſake of mankind. But are we fit perſons to complain of this tranſcendent myſterious love? or, does it become us to quarrel with the kindneſs of our bleſſed Lord towards us, only becauſe it is greater than we can conceive? No; it becomes us to bleſs and to adore this exceeding love, by which we are ſaved from condemnation, by which we expect to be reſcued from death; knowing that the power of our bleſſed Lord is equal to his love, and that he is "able to ſubdue all things to himſelf."

Sherlock.

§ 184. *Chriſt and Mahomet compared.*

Go to your natural religion, lay before her Mahomet and his diſciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the ſpoils of thouſands and ten thouſands, who fell by his victorious ſword. Shew her the cities which he ſet in flames, the countries which he ravaged and deſtroyed, and the miſerable diſtreſs of all the inhabitants of the earth. When ſhe has viewed him in this ſcene, carry her into his retirements, ſhew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines and wives, and let her ſee his adulteries, and hear him alledge revelation and his divine commiſſion to juſtify his luſts and his oppreſſions. When ſhe is tired with this proſpect, then ſhew her the bleſſed Jeſus, humble and meek, doing good to all the ſons of men, patiently inſtructing the ignorant and the perverſe. Let her ſee him in his moſt retired privacies, let her follow him to the mount and hear his devotions and ſupplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare and hear his heavenly diſcourſe. Let her ſee him injured but not provoked; let her attend him to the tribunal, and conſider the patience with which he endured the ſcoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his croſs, and let her view him in the agonies of death, and hear his laſt prayer for his perſecutors, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what

they

they do." When natural religion has viewed both, aſk which is the prophet of God?——But her anſwer we have already had, when ſhe ſaw part of this ſcene through the eyes of the Centurion who attended at the croſs; by him ſhe ſaid, "Truly this was the Son of God."

Sherlock.

§ 185. *The abſurdity and madneſs of infidelity.*

If a perſon that had a fair eſtate in reverſion, which in all probability he would ſpeedily be poſſeſſed of, and of which he might reaſonably promiſe to himſelf a long and happy enjoyment, ſhould be aſſured by ſome ſkilful phyſician, that in a very ſhort time he would inevitably fall into a diſeaſe which would ſo totally deprive him of his underſtanding and memory, that he ſhould loſe the knowledge of all things without him, nay all conſciouſneſs and ſenſe of his own perſon and being: if, I ſay, upon a certain belief of this indication, the man ſhould appear overjoyed at the news, and be mightily tranſported with the diſcovery and expectation, would not all that ſaw him be aſtoniſhed at ſuch behaviour? Would they not be forward to conclude, that the diſtemper had ſeized him already, and even then the miſerable creature was become a mere fool and an idiot? Now the carriage of our atheiſts is infinitely more amazing than this; no dotage ſo infatuate, no phrenſy ſo extravagant as theirs. They have been educated in a religion that inſtructed them in the knowledge of a Supreme Being? a Spirit moſt excellently glorious, ſuperlatively powerful, and wiſe, and good, Creator of all things out of nothing; that hath endued the ſons of men, his peculiar favourites, with a rational ſpirit, and hath placed them as ſpectators in this noble theatre of the world, to view and applaud theſe glorious ſcenes of earth and heaven, the workmanſhip of his hands; that hath furniſhed them in general with a ſufficient ſtore of all things, either neceſſary or convenient for life; and, particularly to ſuch as fear and obey him, hath promiſed a ſupply of all wants, a deliverance and protection from all dangers; that they that ſeek him, ſhall want no manner of thing that is good. Who, beſides his munificence to them in this life, "hath ſo loved the world, that he ſent his only-begotten Son, the expreſs image of his ſubſtance," and partaker of his eternal nature and glory, to bring life and immortality to light, and to tender them to mankind upon fair and gracious terms; that if they ſubmit to his eaſy yoke and light burden, and obſerve his commandments, which are not grievous, he then gives them the promiſe of eternal ſalvation; he hath reſerved for them in heaven, "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" he hath prepared for them an unſpeakable, unconceivable perfection of joy and bliſs, things that "eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man." What a delightful raviſhing hypotheſis of religion is this! And in this religion they have had their education. Now let us ſuppoſe ſome great profeſſor in atheiſm to ſuggeſt to ſome of theſe men, that all this is mere dream and impoſture; that there is no ſuch excellent being, as they ſuppoſe, that created and preſerves them; that all about them is dark ſenſeleſs matter, driven on by the blind impulſes of fatality and fortune; that men firſt ſprung up, like muſhrooms, out of the mud and ſlime of the earth; and that all their thoughts, and the whole of what they call ſoul, are only the various action and repercuſſion of ſmall particles of matter, kept a-while a moving by ſome mechaniſm and clock-work, which finally muſt ceaſe and periſh by death. If it be true then (as we daily find it is) that men liſten with complacency to theſe horrid ſuggeſtions; if they let go their hope of everlaſting life with willingneſs and joy; if they entertain the thoughts of final perdition with exultation and triumph; ought they not to be eſteemed moſt notorious fools, even deſtitute of common ſenſe, and abandoned to a callouſneſs and numbneſs of ſoul?

What then, is heaven itſelf, with its pleaſures for evermore, to be parted with ſo unconcernedly? Is a crown of righteouſneſs, a crown of life, to be ſurrendered with laughter? Is an exceeding and eternal weight of glory too light in the balance againſt the hopeleſs death of the atheiſt, and utter extinction? *Bentley.*

§ 186. *The books of the New Teſtament could not have been forged in the dark ages.*

Some adverſaries of the Chriſtian doctrine have been ſo bold and ſhameleſs as to deny in a lump the antiquity claimed by each of the New Teſtament books, i. e.

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to deny that they were written in the firſt century, by the writers to whom they are aſcribed. Toland is charged with having betrayed a ſuſpicion of this ſort in his life of Milton: but in his Amyntor, or defence of the life of Milton, he diſavows his having meant the writings, which we receive as inſpired, by the words upon which the charge is grounded. But an anonymous Italian, ventured, in a letter to Le Clerc, to throw out the following ſuſpicion: It is poſſible that in the fifth century, about the time when the Goths over-ran Italy, four men of ſuperior underſtanding might unite in inventing and forging the writings of the apoſtles, as well as of the fathers, and falſify ſome paſſages of Joſephus and Suetonius, in order to introduce into the world, by the means of this fraud, a new and more rational religion.

Theſe four men, who muſt have been very converſant in the Jewiſh theology, and Heathen antiquity, are here charged with the immenſe labour of forging the writings of the fathers, and of inventing that diverſity of ſtyle and ſentiment, by which they were diſtinguiſhed from each other. But it would not have been ſafe for our ſceptic, to attribute to them a leſs laborious enterprize. His credulity, which in the preſent age men commonly affect to call by the name of unbelief, would have been ſhocked by the teſtimony of the fathers, had he confined his imputation of forgery to the apoſtles. Le Clerc returned a ſtrong and ſenſible anſwer to his letter, in his Bibleotheque ancienne et moderne, tom. xxi. p. 440.

However, there are very few unbelievers among Chriſtians, who have thrown out this ſuſpicion againſt the writings of the apoſtles; and indeed it is ſo manifeſtly groundleſs, that whoever does throw it out, muſt be impudently invincible by truth and argument. For,

1. The ſtyle of the apoſtles is ſo different, that their epiſtles could not without great difficulty be written by the ſame hand. St. Paul is uniform in all his epiſtles; his manner is plainly different from that of other writers, and very difficult to be imitated. At leaſt all the epiſtles to which his name is prefixed are the work of one hand. St. John again is totally different from him; and whoever writes in a ſtyle like that of St. Paul, cannot imitate the ſtyle of St. John.

2. In order to invent writings, and aſcribe them to perſons who lived ſome centuries ago, it is neceſſary to have an underſtanding and judgment, and a knowledge of hiſtory and antiquity beyond the powers of man, elſe the inventor muſt commit frequent errors. Now the writings of the New Teſtament are unexceptionable in this reſpect. The better we are acquainted with Jewiſh and Heathen antiquity, with the hiſtory of the Romans, and the ancient geography of Paleſtine, the face of which country was totally changed by the conqueſts of the Romans; the more clearly we diſcern their agreement with the New Teſtament, even in ſome circumſtances ſo minute, that probably they would have eſcaped the moſt artful and moſt circumſpect impoſture. The commentators abound with obſervations from antiquity, which may ſerve to exemplify this: the learned Dr. Lardner in particular has done eminent ſervice in this reſpect.

3. The moſt ancient fathers, even thoſe who were contemporary with the apoſtles, Clemens Romanus, for inſtance, and Ignatius, quote the books of the New Teſtament, and aſcribe them to the apoſtles. We muſt therefore either ſuppoſe, with the Italian abovementioned, that all the writings of the fathers for ſome centuries were forged: a ſuſpicion which may be more effectually removed by medicinal applications than by the force of argument: or we muſt admit the books of the New Teſtament, which they quote, to be in fact as ancient as they are pretended to be.

4. There are ſome very old verſions of the New Teſtament; the Latin at leaſt, ſeems to have been done ſo early as in the firſt century after the birth of Chriſt; and it is highly probable that the Syriac verſion is not leſs ancient.

Is it poſſible to ſuppoſe that ſome centuries after Chriſt, when the Hebrew tongue was not underſtood in the weſtern church, either ſome blind chance proved ſo fortunate, or the cunning of ſome Italian impoſtors was attended with ſo much thought and learning, as to add to the credibility of the writings forged for the apoſtles, by an extempore Latin verſion full of Hebrew idioms, and by a Syriac interpretation? not to mention the Gothic tranſlation of Ulphilas, which, beſides, was done before the irruption of the Goths into Italy.

But if theſe writings are as ancient as

they are pretended to be, they certainly carry with them an undeniable and indelible mark of their divine original: for the epiſtles refer to certain miraculous gifts, which are ſaid to have been imparted by the impoſition of hands, and to have been conferred by God, in confirmation of the oral and written doctrine of the apoſtles. If theſe epiſtles are ancient and genuine, and written by St. Paul to the churches to which they are addreſſed, then none can deny theſe miracles. The matter is important enough to merit further attention.

St. Paul's firſt epiſtle to the Theſſalonians is addreſſed to a church which was hardly founded, to which he had not preached the goſpel more than three Sabbath days, Acts xvii. 2. He had been obliged to quit this church abruptly, on account of an impending perſecution, ver. 10. and being apprehenſive leſt the perſecution ſhould cauſe ſome to waver in the faith, he lays before them, in the three firſt chapters, arguments to prove the truth of his goſpel. The firſt of theſe arguments is, that which confirmed his doctrine at Theſſalonica, chap. i. 6—10. "For our goſpel," ſays he, "came not to you in word only, but alſo in power, and in the Holy Ghoſt." Power is an expreſſion made uſe of elſewhere in the New Teſtament to ſignify miraculous acts. Admit him only to have been a rational man, and we cannot ſuppoſe him to write this to an infant church, if no member thereof had ever ſeen a miracle of his, or received a miraculous gift, of the Holy Ghoſt, by the impoſition of his hands.

He appeals to the ſame proof, in his firſt epiſtle to the Corinthians, who were extremely diſſatisfied with him and his manner of teaching, 1 Cor. ii. 4. "My ſpeech, and my preaching, was not with enticing words of man's wiſdom, but in demonſtration of the ſpirit, and of power." The ſpirit is a word he elſewhere uſes to ſignify the extraordinary gifts of the "ſpirit," ſuch as the gift of tongues, &c.— The Hebrews were on the point of falling off from Chriſtianity, yet he confidently tells them how great their condemnation will be, if they deny a doctrine, to which God had borne "witneſs with ſigns and wonders, and gifts of the Holy Ghoſt." Heb. xi. 4. and chap. vi. 4, 5. He remonſtrates to them, that they had been "made partakers of the Holy Ghoſt, and had taſted the powers of the world to come." In like manner he endeavours to convince the Galatians, who had deſerted the pure doctrine of the goſpel, that the law of Moſes was aboliſhed; by putting to them this queſtion, "Received ye the ſpirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?" Gal. iii. 2. Is it poſſible, that a deceiver of a ſound underſtanding, ſuch as St. Paul's epiſtles ſhew him to have poſſeſſed, ſhould refer the enemies of his religion, of his office, and of the doctrines which diſtinguiſhed him from other ſects of his religion, not only to the miracles which he pretends to have wrought, but to miraculous gifts which he pretends to have communicated to them, if they had it in their power to anſwer, that they knew nothing of theſe miraculous gifts?

In the 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters of the firſt to the Corinthians, he reprehends the abuſe of certain miraculous gifts of tongues, and preſcribes a better application of them. If he actually wrote this to the Corinthians, and they had no miraculous gifts, no knowledge of foreign tongues, then St. Paul is not an impoſtor but a madman, which, I apprehend, is not the charge of unbelievers againſt him.

But if theſe miracles be true, then the doctrine, and the book in confirmation of which they were wrought, are divine; and the more certainly ſo, as there is no room for deception. A juggler may perſuade me, that he performs miracles, but he can never perſuade me, and a whole body of men of ſound intellects, that he has communicated to us the gift of working miracles, and ſpeaking foreign languages, unleſs we can work the miracles, and ſpeak the languages. *Michaelis.*

§ 187. *The Extent, Object, and End of the prophetic Scheme.*

If we look into the writings of the Old and New Teſtament we find, firſt, That prophecy is of a prodigious extent; that it commenced from the lapſe of man, and reaches to the conſummation of all things; that, for many ages, it was delivered darkly, to few perſons, and with large intervals from the date of one prophecy to that of another; but, at length, became more clear, more frequent, and was uniformly carried on in the line of one people, ſeparated from the reſt of the world, among other reaſons aſſigned, for this principally, to be the repoſitory of the Divine Oracles; that, with

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ſome intermiſſion, the ſpirit of prophecy ſubſiſted among that people, to the coming of Chriſt; that he himſelf and his apoſtles exerciſed this power in the moſt conſpicuous manner; and left behind them many predictions, recorded in the books of the New Teſtament, which profeſs to reſpect very diſtant events, and even run out to the end of time, or, in St. John's expreſſion, to that period, "when the myſtery of God ſhall be perfected."

2. Further, beſides the extent of this prophetic ſcheme, the dignity of the perſon, whom it concerns, deſerves our conſideration. He is deſcribed in terms, which excite the moſt auguſt and magnificent ideas. He is ſpoken of, indeed, ſometimes as being "the ſeed of the woman," and as "the ſon of man;" yet ſo as being at the ſame time of more than mortal extraction. He is even repreſented to us, as being ſuperior to men and angels; as far above all principality and power, above all that is accounted great, whether in heaven or in earth; as the word and wiſdom of God; as the eternal Son of the Father; as "the "heir of all things, by whom he made the "worlds;" as "the brightneſs of his glory, "and the expreſs image of his perſon."

We have no words to denote greater ideas, than theſe; the mind of man cannot elevate itſelf to nobler conceptions. Of ſuch tranſcendent worth and excellence is that Jeſus ſaid to be, to whom all the prophets bear witneſs!

3. Laſtly, the declared purpoſe, for which the Meſſiah, prefigured by ſo long a train of prophecy, came into the world, correſponds to all the reſt of the repreſentation. It was not to deliver an oppreſſed nation from civil tyranny, or to erect a great civil empire, that is, to atchieve one of thoſe acts, which hiſtory accounts moſt heroic. No; it was not a mighty ſtate, a victor people—

Non res Romanæ perituraque regna—

that was worthy to enter into the contemplation of this divine perſon. It was another and far ſublimer purpoſe, which he came to accompliſh; a purpoſe, in compariſon of which, all our policies are poor and little, and all the performances of man as nothing. It was to deliver a world from ruin; to aboliſh ſin and death; to purify and immortalize human nature; and thus, in the moſt exalted ſenſe of the words, to be the Saviour of all men, and the bleſſing of all nations.

There is no exaggeration in this account, I deliver the undoubted ſenſe, if not always the very words of Scripture.

Conſider then to what this repreſentation amounts. Let us unite the ſeveral parts of it, and bring them to a point. A ſpirit of prophecy pervading all time—characterizing one perſon, of the higheſt dignity—and proclaiming the accompliſhment of one purpoſe, the moſt beneficent, the moſt divine, that imagination itſelf can project. —Such is the ſcriptural delineation, whether we will receive it or no, of that œconomy, which we call prophetic!

And now then (if we muſt be reaſoning from our ideas of fit and right, to the rectitude of the divine conduct) let me aſk, in one word, whether, on the ſuppoſition that it ſhould ever pleaſe the moral Governor of the world to reveal himſelf by prophecy at all, we can conceive him to do it, in a "manner," or for "ends," more worthy of him? Does not the "extent" of the ſcheme correſpond to our beſt ideas of that infinite Being, to whom all duration is but a point, and to whoſe view all time is equally preſent? Is not the "object" of this ſcheme, "the Lamb of God that was ſlain from the foundation of the world," worthy, in our conceptions, of all the honour that can be reflected upon him by ſo vaſt and ſplendid an œconomy? Is not the "end" of this ſcheme ſuch as we ſhould think moſt fit for ſuch a ſcheme of prophecy to predict, and for ſo divine a perſon to accompliſh?

You ſee, every thing here is of a piece; all the parts of this diſpenſation are aſtoniſhingly great, and perfectly harmonize with each other. *Hurd.*

§ 188. *Our philoſophical principles muſt be learnt from the book of Nature, our religious from the book of Grace.*

In order to attain right conceptions of the conſtitution of Nature, as laid before us in the volume of Creation, we are not to aſſume hypotheſes and notions of our own, and from them, as from eſtabliſhed principles, to account for the ſeveral phænomena that occur; but we are to begin with the effects themſelves, and from theſe, diligently collected in a variety of well-choſen experiments, to inveſtigate the cauſes which produce them. By ſuch a method, directed and improved by the helps of a ſublime geometry, we may reaſonably hope to arrive at certainty in our phyſical enquiries, and on the baſis of fact and demonſtration may erect a ſyſtem of the world, that

ſhall be true, and worthy of its author. Whereas, by purſuing a contrary path, our conjectures at the beſt will be precarious and doubtful; nor can we ever be ſure that the moſt ingenious theories we can frame are any thing more than a well-invented and conſiſtent fable.

With the ſame caution we are to proceed in examining the conſtitution of Grace, as unfolded to our view in the volume of Redemption. Here alſo we are not to excogitate conceits and fancies of our own, and then diſtort the expreſſions of holy writ, to favour our miſshapen imaginations; but we are firſt to advert to what God has actually made known of himſelf in the declarations of his word; and from this, carefully interpreted by the rules of ſound criticiſm and logical deduction, to elicit the genuine doctrines of revelation. By ſuch an exertion of our intellectual powers, aſſiſted and enlightened by the aids which human literature is capable of furniſhing, we may advance with eaſe and ſafety in our knowledge of the divine diſpenſations, and on the rock of Scripture may build a ſyſtem of religion, that ſhall approve itſelf to our moſt enlarged underſtandings, and be equally ſecured from the injuries and inſults of enthuſiaſts and unbelievers. On the other hand, previouſly to determine from our own reaſon what it is fit for a being of infinite wiſdom to do, and from that pretended fitneſs to infer that he has really done it, is a mode of procedure that is little ſuited to the imbecility of our mental faculties, and ſtill leſs calculated to lead us to an adequate comprehenſion of the will of works of Heaven. *Hallifax.*

189. *Compariſon between Heatheniſm and Chriſtianity.*

The apoſtle ſaith, "After the world by wiſdom knew not God, it pleaſed God to ſave believers by the fooliſhneſs of preaching." That is to ſay, ſince the vere ſyſtems of reaſon were eventually inſufficient for the ſalvation of mankind; and nce it was impoſſible that their ſpeculaons ſhould obtain the true knowledge of od; God took another way to inſtruct em: he revealed by preaching of the goſel what the light of nature could not diſcoer, ſo that the ſyſtem of Jeſus Chriſt, and is apoſtles, ſupplied all, that was wanting the ſyſtems of the ancient philoſophers.

But it is not in relation to the ancient ilo*ſophers only*, that we mean to conſider the propoſition in our text; we will examine it alſo in reference to modern philoſophy. Our philoſophers know more than all thoſe of Greece knew: but their ſcience, which is of unſpeakable advantage, while it contains itſelf within its proper ſphere, becomes a ſource of errors, when it is extended beyond it. Human reaſon now lodgeth itſelf in new intrenchments, when it refuſeth to ſubmit to the faith. It even puts on new armour to attack it, after it hath invented new methods of ſelf-defence. Under pretence that natural ſcience hath made greater progreſs, revelation is deſpiſed. Under pretence that modern notions of God the Creator are purer than thoſe of the ancients, the yoke of God the Redeemer is broken off. We are going to employ the remaining part of this diſcourſe in juſtifying the propoſition of St. Paul, in the ſenſe that we have given it: we are going to endeavour to prove, that revealed religion hath advantages infinitely ſuperior to natural religion: that the greateſt geniuſes are incapable of diſcovering by their own reaſon all the truths neceſſary to ſalvation: and that it diſplays the goodneſs of God, not to abandon us to the uncertainties of our own wiſdom, but to make us the rich preſent of revelation.

We will enter into this diſcuſſion, by placing on the one ſide a philoſopher contemplating the works of nature: on the other, a diſciple of Jeſus Chriſt receiving the doctrines of revelation. To each we will give four ſubjects to examine: the attributes of God: the nature of man: the means of appeaſing the remorſe of conſcience: and a future ſtate. From their judgments on each of theſe ſubjects, evidence will ariſe of the ſuperior worth of that revelation, which ſome minute philoſophers affect to deſpiſe, and above which they prefer that rough draught, which they ſketch out by their own learned ſpeculations.

1. Let us conſider a diſciple of natural religion, and a diſciple of revealed religion, meditating on the attributes of God. When the diſciple of natural religion conſiders the ſymmetry of this univerſe; when he obſerves that admirable uniformity, which appears in the ſucceſſion of ſeaſons, and in the conſtant rotation of night and day; when he remarks the exact motions of the heavenly bodies; the flux and reflux of the ſea, ſo ordered that billows, which

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swell into mountains, and seem to threaten the world with an universal deluge, break away on the shore, and respect on the beach the command of the Creator, who said to the sea, "hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed:" when he attends to all these marvellous works, he will readily conclude, that the Author of nature is a being powerful and wise. But when he observes winds, tempests, and earthquakes, which seem to threaten the reduction of nature to its primitive chaos; when he sees the sea overflow its banks, and burst the enormous moles, that the industry of mankind had raised; his speculations will be perplexed, he will imagine, he sees characters of infirmity among so many proofs of creative perfection and power.

When he thinks, that God, having enriched the habitable world with innumerable productions of infinite worth to the inhabitant, hath placed man here as a sovereign in a superb palace; when he considers how admirably God hath proportioned the divers parts of the creation to the construction of the human body, the air to the lungs, aliments to the different humours of the body, the medium, by which objects are rendered visible, to the eyes, that, by which sounds are communicated, to the ears; when he remarks how God hath connected man with his own species, and not with animals of another kind; how he hath distributed talents, so that some requiring the assistance of others, all should be mutually united together; how he hath bound men together by invisible ties, so that one cannot see another in pain without a sympathy, that inclines him to relieve him: when the disciple of natural religion meditates on these grand subjects, he concludes that the Author of nature is a beneficent being. But, when he sees the innumerable miseries to which men are subject; when he finds, that every creature, which contributes to support, contributes at the same time to destroy us; when he thinks, that the air, which assists respiration, conveys epidemical diseases, and imperceptible poisons; that aliments, which nourish us, are often our bane; that the animals, that serve us, often turn savage against us; when he observes the perfidiousness of society, the mutual industry of mankind in tormenting each other; the arts, which they invent to deprive one another of life; when he attempts to reckon up the innumerable maladies, that consume us; when he considers death, which bows the loftiest heads, dissolves the firmest cements, and subverts the best-founded fortunes; when he makes these reflections, he will be apt to doubt, whether it be goodness, or the contrary attribute, that inclines the Author of our being to give us existence. When the disciple of natural religion reads those reverses of fortune, of which history furnisheth a great many examples; when he sees tyrants fall from a pinnacle of grandeur; wicked men often punished by their own wickedness, the avaricious punished by the objects of their avarice, the ambitious by those of their ambition, the voluptuous by those of their voluptuousness; when he perceives that the laws of virtue are so essential to public happiness, that without them society would become a bandit, or least, that society is more or less happy or miserable, according to its looser or closer attachment to virtue; when he considers all these cases, he will probably conclude, that the Author of this universe is a wise and holy being. But, when he sees tyranny established, vice enthroned, humanity in confusion, pride wearing a crown, and [illegible] to holiness sometimes exposing people to many and intolerable calamities; he will not be able to justify God, amidst the darkness in which his equity is involved in the government of the world.

But, of all these mysteries, can one be proposed, which the Gospel doth not unfold; or, at least, is there one, on which it doth not give us some principles, that are sufficient to conciliate it with the perfections of the Creator, how opposite so ever it may seem?

Do the disorders of the world puzzle the disciple of natural religion, and produce difficulties in his mind? With the principles of the Gospel I can solve them all. When it is remembered, that the world hath been defiled by the sin of man, and that he is, therefore, an object of divine displeasure; when the principle is admitted, that the world is not now what it was, when it came out of the hands of God; and that in comparison with its pristine state, it is only a heap of ruins, the truly magnificent, but actually [illegible] heap of an edifice of incomparable beauty, the rubbish of which is far more proper to excite our grief for the loss of its primitive grandeur, than to suit our poor wants. When these reflections are made,

can we find any objections, in the diſorders of the world, againſt the wiſdom of our Creator?

Are the miſeries of man, and is the fatal neceſſity of death, in contemplation? With the principles of the Goſpel, I ſolve the difficulties, which theſe ſaid objects produce in the mind of the diſciple of natural religion. If the principles of Chriſtianity be admitted, if we allow, that the afflictions of good men are profitable to them, and that, in many caſes, proſperity would be fatal to them; if we grant, that the preſent is a tranſitory ſtate, and that this momentary life will be ſucceeded by an immortal ſtate; if we recollect the many ſimilar truths, which the Goſpel abundantly declares; can we find, in human miſeries, and in the neceſſity of dying, objections againſt the goodneſs of the Creator?

Do the proſperities of bad men, and adverſities of the good, confuſe our ideas of God? With the principles of the Goſpel, I can remove all the difficulties, which theſe different conditions produce in the mind of the diſciple of natural religion. If the principles of the Goſpel be admitted, if we be perſuaded, that the tyrant, whoſe proſperity aſtoniſheth us, fulfils the counſels of God; if eccleſiaſtical hiſtory aſſures us, that Herods, and Pilates, themſelves contributed to the eſtabliſhment of that very Chriſtianity, which they meant to deſtroy; eſpecially, if we admit a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments; can the obſcurity, in which providence hath been pleaſed to wrap up ſome of its deſigns, raiſe doubts about the juſtice of the Creator?

In regard, then, to the firſt object of contemplation, the perfection of the nature of God, revealed religion is infinitely ſuperior to natural religion; the diſciple of the firſt religion is infinitely wiſer than the pupil of the laſt.

II. Let us conſider theſe two diſciples examining the nature of man, and endeavouring to know themſelves. The diſciple of natural religion cannot know mankind; he cannot perfectly underſtand the nature, the obligations, the duration of man.

1. The diſciple of natural religion can only imperfectly know the nature of man, the difference of the two ſubſtances, of which he is compoſed. His reaſon, indeed, may ſpeculate the matter, and he may perceive that there is no relation between motion and thought, between the diſſolution of a few fibres and violent ſenſations of pain, between an agitation of humours and profound reflections; he may infer from two different effects, that there ought to be two different cauſes, a cauſe of motion, and a cauſe of ſenſation, a cauſe of agitating humours, and a cauſe of reflecting, that there is body, and that there is ſpirit.

But, in my opinion, thoſe philoſophers, who are beſt acquainted with the nature of man, cannot account for two difficulties, that are propoſed to them, when, on the mere principles of reaſon, they affirm, that man is compoſed of the two ſubſtances of matter and mind. I aſk, firſt, Do ye ſo well underſtand matter, are your ideas of it ſo complete, that ye can affirm, for certain, it is ſuſceptible of nothing more than this, or that? Are ye ſure that it implies a contradiction to affirm, it hath one property, which hath eſcaped your obſervation? And, conſequently, can ye actually demonſtrate, that the eſſence of matter is incompatible with thought? Since, when ye cannot diſcover the union of an attribute with a ſubject, ye inſtantly conclude, that two attributes, which ſeem to you to have no relation, ſuppoſe two different ſubjects: and ſince ye conclude that extent and thought compoſe two different ſubjects, body and ſoul, becauſe ye can diſcover no natural relation between extent and thought; if I diſcover a third attribute, which appears to me entirely unconnected with both extent and thought, I ſhall have a right, in my turn, to admit three ſubjects in man; matter, which is the ſubject of extent; mind, which is the ſubject of thought; and a third ſubject, which belongs to the attribute, that ſeems to me to have no relation to either matter or mind. Now I do know ſuch an attribute: but I do not know to which of your two ſubjects I ought to refer it: I mean ſenſation. I find it in my nature, and I experience it every hour. But I am altogether at a loſs, whether I ought to attribute it to body, or to ſpirit. I perceive no more natural and neceſſary relation between ſenſation and motion, than between ſenſation and thought.

There are, then, on your principle, three ſubſtances in man, one the ſubſtratum, which is the ſubject of extention; another, which is the ſubject of thought; and a third, which is the ſubject of ſenſation: or rather, I ſuſpect, there is only one ſubſtance in man, which is known to me very imperfectly, to which all theſe attributes belong, and which are united together, although I am not able to diſcover their relation.

Revealed religion removes these difficulties, and decides the question. It tells us, that there are two beings in man, and, if I may express myself so, two different men, the material man, and the immaterial man. The Scriptures speak, on these principles, thus; "The dust shall return to the earth as it was," this is the material man: "The spirit shall return to God who gave it," this is the immaterial man. "Fear not them which kill the body," that is to say, the material man: "fear him, which is able to destroy the soul," that is, the immaterial man. "We are willing to be absent from the body," that is from the material man: "and to be present with the Lord," that is to say, to have the immaterial man disembodied. "They stoned Stephen," that is, the material man: "calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that is to say, receive the immaterial man.

2. The disciple of natural religion can obtain only an imperfect knowledge of the obligations, or duties of man. Natural religion may indeed conduct him to a certain point, and tell him, that he ought to love his benefactor, and various similar maxims. But is natural religion, think ye, sufficient to account for that contrariety, of which every man is conscious, that opposition between inclination and obligation? A very solid argument, I grant, in favour of moral rectitude ariseth from observing, that, to whatever degree a man may carry his sin, whatever efforts he may make to eradicate those seeds of virtue from his heart, which nature has sown there, he cannot forbear venerating virtue, and recoiling at vice. This is certainly a proof, that the Author of our being meant to forbid vice, and to enjoin virtue. But is there no room for complaint? Is there nothing specious in the following objection? As, in spite of all my endeavours to destroy virtuous dispositions, I cannot help respecting virtue, ye infer, that the Author of my being intended I should be virtuous: so, as, in spite of all my endeavours to eradicate vice, I cannot help loving vice, have I not reason for inferring, in my turn, that, the Author of my being designed I should be vicious; or, at least, that he cannot justly impute guilt to me for performing these actions, which proceed from some principles, that were born with me? Is there no shew of reason in this famous sophism? Reconcile the God of nature with the God of religion. Explain how the God of religion can forbid what the God of nature inspires; and how he, who follows those dictates, which the God of nature inspires, can be punished for it, doing by the God of religion.

The Gospel unfolds this mystery. It attributes this seed of corruption to the depravity of nature. It attributeth our respect, that we feel for virtue, to the remains of the image of God, in which we were formed, and which can never be entirely effaced. Because we were born in sin, the Gospel concludes, that we ought to apply all our attention endeavours to eradicate the seeds of corruption. And, because the image of the Creator is partly erased from our hearts, the Gospel concludes, that we ought to give ourselves wholly to the retracing of it, and so to answer the excellence of our vocation.

3. A disciple of natural religion can obtain only an imperfect knowledge of the duration of man, whether his soul be immortal, or whether it be involved in the ruin of matter. Reason, I allow, advanceth some solid arguments in proof of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. For what necessity is there for supposing, that the soul, which is a spiritual, indivisible, and immaterial being, that constitutes a whole, and is a distinct being, although united to a portion of matter, should cease to exist, when its union with the body is dissolved? A positive act of the Creator is necessary to the annihilation of a substance. The annihilating of a being, that subsists, requireth an act of power similar to that which gave it existence at first. Now, far from having any ground to believe, that God will cause his power to intervene to annihilate our souls, or, in thing, that we know, persuadeth us, that he himself hath engraven characters of immortality on them, and that he will preserve them for ever. Enter into thy heart, frail creature! see, feel, consider those grand ideas, those immortal designs, that thirst for existing, which a thousand ages cannot quench, and in these lines and points behold the stage of the Creator writing a promise of immortality to them. But, how solid soever these arguments may be, however evident in themselves, and striking to a philosopher, they are obscure, tionable, because they are not popular. Are above vulgar minds, to whom the bare terms, spirituality and existence, are entirely barbarous, and convey no meaning at all.

Mortality.

Moreover, the union between the operations of the ſoul, and thoſe of the body, is ſo cloſe, that all the philoſophers in the world cannot certainly determine, whether, the operations of the body ceaſing, the operations of the ſoul do not ceaſe with them. I ſee a body in perfect health, the mind, therefore, is ſound. The ſame body is diſordered, and the mind is diſconcerted with it. The brain is filled, and the ſoul is inſtantly confuſed. The briſker the circulation of the blood is, the quicker the ideas of the mind are, and the more extenſive its knowledge. At length death comes, and diſſolves all the parts of the body; and how difficult is it to perſuade one's ſelf, that the ſoul, which was affected with every former motion of the body, will not be diſſipated by its entire diſſolution!

Are they the vulgar only, to whom philoſophical arguments for the immortality of the ſoul appear deficient in evidence? Do not ſuperior geniuſes require, at leaſt, an explanation of what rank ye aſſign to beaſts, on the principle, that nothing capable of ideas and conceptions, can be involved in a diſſolution of matter? Nobody would venture to affirm now, in an aſſembly of philoſophers, what was ſome time ago maintained with great warmth, that beaſts are mere ſelf-moving machines. Experience ſeems to demonſtrate the falſity of the metaphyſical reaſonings, that have been propoſed in favour of this opinion; and we cannot obſerve the actions of beaſts, without being inclined to infer one of theſe two conſequences: either the ſpirit of man is mortal, like his body; or the ſouls of beaſts are immortal, like thoſe of mankind.

Revelation diſſipates all our obſcurities, and teacheth us clearly, and without a may-be, that God willeth our immortality. It carries our thoughts forward to a future ſtate, as to a fixed period, whither the greateſt part of the promiſes of God tend. It commandeth us, indeed, to conſider all the bleſſings of this life, the aliments, that nouriſh us, the rays, which enlighten us, the air, that we breathe, ſceptres, crowns, and kingdoms, as effects of the liberality of God, and as grounds of our gratitude. But, at the ſame time, it requireth us to ſurmount the moſt magnificent earthly objects. It commandeth us to conſider light, air, and aliments, crowns, ſceptres, and kingdoms, as unfit to conſtitute the felicity of a ſoul created in the image of the bleſſed God, and with whom the bleſſed God hath formed a cloſe and intimate union. It aſſureth us, that an age of life cannot fill the wiſh of duration, which it is the noble prerogative of an immortal ſoul to form. It doth not ground the doctrine of immortality on metaphyſical ſpeculations, nor on complex arguments, uninveſtigable by the greateſt part of mankind, and which always leave ſome doubts in the minds of the ableſt philoſophers. The Goſpel grounds the doctrine on the only principle that can ſupport the weight, with which it is encumbered. The principle, which I mean, is the will of the Creator, who, having created our ſouls at firſt by an act of his will, can either eternally preſerve them, or abſolutely annihilate them, whether they be material, or ſpiritual, mortal, or immortal, by nature. Thus the diſciple of revealed religion doth not float between doubt and aſſurance, hope and fear, as the diſciple of nature doth. He is not obliged to leave the moſt intereſting queſtion, that poor mortals can agitate, undecided; whether their ſouls periſh with their bodies, or ſurvive their ruins. He does not ſay, as Cyrus ſaid to his children; I know not how to perſuade myſelf, that the ſoul lives in this mortal body, and ceaſeth to be, when the body expires. I am more inclined to think, that it requires after death more penetration and purity. He doth not ſay, as Socrates ſaid to his judges; And now we are going, I to ſuffer death, and ye to enjoy life. God only knows which is the beſt. He doth not ſay as Cicero ſaid, ſpeaking on this important article; I do not pretend to ſay, that what I affirm is as infallible as the Pythian oracle, I ſpeak only by conjecture. The diſciple of revelation, authorized by the teſtimony of Jeſus Chriſt, "who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Goſpel;" boldly affirms, "Though our outward man periſh, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. We, that are in this tabernacle, do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life. I know whom I have believed, and I am perſuaded that he is able to keep that, which I have committed unto him, againſt that day."

III. We are next to conſider the diſciple of natural religion, and the diſciple of revealed religion, at the tribunal of God

as penitents ſoliciting for pardon. The former cannot find, even by feeling after it, in natural religion, according to the language of St. Paul, the grand mean of reconciliation, which God hath given to the church; I mean the ſacrifice of the croſs. Reaſon, indeed, diſcovers, that man is guilty, as the confeſſions, and acknowledgments, which the Heathens made of their crimes, prove. It diſcerns, that a ſinner deſerves puniſhment, as the remorſe and fear, with which their conſciences were often excruciated, demonſtrate. It preſumes, indeed, that God will yield to the entreaties of his creatures, as their prayers, and temples, and altars teſtify. It even goes ſo far as to perceive the neceſſity of ſatisfying divine juſtice, this their ſacrifices, this their burnt-offerings, this their human victims, this the rivers of blood, that flowed on their altars, ſhew.

But, how likely ſoever all theſe ſpeculations may be, they form only a ſyſtematic body without a head; for no poſitive promiſe of pardon from God himſelf belongs to them. The myſtery of the croſs is entirely inviſible; for only God could reveal that, becauſe only God could plan, and only he could execute that profound relief. How could human reaſon, alone, and unaſſiſted, have diſcovered the myſtery of redemption, when, alas! after an infallible God hath revealed it, reaſon is abſorbed in its depth, and needs all its ſubmiſſion to receive it, as an article of faith?

But that, which natural religion cannot attain, revealed religion clearly diſcovers. Revelation exhibits a God-Man, dying for the ſins of mankind, and ſetting grace before every penitent ſinner: grace for all mankind. The ſchools have often agitated the queſtions, and ſometimes very indiſcreetly, Whether Jeſus Chriſt died for all mankind, or only for a ſmall number? Whether his blood were ſhed for all, who hear the goſpel, or for thoſe only, who believe it? We will not diſpute theſe points now: but we will venture to affirm, that there is not an individual of all our hearers, who hath not a right to ſay to himſelf, If I believe, I ſhall be ſaved; I ſhall believe, if I endeavour to believe. Conſequently, every individual hath a right to apply the benefits of the death of Chriſt to himſelf. The goſpel reveals grace, that pardons the moſt atrocious crimes, thoſe that have the moſt fatal influences. Although ye have denied Chriſt with Peter, betrayed him with Judas, perſecuted him with Saul; yet the blood of a God-Man is ſufficient to obtain your pardon, if ye be in the covenant of redemption. Grace which is acceſſible at all times, at every inſtant of life. Woe be to you, my brethren; woe be to you, if, abuſing this reflection, ye delay your return to God till the laſt moments of your lives, when your repentance will be difficult, not to ſay impracticable and impoſſible! But it is always certain, that God every inſtant opens the treaſures of his mercy, when ſinners return to him by ſincere repentance. Grace, capable of terminating all the melancholy thoughts, that are produced by the fear of being abandoned by God in the midſt of our race, and of having the work of ſalvation left imperfect. For, after he hath given us a preſent ſo magnificent, what can he refuſe? "He that ſpared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how ſhall he not with him alſo freely give us all things?" Grace, ſo clearly revealed in our Scriptures, that the moſt accurate reaſoning, hereſy the moſt extravagant, and infidelity the moſt obſtinate, cannot enervate his declarations. For, the death of Chriſt may be conſidered in different views: it is a ſufficient confirmation of the doctrine; it is a perfect pattern of patience; it is the moſt magnanimous degree of extraordinary excellencies, that can be imagined: but the goſpel very ſeldom preſents it to us in any of theſe views, it leaves them to our own perception; but when it ſpeaks of his death, it uſually ſpeaks of it as an expiatory ſacrifice. Need we repeat to you a number of formal texts, and expreſs deciſions on this matter? Thanks be to God, we are preaching to a Chriſtian audience, who make the death of the Redeemer the foundation of faith! The goſpel, that aſſureth the penitent ſinner of pardon. Zeno, Epicurus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Academy, Lycæum, what have ye to oppoſe to your diſciples, equal to this promiſe of the goſpel?

IV. But that, which principally diſtinguiſhes the prerogatives of the Chriſtian above thoſe of the philoſopher, is an all-ſufficient proviſion againſt the fear of death. A compariſon between a dying Pagan and a dying Chriſtian will ſhew this. I conceive a Pagan, in his dying-bed, ſpeaking to himſelf what follows. On which ſide ſoever I conſider my ſtate, I perceive nothing but trouble and deſpair. If I obſerve the fore-runners of death, I ſee

ful ſymptoms, violent ſickneſs, and into-
lerable pain, which ſurround my ſick-bed,
and are the firſt ſcenes of the bloody tra-
gedy. As to the world, my deareſt ob-
jects diſappear; my cloſeſt connections are
diſſolving; my moſt ſpecious titles are ef-
facing; my nobleſt privileges are vaniſh-
ing away; a diſmal curtain falls between
my eyes and all the decorations of the uni-
verſe. In regard to my body, it is a maſs
without motion, and life: my tongue is
about to be condemned to eternal ſilence;
my eyes to perpetual darkneſs; all the or-
gans of my body to entire diſſolution; and
the miſerable remains of my carcaſe to
lodge in the grave, and to become food
for the worms. If I conſider my ſoul, I
ſcarcely know whether it be immortal;
and could I demonſtrate its natural im-
mortality, I ſhould not be able to ſay,
whether my Creator would diſplay his at-
tributes in preſerving, or in deſtroying it;
whether my wiſhes for immortality be the
dictates of nature, or the language of ſin.
If I conſider my paſt life, I have a wit-
neſs within me, atteſting that my practice
hath been leſs than my knowledge, how
ſmall ſoever the latter hath been; and that
the abundant depravity of my heart hath
thickened the darkneſs of my mind. If I
conſider futurity, I think I diſcover thro'
many thick clouds a future ſtate; my rea-
ſon ſuggeſts, that the Author of nature
hath not given me a ſoul ſo ſublime in
thought, and ſo expanſive in deſire, merely
to move in this little orb for a moment:
is this is nothing but conjecture; and,
if there be another œconomy after this,
ſhould I be leſs miſerable than I am here?
the moment I hope for annihilation, the
leſt I ſhudder with the fear of being an-
nilated; my thoughts and deſires are at
ar with each other, they riſe, they reſiſt,
y deſtroy one another. Such is the dy-
g Heathen. If a few examples of thoſe,
o have died otherwiſe, be adduced, they
ght not to be urged in evidence againſt
at we have advanced; for they are rare,
very probably deceptive, their outward
anquillity being only a concealment of
uble within. Trouble is the greater
confinement within, and for an affected
earance without. As we ought not to
ieve, that philoſophy hath rendered men
nſible of pain, becauſe ſome philoſo-
rs have maintained that pain is no evil,
have ſeemed to triumph over it: ſo
ther ought we to believe, that it hath
diſarmed death in regard to the diſciples
of natural religion, becauſe ſome have af-
firmed, that death is not an object of fear.
After all, if ſome Pagans enjoyed a real
tranquillity at death, it was a groundleſs
tranquillity, to which reaſon contributed
nothing at all.

O! how differently do Chriſtians die!
How doth revealed religion triumph over
the religion of nature in this reſpect! May
each of our hearers be a new evidence of
this article! The whole, that troubles an
expiring Heathen, revives a Chriſtian in
his dying bed.

Thus ſpeaks the dying Chriſtian. When
I conſider the awful ſymptoms of death,
and the violent agonies of diſſolving na-
ture, they appear to me as medical prepa-
rations, ſharp, but ſalutary; they are ne-
ceſſary to detach me from life, and to ſepa-
rate the remains of inward depravity from
me. Beſide, I ſhall not be abandoned to
my own frailty; but my patience and con-
ſtancy will be proportional to my ſuffer-
ings, and that powerful arm, which hath
ſupported me through life, will uphold me
under the preſſure of death. If I conſider
my ſins, many as they are, I am invulner-
able; for I go to a tribunal of mercy, where
God is reconciled, and juſtice is ſatisfied.
If I conſider my body, I perceive, I am
putting off a mean and corruptible habit,
and putting on robes of glory. Fall, fall
ye imperfect ſenſes, ye frail organs, fall
houſe of clay into your original duſt; ye
will be "ſown in corruption, but raiſed
in corruption; ſown in diſhonour, but
raiſed in glory; ſown in weakneſs, but
raiſed in power." If I conſider my
ſoul, it is paſſing, I ſee, from ſlavery to
freedom. I ſhall carry with me that, which
thinks and reflects. I ſhall carry with me
the delicacy of taſte, the harmony of ſounds,
the beauty of colours, the fragance of odo-
riferous ſmells. I ſhall ſurmount heaven
and earth, nature and all terreſtrial things,
and my ideas of all their beauties will mul-
tiply and expand. If I conſider the future
œconomy, to which I go, I have, I own,
very inadequate notions of it: but my in-
capacity is the ground of my expectation.
Could I perfectly comprehend it it would
argue its reſemblance to ſome of the pre-
ſent objects of my ſenſes, or its minute pro-
portion to the preſent operations of my
mind. If worldly dignities and grandeurs,
if accumulated treaſures, if the enjoyments
of the moſt refined voluptuouſneſs, were to

repreſent to me celeſtial felicity, I ſhould ſuppoſe, that, partaking of their nature, they partook of their vanity. But, if nothing here can repreſent the future ſtate, it is becauſe that ſtate ſurpaſſeth every other. My ardour is increaſed by my imperfect knowledge of it. My knowledge, and virtue, I know, will be perfected; I know I ſhall comprehend truth, and obey order; I know, I ſhall be free from all evils, and in poſſeſſion of all good; I ſhall be preſent with God, I know, and with all the happy ſpirits, who ſurround his throne; and this perfect ſtate, I am ſure, will continue for ever and ever.

Such are the all-ſufficient ſupports, which revealed religion affords againſt the fear of death. Such are the meditations of a dying Chriſtian; not of one, whoſe whole Chriſtianity conſiſts of dry ſpeculations, which have no influence over his practice: but of one, who applies his knowledge to relieve the real wants of his life.

Chriſtianity, then, we have ſeen, is ſuperior to natural religion, in theſe four reſpects. To theſe we will add a few more reflections in farther evidence of the ſuperiority of revealed religion to the religion of nature.

1. The ideas of the ancient philoſophers concerning natural religion were not collected into a body of doctrine. One philoſopher had one idea, another illuſtrious man had another idea; ideas of truth and virtue, therefore, lay diſperſed. Who doth not ſee the pre-eminence of revelation, on this article? No human capacity either hath been, or would ever have been equal to the noble conception of a perfect body of truth. There is no genius ſo narrow, as not to be capable of propoſing ſome clear truth, ſome excellent maxim: but to lay down principles, and to perceive at once a chain of conſequences, theſe are the efforts of great geniuſes; this capability is philoſophical perfection. If this axiom be inconteſtible, what a fountain of wiſdom does the ſyſtem of Chriſtianity argue! It repreſents us, in one lovely body, of perfect ſymmetry, all the ideas, of which we have enumerated. One idea oppoſeth another idea; and the whole is united in a manner ſo compact, that it is impoſſible to alter one particle without defacing the beauty of all.

2. Pagan philoſophers never had a ſyſtem of natural religion comparable with that of modern philoſophers, although the latter glory in their contempt of revelation. Modern philoſophers have derived the cleareſt and beſt parts of their ſyſtems from the very revelation, which they affect to deſpiſe. We grant, the doctrines of the perfections of God, of providence, and of a future ſtate, are perfectly conformable to the light of reaſon. A man, who ſhould purſue rational tracks of knowledge to his utmoſt power, would diſcover, we own, all theſe doctrines: but it is one thing to grant, that theſe doctrines are conformable to reaſon; and it is another to affirm, that reaſon actually diſcovered them. It is one thing to allow, that a man, who ſhould purſue rational tracks of knowledge to his utmoſt power, would diſcover all theſe doctrines: and it is another to pretend, that any man hath purſued theſe tracks to the utmoſt, and hath actually diſcovered them. It was the goſpel that taught mankind the uſe of their reaſon. It was the goſpel, that aſſiſted men to form a body of natural religion. Modern philoſophers avail themſelves of theſe aids; they form a body of natural religion by the light of the goſpel, and then they attribute to their own penetration what they derive from foreign aid.

3. What was moſt rational in the natural religion of the Pagan philoſophers was mixed with fancies and dreams. There was not a ſingle philoſopher, who did not adopt ſome abſurdity, and communicate it to his diſciples. One taught, that every being was animated with a particular ſoul, and on this abſurd hypotheſis he pretended to account for all the phænomena of nature. Another took every ſtar for a god, and thought the ſoul a vapour, that paſſed from one body to another, expiating in the body of a beaſt the ſins that were committed in that of a man. One attributed the creation of the world to a blind chance, and the government of all events in it to an inviolable fate. Another affirmed the eternity of the world, and ſaid, there was no period in eternity, in which heaven and earth, nature and elements, were not viſible. One ſaid, every thing is uncertain; we are not ſure of our own exiſtence; the diſtinction between juſt and unjuſt, virtue and vice, is fanciful, and hath no real foundation in the nature of things. Another made matter equal to God; and maintained, that it concurred with the ſupreme Being in the formation of the univerſe. One took the world for a prodigious body, of which he thought God was the ſoul. Another affirmed the materiality of the ſoul, and aſ-

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tributed to matter the faculties of thinking and reaſoning. Some denied the immortality of the ſoul, and the intervention of providence; and pretended, that an infinite number of particles of matter, indiviſible, and indeſtructible, revolved in the univerſe; that from their fortuitous concourſe aroſe the preſent world; that in all this there was no deſign; that the feet were not formed for walking, the eyes for ſeeing, nor the hands for handling. The goſpel is light without darkneſs. It hath nothing mean; nothing falſe; nothing that doth not bear the characters of that wiſdom, from which it proceeds.

4. What was pure in the natural religion of the Heathens was not known, nor could be known to any but philoſophers. The common people were incapable of that penetration and labour, which the inveſtigating of truth, and the diſtinguiſhing of it from that falſehood, in which paſſion and prejudice had enveloped it, required. A mediocrity of genius, I allow, is ſufficient for the purpoſe of inferring a part of thoſe conſequences from the works of nature, of which we form the body of natural religion: but none, but geniuſes of the firſt order, are capable of kenning the diſtant conſequences, which are incloſed in darkneſs. The bulk of mankind wanted a ſhort way proportional to every mind. They wanted an authority, the infallibility of which all mankind might eaſily ſee. They wanted a revelation founded on evidence plain and obvious to all the world. Philoſophers could not know the world ſuch a ſhort way: but revelation hath ſhewed it. No philoſopher could aſſume the authority, neceſſary to eſtabliſh ſuch a way: it became God alone to dictate in ſuch a manner, and in revelation he hath done it. *Saurin.*

§ 190. *The Goſpel ſuperior to the writings of the Heathens in oratory.*

Objection to the Holy Scriptures. If Chriſt were the Son of God, and his apoſtles inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt, and the Scriptures were God's Word, they would excel all other men and writings in all true rational worth and excellency; whereas Ariſtotle excelleth them in logic and philoſophy, and Cicero and Demoſthenes in oratory, and Seneca in ingenious expreſſions of morality, &c.

Anſwer. You may as well argue, that Ariſtotle was no wiſer than a miniſtrel, becauſe he could not fiddle ſo well; or than a painter, becauſe he could not limn ſo well; or than a harlot, becauſe he could not dreſs himſelf ſo neatly. Means are to be eſtimated according to their fitneſs for their ends. Chriſt himſelf excelled all mankind, in all true perfections; and yet it became him not to exerciſe all men's arts, to ſhew that he excelleth them. He came not into the world to teach men architecture, navigation, medicine, aſtronomy, grammar, muſic, logic, rhetoric, &c. and therefore ſhewed not his ſkill in theſe. The world had ſufficient helps and means for theſe in nature. It was to ſave men from ſin and hell, and bring them to pardon, holineſs, and heaven, that Chriſt was incarnate, and that the apoſtles were inſpired, and the Scriptures written: and to be fitted to theſe ends, is the excellency to be expected in them: and in this they excel all perſons and writings in the world. As God doth not ſyllogize or know by our imperfect way of ratiocination, but yet knoweth all things better than ſyllogizers do; ſo Chriſt hath a more high and excellent kind of logic and oratory, and a more apt and ſpiritual and powerful ſtyle, than Ariſtotle, Demoſthenes, Cicero, or Seneca. He ſhewed not that ſkill in methodical healing, which Hypocrates and Galen ſhewed: but he ſhewed more and better ſkill, when he could heal with a word, and raiſe the dead, and had the power of life and death; ſo did he bring more convincing evidence than Ariſtotle, and perſuaded more powerfully than Demoſthenes or Cicero. And though this kind of formal learning was below him, and below the inſpired meſſengers of his Goſpel, yet his inferior ſervants (an Aquinas, a Scotus, an Ockam, a Scaliger, a Ramus, a Gaſſendus) do match or excel the old philoſophers, and abundance of Chriſtians equalize or excel a Demoſthenes or Cicero, in the trueſt oratory. *Baxter.*

§ 191. *Obſcurities in the Scriptures no proof of their not being genuine.*

That there are obſcurities and difficulties in Holy Writ is acknowledged by all perſons that are converſant in the Sacred Volume. And truly, if we conſider things aright, we ſhall find, this is not unworthy either of God or of his Holy Word. Not of God himſelf, who indited the ſacred Scriptures; for he hath moſt wiſely ordered, that there ſhould be ſome things ob-

ſcure and myſterious in them, to create a becoming reverence, and to let us know, that theſe writings are not penned after an ordinary manner. Theſe clouds and darkneſs are ſuitable to the majeſty of heaven; they are proper to beget in us humility, and mean thoughts of ourſelves, to convince us of the ſhallowneſs of our intellects, to ſhew us how ſhort-ſighted we are, to give check to our preſumption, to quaſh our towering conceits of our knowledge, to ſuperſede our vain boaſting, to repel our vaunting pride and inſolence. They are ſerviceable alſo to reboke our ſloth and negligence, to provoke our care and ſtudy, and to excite our utmoſt diligence. Thus it hath pleaſed God to exerciſe the underſtandings of men, and to make trial of their induſtry by theſe difficult paſſages which occur in Scripture. If all places were eaſy, this book would be liable to contempt, and there would be no room left for our diligent ſearch and enquiry. But now at every reading of it we ſhall find ſomething to employ our underſtandings afreſh, and to improve our moſt inquiſitive faculties. Here our minds may be perpetually buſied; here is enough to entertain our greateſt leiſure and moſt earneſt ſtudy. Here are many myſteries to be unfolded, many depths to be fathomed, many abſtruſities, both in the things and in the words that convey the notice of them to our minds, to be diſcovered: ſo that to the greateſt ſtudent and moſt ambitious enquiver, that will happen which the Son of Sirach ſaith in another caſe, "When a man "hath done, then he beginneth." Here are not only fords and ſhallows which we may eaſily wade through, but here are unpaſſable depths and abyſſes. It hath ſeemed good to the wiſe Governor of the world, that there ſhould be in the Holy Scripture ſome things hard to be underſtood, that hereby the excellency of theſe ſacred writings might appear, and that by this means it might be ſeen of what univerſal uſe they are: for thoſe places which are plain and clear are fitted to ordinary capacities, and thoſe other portions which are deep and intricate are the proper entertainment of the learned; and thus the whole book is calculated for the general benefit of all. St. Chryſoſtom hath ſummed it up this very briefly: All paſſages in Scripture are not plain and perſpicuous, leſt we ſhould be lazy; nor are all obſcure, leſt we ſhould deſpond. This excellent tempering of the ſacred writ is a high commendation of it, and is no other than the wiſe contrivance of Heaven.

And as this obſcurity of ſome parts of Scripture is not unworthy of God himſelf, ſo neither is it any diſparagement to the ſacred word. For we muſt know, that the difficulty happens from the very nature of the things themſelves, which are here recorded. It cannot be otherwiſe but that ſome portions of ſcripture muſt be dark and obſcure, and conſequently muſt labour under different and contrary expoſitions, becauſe they were written ſo long ago, and contain in them ſo many old cuſtoms and uſages, ſo many relations concerning different people, ſo many and various kinds of tongues, ſuch diverſity of ancient expreſſions, laws, and manners of all ſorts in the world. It is unreaſonable to expect that we ſhould exactly underſtand all this. It is not to be wondered at, that theſe occaſion doubts, difficulties, miſtakes. And it is certain, that the being ignorant of ſome of theſe, is no blemiſh, either to the ſacred writings, or to the perſons reading and ſtudy them. Suppoſe I do not know what the houſe of Aſuppim is, 1 Chron. xxvi. 15. or what kind of trees the Almug or Algum trees are, 1 Kings x. 12. 2 Chron. xx. 8. or who are meant by the Gammadim, Ezek. xxvii. 11. What though I am not ſo well ſkilled in the Jewiſh cuſtoms and faſhions, as to tell what kind of women's ornament the houſes of the ſnuffers in Iſ. iii. 20. or what particular idols or Pagan deities Gad and Meni are, Iſ. lxv. 11. or which of the Heathen gods is meant by Chiun or Remphan, Amos v. 26. Acts vii. 43. Some of the moſt learned expoſitors and critics have confeſſed their ignorance as to theſe places of ſcripture; particularly upon the laſt of them our profound antiquary, Selden, hath theſe deſpairing words: For my part I perceive my blindneſs to be ſuch, that I can ſee nothing at all! And in the ſame paſſage this admirable perſon ſpeaks concerning ſeveral other paſſages in Scripture, as to Niſhroc, Nergal, and other idols mentioned there, the origin and meaning of which names are hid from us. Many other reaſons might be alledged of the real or ſeeming difficulty of ſome places, namely, the ſublimity of the matter, the ambiguity and different ſignifications of the words, the inadvertency of expoſitors, and ſometimes their unſkilfulneſs, and oftentimes their

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wilful designing to pervert the words, in order to the maintaining some opinions or practices which they adhere to. But no man of a sedate mind and reason can think, that the Scriptures themselves are disparaged by these difficulties and mistakes; for they are not arguments of the Scripture's imperfection, but of man's. Besides, these obscurities, which are accompanied with the various ways of rendering some expressions, and determining the sense, are no proof of the imperfection of this holy book, because in matters of faith and manners, which are the main things we are concerned in, and for which the Bible was chiefly writ, these writings are plain and intelligible. All necessary and fundamental points of religion are set down here in such expressions as are suitable to the capacities of the most simple and vulgar. God hath graciously condescended to the infirmities of the meanest and most unlearned by speaking to them in these writings after the manner of men, and by propounding the greatest mysteries in a familiar style and way. The Scripture, so far as it relates to our belief and practice, is very easy and plain, yea, much plainer than the glosses and comments upon it oftentimes are. In a word, most of the places of Scripture call not for an interpreter, but a practiser. As for other passages, which are obscure and intricate, but which are very few in respect of those that are plain, they were designed, as hath been already suggested, to employ our more inquisitive and elaborate thoughts, and to whet our industry in the studying of this holy volume; that at last, when we have the happiness of retrieving the lost sense of the words, and restoring them to their genuine meaning, we may the more prize our acquest which hath cost us some pains. Or, if after all our attempts we cannot reach the true meaning, we have reason to entertain reverend thoughts of those difficult texts of Scripture, and to perswade ourselves, that they are worthy of the divine Enditer, though our weak minds cannot comprehend them. If human authors delight to darken their writings sometimes, and it is accounted no blemish, surely we may conclude, that the mysteries of the sacred and inspired style are rather an enhancement than a diminution of its excellency. Shall we not think it fit to deal as fairly with the sacred code, as Socrates did with Heraclitus' writings, that is, not only pronounce so much as we understand of them to be excellent, and admirable, but believe also, that what we do not understand is so too? It is certainly an undeniable truth, that neither the wisdom of God, nor the credit of this inspired book, are impaired by any difficulties we find in it.

Edwards.

§ 192. *The Bible superior to all other books.*

In what other writings can we descry those excellencies which we find in the Bible? None of them can equal it in antiquity; for the first penman of the Sacred Scripture hath the start of all philosophers, poets, and historians, and is absolutely the ancientest writer extant in the word. No writings are equal to these of the Bible, if we mention only the stock of human learning contained in them. Here linguists and philologists may find that which is to be found no where else. Here rhetoricians and orators may be entertained with a more lofty eloquence, with a choicer composure of words, and with a greater variety of style, than any other writers can afford them. Here is a book, where more is understood than expressed, where words are few, but the sense is full and redundant. No books equal this in authority, because it is the Word of God himself, and dictated by an unerring Spirit. It excels all other writings in the excellency of its matter, which is the highest, noblest, and worthiest, and of the greatest concern to mankind. Lastly, the Scriptures transcend all other writings in their power and efficacy.—

Wherefore, with great seriousness and importunity, I request the reader that he would entertain such thoughts and persuasions as these, that Bible-learning is the highest accomplishment, that this book is the most valuable of any upon earth, that here is a library in one single volume, that this alone is sufficient for us, though all the libraries in the world were destroyed.

Ibid.

§ 193. *All the religious knowledge in the world derived from Revelation.*

Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah; and our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force, mankind has been able to find out

out that there is one ſupreme agent or intellectual being which we call God; that praiſe and prayer are his due worſhip; and the reſt of thoſe deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our diſcourſe, I mean as ſimply conſidered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourſelves to God by the weak pinions of our reaſon, but he has been pleaſed to deſcend to us; and what Socrates ſaid of him, what Plato writ, and the reſt of the Heathen philoſophers of ſeveral nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the ſun of it was ſet in the race of Noah. That there is ſomething above us, ſome principle of motion, our reaſon can apprehend, though it cannot diſcover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the ſtrength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not ſo much as of our own, ſhould be able to find out by them that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwiſe define than by ſaying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a ſubject for our narrow underſtanding. They who would prove religion by reaſon, do but weaken the cauſe which they endeavour to ſupport. It is to take away the pillars from our faith, and prop it only with a twig; it is to deſign a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were poſſible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confuſion of the workmen. For every man is building a ſeveral way; impotently conceited of his own model, and of his own materials. Reaſon is always ſtriving, always at a loſs; and of neceſſity it muſt ſo come to paſs, while it is exerciſed about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at laſt to know God by his own methods; at leaſt ſo much of him as he is pleaſed to reveal to us in the Sacred Scriptures. To apprehend them to be the Word of God, is all our reaſon has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the ſeal of Heaven impreſſed upon our human underſtanding.

Dryden.

§ 194. *The weakneſs of Infidels, with the Unbeliever's Creed.*

The publication of Lord Bolingbroke's poſthumous works has given new life and ſpirit to free-thinking. We ſeem at preſent to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechiſm, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the faſhion of his lordſhip's ſyſtem. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by tranſportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of thoſe volumes would have confined their influence to perſons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and abſolute want of bread, their looſe notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if theſe opinions ſpread among the vulgar, we ſhall be knocked down at noon-day in our ſtreets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The inſtances I have lately ſeen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as faſhionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is uſual for the advocates againſt religion to aſſemble and openly avow their infidelity. One of the queſtions for the night was—Whether lord Bolingbroke had not done greater ſervices to mankind by his writings, than the Apoſtles or Evangeliſts?—As this ſociety is chiefly compoſed of lawyers' clerks, petty tradeſmen, and the loweſt mechanics, I was at firſt ſurprized at ſuch amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they ſeemed to have got by heart. A ſhoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke; but I ſoon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the idea of a patriot king, which he had miſtaken for a glorious ſyſtem of free-thinking. I could not help ſmiling at another of the company, who took pains to ſhew his diſbelief of the goſpel by unſainting the apoſtles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this ſociety have indeed almoſt induced me to wiſh that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than that they ſhould read it only to abuſe it.

I have frequently heard many wiſe tradeſmen ſettling the moſt important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occaſion from Canning's ſu-

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to maintain, in oppoſition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at leaſt that woman might; for elſe, ſaid he, how could the girl have been ſupported for a whole month by a few hard cruſts? In anſwer to this, a barber-ſurgeon ſet forth the improbability of that ſtory; and thence inferred, that it was impoſſible for our Saviour to have faſted forty days in the wilderneſs. I lately heard a midſhipman ſwear that the Bible was all a lie; for he had ſailed round the world with lord Anſon, and if there had been any Red Sea he muſt have met with it. I know a brick-layer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade, than his Bible, in a diſpute concerning the miracles, made a pleaſant miſtake about the firſt, and gravely aſked his antagoniſt what he thought of the ſupper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking among the lower claſs of people, is at preſent happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the huſbands are toping at the ale-houſe, the good women, their wives, think it their duty to go to church, ſay their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechiſm. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and converſations little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, ſince it is now no longer the faſhion to carry on intrigues there, is almoſt wholly laid aſide: and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair ſex in general are too thoughtleſs to concern themſelves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is ſufficient that they are taught to believe themſelves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they beſtow, to perſuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no ſouls; though, perhaps, our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that ſhe has no ſoul, ſhe will be leſs ſcrupulous about the diſpoſal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, ſcarce deſerve a ſerious refutation; and perhaps the beſt method of anſwering them would be to ſelect from their works all the abſurd and impracticable notions, which they ſo ſtiffly maintain in order to evade the belief of the Chriſtian religion. I ſhall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe alſo, that the world was not made; that the world made itſelf; that it had no beginning; that it will laſt for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beaſt, that the ſoul is the body, and the body is the ſoul; and that after death there is neither body nor ſoul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural. I believe not in Moſes; I believe in the firſt philoſophy; I believe not the Evangeliſts; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolſton, Hobbes, Shafteſbury; I believe in lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathan; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Chriſt.

Laſtly, I believe in all unbelief.

Anonymous.

§ 195. *A moral demonſtration of the truth of the Chriſtian religion.*

This diſcourſe of all the diſputables in the world, ſhall require the feweſt things to be granted; even nothing but what was evident; even nothing but the very ſubject of the queſtion, viz. That there was ſuch a man as Jeſus Chriſt; that he pretended ſuch things, and taught ſuch doctrines: for he that will prove theſe things to be from God, muſt be allowed that they were from ſomething or other.

But this poſtulate I do not aſk for need, but for order's ſake and art; for what the hiſtories of that age reported as a public affair, as one of the moſt eminent tranſactions of the world, that which made ſo much noiſe, which cauſed ſo many changes, which occaſioned ſo many wars, which divided ſo many hearts, which altered ſo many families, which procured ſo many deaths, which obtained ſo many laws in favour, and ſuffered ſo many reſcripts in the diſfavour, of itſelf; that which was

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not done in a corner, but was thirty-three years and more in acting; which caused so many sects, and was opposed by so much art, and so much power that it might not grow, which filled the world with noise, which effected such great changes in the bodies of men by curing the diseased, and smiting the contumacious or the hypocrites, which drew so many eyes, and filled so many tongues, and employed so many pens, and was the care and the question of the whole world at that time, and immediately after; that which was consigned by public acts and records of courts, which was in the books of friends and enemies, which came accompanied and remarked with eclipses and stars and prodigies of heaven and earth; that which the Jews even in spite and against their wills confessed, and which the witty adversaries intending to overthrow, could never so much as challenge of want of truth in the matter of fact and story; that which they who are infinitely concerned that it should not be believed, or more, that it had never been, do yet only labour to make it appear not to have been divine: certainly, this thing is so certain that it was, that the defenders of it need not account it a kindness to have it presupposed; for never was there any story in the world that had so many degrees of credibility, as the story of the person, life, and death, of Jesus Christ: and if he had not been a true prophet, yet that he was in the world, and said and did such things, cannot be denied; for even concerning Mahomet we make no question but he was in the world, and led a great part of mankind after him, and what was less proved we infinitely believe: and what all men say, and no man denies, and was notorious in itself, of this we may make further inquiries whether it was all that which it pretended; for that it did make pretences and was in the world, needs no more probation.

But now, whether Jesus Christ was sent from God and delivered the will of God, we are to take accounts from all the things of the world which were on him, or about him, or from him.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 196. *Considerations respecting the Person of Jesus Christ.*

I. Consider, first, his person: he was foretold by all the prophets: he, I say, for that appears by the event, and the correspondencies of their sayings to this person: he was described by infallible characterisms, which did fit him, and did never fit any but him; for, when he was born, then was the fulness of time, and the Messias was expected at the time when Jesus did appear, which gave occasion to many of the godly then to wait for him, and to hope to live till the time of his revelation: and they did so, and with a spirit of prophecy, which their own nation did confess and honour, glorified God at the revelation: and the most excellent and devout persons that were conspicuous for their piety did then rejoice in him, and confess him; and the expectation of him at that time was so public and famous, that it gave occasion to divers impostors to abuse the credulity of the people, in pretending to be the Messias; but not only the predictions of the time, and the perfect Synchronisms, did point him out, but at his birth a strange star appeared, which guided certain Levantine princes and sages to the inquiry after him; a strange star, which had an irregular place and an irregular motion, that came by design, and acted by counsel, the counsel of the Almighty Guide, it moved from place to place, till it stood just over the house where the babe did sleep; a star, of which the Heathen knew much, who knew nothing of him; a star, which Calcidius affirmed to have signified the descent of God for the salvation of man; a star, that guided the wise Chaldees to worship him with gifts (as the same disciples of Plato does affirm, and) as the holy Scriptures deliver; and this star could be no secret; it troubled all the country; it put Herod upon strange arts of security for his kingdom; it effected a sad tragedy accidentally, for it occasioned the death of all the little babes in the city, and vicinage of Bethlehem: but the birth of this young child, which was thus glorified by a star, was also signified by an angel, and was effected by the holy Spirit of God, in a manner which was in itself supernatural; a virgin was his mother, and God was his father, and his beginning was miraculous; and this matter of his birth of a virgin was proved to an interested and jealous person, even to Joseph, the supposed father of Jesus; it was affirmed publicly by all his family, and by all his disciples, and published in the midst of all his enemies, who by no artifice could reprove it; a matter so famous, that when it was urged as an argument to prove Jesus to

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be the Meſſias, by the force of a prophecy in Iſaiah, "A Virgin ſhall conceive a Son," they who obſtinately refuſed to admit him, did not deny the matter of fact, but denied that it was ſo meant by the prophet, which, if it were true, can only prove that Jeſus was more excellent than was foretold by the prophets, but that there was nothing leſs in him than was to be in the Meſſias; it was a matter ſo famous, that the Arabian phyſicians, who can affirm no ſuch things of their Mahomet, and yet not being able to deny it to be true of the holy Jeſus, endeavour to alleviate and leſſen the thing, by ſaying, It is not wholly beyond the force of nature, that a virgin ſhould conceive; ſo that it was on all hands undeniable, that the mother of Jeſus was a virgin, a mother without a man.

This is that Jeſus, at whoſe preſence, before he was born, a babe in his mother's belly alſo did leap for joy, who was alſo a perſon extraordinary himſelf, conceived in his mother's old age, after a long barrenneſs, ſignified by an angel in the temple, to his father officiating his prieſtly office, who was alſo ſtruck dumb for his not preſent believing; all the people ſaw it, and all his kindred were witneſſes of his reſtitution, and he was named by the angel, and his office declared to be the forerunner of the holy Jeſus; and this alſo was foretold by one of the old prophets; for the whole ſtory of this divine perſon is a chain of providence and wonder, every link of which is a verification of a prophecy, and all of it is that thing which, from Adam to the birth of Jeſus, was pointed at and hinted by all the prophets, whoſe words in him paſſed perfectly into the event.

This is that Jeſus, who, as he was born without a father, ſo he was learned without a maſter: he was a man without age, a doctor in a child's garment, diſputing in the ſanctuary at twelve years old. He was a ſojourner in Egypt, becauſe the poor babe, born of an indigent mother, was a formidable rival to a potent King; and this fear could not come from the deſign of the infant, but muſt needs ariſe from the illuſtrious neſs of the birth, and the prophecies of the child, and the ſayings of the learned, and the journey of the wiſe men, and the decrees of God: this journey and the return were both managed by the conduct of an angel and a divine dream, for to the Son of God all the angels did rejoice to miniſter.

This bleſſed perſon, made thus excellent by his Father, and glorious by miraculous conſignations, and illuſtrious by the miniſtry of heavenly ſpirits, and proclaimed to Mary and to Joſeph by two angels, to the ſhepherds by a multitude of the heavenly hoſt, to the wiſe men by a prophecy and by a ſtar, to the Jews by the ſhepherds, to the Gentiles by the three wiſe men, to Herod by the doctors of the law, and to himſelf perfectly known by the inchaſing his human nature in the boſom and heart of God, and by the fulneſs of the Spirit of God, was yet pleaſed for thirty years together, to live an humble, a laborious, a chaſte and a devout, a regular and an even, a wiſe and an exemplar, a pious and an obſcure life, without complaint, without ſin, without deſign of fame, or grandeur of ſpirit, till the time came that the clefts of the rock were to open, and the diamond give its luſtre, and be worn in the diadems of kings, and then this perſon was wholly admirable; for he was uſhered into the world by the voice of a loud crier in the wilderneſs, a perſon auſtere and wiſe, of a ſtrange life, full of holineſs, and full of hardneſs, and a great preacher of righteouſneſs, a man believed by all the people that he came from God, one who in his own nation gathered diſciples publicly, and (which amongſt them was a great matter) he was the doctor of a new inſtitution, and baptized all the country; yet this man, ſo great, ſo revered, ſo followed, ſo liſtened to by king and people, by doctors and by idiots, by Phariſees and Sadducees, this man preached Jeſus to the people, pointed out the Lamb of God, told that he muſt increaſe, and himſelf from all that fame muſt retire to give him place; he received him to baptiſm, after having with duty and modeſty declared his own unworthineſs to give, but rather a worthineſs to receive baptiſm from the holy hands of Jeſus; but at the ſolemnity God ſent down the Holy Spirit upon his holy Son, and by a voice from heaven, a voice of thunder (and God was in that voice) declared that this was his Son, and that he was delighted in him.

This voice from heaven was ſuch, ſo evident, ſo certain a conviction of what it did intend to prove, ſo known and accepted as the way of divine revelation

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under the former temple, that at that time every man that desired a sign heavenly, would have been furnished with such a voice; it being the testimony by which God made all extraordinaries to be credible to his people, from the days of Enos, to the death of the nation; and that there was such a voice, not only then, but divers times after, was as certain; and made as evident, as things of that nature can ordinarily be made. For it being a matter of fact, cannot be supposed infinite, but limited in time and place, heard by a certain number of persons, and was as a clap of thunder upon ordinary occasions, which could be heard but by those who were within the sphere of its own activity; and reported by those to others, who are to give testimony, as testimonies are required, which are credible under the will of mortal men, differenced, learned, and true ones and, though this was done in the presence of many, and oftener than once, yet it was a divine testimony but at first, but is to be conveyed by the means of many; and, as God thundered from heaven at the giving of the Law (though they he did so, we have notice only from the books of Moses, received from the Jewish nation,) so he did in the days of the Baptist, and so he did to Peter, James, and John, and so he did in the presence of the Pharisees and many of the common people; and, as it is not to be supposed that all these would join issue distinct interests, for and against themselves, for the verification of a lie; so, if they would have done it, they could not have done it without reproof of their own parties, who would have been glad by the discovery only to disgrace the whole story. But, if the report of honest and just men to reported, may be questioned for matter of fact, or may not be accounted sufficient to make faith, when there is no promise of men to the contrary, besides, that we can have no story transmitted to us, no records kept, no acts of courts, no narratives of the days of old, no traditions of our fathers; so there could not be left to nature any usual instrument, whereby God could after the manner of men declare his own will to us, but either we should never know the will of Heaven upon earth, or it must be, that God must sometimes tell it unto but always, and not only always to some men, but always to all men: and then, as there would be no use of history, or the homely of men, and their faithfulness in the act of God in declaring of his will, is there would be perpetual enemy of miracles, and we could not serve God intelligently with our understandings, for there would be nothing to faith, that is, of that without conditions of understanding, and we could not glorify God with believing, because there would be then nothing of the will, nothing of love and thanks; and that faith which is, would be like that Thomas, to believe what we see or hear and God should not at all govern upon earth, unless he did continual miracles himself; for then all government, all reason all peoples, all intelligence would be lost, because they could not hear to give what they said to the next of kin; it might as well be silenced in all courts and by all princes, that we not the letter of a prince, or the will of a man, or the writing of his hand, as to all human intercourse must cease, at all times, but the eye, be shifted as this alone, or else to the use all would be strangers but the principal, I say, no reports shall make faith. For it certain, that when their voices not first from heaven and heard upon earth, they prevailed amongst many that believed them not, and disputes were multiplied upon such accounts of this it must be the more, that did hear them, could be believed by any of their friends and neighbours, for, if they were the minor was as credible as the relator and witness, as in the first mission, and could prevail with them to believed their brother or their friends as certainly as with them that beheld it with own ears and eyes.

I need not speak of the vast numbers of miracles which he wrought; miracles which were not more demonstrations of his power, than of his mercy; for there had nothing of punishment and affliction, but mildness of charity and mercy, and that permanent and lasting and when he opened the eyes of the blind, he made the crooked straight, he made the weak strong, he cured fevers with the touch of his hand, and an issue of blood with the hem of his garment, and gave eyes with the spittle of his mouth, and the dust of the earth; he multiplied the loaves and fishes, he raised the dead to life, a young maiden, the widow's son of Naim, and Lazarus, and cast out devils by the word of his mouth, which he could never do

but by the power of God. For Satan does not cast out Satan, nor a house fight against itself, if it means to stand long; and the devil could not help Jesus, because the holy Jesus taught men virtue, called them from the worshipping devils, taught them to resist the devil, to lay aside all those abominable idolatries by which the devil doth rule in the hearts of men: he taught men to love God, to fly from temptations to sin, to hate and avoid all those things of which the devil is guilty; for Christianity forbids pride, envy, malice, lying, and yet affirms, that the devil is proud, envious, malicious; and the father of lies; and therefore, wherever Christianity prevails, the devil is not worshipped, and therefore he that can think that a man without the power of God could overturn the devil's principles, cross his designs, weaken his strength, baffle him in his policies, befool him and turn him out of possession, and make him open his own mouth against himself, as he did often, and confess himself conquered by Jesus, and tormented, as the oracle did to Augustus Cæsar, and the devil to Jesus himself; he, I say, that thinks a mere man can do this, knows not the weaknesses of a man, nor the power of an angel; but he that thinks this could be done by compact, and by consent of the devil, must think him to be an intelligence, without understanding, a power without force, a fool and a sot to assist a power against himself, and to persecute the power he did assist, to stir up the world to destroy the Christians, whose Master and Lord he did assist to destroy himself; and, when we read that Porphyrius an Heathen, a professed enemy to Christianity, did say, Ιησοῦ τιμομένου τὸς θεῶν ἀνομοίας ὠφιλείας οὐκ ἤσθετο, that since Jesus was worshipped, the gods could help no man, that is, the gods which they worshipped; the poor baffled enervated dæmons: he must either think that the devils are as foolish as they are weak, or else, that they did nothing towards this declination of their power; and therefore that they suffer it by a power higher than themselves, that is, by the power of God in the hand of Jesus.

But, besides that God gave testimony from heaven concerning him, he also gave this testimony of himself to have come from God, because that "he did God's will;" for he that is a good man and lives, by the laws of God and of his nation, a life innocent and simple, prudent and wise, holy and spotless, unreproved and unsuspected, he is certainly by all wise men said in a good sense to be the son of God; but he who does well and speaks well, and calls all men to glorify and serve God, and serves no ends but of holiness and charity, of wisdom of hearts and reformation of manners, this man carries great authority in his sayings, and ought to prevail with good men in good things, for good ends, which is all that is here required.

But his nature was so sweet, his manners so humble, his words so wise and composed, his comportment so grave and winning, his answers so reasonable, his questions so deep, his reproof so severe and charitable, his pity so great and merciful, his preachings so full of reason and holiness, of weight and authority, his conversation so useful and beneficent, his poverty great but his alms frequent, his family so holy and religious, his and their employment so profitable, his meekness so incomparable, his passions without difference, save only where zeal or pity carried him on to worthy and apt expressions, a person that never laughed, but often wept in a sense of the calamities of others: he loved every man and hated no man; he gave counsel to the doubtful, and instructed the ignorant; he bound up the broken hearts, and strengthened the feeble knees; he relieved the poor, and converted the sinners; he despised none that came to him for relief, and as for those that did not, he went to them; he took all occasions of mercy that were offered him, and went abroad for more; he spent his days in preaching and healing, and his nights in prayers and conversation with God: he was obedient to laws and subject to princes, though he was the Prince of Judæa in right of his mother, and of all the world in right of his father; the people followed him, but he made no conventions; aud when they were made, he suffered no tumults; when they would have made him a king, he withdrew himself; when he knew they would put him to death, he offered himself; he knew men's hearts, and conversed secretly, and gave answer to their thoughts and prevented their questions; he would work a miracle rather than give offence, and yet suffer every offence rather than see God his father dishonoured; he exactly kept the law of Moses, to which he came to put a period, and yet chose to signify

signify his purpose only by doing acts of mercy upon their sabbath, doing nothing which they could call a breach of a commandment, but healing sick people, a charity, which themselves would do to beasts, and yet they were angry at him for doing it to their brethren.

In all his life, and in all his conversation with his nation, he was innocent as an angel of sight; and when, fly the greatness of his worth, and the severity of his doctrine, and the charity of his miracles, and the noises of the people, and his immense fame in all that part of the world, and the multitude of his disciples, and the authority of his sermons, and his free reproof of their hypocrisy, and his discovery of their false doctrines and weak traditions, he had branded the reputations of the vicious rulers of the people, and they resolved to put him to death, they who had the biggest malice in the world, and the weakest accusations, were forced to supply their want of articles against him by making truth to be his fault, and his office to be his crime, and his open confession of what was asked him to be his article of condemnation; and yet after all this they could not persuade the competent judge to condemn him, or to find him guilty of any fault, and therefore they were forced to threaten him with Cæsar's name, against whom then they would pretend him to be an enemy, though in their charge they neither proved, nor indeed laid it against him; and yet to whatsoever they objected he made no return, but his silence and his innocence were remarkable and evident, without labour and reply, and needed no more argument than the sun needs an advocate to prove, that he is the brightest star in the firmament.

Well, so it was, they crucified him; and, when they did, they did as much put out the eye of heaven, as destroy the Son of God: for, when with an incomparable sweetness, and a patience exemplar to all ages of sufferers, he endured affronts, examinations, scorns, insolencies of rude ungentle tradesmen, cruel whippings, injurious, unjust, and unreasonable usages from those whom he obliged by all the arts of endearment and offers of the biggest kindness, at last he went to death, as to the work which God appointed him, that he might become the world's sacrifice, and the great example of holiness, and the instance of representing by what way the world was to be made happy (even by sufferings and so entering into heaven) that he might, I say, become the [illegible] of his enemies, and the elder [illegible] his friends, and the Lord of Glory, and the fountain of its emanation. [illegible] was, that God gave new testimonies [illegible] heaven: the sun was eclipsed all the [illegible] he was upon the cross, and yet the [illegible] was in the full; that is, he lost his [illegible] not because any thing in nature did [illegible] him, but because the God of nature [illegible] Heathen at that very time confessed, [illegible] yet saw nothing of this sad iniquity [illegible] suffer. The rocks did rend, the [illegible] the temple divided of itself and [illegible] the inclosures, and disparked the [illegible] and made it pervious to the Gentiles [illegible] the dead arose, and appeared in [illegible] to their friends, the Centurion and [illegible] of the people smote their hearts, [illegible] by these strange indications convinced [illegible] he was the Son of God. His [illegible] were parted, and lots cast upon his [illegible] coat, they gave him vinegar and [illegible] drink, they brake not a bone of [illegible] but they pierced his side with a [illegible] looking upon him whom they had [illegible] according to the prophecies of [illegible] which were so clear, and [illegible] minutes and circumstances of [illegible] that there was nothing left by which [illegible] could doubt whether this were he [illegible] who was to come into the world: [illegible] all this, that all might be finally [illegible] and no scruple left, after three days [illegible] a great stone being rolled to the [illegible] the grave, and the stone sealed, [illegible] guard of soldiers placed about it, he [illegible] from the grave, and for forty days [illegible] conversed with his followers and [illegible] and beyond all suspicion was seen [illegible] hundred brethren at once; which [illegible] number too great to give their [illegible] testimony to a lie, and it being [illegible] bely and confidently affirmed at the [illegible] time it was done, and the [illegible] by all Christians, used as the most [illegible] demonstration, proclaimed, preached, [illegible] ed of, even upbraided to the [illegible] affirmed by eye-witnesses, persuaded [illegible] kindred and friends, and the [illegible] companions of all those five hundred [illegible] son who were eye-witnesses, it [illegible] removed from a reasonable suspicion [illegible] at the end of those days was [illegible] heaven in the sight of many [illegible] Elias was in the presence of [illegible]

Now he, of whom all these [illegible] true, must needs be more than [illegible]

man; and, that they were true, was affirmed by very many eye-witneſſes, men, who were innocent, plain men, men that had no bad ends to ſerve; men, that looked for no preferment by the thing in this life; men, to whom their maſter told they were to expect not crowns and ſceptres, not praiſe of men or wealthy poſſeſſions, not power and eaſe, but a voluntary caſting away care and attendance upon ſecular affairs, that they might attend their miniſtry; poverty and priſons, trouble and vexation, perſecution and labour, whippings and baniſhment, bonds and death; and for a reward they muſt ſtay till a good day came, but that was not to be at all in this world; and, when the day of reſtitution and recompenſe ſhould come, they ſhould never know till it came, but upon the hope of this and the faith of Jeſus, and the word of God ſo taught, ſo configned, they muſt rely wholly and for ever.

Now let it be conſidered, how could matters of fact be proved better? and how could this be any thing, but ſuch as to reſt upon matters of fact? what greater certainty can we have of any thing that was ever done which we ſaw not, or heard not, but by the report of wiſe and honeſt perſons? eſpecially, ſince they were ſuch whoſe life and breeding was ſo far from ambition and pompouſneſs, that, as they could not naturally and reaſonably hope for any great number of proſelytes, ſo the fame that could be hoped for amongſt them, as it muſt be a matter of their own procuring, and conſequently uncertain, ſo it muſt needs be very inconſiderable, not fit to outweigh the danger and the loſs, nor yet at all valuable by them whoſe education and pretences were againſt it? Theſe we have plentifully. But if theſe men are numerous and united, it is more. Then we have more; for ſo many did affirm theſe things which they ſaw and heard, that thouſands of people were convinced of the truth of them: but then, if theſe men offer their oath, it is yet more, but yet not ſo much as we have, for they ſealed thoſe things with their blood; they gave their life for a teſtimony; and what reward can any man expect, if he gives his life for a lie? who ſhall make him recompenſe, or what can tempt him to do it knowingly? but, after all, it is to be remembered, that as God hates lying, ſo he hates incredulity; as we muſt not believe a lie, ſo neither ſtop up our eyes and ears againſt truth; and what we do every minute of our lives in matters of little and of great concernment, if we refuſe to do in our religion, which yet is to be conducted as other human affairs are, by human inſtruments and arguments of perſuaſion, proper to the nature of the thing, it is an obſtinacy, that is as contrary to human reaſon, as it is to divine faith.

Theſe things relate to the perſon of the holy Jeſus, and prove ſufficiently that it was extraordinary, that it was divine, that God was with him, that his power wrought in him; and therefore that it was his will which Jeſus taught, and God ſigned. But then if nothing of all this had been, yet even the doctrine itſelf proves itſelf divine, and to come from God.

Biſhop Taylor.

§ 197. *Conſiderations reſpecting the doctrine of Jeſus Chriſt.*

II. For it is a doctrine perfective of human nature, that teaches us to love God and to love one another, to hurt no man, and to do good to every man; it propines to us the nobleſt, the higheſt, and the braveſt pleaſures of the world; the joys of charity, the reſt of innocence, the peace of quiet ſpirits, the wealth of beneficence, and forbids us only to be beaſts and to be devils; it allows all that God and nature intended, and only reſtrains the excreſcencies of nature, and forbids us to take pleaſure in that which is the only entertainment of devils, in murders and revenges, malice and ſpiteful words and actions; it permits corporal pleaſures, where they can beſt miniſter to health and ſocieties, to conſervation of families and honour of communities; it teaches men to keep their words, that themſelves may be ſecured in all their juſt intereſts, and to do good to others, that good may be done to them; it forbids biting one another, that we may not be devoured by one another; and commands obedience to ſuperiors, that we may not be ruined in confuſion; it combines governments, and confirms all good laws, and makes peace, and oppoſes and prevents wars where they are not juſt, and where they are not neceſſary. It is a religion that is life and ſpirit, not conſiſting in ceremonies and external amuſements, but in the ſervices of the heart, and the real fruit of lips and hands, that is, of good words and good deeds; it bids us to do that to God which is agreeable to his ex-

cellencies, that is, worship him with the best thing we have, and make all things else minister to it; it bids us do that to our neighbour, by which he may be better: it is the perfection of the natural law, and agreeable to our natural necessities, and promotes our natural ends and designs: it does not destroy reason, but instructs it in very many things, and complies with it in all; it hath in it both heat and light, and is not more effectual than it is beauteous: it promises every thing that we can desire, and yet promises nothing but what it does effect; it proclaims war against all vices, and generally does command every virtue; it teaches us with ease to mortify those affections which reason durst scarce reprove, because she hath not strength enough to conquer; and it does create in us those virtues which reason of herself never knew, and after they are known, could never approve sufficiently: it is a doctrine, in which nothing is superfluous or burdensome; nor yet is there any thing wanting, which can procure happiness to mankind, or by which God can be glorified: and, if wisdom, and mercy, and justice, and simplicity, and holiness, and purity, and meekness, and contentedness, and charity, be images of God and rays of divinity, then that doctrine, in which all these shine so gloriously, and in which nothing else is ingredient, must needs be from God; and that all this is true in the doctrine of Jesus needs no other probation, but the reading the words.

For, that the words of Jesus are contained in the gospels, that is, in the writings of them, who were eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of the actions and sermons of Jesus, is not at all to be doubted; for in every sect we believe their own records of doctrine and institution: for it is madness to suppose the Christians to pretend to be servants of the laws of Jesus, and yet to make a law of their own which he made not: no man doubts but that the Alcoran is the law of Mahomet, that the Old Testament contains the religion of the Jews; and the authority of these books is proved by all the arguments of the religion, for all the arguments persuading to the religion, are intended to prove no other than is contained in those books; and, these having been, for fifteen hundred years and more, received absolutely by all Christian assemblies, if any man shall offer to make a question of their authority, he must declare his reasons, for the disciples of the religion have sufficient presumption, security and possession, till they can be reasonably disturbed; but, that now they can never be, is infinitely certain, because we have a long, immemorial, universal tradition that these books were written in those times, by those men whose names they bear, they were accepted by all churches at the very first notice, except some few of the later, which were first received by some churches, and then consented to by all; they were acknowledged by the same, and by the next age for genuine, their authority published, their words cited, appeals made to them in all questions of religion, because it was known and confessed that they were nothing but that they knew, so that they were not deceived; and to say, they would lie, must be made to appear by something extrinsical to this inquiry, and was never so much as plausibly pretended by any adversaries, and it being a matter of [illegible] man's will, must be declared by actions, or not at all.

But, besides, the men that wrote [illegible] were to be believed, because they did miracles, they wrote prophecies, which are verified by the event, persons were cured at their sepulchres, a thing so famous that it was confessed even by the enemies of the religion: and, after all, that which the world ought to rely upon, is the wisdom and the providence, and the goodness of God; all which it concerned to take care that the religion, which himself so adorned and proved by miracles and mighty signs, should not be lost, nor any false writings be obtruded instead of true, lest, without our fault, the will of God become impossible to be obeyed.

But to return to the thing: all those excellent things, which singly did make famous so many sects of philosophers, and remarked so many princes of their sects, all them united, and many more, which their eyes, [illegible], dark and dim could not see, are heaped together in the system of wisdom and holiness. Here, are plain precepts full of deepest mystery; here are the measures of holiness and approaches to God described; obedience and [illegible]mity, mortification of the body, and elevations of the spirit, abstractions from [illegible] and arts of society, and union with [illegible] degrees of excellencies, and tendencies to perfection, imitations of God, and conversations with him; these are the heights and descents, upon the plain grounds of natural

natural reaſon, and natural religion; for there is nothing commanded but what our reaſon by nature ought to chooſe, and yet nothing of natural reaſon taught but what is heightened and made more perfect by the Spirit of God; and, when there is any thing in the religion, that is againſt fleſh and blood, it is only when fleſh and blood is againſt us, and againſt reaſon, when fleſh and blood either would hinder us from great felicity, or bring us into great miſery: to conclude, it is ſuch a law, that nothing can hinder men to receive and entertain, but a pertinacious baſeneſs and love to vice, and none can receive it but thoſe who reſolve to be good and excellent; and, if the holy Jeſus had come into the world with leſs ſplendor of power and mighty demonſtrations, yet, even the excellency of what he taught, makes him alone fit to be the maſter of the world.

Biſhop Taylor.

§ 198. *Conſiderations reſpecting the effect, and the inſtruments, of Chriſt's religion.*

III. But then let us conſider what this excellent perſon did effect, and with what inſtruments he brought ſo great things to paſs. He was to put a period to the rites of Moſes, and the religion of the temple, of which the Jews were zealous even unto pertinacy; to reform the manners of all mankind, to confound the wiſdom of the Greeks, to break in pieces the power of the devil, to deſtroy the worſhip of all falſe gods, to pull down their oracles, and change their laws, and by principles wiſe and holy to reform the falſe diſcourſes of the world.

But ſee what was to be taught, A trinity in the unity of the Godhead, τρία ἐν καὶ ἓν τρία, that is the Chriſtian arithmetic, Three are one, and one are three, ſo Lucian in his Philopatris, or ſome other, derides the Chriſtian doctrine; ſee their philoſophy. Ex nihilo nihil fit. No: Ex nihilo omnia, all things are made of nothing; and a man-god and a god-man, the ſame perſon finite and infinite, born in time, and yet from all eternity the Son of God, but yet born of a woman, and ſhe a maid, but yet a mother; reſurrection of the dead, reunion of ſoul and body; this was part of the Chriſtian phyſicks or their natural philoſophy.

But then certainly 'their moral was eaſy and delicious,' it is ſo indeed, but not to fleſh and blood, whoſe appetites it pretends to regulate or to deſtroy, to reſtrain or elſe to mortify: "faſting and penance, and humility, loving our enemies, reſtitution of injuries, and ſelf-denial, and taking up the croſs, and loſing all our goods, and giving our life for Jeſus:" as the other was hard to believe, ſo this is as hard to do.

But for whom and under whoſe conduct was all this to be believed, and all this to be done, and all this to be ſuffered? Surely, for ſome glorious and mighty prince, whoſe ſplendor as far outſhines the Roman empire, as the jewels of Cleopatra outſhined the ſwaddling clothes of the babe at Bethlehem. No, it was not ſo neither. For all this was for Jeſus, whom his followers preached; a poor babe, born in a ſtable, the ſon of a carpenter, cradled in a cratch, ſwaddled in poor clouts; it was for him whom they indeed called a God, but yet whom all the world knew, and they themſelves ſaid, was whipped at a poſt, nailed to a croſs; he fell under the malice of the Jews his countrymen, and the power of his Roman lords, a cheap and a pitiful ſacrifice, without beauty and without ſplendor.

The deſign is great, but does not yet ſeem poſſible; but therefore let us ſee what inſtruments the Holy Jeſus choſe, to effect thoſe ſo mighty changes, to perſuade ſo many propoſitions, to endear ſo great ſufferings, to overcome ſo great enemies, to maſter ſo many impoſſibilities which this doctrine and this law from this Maſter were ſure to meet withal.

Here, here it is that the Divinity of the power is proclaimed. When a man goes to war, he raiſes as great an army as he can to out-number his enemy; but, when God fights, three hundred men, that lap like a dog, are ſufficient; nay, one word can diſſolve the greateſt army. He that means to effect any thing muſt have means of his own proportionable; and if they be not, he muſt fail, or derive them from the mighty. See then with what inſtruments the holy Jeſus ſets upon this great reformation of the world.

Twelve men of obſcure and poor birth, of contemptible trades and quality, without learning, without breeding; theſe men were ſent into the midſt of a knowing and wiſe world, to diſpute with the moſt famous philoſophers of Greece, to out-wit all the learning of Athens, to out-preach all the Roman orators; to introduce into a newly-

settled empire, which would be impatient of novelties and change, such a change as must destroy all their temples, or remove thence all their gods; against which change all the zeal of the world, and all the passions, and all the forming pretences which they could make, must needs be violently opposed: a change, that introduced new laws, and caused them to reverse the old, to change that religion under which their fathers long did prosper, and under which the Roman empire obtained so great a grandeur, for a religion, which in appearance was silly and humble, meek and peaceable, not apt indeed to do harm, but exposing men to all the harm in the world, abating their courage, blunting their swords, teaching peace and unactiveness, and making the soldiers arms in a manner useless, and untying their military girdle: a religion, which contradicted their reasons of state, and erected new judicatories, and made the Roman courts to be silent and without causes; a religion, that gave countenance to the poor and pitiful (but in a time when riches were adored, and ambition esteemed the greatest nobleness, and pleasure thought to be the chiefest good) it brought no peculiar blessing to the rich or mighty, unless they would become poor and humble in some real sense or other; a religion, that would change the face of things, and would also pierce into the secrets of the soul, and unravel all the intrigues of hearts, and reform all evil manners, and break vile habits into gentleness and counsel: that such a religion in such a time, preached by such mean persons, should triumph over the philosophy of the world, and the arguments of the subtle, and the sermons of the eloquent, and the power of princes, and the interest of states, and the inclinations of nature, and the blindness of zeal, and the force of custom, and the pleasures of sin, and the busy arts of the devil, that is, against wit, and power, and money, and religion, and wilfulness, and fame, and empire, which are all the things in the world that can make a thing impossible; this, I say, could not be by the proper force of such instruments; for no man can span heaven with an infant's palm, nor govern wise empires with diagrams.

It were impudence to send a footman to command Cæsar to lay down his arms, to disband his legions, and throw himself into Tyber, or keep a tavern next to Pompey's theatre; but, if a sober man shall stand alone, unarmed, undefended, or unprovided, and shall tell that he will make the [illegible] stand still, or remove a mountain, or [illegible] Xerxes's army to the scantiles of a [illegible] troop, he that believes he will and can do this, must believe he does it by a higher power, than he can yet perceive; and so it was in the present translation. For [illegible] the holy Jesus made invisible powers [illegible] him visible honours, that his apostles [illegible] ed the dæmons from their tripods, their [illegible] vels, their dens, their hollow pipes, their temples, and their altars; that he made [illegible] oracles silent, as Lucian, Porphyry, [illegible] and other Heathens confess; that, against the order of new things, which let them be never so profitable or good do yet [illegible] reproach, and cannot prevail unless they commence in a time of advantage [illegible] vour; yet, that this should [illegible] the palm by pressure, grow glorious by opposition, thrive by persecution, and [illegible] demonstrated by objections, argues [illegible] cause than the immediate instruments. [illegible] how this higher cause did intervene, [illegible] sible and notorious; the apostles were [illegible] learned, but the holy Jesus promised [illegible] he would send down wisdom from [illegible] from the father of spirits; they had [illegible] power, but they should be invested with power from on high; they were ignorant and timorous, but he would make them learned and confident, and so he did [illegible] promised that in a few days he would [illegible] the Holy Ghost upon them, and he did [illegible] after ten days they felt and saw glorious immission from heaven, lights of [illegible] fire sitting upon their heads, and that light did illuminate their hearts, and the [illegible] rushing wind inspired them with a power of speaking divers languages, and brought [illegible] their remembrances all that Jesus did [illegible] taught, and made them wise to [illegible] fools, and bold to venture, and prudent to advise, and powerful to do miracles, and witty to convince gainsayers, and hugely instructed in the scriptures, and gave them the spirit of government, and the spirit of prophecy.

This thing was so public, that as the [illegible] notice of it three thousand souls were converted on that very day, at the very time when it was done; for it was certainly a visible demonstration of an invisible power, that ignorant persons, who were never taught, should in an instant speak all the languages of the Roman empire; and for

deed this thing was ſo neceſſary to be ſo, and ſo certain that it was ſo, ſo public and ſo evident, and ſo reaſonable, and ſo uſeful, that it is not eaſy to ſay whether it was the indication of a greater power, or a greater wiſdom; and now the means was proportionable enough to the biggeſt end: without learning, they could not confute the learned world; but therefore God became their teacher: without power, they could not break the devil's violence: but therefore God gave them power: without courage, they could not conteſt againſt all the violence of the Jews and Gentiles; but therefore God was their ſtrength; and gave them fortitude: without great caution and providence, they could not avoid the traps of crafty perſecutors; but therefore God gave them caution, and made them provident, and, as Beſeleel and Aholiab received the ſpirit of God, the ſpirit of underſtanding to enable them to work excellently in the Tabernacle, ſo had the apoſtles to make them wiſe for the work of God and the miniſtries of this diviner tabernacle, which God pitched, not man.

Immediately upon this, the apoſtles, to make a fulneſs of demonſtration and an undeniable conviction, gave the ſpirit to others alſo, to Jews and Gentiles, and to women of Samaria, and they ſpake with tongues and propheſied; then they preached to all nations, and endured all perſecutions, and cured all diſeaſes, and raiſed the dead to life, and were brought before tribunals, and confeſſed the name of Jeſus, and convinced the blaſphemous Jews out of their own prophets, and not only prevailed upon women and weak men, but even upon the braveſt and wiſeſt. All the diſciples of John the Baptiſt, the Nazarenes and Ebionites, Nicodemus and Joſeph of Arimathea, Sergius the preſident, Dionyſius an Athenian judge, and Polycarpus, Juſtinus and Irenæus, Athenagoras and Origen, Tertullian and Clemens of Alexandria, who could not be ſuch fools as, upon a matter not certainly true but probably falſe, to unravel their former principles, and to change their liberty for a priſon, wealth for poverty, honour for diſreputation, life for death, if by ſuch exchange they had not been ſecured of truth and holineſs and the will of God.

But, above all theſe, was Saul, a bold and a witty a zealous and learned young man, who, going with letters to perſecute the Chriſtians of Damaſcus, was by a light from heaven called from his furious march, reproved by God's angel for perſecuting the cauſe of Jeſus, was ſent to the city, baptized by a Chriſtian miniſter, inſtructed and ſent abroad; and he became the prodigy of the world, for learning and zeal, for preaching and writing, for labour and ſufferance, for government and wiſdom; he was admitted to ſee the holy Jeſus after the Lord was taken into heaven, he was taken up into Paradiſe, he converſed with angels, he ſaw unſpeakable rays of glory; and beſides that himſelf ſaid it, who had no reaſon to lie, who would get nothing by it here but a conjugation of troubles, and who would get nothing by it hereafter if it were falſe; beſides this, I ſay, that he did all thoſe acts of zeal and obedience for the promotion of the religion, does demonſtrate he had reaſon extraordinary for ſo ſudden a change, ſo ſtrange a labour, ſo frequent and incomparable ſufferings; and therefore, as he did and ſuffered ſo much upon ſuch glorious motives, ſo he ſpared not to publiſh it to all the world, he ſpake it to kings and princes, he told it to the envious Jews; he had partners of his journey, who were witneſſes of the miraculous accident; and in his publication he urged the notoriouſneſs of the fact, as a thing not feigned, not private, but done at noon-day under the teſt of competent perſons; and it was a thing that proved itſelf, for it was effective of a preſent, a great, and a permanent change.

But now it is no new wonder, but a purſuance of the ſame conjugation of great and divine things, that the fame and religion of Jeſus was with ſo incredible a ſwiftneſs ſcattered over the face of the habitable world, from one end of the earth unto the other; it filled all Aſia immediately, it paſſed preſently to Europe, and to the furtheſt Africans; and all the way it went it told nothing but a holy and an humble ſtory, that he who came to bring it into the world, died an ignominious death, and yet this death did not take away their courage, but added much: for they could not fear death for that Maſter, whom they knew to have for their ſakes ſuffered death, and came to life again. But now infinite numbers of perſons of both ſexes, and all ages, and all countries, came in to the holy crucifix; and he that was crucified in the reign of Tiberius, was in the time of Nero, even in Rome itſelf, and in

Nero's family by many persons esteemed for a God; and it was upon public record that he was so acknowledged; and this was by a Christian, Justin Martyr, urged to the senate, and to the emperors themselves, who if it had been otherwise could easily have confused the bold allegation of the Christian, who yet did die for that Jesus who was so speedily reputed for a God; the cross was worn upon breasts, printed in the air, drawn upon foreheads, carried on banners, put upon crowns imperial; and yet the Christians were sought for to punishments, and exquisite punishments sought forth for them; their goods were confiscate, their names odious, prisons were their houses, and so many kinds of tortures invented for them, that Domitius Ulpianus hath spent seven books in describing the variety of tortures the poor Christian was put to at his first appearing; and yet, in despite of all this, and ten thousand other objections and impossibilities, whatsoever was for them made the religion grow, and whatsoever was against them made it grow; if they had peace, the religion was prosperous; if they had persecution, it was still prosperous; if princes favoured them, the world came in, because the Christians lived holily; if princes were incensed, the world came in, because the Christians died bravely. They sought for death with greediness, they desired to be grinded in the teeth of lions; and with joy they beheld the wheels and the bended trees, the racks and the gibbets, the fires and the burning irons, which were like the chair of Elias to them, instruments to carry them to heaven, into the bosom of their beloved Jesus.

Who would not acknowledge the divinity of this person, and the excellency of this institution, that should see infants to weary the hands of hangmen for the testimony of Jesus; and wise men preach this doctrine for no other visible reward, but shame and death, poverty and banishment? and hangmen converted by the blood of martyrs, springing upon their faces, which their impious hands and cords have strained through their flesh? Who would not have confessed the honour of Jesus, when he should see miracles done at the tombs of martyrs, and devils tremble at the mention of the name of Jesus, and the world running to the honour of the poor Nazarene, and kings and queens kissing the feet of the poor servants of Jesus? Could a Jew fisherman and a publican effect all this, for the son of a poor maiden of Judea? can we suppose all the world, or a great a part of mankind, can confess by chance, or suffer such changes for nothing, or for any thing less than this? The son of the poor maiden was the Son of God, and the fishermen spake by a divine spirit, and they catched the world with [illegible] and miracles, with wisdom and power bigger than the strength of all the Roman legions. And what can be added to all this, but this thing alone to prove the divinity of Jesus? He is a God, or a [illegible] is taught by God, who can foretel future contingencies; and so did the holy Jesus, and so did his disciples.

Our blessed Lord, while he was alive, foretold that after his death his religion should flourish more than when he was alive: he foretold persecutions to his disciples: he foretold the mission of the Holy Ghost to be in a very few days after his ascension, which within ten days came to pass: he prophesied that the fact of Mary Magdalene, in anointing the head and [illegible] of her Lord, should be public and [illegible] as the gospel itself, and spoken of in the same place: he foretold the destruction of Jerusalem and the signs of its approach, and that it should be by war, and particularly after the manner of prophets, symbolically, named the nation should be [illegible] pointing out the Roman eagles; he foretold his death, and the manner of it, and plainly before-hand published his resurrection, and told them it should be the sign of that generation, viz. the great argument to prove him to be the Christ; he prophesied that there should arise false Christs after him, and it came to pass to the evident great calamity of the nation; and [illegible] he foretold that his beloved disciple [illegible] John should tarry upon the earth till his coming again, that is, to his coming to judgment upon Jerusalem; and that his religion should be preached to the Gentiles, that it should be scattered over all the world, and be received by all nations; and it should stay upon the face of the earth till his last coming to judge all the world; and that "the gates of hell should not be able to prevail against his church," which prophecy is made good thus long, till this day, and is as a continual argument to justify the divinity of the author; the continuance of the religion helps to [illegible] it, for it proves that it came from God,

who foretold that it ſhould continue; and therefore it muſt continue, becauſe it came from God; and therefore it came from God, becauſe it does and ſhall for ever continue according to the word of the holy Jeſus.

But, after our bleſſed Lord was entered into glory, the diſciples alſo were prophets. Agabus foretold the dearth that was to be in the Roman empire in the days of Claudius Cæſar, and that St. Paul ſhould be bound at Jeruſalem: St. Paul foretold the entering-in of Hereticks into Aſia after his departure; and he and St. Peter and St. Jude, and generally the reſt of the apoſtles, had two great predictions, which they uſed not only as a verification of the doctrine of Jeſus, but as a means to ſtrengthen the hearts of the diſciples, who were ſo broken with perſecution; the one was, that there ſhould ariſe a ſect of vile men, who ſhould be enemies to religion and government, and cauſe a great apoſtacy, which happened notoriouſly in the ſect of the Gnoſtics, which thoſe three apoſtles and St. John notoriouſly and plainly do deſcribe: and the other was, that although the Jewiſh nation did mightily oppoſe the religion, it ſhould be but for a while, for they ſhould be deſtroyed in a ſhort time, and their nation made extremely miſerable; but, for the Chriſtians, if they would fly from Jeruſalem and go to Pella, there ſhould not a hair of their head periſh: the verification of this prophecy the Chriſtians extremely longed for, and wondered it ſtayed ſo long, and began to be troubled at the delay, and ſuſpected all was not well, when the great proof of their religion was not verified; and, while they were in thoughts of heart concerning it, the ſad catalyſis did come, and ſwept away eleven hundred thouſand of the nation: and from that day forward the nation was broken in pieces with intolerable calamities: they are ſcattered over the face of the earth, and are a vagabond nation, but yet, like oil in a veſſel of wine, broken into bubbles but kept in their own circles; and they ſhall never be an united people, till they are ſervants of the holy Jeſus; but ſhall remain without prieſt or temple, without altar or ſacrifice, without city or country, without the land of promiſe, or the promiſe of a bleſſing, till our Jeſus is their high Prieſt, and their Shepherd to gather them into his fold: and this very thing is a mighty demonſtration againſt the Jews by their own prophets; for when Iſaiah, and Jeremiah, and Malachi, had propheſied the rejection of the Jews and the calling of the Gentiles, and the change of the old law, and the introduction of a new by the Meſſias; that this was he, was therefore certain, becauſe he taught the world a new law, and preſently after the publication of this, the old was abrogate, and not only went into deſuetude, but into a total abolition among all the world; and for thoſe of the remnant of the ſcattered Jews who obſtinately blaſpheme, the law is become impoſſible to them, and they placed in ſuch circumſtances, that they need not diſpute concerning its obligation; for it being external and corporal, ritual, and at laſt made alſo local, when the circumſtances are impoſſible, the law, that was wholly ceremonial and circumſtantial, muſt needs paſs away: and when they have loſt their prieſthood, they cannot retain the law, as no man takes care to have his beard ſhaved, when his head is off.

And it is a wonder to conſider how the anger of God is gone out upon that miſerable people, and that ſo great a blindneſs is fallen upon them; it being evident and notorious that the Old Teſtament was nothing but a ſhadow and umbrage of the New; that the prophecies of that are plainly verified in this; that all the predictions of the Meſſias are moſt undeniably accompliſhed in the perſon of Jeſus Chriſt, ſo that they cannot with any plauſibleneſs or colour be turned any other way, and be applied to any other perſon, although the Jews make illiterate allegations, and prodigious dreams, by which they have fooled themſelves for ſixteen hundred years together, and ſtill hope without reaſon, and are confident without revelation, and purſue a ſhadow while they quit the glorious body; while, in the mean time, the Chriſtian prays for his converſion, and is at reſt in the truth of Jeſus, and hath certain unexpreſſible confidences and internal lights, claraties of the Holy Spirit of God, and loves to the holy Jeſus produced in his ſoul that he will die when he cannot diſpute, and is ſatisfied and he knows not how, and is ſure by comforts, and comforted by the excellency of his belief, which ſpeaks nothing but holineſs, and light and reaſon, and peace and ſatisfactions infinite, becauſe he is ſure that all the world can be happy if they would live by the religion of Jeſus, and that neither ſocieties of men nor ſingle

persons can have felicity but by this; and that therefore God, who so decrees to make men happy, hath also decreed that it shall for ever be upon the face of the earth, till the earth itself shall be no more. Amen.

Bishop Taylor.

§ 199. *Considerations on the weak Pretences of other Religions.*

IV. Now, if against this vast heap of things any man shall but confront the pretences of any other religion, and see how they fail both of reason and holiness, of wonder and divinity, how they enter by force, and are kept up by human interests, how ignorant and unholy, how unlearned and pitiful are their pretences; the darknesses of these must add great eminency to the brightness of that.

For the Jews religion, which came from heaven, is therefore not now to be practised, because it did come from heaven, and was to expire into the Christian, it being nothing but the image of this perfection: and the Jews needed no other argument but this, that God hath made this impossible now to be done; for he that ties to ceremonies and outward usages, temples and altars, sacrifices and priests, troublesome and expensive rites and figures of future signification, means that there should be an abode and fixt dwelling, for these are not to be done by an ambulatory people; and therefore, since God hath scattered the people into atoms and crumbs of society, without temple or priest, without sacrifice or altar, without Urim or Thummim, without prophet or vision, even communicating with them no way but by ordinary providence, it is but too evident, that God hath nothing to do with them in the matter of that religion; but that it is expired, and no way obligatory to them or pleasing to him, which is become impossible to be acted: whereas, the Christian religion is as eternal as the soul of a man, and can no more cease than our spirits can die, and can worship upon mountains and caves, in fields and churches, in peace and war, in solitude and society, in persecution and in sun-shine, by night and by day, and be solemnized by clergy and laity in the essential parts of it, and is the perfection of the soul, and the highest reason of man, and the glorification of God.

But for the Heathen religions, it is evidently to be seen, that they are nothing but an abuse of the natural inclination which all men have to worship a God, whom because they know not, they grest at in the dark; for that they know there is and ought to be something that hath the care and providence of their affairs. But the body of their religion is coming but little arts of governments, and stratagems of princes, and devices to secure the government of new usurpers, or to make obedience to the laws sure, by being sacred, and to make the yoke that was not natural, pleasant by something that is. But yet, for the whole body of it, who sees not, that their worshippings could not be sacred, because they were done by something that is impure? They appeased their gods with adulteries and impure mixtures, by such things which Cato was ashamed to see, by gluttonous eatings of food, and impious drinkings, and they did have of humano sanguine, they sacrificed men and women and children in their diseases, as is notorious in the rites of Bacchus Orchis amongst the Greeks, and of Jupiter, to whom a Greek and a Greekess, a Sebastian and a Galatess were yearly offered in the answers of the oracles to Calchas, as appears in Homer and Virgil. Who sees not, that crimes were warranted by the example of their immortal gods, and that what did dishonour themselves, they sang to the honour of their gods, whom they affirmed to be passionate and proud, jealous and revengeful, amorous and lustful, fearful and impatient, drunken and sleepy, weary and wounded? that the religions were made lasting by policy and force, by ignorance, and the force of custom; by the preferring an inveterate error, and loving of a quiet and prosperous evil; by the arguments of pleasure, and the correspondencies of sensuality; by the fraud of oracles, and the patronage of vices; and because they feared every change as an earthquake, as supposing overturnings of their old error to be the eversion of their well-established governments? And it had been ordinarily impossible that ever Christianity should have entered, if the nature and excellency of it had not been such as to enter like rain into a fleece of wool, or the lustre into a window, without noise or violence, without emotion and disordering the political constitution, without causing trouble to any man but what his own ignorance or peevishness was pleased to spin out of his own bowels;

bowels; but did eſtabliſh governments, ſecure obedience, made the laws firm, and the perſons of princes to be ſacred; it did not oppoſe force by force, nor ſtrike princes for juſtice; it defended itſelf againſt enemies by patience, and overcame them by kindneſs; it was the great inſtrument of God to demonſtrate his power in our weakneſſes, and to do good to mankind by the imitation of his excellent goodneſs,

Laſtly, he that conſiders concerning the religion and perſon of Mahomet: that he was a vicious perſon, luſtful and tyrannical; that he propounded incredible and ridiculous propoſitions to his diſciples; that it entered by the ſword, by blood and violence, by murder and robbery; that it propounds ſenſual rewards, and allures to compliance by bribing our baſeſt luſts; that it conſerves itſelf by the ſame means it entered: that it is unlearned and fooliſh, againſt reaſon, and the diſcourſes of all wiſe men; that it did no miracles, and made falſe prophecies; in ſhort, that in the perſon that founded it, in the article it perſuades, in the manner of prevailing, in the reward it offers, it is unholy and fooliſh and rude: it muſt needs appear to be void of all pretence; and that no man of reaſon can ever be fairly perſuaded by arguments, that it is the daughter of God, and came down from heaven.

Conclusion.

Since therefore there is nothing to be ſaid for any other religion, and ſo very much for Chriſtianity, every one of whoſe pretences can be proved, as well as the things themſelves do require, and as all the world expects ſuch things ſhould be proved; it follows, that the holy Jeſus is the Son of God; that his religion is commanded by God, and is that way by which he will be worſhipped and honoured; and that "there is no other name under heaven by which we can be ſaved, but only the name of the Lord Jeſus."

Biſhop Taylor.

§ 202. *To the Sceptics and Infidels of the Age.*

Gentlemen,

Suppoſe the mighty work accompliſhed, the croſs trampled upon, Chriſtianity every where proſcribed, and the religion of nature once more become the religion of Europe; what advantage will you have derived to your country, or to yourſelves, from the exchange? I know your anſwer—you will have freed the world from the hypocriſy of prieſts, and the tyranny of ſuperſtition.—No; you forget that Lycurgus, and Numa, and Odin, and Mango-Copac, and all the great legiſlators of ancient or modern ſtory, have been of opinion, that the affairs of civil ſociety could not well be conducted without ſome religion; you muſt of neceſſity introduce a prieſthood, with, probably, as much hypocriſy; a religion, with, aſſuredly, more ſuperſtition, than that which you now reprobate with ſuch indecent and ill-grounded contempt. But I will tell you, from what you will have freed the world; you will have freed it from its abhorrence of vice, and from every powerful incentive to virtue; you will, with the religion, have brought back the depraved morality of Paganiſm; you will have robbed mankind of their firm aſſurance of another life; and thereby you will have deſpoiled them of their patience, of their humility, of their charity, of their chaſtity, of all thoſe mild and ſilent virtues, which (however deſpicable they may appear in your eyes) are the only ones, which meliorate and ſublime our nature; which Paganiſm never knew, which ſpring from Chriſtianity alone, which do or might conſtitute our comfort in this life, and without the poſſeſſion of which, another life, if after all there ſhould happen to be one, muſt be more vicious and more miſerable than this is, unleſs a miracle be exerted in the alteration of our diſpoſition.

Perhaps you will contend, that the univerſal light of reaſon, that the truth and fitneſs of things, are of themſelves ſufficient to exalt the nature, and regulate the manners of mankind. Shall we never have done with this groundleſs commendation of natural law? Look into the firſt chapter of Paul's epiſtle to the Romans, and you will ſee the extent of its influence over the Gentiles of thoſe days, or if you diſlike Paul's authority, and the manners of antiquity; look into the more admired accounts of modern voyagers; and examine its influence over the Pagans of our own times, over the ſenſual inhabitants of Otaheite, over the cannibals of New Zeland, or the remorſeleſs ſavages of America. But theſe men are Barbarians.—Your law of nature, notwithſtanding, extends even

to

to them;—but they have misused their reason;—they have then the more need of, and would be the more thankful for that revelation, which you, with an ignorant and faſtidious ſelf-ſufficiency deem uſeleſs.—But, they might of themſelves, if they thought fit, become wiſe and virtuous.—I anſwer with Cicero, Ut nihil intereſt, utrum nemo valeat, an nemo valere poſſit; ſic non intelligo quid intereſt, utrum nemo ſit ſapiens, an nemo eſſe poſſit.

Theſe, however, you will think, are extraordinary inſtances; and that we ought not from theſe, to take our meaſure of the excellency of the law of nature; but rather from the civilized ſtates of China and Japan, or from the nations which flouriſhed in learning and in arts, before Chriſtianity was heard of in the world. You mean to ſay, that by the law of nature, which you are deſirous of ſubſtituting in the room of the goſpel, you do not underſtand thoſe rules of conduct, which an individual, abſtracted from the community, and deprived of the inſtitution of mankind, could excogitate for himſelf; but ſuch a ſyſtem of precepts, as the moſt enlightened men of the moſt enlightened ages, have recommended to our obſervance. Where do you find this ſyſtem? We cannot meet with it in the works of Stobæus, or the Scythian Anacharſis; nor in thoſe of Plato, or of Cicero, nor in thoſe of the emperor Antoninus, or the ſlave Epictetus; for we are perſuaded, that the moſt animated conſiderations of the αγαθον, and the honeſtum, of the beauty of virtue, and the fitneſs of things, are not able to furniſh, even a Brutus himſelf, with permanent principles of action; much leſs are they able to purify the polluted receſſes of a vitiated heart, to curb the irregularities of appetite, or reſtrain the impetuoſity of paſſion in common men. If you order us to examine the works of Grotius, or Puffendorf, of Burlamaqui, or Hutchinſon, for what you underſtand by the law of nature; we apprehend that you are in a great error, in taking your notions of natural law, as diſcoverable by natural reaſon, from the elegant ſyſtems of it, which have been drawn up by Chriſtian philoſophers; ſince they have all laid their foundations, either tacitly or expreſsly, upon a principle derived from revelation. A thorough knowledge of the being and attributes of God: and even thoſe amongſt yourſelves, who, rejecting Chriſtianity, ſtill continue Theiſts, are indebted to revelation (whether you are either aware of, or diſpoſed to acknowledge the debt, or no) for thoſe ſublime ſpeculations concerning the deity, which you have fondly attributed to the excellency of your own unaſſiſted reaſon. If you would know the real ſtrength of natural reaſon, and how far it can proceed in the inveſtigation or inforcement of moral duties, you muſt conſult the manners and the writings of thoſe, who have never heard of either the Jewiſh or the Chriſtian diſpenſations, or of thoſe other manifeſtations of himſelf, which God vouchſafed to Adam and to the patriarchs, before and after the flood. It would be difficult perhaps any where, to find a people entirely deſtitute of traditionary notices concerning a deity, or of traditionary fears or expectations of another life; and the morals of mankind may have, perhaps, been no where quite ſo abandoned, as they would have been had they been left wholly to themſelves in theſe points: however, it is a truth which cannot be denied, how much ſoever it may be lamented, that though the generality of mankind have always had ſome faint conceptions of God, and his providence; yet they have been always greatly inefficacious in the production of good morality, and highly derogatory to his nature, amongſt all the people of the earth, except the Jews and Chriſtians; and ſome may perhaps be deſirous of excepting the Mahometans, who derive all that is good in their Koran from Chriſtianity.

The laws concerning juſtice, and the reparation of damages, concerning the ſecurity of property, and the performance of contracts; concerning, in ſhort, whatever affects the well-being of civil ſociety, have been every where underſtood with ſufficient preciſion; and if you chooſe to ſtile Juſtinian's code, a code of natural law, though you will err againſt propriety of ſpeech, yet you are ſo far in the right, that natural reaſon diſcovered, and the depravity of human nature compelled human kind, to eſtabliſh by proper ſanctions the laws therein contained; and you will have moreover Carneades, no mean philoſopher, on your ſide; who knew of no law of nature, different from that which men had inſtituted for their common utility; and which was various according to the

manners of men in different climates, and changeable with a change of times in the ſame. And in truth in all countries where Paganiſm has been the eſtabliſhed religion, though a philoſopher may now and then have ſtepped beyond the paltry preſcript of civil juriſprudence, in his purſuit of virtue; yet the bulk of mankind have ever been contented with that ſcanty pittance of morality, which enabled them to eſcape the laſh of civil puniſhment; I call it a ſcanty pittance; becauſe a man may be intemperate, iniquitous, impious, a thouſand ways a profligate and a villain, and yet elude the cognizance, and avoid the puniſhment of civil laws.

I am ſenſible, you will be ready to ſay, what is all this to the purpoſe? though the bulk of mankind may never be able to inveſtigate the laws of natural religion, nor diſpoſed to reverence their ſanctions when inveſtigated by others, nor ſolicitous about any other ſtandard of moral rectitude, than civil legiſlation; yet the inconveniencies which may attend the extirpation of Chriſtianity, can be no proof of its truth. —I have not produced them, as a proof of its truth; but they are a ſtrong and concluſive proof, if not of its truth, at leaſt of its utility; and the conſideration of its utility, may be a motive to yourſelves for examining, whether it may not chance to be true; and it ought to be a reaſon with every good citizen, and with every man of ſound judgment, to keep his opinions to himſelf, if from any particular circumſtances in his ſtudies or in his education he ſhould have the misfortune to think that it is not true. If you can diſcover to the riſing generation, a better religion than the Chriſtian, one that will more effectually animate their hopes, and ſubdue their paſſions, make them better men, or better members of ſociety, we importune you to publiſh it for their advantage; but till you can do that, we beg of you, not to give the reins to their paſſions, by inſtilling into their unſuſpicious minds your pernicious prejudices: even now, men ſcruple not, by their lawleſs luſt, to ruin the repoſe of private families, and to fix a ſtain of infamy on the nobleſt: even now, they heſitate not, in lifting up a murderous arm againſt the life of their friend, or againſt their own, as often as the fever of intemperance ſtimulates their reſentment, or the ſatiety of an uſeleſs life excites their deſpondency: even now, whilſt we are perſuaded of a reſurrection from the dead, and of a judgment to come, we find it difficult enough to reſiſt the ſolicitations of ſenſe, and to eſcape unſpotted from the licentious manners of the world: But what will become of our virtue, what of the conſequent peace and happineſs of ſociety, if you perſuade us, that there are no ſuch things? in two words,—you may ruin yourſelves by your attempt, and you will certainly ruin your country by your ſucceſs.

But the conſideration of the inutility of your deſign, is not the only one, which ſhould induce you to abandon it; the argument a tuto ought to be warily managed, or it may tend to the ſilencing our oppoſition to any ſyſtem of ſuperſtition, which has had the good fortune to be ſanctioned by public authority; it is, indeed, liable to no objection in the preſent caſe; we do not, however, wholly rely upon its cogency. It is not contended, that Chriſtianity is to be received, merely becauſe it is uſeful: but becauſe it is true. This you deny, and think your objections well grounded; we conceive them originating in your vanity, your immorality, or your miſapprehenſion. There are many worthleſs doctrines, many ſuperſtitious obſervances, which the fraud or folly of mankind have every where annexed to Chriſtianity, (eſpecially in the church of Rome) as eſſential parts of it; if you take theſe ſorry appendages to Chriſtianity, for Chriſtianity itſelf, as preached by Chriſt, and by the apoſtles; if you confound the Roman, with the Chriſtian religion, you quite miſapprehend its nature; and are in a ſtate ſimilar to that of men, (mentioned by Plutarch, in his treatiſe of ſuperſtition) who flying from ſuperſtition, leapt over religion, and ſunk into downright atheiſm.—Chriſtianity is not a religion very palatable to a voluptuous age; it will not conform its precepts to the ſtandard of faſhion; it will not leſſen the deformity of vice by lenient appellations; but calls keeping, whoredom; intrigue, adultery; and duelling, murder; it will not pander the luſt, it will not licenſe the intemperance of mankind; it is a troubleſome monitor to a man of pleaſure; and your way of life may have made you quarrel with your religion.—As to your vanity, as a cauſe of your infidelity, ſuffer

me to produce the ſentiments of M. Bayle upon that head; if the deſcription does not ſuit your character, you will not be offended at it; and if you are offended with its freedom, it will do you good: 'This inclines me to believe, that libertines, like Des-Barreaux, are not greatly perſuaded of the truth of what they ſay. They have made no deep examination, they have learned ſome few objections, which they are perpetually making a noiſe with; they ſpeak from a principle of oſtentation, and give themſelves the lie in the time of danger.—Vanity has a greater ſhare in their diſputes, than conſcience; they imagine, that the ſingularity and boldneſs of the opinions which they maintain, will give them the reputation of men of parts—by degrees, they get a habit of holding impious diſcourſes; and if their vanity be accompanied by a voluptuous life, their progreſs in that road is the ſwifter.'

The main ſtreſs of your objections, reſts not upon the inſufficiency of the external evidence to the truth of Chriſtianity; for few of you, though you may become the future ornaments of the ſenate, or of the bar, have ever employed an hour in its examination; but it reſts upon the difficulty of the doctrines, contained in the New Teſtament: they exceed, you ſay, your comprehenſion; and you felicitate yourſelves, that you are not yet arrived at the true ſtandard of orthodox faith,—credo quia impoſſibile. You think, it would be taking a ſuperfluous trouble, to enquire into the nature of the external proofs, by which Chriſtianity is eſtabliſhed; ſince, in your opinion, the book itſelf carries with it its own refutation. A gentleman as acute, probably, as any of you; and who once believed, perhaps, as little as any of you, has drawn a quite different concluſion from the peruſal of the New Teſtament: his book (however exceptionable it may be thought in ſome particular parts) exhibits, not only a diſtinguiſhed triumph of reaſon over prejudice, or Chriſtianity over deiſm; but it exhibits, what is infinitely more rare, the character of a man, who has had courage and candour enough to acknowledge it.

But what if there ſhould be ſome incomprehenſible doctrines in the Chriſtian religion; ſome circumſtances, which in their cauſes, or their conſequences, ſurpaſs the reach of human reaſon; are they to be rejected upon that account? You are, or would be thought, men of reading, and knowledge, and enlarged underſtandings; weigh the matter fairly; and conſider whether revealed religion be not, in this reſpect, juſt upon the ſame footing with every other object of your contemplation. Even in mathematics, the ſcience of demonſtration itſelf, though you get over its firſt principles, and learn to divide the idea of a point without parts, a line without breadth, and a ſurface without thickneſs; yet you will find yourſelves at a loſs to comprehend the perpetual approximation of lines, which can never meet; the doctrine of incommenſurables, and of an infinity of infinites, each infinitely greater, or infinitely leſs, not only than any finite quantity, but than one another. In phyſics, you cannot comprehend the primary cauſe of any thing—not of the light, by which you ſee; nor of the elaſticity of the air, by which you hear; nor of the fire, by which you are warmed. In phyſiology, you cannot tell what firſt gave motion to the heart, nor what continues it; nor why its motion is leſs voluntary, than that of the lungs: nor why you are able to move your arm, to the right or left, by a ſimple volition: you cannot explain the cauſe of animal heat, nor comprehend the principle, by which your body was at firſt formed, nor by which it is ſuſtained, nor by which it will be reduced to earth. In natural religion, you cannot comprehend the eternity or omnipreſence of the Deity; nor eaſily underſtand, how his preſcience can be conſiſtent with your freedom, or his immutability with his government of moral agents; nor why he did not make all his creatures equally perfect; nor why he did not create them ſooner: In ſhort, you cannot look into any branch of knowledge, but you will meet with ſubjects above your comprehenſion. The fall and the redemption of human kind, are not more incomprehenſible, than the creation and the conſervation of the univerſe: the moral author of the works of providence, and of nature, is equally inſcrutable, equally paſt finding out in them both. And it is ſomewhat remarkable, that the deepeſt inquirers into nature, have ever thought with moſt reverence, and ſpoken with moſt confidence, concerning thoſe things, that

in revealed religion, may ſeem hard to be underſtood; they have ever avoided that ſelf-ſufficiency of knowledge, which ſprings from ignorance, produces indifference, and ends in infidelity. Admirable to this purpoſe, is the reflection of the greateſt mathematician of the preſent age, when he is combating an opinion of Newton's, by an hypotheſis of his own, ſtill leſs defenſible than that which he oppoſes:—Tous les jours que je vois de ces eſprits-forts, qui critiquent les verités de notre religion, et s'en mocquent même avec la plus impertinente ſuffiſance, je penſe, chetifs mortel! combien et combien des choſes ſur leſquels vous raiſonnez ſi legerement, ſont elles plus ſublimes, et plus elevés, que celles ſur leſquelles le grand Newton s'egare ſi groſſierement.

Plato mentions a ſet of men, who were very ignorant, and thought themſelves ſupremely wiſe; and who rejected the argument for the being of a God, derived from the harmony and order of the univerſe, as old and trite; there have been men, it ſeems, in all ages, who, in affecting ſingularity, have overlooked truth: an argument, however, is not the worſe for being old; and ſurely it would have been a more juſt mode of reaſoning, if you had examined the external evidence for the truth of Chriſtianity, weighed the old arguments from miracles, and from prophecies, before you had rejected the whole account from the difficulties you met with in it. You would laugh at an Indian, who in peeping into a hiſtory of England, and meeting with the mention of the Thames being frozen, or of a ſhower of hail, or of ſnow, ſhould throw the book aſide, as unworthy of his further notice, from his want of ability to comprehend theſe phænomena.

In conſidering the argument from miracles, you will ſoon be convinced, that it is poſſible for God to work miracles; and you will be convinced, that it is as poſſible for human teſtimony to eſtabliſh the truth of miraculous, as of phyſical or hiſtorical events; but before you can be convinced that the miracles in queſtion are ſupported by ſuch teſtimony as deſerves to be credited, you muſt inquire at what period, and by what perſons, the books of the Old and New Teſtament were compoſed; if you reject the account, without making this examination, you reject it from prejudice, not from reaſon.

There is, however, a ſhort method of examining this argument, which may, perhaps, make as great an impreſſion on your minds, as any other. Three men of diſtinguiſhed abilities, roſe up at different times, and attacked Chriſtianity with every objection which their malice could ſuggeſt, or their learning could deviſe; but neither Celſus in the ſecond century, nor Porphyry in the third, nor the emperor Julian himſelf in the fourth century, ever queſtioned the reality of the miracles related in the goſpels. Do but you grant us what theſe men (who were more likely to know the truth of the matter, than you can be) granted to their adverſaries, and we will very readily let you make the moſt of the magic, to which, as the laſt wretched ſhift, they were forced to attribute them. We can find you men, in our days, who from the mixture of two colourleſs liquors, will produce you a third as red as blood, or of any other colour you deſire; et dicto citius, by a drop reſembling water, will reſtore the tranſparency; they will make two fluids coaleſce into a ſolid body; and from the mixture of liquors colder than ice, will inſtantly raiſe you a horrid exploſion, and a tremendous flame: theſe, and twenty other tricks they will perform, without having been ſent with our Saviour to Egypt to learn magic; nay, with a bottle or two of oil, they will compoſe the undulations of a lake; and by a little art, they will reſtore the functions of life to a man, who has been an hour or two under water, or a day or two buried in the ſnow: but in vain will theſe men, or the greateſt magician that Egypt ever ſaw, ſay to a boiſterous ſea, "Peace, be ſtill;" in vain will they ſay to a carcaſe rotting in the grave, "Come forth;" the winds and the ſea will not obey them, and the putrid carcaſe will not hear them. You need not ſuffer yourſelves to be deprived of the weight of this argument; from its having been obſerved, that the Fathers have acknowledged the ſupernatural part of Paganiſm; ſince the Fathers were in no condition to detect a cheat, which was ſupported both by the diſpoſition of the people, and the power of the civil magiſtrate; and they were, from that inability, forced to attribute to infernal agency what was too cunningly contrived to be detected, and contrived for too impious a purpoſe, to be credited as the word of God.

With

With reſpect to prophecy, you may, perhaps, have accuſtomed yourſelves to conſider it, as originating in Aſiatic enthuſiaſm, in Chaldean myſtery, or in the ſubtle ſtratagem of intereſted prieſts: and have given yourſelves no more trouble concerning the predictions of ſacred, than concerning the oracles of Pagan hiſtory. Or, if ever you have caſt a glance upon this ſubject, the diſſenſions of learned men concerning the proper interpretation of the revelation, and other difficult prophecies, may have made you raſhly conclude, that all prophecies were equally unintelligible; and more indebted for their accompliſhment, to a fortunate concurrence of events, and the pliant ingenuity of the expoſitor, than to the inſpired foreſight of the prophet. In all that the prophets of the Old Teſtament have delivered, concerning the deſtruction of particular cities, and the deſolation of particular kingdoms, you may ſee nothing but ſhrewd conjectures, which any one acquainted with the hiſtory of the riſe and fall of empires, might certainly have made; and as you would not hold him for a prophet, who ſhould now affirm, that London or Paris would afford to future ages, a ſpectacle juſt as melancholy, as that which we now contemplate, with a ſigh, in the ruins of Agrigentum or Palmyra; ſo you cannot perſuade yourſelves to believe, that the denunciations of the prophets againſt the haughty cities of Tyre or Babylon, for inſtance, proceeded from the inſpiration of the Deity. There is no doubt, that by ſome ſuch general kind of reaſoning, many are influenced to pay no attention to an argument, which, if properly conſidered, carries with it the ſtrongeſt conviction.

Spinoza ſaid, That he would have broken his atheiſtic ſyſtem to pieces, and embraced without repugnance the ordinary faith of Chriſtians, if he could have perſuaded himſelf of the reſurrection of Lazarus from the dead; and I queſtion not, that there are many diſbelievers, who would relinquiſh their deiſtic tenets, and receive the goſpel, if they could perſuade themſelves, that God had ever ſo far interfered in the moral government of the world, as to illumine the mind of any one man with the knowledge of future events. A miracle ſtrikes the ſenſes of the perſons who ſee it, a prophecy addreſſes itſelf to the underſtandings of thoſe who behold its completion; and it requires, in many caſes, ſome learning, in all ſome attention, to judge of the correſpondence of events with the predictions concerning them. No one can be convinced, that what Jeremiah and the other prophets foretold of the fate of Babylon, that it ſhould be beſieged by the Medes; that it ſhould be taken, when her mighty men were drunken, when her ſprings were dried up; and that it ſhould become a pool of water, and ſhould remain deſolate for ever, no one, I ſay, can be convinced, that all theſe, and other parts of the prophetic denunciation, have been minutely fulfilled, without ſpending ſome time in reading the accounts, which profane hiſtorians have delivered down to us concerning its being taken by Cyrus; and which modern travellers have given us of its preſent ſituation.

Porphyry was ſo perſuaded of the coincidence between the prophecies of Daniel and the events, that he was forced to aſſert the prophecies were written after the things prophetical had happened; whether Porphyry has, in our days, been aſtoniſhed at the correſpondence between the prophecy concerning the deſtruction of Jeruſalem, as related by St. Matthew, and the hiſtory of that event, as recorded by Joſephus; that, rather than embrace Chriſtianity, he has ventured to aſſert (contrary to the faith of all eccleſiaſtical hiſtory, the opinion of the learned of all ages, and all the rules of good criticiſm) that St. Matthew wrote his Goſpel after Jeruſalem had been taken and deſtroyed by the Romans. You may from theſe inſtances perceive the ſtrength of the argument from prophecy; it has not been able indeed to vanquiſh the prejudices of either the ancient or the modern Porphyry; but it has been able to convict them both, to be guilty of obvious falſehoods, which have nothing but impudent aſſertions to ſupport them.

Some over-zealous interpreters of ſcripture have found prophecies in ſimple narrations, extended real predictions beyond the times and circumſtances to which they naturally were applied, and perplexed their readers with a thouſand quaint allegories and allegorical conceits; this probably has made unthinking men pay little regard to prophecy in general. There are ſome predictions however, ſuch as that concerning

concerning the preſent ſtate of the Jewiſh people, and the corruption of Chriſtianity, which are now fulfilling in the world; and which, if you will take the trouble to examine them, you will find of ſuch an extraordinary nature, that you will not perhaps heſitate to refer them to God as their author; and if you once become perſuaded of the truth of any one miracle, or of the completion of any one prophecy, you will reſolve all your difficulties (concerning the manner of God's interpoſition, in the moral government of our ſpecies, and the nature of the doctrines contained in revelation) into your own inability fully to comprehend the whole ſcheme of divine providence.

We are told, however, that the ſtrangeneſs of the narration, and the difficulty of the doctrines contained in the New Teſtament, are not the only circumſtances which induce you to reject it; you have diſcovered, you think, ſo many contradictions, in the accounts which the Evangeliſts have given of the life of Chriſt, that you are compelled to conſider the whole as an ill-digeſted and improbable ſtory. You would not reaſon thus upon any other occaſion; you would not reject as fabulous the accounts given by Livy and Polybius of Hannibal and the Carthaginians, though you ſhould diſcover a difference betwixt them in ſeveral points of little importance. You cannot compare the hiſtory of the ſame events as delivered by any two hiſtorians, but you will meet with many circumſtances, which, though mentioned by one, are either wholly omitted or differently related by the other; and this obſervation is peculiarly applicable to biographical writings: But no one ever thought of diſbelieving the leading circumſtances of the lives of Vitellius or Veſpaſian, becauſe Tacitus and Suetonius did not in every thing correſpond in their accounts of theſe emperors; and if the memoirs of the life and doctrines of M. de Voltaire himſelf, were ſome twenty or thirty years after his death, to be delivered to the world by four of his moſt intimate acquaintance; I do not apprehend that we ſhould diſcredit the whole account of ſuch an extraordinary man, by reaſon of ſome ſlight inconſiſtencies and contradictions, which the avowed enemies of his name might chance to diſcover in the ſeveral narrations. Though we ſhould grant you then, that the Evangeliſts had fallen into ſome trivial contradictions, in what they have related concerning the life of Chriſt; yet you ought not to draw any other inference from our conceſſion, than that they had not plotted together, as cheats would have done, in order to give an unexceptionable conſiſtency to their fraud. We are not however diſpoſed to make you any ſuch conceſſion; we will rather ſhew you the futility of your general argument, by touching upon a few of the places, which you think are moſt liable to your cenſure.

You obſerve, that neither Luke, nor Mark, nor John, have mentioned the cruelty of Herod in murdering the infants of Bethlehem; and that no account is to be found of this matter in Joſephus, who wrote the life of Herod; and therefore the fact recorded by Matthew is not true. —The concurrent teſtimony of many independent writers concerning a matter of fact, unqueſtionably adds to its probability; but if nothing is to be received as true, upon the teſtimony of a ſingle author, we muſt give up ſome of the beſt writers, and diſbelieve ſome of the moſt intereſting facts of ancient hiſtory.

According to Matthew, Mark, and Luke, there was only an interval of three months, you ſay, between the baptiſm and crucifixion of Jeſus; from which time, taking away the forty days of temptation, there will only remain about ſix weeks for the whole period of his public miniſtry; which laſted however, according to St. John, at the leaſt above three years. —Your objection fairly ſtated ſtands thus; Matthew, Mark, and Luke, in writing the hiſtory of Jeſus Chriſt, mention the ſeveral events of his life, as following one another in continued ſucceſſion, without taking notice of the times in which they happened; but is it a juſt concluſion from their ſilence, to infer that there really were no intervals of time between the tranſactions which they ſeem to have connected? Many inſtances might be produced from the moſt admired biographers of antiquity, in which the events are related, as immediately conſequent to each other, which did not happen but at very diſtant periods: we have an obvious example of this manner of writing in St. Matthew; who connects the preaching of John the Baptiſt with the return of Joſeph from Egypt, though we are certain, that the latter event preceded the former by a great many years.

John

had we been able to ſay nothing, in explanation of this phænomenon, we ſhould not have acted a very rational part, in making our ignorance the foundation of our infidelity, in following a minute philoſopher to reject all our religion.

Your objections to revelation, may be numerous; you may find fault with the account, which Moſes has given of the creation and the fall; you may not be able to get water enough for an univerſal deluge; nor room enough in the ark of Noah, for all the different kinds of aërial and terreſtrial animals; you may be diſtreſſed with the command for ſacrificing of Iſaac, for plundering the Egyptians, and for extirpating the Canaanites; you may find fault with the Jewiſh œconomy, for its ceremonies, its ſacrifices, and its multiplicity of prieſts; you may object to the imprecations in the Pſalms, and think the immoralities of David a fit ſubject for dramatic ridicule; you may look upon the partial promulgation of Chriſtianity, as an inſuperable objection to its truth; and waywardly reject the goodneſs of God toward yourſelves, becauſe you do not comprehend, how you have deſerved it more than others; you may know nothing of the entrance of ſin and death into the world, by one man's tranſgreſſion; not be able to comprehend the doctrine of the croſs and of redemption by Jeſus Chriſt; in ſhort, if your mind is ſo diſpoſed, you may find food for your ſcepticiſm in every page of the Bible, as well as in every appearance of nature; and it is not in the power of any perſon, but yourſelves, to clear up your doubts; you muſt read, and you muſt think for yourſelves; and you muſt do both with temper, with candour, and with care. Infidelity is a rank weed; it is nurtured by our vices, and cannot be plucked up as eaſily as it may be planted: your difficulties, with reſpect to revelation, may have firſt ariſen, from your own reflection on the religious indifference of thoſe, whom, from your earlieſt infancy, you have been accuſtomed to revere and imitate; domeſtic irreligion may have made you willing hearers of libertine converſation; and the uniform prejudices of the world, may have finiſhed the buſineſs at a very early age; and left you to wander through life without a principle to direct your conduct, and to die without hope. We are far from wiſhing you to truſt the word of the clergy for the truth of your religion; we beg of you to examine it in the bottom, to try it, to prove it, and not to hold it faſt unleſs you find it good. If you are diſpoſed to undertake this taſk, it becomes you to conſider with great ſeriouſneſs and attention, whether it can be for your intereſt to eſpouſe a few witty ſarcaſms, or metaphyſical ſubtleties, or ignorant miſrepreſentations, or unwarranted aſſertions, as unanſwerable arguments againſt revelation; and a very ſlight reflection will convince you, that it will certainly be for your reputation, to employ the flippancy of your rhetoric, and the pungency of your ridicule, upon any ſubject, rather than upon the ſubject of religion.

I take my leave with recommending to your notice, the advice which Mr. Locke gave to a young man, who was deſirous of becoming acquainted with the doctrines of the Chriſtian religion. 'Study the holy ſcripture, eſpecially the New Teſtament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author; ſalvation for its end; and Truth without any mixture of error for its matter.'

Biſhop Watſon.

§ 201. *Miſtakes in judging of the Scripture ſtyle, &c.*

The books of the Old Teſtament, which were written by the divine will and inſpiration, were by the Jews of old uſually divided into three ſeveral claſſes, whereof the firſt comprehended the five books of Moſes; the ſecond, all the prophets; and the third, thoſe writings which they called Chetubim, the Greeks Hagiographa; or books that were written by holy men, but not with ſuch fulneſs of ſpirit as to be ranked among the prophets. In this diviſion they reckoned five books in the firſt claſs; eight in the ſecond; and nine in the third; in all two-and-twenty; according to the number of the letters of their alphabet, and to fully comprehending all that was neceſſary to be known and believed, as the number of their letters did all that was requiſite to be ſaid or written; for in this method it is that they range them.

The books of Moſes 5.	Geneſis.
	Exodus.
	Leviticus.
	Numbers.
	Deuteronomy.

For

Four books of the former prophets. 4.	Joſhua.
	Judges, and Ruth.
	Samuel 1. and 2.
	Kings 1. and 2.
Four books of the latter prophets. 4.	Iſaiah.
	Jeremiah, and his Lamentations.
	Ezekiel.
	The books of the 12 leſſer prophets.
And the reſt of the holy writers. 9.	King David's Pſalms.
	King Solomon's Proverbs.
	His Eccleſiaſtes.
	His Song of Songs.
	The book of Job.
	The book of Daniel.
	The book of Ezra and Nehemiah.
	The book of Eſther.
	The book of Chronicles 1. and 2.

But be the books ever ſo genuine, and their tradition ever ſo certain, yet we cannot ſuppoſe them wrote by perſons divinely inſpired, ſo long as we ſee in them certain characters inconſiſtent with ſuch a ſuppoſition. Surely the pureſt language, the moſt perfect ſtyle, the greateſt clearneſs, the moſt exact method, the ſoundeſt reaſoning, the man of apparent conſiſtency, and, in a word, all the excellencies of good writing, might be expected in a piece compoſed or dictated by the Spirit of God; but books wherein we find the reverſe of all this, it is idle, if not impious, to aſcribe to the Deity.

I. One great miſtake which the generality of readers run into, is, to judge of the compoſition of the Scripture, not from its original, but from its tranſlations: for, beſides that in ancient writings, ſuch as the Bible is, there are alluſions to many rites and cuſtoms that are now laid aſide; and, for this reaſon, muſt needs ſeem flat or impertinent; which, when they were in uſe, had a great deal of ſpirit and propriety in them; and beſides that the Hebrew, in particular, is a language of a peculiar caſt, both in the contexture of its words, and the cadence of its periods, and contains certain expreſſions, whoſe emphaſis can no more be tranſlated into another language, than the water of a diamond can be painted, without detracting from the original: beſides all this, I ſay, the tranſlators themſelves, ſometimes by running into miſtakes, and at all times by adhering too religiouſly to the letter of the text, have contributed not a little to make the ſtyle of the Sacred Writings appear leſs advantageous. For, whereas other tranſlators have taken a liberty to accommodate the beauties of the language whereinto they tranſlate, to the idioms of that wherein their author wrote; theſe have thought themſelves reſtrained from uſing ſuch freedom in a divine compoſition; and have therefore left ſeveral Hebraic, and other foreign phraſes in their verſion, which ſeem a little uncouth, and give the reader, who can look no farther, a very odd notion of the original: though it is certainly manifeſt, that the moſt elegant piece of oratory that ever was framed, if we render it literally, and not give it the true genius of the language whereunto we are admitting it, will loſe all its beauty, and appear with the ſame diſadvantage.

II. Another miſtake that we run into, is, when we confine eloquence to any nation, and account that the only proof of it, which is accommodated to the preſent taſte. We indeed, in theſe European countries, whoſe languages, in a great meaſure, are derived from Greek and Latin, make them the patterns for our imitation, and account them the ſtandard of perfection: but there is no reaſon why the eaſtern nations, whoſe languages have no affinity with them, ſhould do the ſame; much leſs is it reaſonable to expect it in writers who lived long before theſe Greek or Latin authors, we ſo much admire, were born. It is ſufficient for them that they wrote according to the faſhionable, and eſteemed eloquence of their own times: but that the Holy Ghoſt ſhould inſpire with certain ſchemes of ſpeech, adapted to the modern taſte, and ſuch as were utterly unknown in the countries where they lived, is a thing

that can never enter into any sober man's consideration. The truth is, since Moses was bred up in all the refined learning and wisdom of the Egyptians; since Solomon was excellent in all kind of knowledge, and in a manner idolized by the eastern world; and since Daniel's promising youth was improved by the learning of the Chaldean sages; we have all the reason imaginable to believe, that they wrote according to the perfection of style which was then in use; that though their eloquence differs from ours, yet it is excellent in its kind; and that, if we have other notions of it, it is only because we are unacquainted with those bold allegories, and figurative ways of discourse; those dark sentences, surprising brevities, and inconnected transitions, wherein the nature of their true sublime did consist.

III. Another mistake we run into is, when we suppose that the critical rules of eloquence are any ways necessary in divine compositions. The design of God, in recording his laws, was to inform our understandings, to cure our passions, and rectify our wills; and if this end be but attained, it is no great matter in what form of diction the prescription be given. We never expect that a physician's receipt should be wrote in a Ciceronian style; and if a lawyer has made us a firm conveyance of an estate, we never inquire what elegancies there are in the writing. When, therefore, God intends to do us far greater things than these; when he is delivering the terms of our salvation, and prescribing the rules of our duty; why should we expect that he should insist on the niceties of style and expression, and not rather account it a diminution of his authority, to be elaborate in trifles, when he has the momentous issues of another life to command our attention, and affect our passions? In some of the greatest works of nature, God has not confined himself to any such order and exactness. The stars, we see, are not cast into regular figures; lakes and rivers are not bounded by straight lines; nor are hills and mountains exact cones or pyramids. When a mighty prince declares his will by laws and edicts to his subjects, is he, do we think, careful at all about a pure style, or elegant composition? Is not the phrase thought proper enough, if it conveys as much as was intended? And would not the fine strains of some modern critics be thought pedantic and affected on such occasions? Why then should we expect in the Oracles of God an exactness that would be unbecoming, and beneath the dignity of an earthly monarch, and which bears no proportion or resemblance to the magnificent works of the creation? A strict observation of the rules of grammar and rhetoric, in elegant expressions, harmonious periods, and technical definitions and partitions, may gratify indeed some readers; but then it must be granted that these things have the air of human contrivance in them; whereas in the simple, unaffected, artless, unequal, bold, figurative style of the Holy Scriptures, there is a character singularly great and majestic, and what looks more like divine inspiration, than any other form of composition.

These observations being premised, if we should now consider the nature of eloquence in general, as it is defined by Aristotle to be a faculty of persuasion, which Cicero makes to consist in three things, instructing, delighting, and moving the readers or hearers mind, we shall find that the Holy Scriptures have a fair [illegible] these several properties.

For where can we meet with such a plain representation of things, so pleasant history, and such cogent arguments, in point of precept, as this one volume furnishes us with? Where is there an history written more simply and naturally, and at the same time more nobly and lofty, than that of the creation of the world? Where are the great lessons of morality taught with such force and perspicuity (except in the sermons of Christ, and the writings of the apostles) as in the book of Deuteronomy? Where is the whole exemplar of devotion, in the several forms of confession, petition, supplication, thanksgiving, vows, and praises, so punctually taught us, as in the book of Psalms? Where are the rules of wisdom and prudence so convincingly laid down, as in the Proverbs of Solomon, and the choice sentences of Ecclesiastes? Where is vice and impiety of all kinds more justly displayed, and more fully confuted, than in the threats and admonitions of the prophets? And what do the little warmths, which may be raised in the fancy by an artificial composure and vehemence of style, signify in comparison of those strong impulses and movements which the Holy Scriptures make upon good men's souls, when they represent the frights

ful juſtice of an angry God to ſtubborn offenders, and the bowels of his compaſſion, and unſpeakable kindneſs, to all true penitents and faithful ſervants?

The Holy Scripture indeed has none of thoſe flaſhy ornaments of ſpeech, wherewith human compoſitions ſo plentifully abound; but then it has a ſufficient ſtock of real and peculiar beauties to recommend it. To give one inſtance for all out of the hiſtory of Joſeph and his family: the whole relation indeed is extremely natural: but the manner of his diſcovering himſelf to his brethren is inimitable. "And Joſeph could no longer refrain himſelf—but, lifting up his voice with tears, ſaid—I am Joſeph—doth my father yet live?—And his brethren could not anſwer him; for they were troubled at his preſence. And Joſeph ſaid to his brethren, come near me, I pray you: and they came near, and he ſaid I am Joſeph—your brother—whom ye ſold into Egypt." Nothing certainly can be a more lively deſcription of Joſeph's tender reſpect for his father, and love for his brethren: and, in like manner, when his brethren returned, and told their father in what ſplendor and glory his ſon Joſeph lived, it is ſaid, "that Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not; but when he ſaw the waggons which Joſeph had ſent for him, the ſpirit of Jacob, their father, revived; and Iſrael ſaid, it is enough—Joſeph my ſon is yet alive—I will go—and ſee him—before I die." Here is ſuch a contraſt of different paſſions, of utter deſpondency, dawning hope, and confirmed faith, triumphant joy, and paternal affection, as no orator in the world could expreſs more movingly, in a more eaſy manner, or ſhorter compaſs of words.

Nay more, had I leiſure to gratify the curious, I might eaſily ſhew, that thoſe very figures and ſchemes of ſpeech, which are ſo much admired in profane authors, as their great beauties and ornaments, are no where more conſpicuous than in the ſacred.

One figure, for inſtance, eſteemed very florid among the maſters of art, is, when all the members of a period begin with the ſame word. The figure is called anaphora; and yet (if I miſtake not) the 15th pſalm affords us a very beautiful paſſage of this kind. "Lord, who ſhall abide in thy tabernacle? Who ſhall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly; he that back-biteth not with his tongue; he that maketh much of them that fear the Lord; he that ſweareth to his hurt, and changeth not; he that putteth not out his money to uſury, nor taketh reward againſt the innocent. He that does theſe things ſhall never be moved."

The ancient orators took a great deal of pride in ranging finely their antitheta. Cicero is full of this, and uſes it many times to a degree of affectation; and yet I cannot find any place wherein he has ſurpaſſed that paſſage of the prophet. "He that killeth an ox, is as if he ſlew a man; he that ſacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered ſwine's blood." But above all other figures, that whereon poets and orators love chiefly to dwell, is the hypotypoſis, or lively deſcription; and yet we ſhall hardly find in the beſt claſſic authors, any thing comparable, in this regard, to the Egyptians' deſtruction in the Red Sea, related in the ſong of Moſes and Miriam; to the deſcription of the Leviathan in Job; to the deſcent of God, and a ſtorm at ſea in the Pſalmiſt; to the intrigues of an adulterous woman in the Proverbs; to the pride of the Jewiſh ladies in Iſaiah; and to the plague of locuſts in Joel; which is repreſented like the ravaging of a country; and ſtorming a city by an army: "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a deſolate wilderneſs, and nothing ſhall eſcape them. Before their face people ſhall be pained; all faces ſhall gather blackneſs. They ſhall run like mighty men; they ſhall climb the wall like men of war; they ſhall march every one in his way, and they ſhall not break their ranks. They ſhall run to and fro in the city; they ſhall run upon the wall; they ſhall climb up upon the houſes; they ſhall enter into the windows as a thief." The deſcription is more remarkable, becauſe the analogy is carried quite throughout without ſtraining, and the whole proceſſes of a conquering army in the manner of their march, their deſtroying the proviſion, and burning the country, in their ſcaling the walls, breaking into houſes, and running about the vanquiſhed city, are fully delineated and ſet before our eyes.

From theſe few example (for it would be endleſs to proceed in inſtances of this kind) it appears, that the Holy Bible is far from being defective in point of eloquence; and (what is a peculiar commendation of it) its ſtyle is full of a grateful

variety; sometimes majestic as becomes that "high and holy one who inhabiteth eternity;" sometimes so low as to answer the other part of his character, "who dwelleth with him that is of an humble spirit;" and, at all times so proper, and adapted so well to the several subjects it treats of, that whoever considers it attentively will perceive, in the narrative parts of it, a stile so simple and unaffected; in the prophetic and devotional, something so animated and sublime; and in the doctrinal and preceptive, such an air of dignity and authority, as seems to speak its original divine.

We allow indeed, that method is an excellent art, highly conducive to the clearness and perspicuity of discourse; but then we affirm, that it is an art of modern invention in comparison to the times when the sacred penmen wrote, and incompatible with the manner of writing which was then in vogue. We indeed in Europe, who, in this matter, have taken our examples from Greece, can hardly read any thing with pleasure that is not digested into order, and formed under proper heads; but the eastern nations, who were used to a free way of discourse, and never cramped their notions by methodical limitations, would have despised a composition of this kind, as much as we do a school-boy's theme, with all the formalities of its exordiums, recitals, and confirmations. And, if this was no precedent for other nations, much less can we think, that God Almighty's methods ought to be confined to human laws, which, being designed for the narrowness of our conceptions, might be improper and injurious to his, whose "thoughts are as far above ours, as the heavens are higher than the earth."

The truth is, inspiration is, in some measure, the language of another world, and carries in it the reasoning of spirits, which, without controversy, is vastly different from ours. We indeed, to make things lie plain before our understandings, are forced to sort them out into distinct partitions, and consider them by little and little, that so at last, by gradual advances, we may come to a tolerable conception of them; but this is no argument for us to think that pure spirits do reason after this manner. Their understandings are quick and intuitive; they see the whole compass of rational inferences at once; and have no need of those little methodical distinctions which oftentimes help the imperfections of our intellects. Now, though we do not assert, that the language of the Holy Scriptures is an exact copy of the reasoning of the spiritual world; yet, from her came by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, it is but reasonable to expect that they should preserve some small relish of it, at least translated into another tongue always retain some marks of their originals. And hence it comes to pass, that though the Holy Ghost does vouchsafe to speak in the language of men, yet, in his divine compositions, there are often traces to be found of that bold and unrestrained ratiocination which is peculiar to the heavenly inhabitants, whose noble and daring thoughts are never clogged with the mean and jejune laws of human method.

Boyle.

§ 202. *A Prayer for Pardon.*

Most gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and fearchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the uprightness of heart; thou abhorrest the hypocrite; thou pondereth men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measureth their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee.

Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. That vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee for it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the sea and to the floods. The poor and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasures, but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples.

Thomas à

Thouſands have been my ſins, and ten thouſands my tranſgreſſions, but thy ſanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

O Lord, my ſtrength! I have ſince my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compaſſions, by thy comfortable chaſtiſements, and by thy moſt viſible providence. As thy favours have encreaſed upon me, ſo have thy corrections; ſo as thou haſt been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly bleſſings were exalted, ſo ſecret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have aſcended before men, I have deſcended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought moſt of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindneſs, keeping me ſtill in thy fatherly ſchool, not as a baſtard, but as a child. Juſt are thy judgments upon me for my ſins, which are more in number than the ſands of the ſea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the ſands of the ſea? earth, heavens, and all theſe, are nothing to thy mercies. Beſides my innumerable ſins, I confeſs before thee, that I am a debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made ſome profit, but miſ-ſpent it in things for which I was leaſt fit; ſo I may truly ſay, my ſoul hath been a ſtranger in the courſe of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's ſake, and receive me into thy boſom, or guide me into thy ways. *Lord Bacon.*

§ 203. *The doctrine of Chriſt a doctrine of truth and ſimplicity.*

The Goſpel of Chriſt, as taught by himſelf and his apoſtles, in its original plainneſs and purity, is a doctrine of truth and ſimplicity, a doctrine ſo eaſy to be underſtood, ſo reaſonable to be practiſed, ſo agreeable to the natural notions and reaſon of mankind, ſo beneficial in its effects, if men were really governed by it; teaching them nothing but the worſhip of the true God, through the mediation of Chriſt; and towards each other, juſtice, righteouſneſs, meekneſs, charity, and univerſal good-will; in expectation of a future judgment, and of a laſting ſtate of happineſs in a better world, for them who love God and keep his commandments; this doctrine of Chriſt, I ſay, in its native ſimplicity and purity, is ſo reaſonable, ſo excellent, and of ſuch irreſiſtible evidence, that had it never been corrupted by ſuperſtitions from within, it never could have been oppoſed by power from without; but it muſt of neceſſity have captivated mankind to the obedience of faith; 'till the knowledge of the Lord had filled the earth, as the waters cover the ſea.——

Whatever difficulties there may be in ſome of the hiſtorical, or prophetical, or controverſial parts of the books of Scripture, yet as to the practical part, the duties required of a Chriſtian in order to ſalvation, there is no man that ever read the ſermons of Chriſt and his apoſtles, or ever heard them read, but underſtood perfectly well what our Saviour meant by commanding us to worſhip the one true God of nature, the Author and Lord of the univerſe, and to do to all men as we would they ſhould do to us; and that, "denying ungodlineſs and worldly luſts, we ſhould live ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly in this preſent world;" in expectation of being righteouſly and impartially adjudged, according to our works, to a ſtate of happineſs or miſery in the world to come; by our Saviour himſelf, our merciful and compaſſionate judge. There never was any man in the chriſtian world, but felt the reaſonableneſs and importance of this doctrine; and, whenever theſe things have been repeated to him, was immediately conſcious to himſelf, either of having followed or tranſgreſſed theſe precepts.

Dr. Clark.

§ 204. *On the ſuperiority of Sacred Hiſtory and Chriſtian Philoſophy.*

In the hiſtories which have been left us by men, we ſee nothing but the agency of man. They are men who obtain the victories, who take towns, who ſubdue kingdoms, who dethrone ſovereigns, to elevate themſelves to the ſupreme power: God appears in no part, men are the ſole actors of all theſe things. But in the hiſtory of the Holy Books it is God alone who performs the whole; God alone cauſeth kings to reign, placeth them upon their thrones, or depoſeth them again. It is God alone who oppoſeth the enemy, who ſacks towns, who diſpoſeth of kingdoms and empires, who giveth peace or exciteth war: God alone appeareth in this Sacred Hiſtory: it is he, if I may ſo ſpeak, who is the ſole hero. The kings and the conquerors of

the earth appear but as the miniſters of his will. In ſhort, theſe Divine Books unfold the ways of Providence. God, who conceals himſelf in the other events recorded in our hiſtories, ſeems to reveal himſelf in theſe: and it is in this book alone that we ought to learn to read the other hiſtories which men have left us.

The Holy Books which have preſerved religion to our times, contain the firſt monuments of the origin of things. They are more ancient than all the fabulous productions of the human mind, which have ſince, in ſo melancholy a manner, amuſed the credulity of the following ages. And as error always ſprings from truth, and is a corrupt imitation of it, it is in the principal actions of this Divine Hiſtory, that the fables of Paganiſm find their foundation; ſo that one may ſay, there is no error which pays not thereby homage to the antiquity and authority of our ſacred Writings.

The ſincerity of Moſes appears in the ſimplicity of his hiſtory. He uſed no precautions to gain credit, becauſe he ſuppoſes thoſe for whom he wrote were not deſtitute of faith, and becauſe he relates none but facts which were publicly known, to preſerve the memory of them rather among their deſcendants, than to inſtruct that generation in the nature of them.

He conceals not in a myſterious manner the holy books from the people, leſt they ſhould diſcover the falſehood of them, like as the vain oracles of the Sybils were laid up with care in the Capitol, which was built to keep up the pride of the Romans, expoſed to the eyes of the prieſts alone, and produced from time to time by fragments to juſtify to the minds of the people, either a dangerous enterprize, or an unjuſt war. Here the prophetic books were daily read by a whole people; the young and old, the women and children, the prieſts and the common people, the kings and ſubjects, were bound without ceaſing to have them in their hands; every one had right to ſtudy their duty, and to diſcover their hopes there. Far from flattering their pride, they declared fully the ingratitude of their fathers; they announced in every page their miſfortunes to be the juſt chaſtiſement of their crimes; they reproached kings with their lewdneſs; prieſts with their injuſtice; the great with their profuſion; the people with their faithleſſneſs and infidelity, and this notwithſtanding theſe holy books were dear to them; and by the oracles which they ſaw there to be accompliſhed every day, they united with confidence the fulfilment of thoſe of which all the world at this day are the witneſſes.

There is a nobleneſs, and an elevation in the maxims of the Goſpel, to which mean and grovelling minds cannot attain. The religion which forms great ſouls, appears to be made only for them: and in order to be great, or to become ſo, there is a neceſſity of being a Chriſtian.—

Philoſophy diſcovered the ſhame of the paſſions; but ſhe did not teach how to conquer them: her pompous precepts are rather the eulogium of virtue, than the remedy of vice. It was even neceſſary to the glory and triumph of religion, that the greateſt geniuſes, and all the power of human reaſon ſhould have exhauſted themſelves, in order to render men virtuous. If the Socrateſes and the Platos, had not been teachers of the world before Jeſus Chriſt, and had not in vain attempted to regulate manners, and correct men by the ſole force of reaſon, man might have been able to do honour by his virtue to the ſuperiority of reaſon, or the beauty of truth itſelf: but theſe preachers of wiſdom did not make wiſe men; and it was neceſſary that the vain efforts of philoſophy ſhould prepare new triumphs for grace.

In ſhort, it was religion, which exhibited to the world the true wiſe man, ſo long ſince announced to us, by all the pomp and parade of human reaſon. She has not omitted all her glory, like philoſophy, to ſhew only ſtrikingly forming one age in a century amongſt men: ſhe hath peopled with them cities, empires, deſarts; and the whole univerſe has been to her another Lyceum, where in the midſt of public places ſhe hath preached wiſdom to all mankind. It is not only amongſt the moſt polite nations that ſhe hath choſen her wiſe men: the Greek and Barbarian, the Roman and Scythian, hath been equally called to her divine philoſophy: it is not only for the learned that ſhe hath reſerved the ſublime knowledge of her myſteries; the ſimple have propheſied as well as the learned; and the ignorant themſelves have become her doctors and apoſtles. It was neceſſary that the true wiſdom ſhould become the wiſdom of all men.

But ſo other is her doctrine from the falſe wiſdom in appearance; and yet, the philoſophers ſubmitted their proud reaſon to the holy folly; ſhe announced nothing but

paſſion

croſſes and ſufferings; and yet the Cæſars became her diſciples. She alone came to teach mankind that chaſtity, humility, temperance might be ſeated on the throne, and that the ſeat of the paſſions and of pleaſures, might become the ſeat of virtue and innocence. What a glory was this for religion. *Maſſillon, Biſhop of Clermont.*

§ 205. *The Light of Reaſon imperfect.*

If the glorious light of the Goſpel be ſometimes overcaſt with clouds of doubt, ſo is the light of our reaſon too. But ſhall we deprive ourſelves of the advantage of either, becauſe thoſe clouds cannot perhaps be entirely removed while we remain in this mortal life? Shall we obſtinately and frowardly ſhut our eyes againſt that day-ſpring from on high that has viſited us, becauſe we are not as yet able to bear the full blaze of his beams? Indeed, not even in heaven itſelf, not in the higheſt ſtate of perfection to which a finite being can ever attain, will all the counſels of Providence, all the height and the depth of the infinite wiſdom of God, be ever diſcloſed or underſtood. Faith, even then, will be neceſſary; and there will be myſteries which cannot be penetrated by the moſt exalted archangel, and truths which cannot be known by him otherwiſe than from revelation, or believed upon any other ground of aſſent than a ſubmiſſive confidence in the divine wiſdom. What, then, ſhall man preſume that his weak and narrow underſtanding is ſufficient to guide him into all truth, without any need of revelation or faith? Shall he complain that the ways of God are not like his ways, and paſt his finding out? True philoſophy, as well as true Chriſtianity, would teach us a wiſer and modeſter part. It would teach us to be content within thoſe bounds which God has aſſigned to us, "caſting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itſelf againſt the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Chriſt." *Lord Littleton.*

§ 206. *The ſimplicity of the Sacred Writers.*

I cannot forbear taking notice of one other mark of integrity which appears in all the compoſitions of the ſacred writers, and particularly the Evangeliſts; and that is, the ſimple, unaffected, unornamental, and unoſtentatious manner, in which they deliver truths ſo important and ſublime, and facts ſo magnificent and wonderful, as are capable, one would think, of lighting up a flame of oratory, even in the dulleſt and coldeſt breaſts. They ſpeak of an angel deſcending from heaven to foretel the miraculous conception of Jeſus; of another proclaiming his birth, attended by a multitude of the heavenly hoſt praiſing God, "and ſaying, Glory to God in the higheſt, and on earth peace, good-will towards men;" of his ſtar appearing in the Eaſt; of angels miniſtring to him in the wilderneſs; of his glory in the mount; of a voice twice heard from heaven, ſaying, "This is my beloved Son;" of innumerable miracles performed by him, and by his diſciples in his name; of his knowing the thoughts of men; of his foretelling future events; of prodigies accompanying his crucifixion and death; of an angel deſcending in terrors, opening his ſepulchre, and frightening away the ſoldiers who were ſet to guard it; of his riſing from the dead, aſcending into heaven, and pouring down, according to his promiſe, the various and miraculous gifts of the Holy Spirit upon his apoſtles and diſciples. All theſe amazing incidents do theſe inſpired hiſtorians relate nakedly and plainly, without any of the colourings and heightenings of rhetoric, or ſo much as a ſingle note of admiration; without making any comment or remark upon them, or drawing from them any concluſion in honour either of their maſter or themſelves, or to the advantage of the religion they preached in his name; but contenting themſelves with relating the naked truth, whether it ſeems to make for them or againſt them; without either magnifying on the one hand, or palliating on the other, they leave their cauſe to the unbiaſſed judgment of mankind, ſeeking, like genuine apoſtles of the Lord of truth, to convince rather than to perſuade; and therefore coming, as St. Paul ſpeaks of his preaching, "not with excellency of ſpeech,—— not with enticing words of man's wiſdom, but with demonſtration of the Spirit, and of power, that," adds he, "your faith ſhould not ſtand in the wiſdom of men, but in the power of God." And let it be remembered that he, who ſpeaks this, wanted not learning, art or eloquence, as is evident from his ſpeeches recorded in the Acts of the Apoſtles, and from the teſtimony of that great critic Longinus, who, in reckoning up the Grecian orators, places among them Paul of Tarſus; and ſurely, had they been left ſolely to the ſuggeſtions and guidance of human wiſdom,

wisdom, they would not have failed to lay hold on such topics, as the wonders of their master's life, and the transcendent purity and perfection of the noble, generous, benevolent morality contained in his precepts, furnished them with. These topicks, I say, greater than ever Tully, or Demosthenes, or Plato, were possessed of, more human wisdom would doubtless have prompted them to make use of, in order to recommend, in the strongest manner, the religion of Jesus Christ to mankind, by turning their attention to the divine part of his character, and hiding, as it were, in a blaze of heavenly light and glory, his infirmities, his sufferings, and his death. And had they upon such topics as these, and in such a cause, called into their assistance all the arts of composition, rhetoric, and logic, who would have blamed them for it? Not those persons, I presume, who, dazzled and captivated with the glittering ornaments of human wisdom, make a mock at the simplicity of the Gospel, and think it wit to ridicule the style and language of the Holy Scriptures. But the all-wise Spirit of God, by whom these sacred writers were guided into all truth, thought it to direct or permit them to proceed in a different method; a method, however, very analagous to that, in which he hath been pleased to reveal himself to us in the great book of nature, the stupendous frame of the universe; all whose wonders he hath judged it sufficient to lay before us in silence, and expects from our observations the proper comments and deductions, which, having endued us with reason, he hath enabled us to make. And though a careless and superficial spectator may fancy he perceives even in this fair volume many inconsistences, defects, and superfluities; yet to a diligent, unprejudiced, and rational enquirer, who will take pains to examine the laws, consider and compare the several parts, and regard their use and tendency, with reference to the whole design of this amazing structure, as far as his short abilities can carry him, there will appear, in those instances which he is capable of knowing, such evident characters of wisdom, goodness, and power, as will leave him no room to doubt of their author, or to suspect that in those particulars which he hath not examined, or to a thorough knowledge of which he cannot perhaps attain, there is nothing but folly, weakness, and malignity. The same thing might be said of the written book, the second volume, if I may so speak, of the revelation of God, the Holy Scriptures. For as in the first, so also in this are there many passages, that to a cursory, unchanging reader appear idle, uncomfortable, uncountable, and inconsistent with such marks of truth, wisdom, justice, mercy, and benevolence, which in others are so visible, that the most careless and prejudicative cannot but discern them. And even these, many of them, at least, will often be found, upon a closer and stricter examination, to accord and coincide with the more plain and more intelligible passages, and to be no heterogeneous parts of one and the same wise and harmonious disposition. In both indeed, in the course as well as the moral book of God, there are, and ever will be, many difficulties, which the wit of man may never be able to resolve; but will a wise philosopher, because he cannot comprehend every thing, hence reject for that reason all the truths that are within his reach, and let a few inexplicable difficulties over balance the many plain and infallible evidences of the finger of God, which appear in all parts, both of his created and written works? Or will he presume so far upon his own wisdom, as to say, God ought to have expressed himself more clearly? The point and exact degree of clearness, which will equally fair the different capacities of men in different ages and countries, will, I believe, be found more difficult to fix than is imagined; since what is clear to one man in a certain situation of mind, time, and place, will inevitably be obscure to another, who views it in other positions, and under other circumstances. How various and even contradictory are the readings and comments, which several men, in the several ages and climates of the world, have made upon nature! And yet her characters are equally legible, and her laws equally intelligible, in all times and in all places: "There is no speech nor language where her voice is not heard: her sound is gone out through all the earth, and her words to the end of the world." All these misrepresentations, therefore, and misconstructions, of her works, are chargeable only upon mankind, who have set themselves to study them with various degrees of capacity, application, and impartiality. The question then should be, Why hath God given men such various talents? And not, Why hath not God expressed himself more clearly?

clearly? And the anſwer to this queſtion, as far as it concerns man to know, is, that God will require of him according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not. If what is neceſſary for all to know, is knowable by all; thoſe men, upon whom God hath been pleaſed to beſtow capacities and faculties ſuperior to the vulgar, have certainly no juſt reaſon to complain of his having left them materials for the exerciſe of thoſe talents, which, if all things were equally plain to all men, would be of no great advantage to the poſſeſſors. If, therefore, there are in the ſacred writings, as well as in the works of nature, many paſſages hard to be underſtood, it were to be wiſhed, that the wiſe and learned, inſtead of being offended at them, and teaching others to be ſo too, would be perſuaded, that both God and man expect that they would ſet themſelves to conſider and examine them carefully and impartially, and with a ſincere deſire of diſcovering and embracing the truth, not with an arrogant unphiloſophical conceit of their being already ſufficiently wiſe and knowing. And then I doubt not but moſt of theſe objections to revelation, which are now urged with the greateſt confidence, would be cleared up and removed, like thoſe formerly made to Creation, and the Being and Providence of God, by thoſe moſt ignorant, moſt abſurd, and yet moſt ſelf-ſufficient pretenders to reaſon and philoſophy, the Atheiſts and Sceptics. *Weſt.*

§ 207. *The ſuperiority of Chriſtian philoſophy over the Stoical.*

Epictetus often lays it down as a maxim, that it is impoſſible for one perſon to be in fault, and another to be the ſufferer. This, on the ſuppoſition of a future ſtate, will certainly be made true at laſt; but in the ſtoical ſenſe, and ſyſtem, is an abſolute extravagance. Take any perſon of plain underſtanding, with all the feelings of humanity about him, and ſee whether the ſubtleſt Stoic will ever be able to convince him, that while he is inſulted, oppreſſed, and tortured, he doth not ſuffer. See what comfort it will afford him, to be told, that, if he ſupports his afflictions and ill-treatment with fortitude and patience, death will ſet him free, and then he and his perſecutor will be equally rewarded; will equally loſe all perſonal exiſtence, and return to the elements. How different are the conſolations propoſed by Chriſtianity, which not only aſſures its diſciples, that they ſhall reſt from their labours in death, but that their works ſhall follow them: and by allowing them to rejoice in hope, teaches them the moſt effectual way of becoming patient in tribulation.

The Stoical doctrine, that human ſouls are literally parts of the Deity, was equally ſhocking, and hurtful; as it ſuppoſed portions of his being to be wicked and miſerable; and by debaſing men's ideas of the divine dignity, and teaching them to think themſelves eſſentially as good as he, nouriſhed in their minds an irreligious and fatal preſumption. Far differently the Chriſtian ſyſtem repreſents mankind, not as a part of the eſſence, but a work of the hand of God: as created in a ſtate of improveable virtue and happineſs; fallen by an abuſe of free will, into ſin, miſery, and weakneſs; but redeemed from them by an Almighty Saviour; furniſhed with additional knowledge and ſtrength; commanded to uſe their beſt endeavours; made ſenſible, at the ſame time, how wretchedly defective they are; yet aſſured of endleſs felicity on a due exertion of them. The Stoic philoſophy inſults human nature and diſcourages all our attempts, by enjoining and promiſing a perfection in this life, of which we feel ourſelves incapable. The Chriſtian religion ſhows compaſſion to our weakneſs, by preſcribing to us only the practicable taſk of aiming continually at further improvements, and animates our endeavours, by the promiſe of a divine aid, equal to every trial.

Specifying thus the errors and defects of ſo celebrated a ſyſtem, is an unpleaſing employment: but in an age, fond of preferring the gueſſes of human ſagacity before the unerring declarations of God, it ſeemed on this occaſion neceſſary to obſerve, that the Chriſtian morality is agreeable to reaſon and nature; that of the Stoics, for the moſt part, founded on notions, intelligible to few; and which none could admit, without contradiction to their own hearts. They reaſoned, many times, admirably well, but from falſe principles; and the nobleſt of their practical precepts, being built on a ſandy baſis, lay at the mercy of every ſtrong temptation.

Stoicism is indeed in many points inferior to the doctrine of Socrates, which did not teach, that all externals were indifferent, which did teach a future ſtate of

recompence; and agreeably to that, forbad ſuicide. It doth not belong to the preſent ſubject to ſhow, how much even this beſt ſyſtem is excelled by Chriſtianity. It is ſufficient juſt to obſerve, that the author of it died in a profeſſion, which he had always made of his belief in the popular deities, whoſe ſuperſtitions, and impure worſhip was the great ſource of corruption in the Heathen world; and the laſt words he uttered, were a direction to his friend, for the performance of an idolatrous ceremony. This melancholy inſtance of ignorance and error, in the moſt illuſtrious character for wiſdom and virtue in all heathen antiquity, is not mentioned as a reflection on his memory, but as a proof of human weakneſs in general. Whether reaſon could have diſcovered the great truths, which in theſe days are aſcribed to it, becauſe now ſeen ſo clearly by the light of the Goſpel, may be a queſtion; but that it never did, is an undeniable fact; and that is enough to teach us thankfulneſs for the bleſſing of a better information. Socrates, who had, of all mankind, the faireſt pretenſions to ſet up for an inſtructor, and reformer of the world, confeſſed that he knew nothing, referred to tradition, and acknowledged the want of a ſuperior guide: and there is a remarkable paſſage in Epictetus, in which he repreſents it, as the office of his ſupreme God, or of one deputed by him, to appear among mankind, as a teacher and example.

Upon the whole, the ſeveral ſects of Heathen philoſophy ſerve, as ſo many ſtriking inſtances of the imperfection of human wiſdom; and of the extreme need of a divine aſſiſtance, to rectify the miſtakes of depraved reaſon, and to replace natural religion on its true foundation. The Stoics every where teſtify the nobleſt zeal for virtue, and the honour of God; but they attempted to eſtabliſh them on principles inconſiſtent with the nature of man, and contradictory to truth and experience. By a direct conſequence of theſe principles they were liable to be ſeduced, and in fact, often were ſeduced into pride, hard-heartedneſs, and the laſt dreadful extremity of human guilt, ſelf-murder.

But however indefenſible the philoſophy of the Stoics in ſeveral inſtances may be, it appears to have been of very important uſe, in the heathen world; and they are, on many accounts, to be conſidered in a very reſpectable light. Their doctrine of evidence and fixed principles, was an excellent preſervative from the miſchiefs, that might have ariſen from the ſcepticiſm of the Academics and Pyrrhoniſts, if unoppoſed; and their zealous defence of a particular providence, a valuable antidote to the atheiſtical ſcheme of Epicurus. To this may be added, that their ſtrict notions of virtue in moſt points, (for they ſadly failed in ſome) and the lives of ſeveral among them, muſt contribute a good deal to preſerve luxurious ſtates from an abſolutely univerſal diſſoluteneſs; and the ſubjects of arbitrary government, from a wretched and contemptible puſillanimity.

Even now, their compoſitions may be read with great advantage, as containing excellent rules of ſelf-government, and of ſocial behaviour; of a noble reliance on the aid and protection of heaven, and of a perfect reſignation and ſubmiſſion to the divine will; points, which are treated with great clearneſs, and with admirable ſpirit, in the leſſons of the Stoics; and though their directions are ſeldom practicable on their principles, in trying caſes, may be rendered highly uſeful in ſubordination to Chriſtian reflections.

If, among thoſe, who are ſo unhappy as to remain unconvinced of the truth of Chriſtianity, any are prejudiced againſt it by the influence of unwarrantable inclinations; ſuch perſons will find very little advantage in rejecting the doctrines of the New Teſtament for thoſe of the Portico; unleſs they think it an advantage to be laid under moral reſtraints, almoſt equal to thoſe of the goſpel, while they are deprived of its encouragements and ſupports. Deviations from the rules of ſobriety, juſtice, and piety, meet with ſmall indulgence in the ſtoic writings; and they, who profeſs to admire Epictetus, unleſs they purſue that ſeverely virtuous conduct which he every where preſcribes, will find themſelves treated by him with the utmoſt degree of ſcorn and contempt. An immoral character is indeed, more or leſs, the out-caſt of all ſects of philoſophy; and Seneca quotes even Epicurus, to prove the univerſal obligation of a virtuous life. Of this great truth, God never left himſelf without witneſs. Perſons of diſtinguiſhed talents and opportunities ſeem to have been raiſed, from time to time, by Providence, to check the torrent of corruption, and to preſerve the ſenſe of moral obligations on the minds of the multitude, to

whom

whom the various occupations of life left but little leiſure to form deductions of their own. But then they wanted a proper commiſſion to enforce their precepts; they intermixed with them, through falſe reaſoning, many groſs miſtakes; and their unavoidable ignorance, in ſeveral important points, entangled them with doubts, which eaſily degenerated into pernicious errors.

If there are others, who reject Chriſtianity, from motives of diſlike to its peculiar doctrines, they will ſcarcely fail of entertaining more favourable impreſſions of it, if they can be prevailed on, with impartiality, to compare the Holy Scriptures, from whence alone the chriſtian religion is to be learned, with the ſtoic writings; and then fairly to conſider, whether there is any thing to be met with in the diſcoveries of our bleſſed Saviour, in the writings of his apoſtles, or even in the obſcureſt parts of the prophetic books, by which, equitably interpreted, either their ſenſes, or their reaſon are contradicted, as they are by the paradoxes of theſe philoſophers: and if not, whether notices from above, of things in which, though we comprehend them but imperfectly, we are poſſibly much more intereſted, than at preſent we diſcern, ought not to be received with implicit veneration; as uſeful exercises and trials of that duty, which finite underſtandings owe to infinite wiſdom.

Miſs Carter.

§ 208. *The more we ſtudy the Scriptures the more we ſhall perceive their divine origin, and the more we ſhall admire them.*

The more we read, the more we meditate on the Holy Scriptures, the more we ſhall diſcover in them an inexhauſtible ſource of light, and of all manner of inſtruction; that their language is not the language of men, nor the ſubject a production of their ingenuity; that they have a character peculiar to themſelves, and different from the compoſitions even of the greateſt and beſt men; that they are exempt from all vulgar paſſions and intereſts, and to the ordinary views of human prudence and forecaſt; in fine, that no man ever raiſed himſelf ſo much above humanity as to produce a work, in which all is ſo ſuperior to man.

The moſt accurate of the Pagan authors are juſtly charged with errors, darkneſs, and uncertainties, with reſpect both to facts and doctrine: but it became the wiſe and great Being, who inſpired the ſacred penmen, to exempt their works from all ſuch imputations; and, accordingly, he has favoured them with every argument of truth and perſuaſion, adorned them with the graces of language and ſentiment, lighted up and enlivened them with the brighteſt examples of virtue and ſanctity, annexed to their ſtudy and meditation ſuch helps and communications of his Holy Spirit as cannot be deſcribed, and made the belief and practice of them the only foundation of true peace and happineſs.—

Every one readily allows no ſubject can be equal to the life of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt; that is, to the incarnation and birth; the miracles and doctrine; the ſufferings and death; the reſurrection and aſcenſion of a God become man to reform and ſave a ſinful and loſt world: And whoever imagines this hiſtory can be better wrote than it is by the Evangeliſts, has it yet to learn. But though it becomes a Chriſtian to be particularly converſant in this and the other writings of the New Teſtament, yet there is not any part of the Old which does not furniſh ample matter of inſtruction.—The book of Geneſis, in the account it gives of the creation, of the fall and puniſhment of our firſt parents, of the righteouſneſs of Noah, of the deluge, of the wonderful obedience of Abraham, and the promiſe made by God to reward it, of the deſtruction of Sodom, and the providence of God over the patriarch Joſeph, preſents to our minds the moſt ſuitable ſubjects to fill them with every chriſtian ſentiment of reverence for the Supreme Being and his laws, love of his goodneſs, and dread of his juſtice. When we go on to Exodus, we ſee the wonders wrought by the Almighty in favour of his people, the impenitence of Pharaoh, and the various chaſtiſements by which the murmurings and idolatry of the Iſraelites in the deſart were puniſhed. Leviticus and Numbers ſet forth the accuracy which God exacts in his worſhip: Deuteronomy, the ſanctity of his laws; Joſhua, the accompliſhment of his promiſes. In the book of Judges, we ſee the ſtrength and weakneſs of Sampſon; in that of Ruth, the plain-dealing and equity of Boaz; in thoſe of Kings, the holineſs of Samuel, of Elijah, of Eliſha, and the other prophets; the reprobation of Saul; the fall and repentance

penitence of David, his mildneſs and patience; the wiſdom and wit of Solomon; the piety of Hezekiah and Joſiah. In Ruth, the zeal for the law of God; in Tobit, the conduct of a holy family; in Judith, the power of grace; in Eſther, prudence; in Job, a pattern of admirable patience. The Maccabees afford ſuch inſtances of perſonal and national bravery; ſuch an exalted and generous love of our country, and all this grounded on the true principles of valour and patriotiſm, as the moſt boaſted atchievements in profane ſtory are perfect ſtrangers to. The Proverbs and Eccleſiaſtes, and the other two books which go under the title of the Wiſdom of Solomon and of the Son of Sirach, teach a more uſeful and ſublime philoſophy than all the writings which Greece and Rome have publiſhed. The noble images and reflections, the profound reaſonings on human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, ſufficiently witneſs their inſpired origin. This treaſure, indeed, is thrown together in a confuſed magnificence, above all order, that every one may collect and digeſt ſuch obſervations as chiefly tend to his own particular inſtruction. And though it behoves us to reverence the doctrine of the Holy Ghoſt, rather than pretend to aſſign the reaſons for his diſpenſing it in this or that manner, yet, I think, we perceive the fitneſs of the method here taken, in ſetting forth the nature, ſubſtance, and end of our obligations; and, without entering on minute diſcuſſions, in taking in the whole compaſs of duty; for by this means the paths of life are not only pointed out to each individual, and his perſonal character formed; but the minds of mankind, in general, are furniſhed and enriched with the beauty, empire, and variety of all virtues.—The Prophets announce not only the promiſes, but alſo the characteriſtic marks of the Meſſiah, with the threats againſt ſinners, and thoſe calamities which were to befal the Jews and other nations. The Pſalms unite in themſelves the chief ſubjects, and all the different excellencies of the Old Teſtament. In a word, every thing in the Sacred Writings will appear, as it truly is, holy, grand, and profitable, provided it be read with ſuitable diſpoſition. *Phillips.*

§ 209. *Beautiful inſtance of Friendſhip in the Scripture.*

One of the ſtrongeſt and moſt affecting inſtances of a faithful attachment to be met with in hiſtory, occurs in the friendſhip which ſubſiſted between two females. The inſtance alluded to, is recorded in the Jewiſh annals, and moſt pathetically related by one of the ſacred penmen. The reader need not be told, that this is the friendſhip of Naomi and Ruth.

Two very remarkable inſtances of friendſhip occur, in the hiſtory of our Saviour's life: it may not perhaps be altogether unneceſſary to ſtate them in all their affecting circumſtances.

The Evangeliſt, in relating the miracle which Chriſt performed at Bethany, by reſtoring a perſon to life who had lain four days in the grave, introduces his narration by emphatically obſerving, that "Jeſus loved Lazarus:" intimating, it muſt ſeem, that the ſentiments which Chriſt entertained of Lazarus, were a diſtinct and peculiar ſpecies of that general benevolence with which he was actuated towards all mankind. Agreeably to this explication of the ſacred hiſtorian's meaning, when the ſiſters of Lazarus ſent to acquaint Jeſus with the ſtate in which their brother lay; they did not even mention his name; but painted him out by a more honourable and equally tender deſignation; the terms of their meſſage were, "behold! he whom thou loveſt is ſick." Accordingly, when he informs his diſciples of the manner he had thus received his expreſſion is, "our friend Lazarus ſleepeth." Now that Chriſt did not upon this occaſion uſe the word friend in a looſe undiſtinguiſhing acceptation, but in a reſtrained and ſtrictly appropriated ſenſe, is not only manifeſt from this plain account of the fact itſelf, but appears ſtill more evident from the ſequel. For, as he was advancing to the grave, accompanied with the relations of the deceaſed, he diſcovered the ſame emotions of grief as fwelled the boſoms of thoſe with whom Lazarus had been moſt intimately connected; and ſympathiſing with their common ſorrow, he melted into tears. This circumſtance was too remarkable to eſcape general obſervation; and it drew from the ſpectators, what one ſhould think it muſt neceſſarily draw from every reader, this natural and

d obvious reflection, "behold! how he ved him!"

But in the concluding cataſtrophe of our aviour's life, he gave a ſtill more deciſive roof, that ſentiments of the ſtrongeſt perl attachment and friendſhip, were not worthy of being admitted into his ſacred m. They were too deeply, indeed, preſſed, to be extinguiſhed even by the d excruciating torments. In thoſe dreadl moments, obſerving among the afflicted ineſſes of his painful and ignominious ferings, that faithful follower, who is deribed by the hiſtorian as "the diſciple om he loved;" he diſtinguiſhed him by e moſt convincing inſtance of ſuperior nfidence, eſteem, and affection that ever s exhibited to the admiration of manind. For, under circumſtances of the oſt agonizing torments, when it might e thought impoſſible for human nature to tain any other ſenſibility but that of its n inexpreſſible ſufferings; he recomended to the care and protection of this is tried and approved friend, in terms of peculiar regard and endearment, the moſt ender and ſacred object of his private afſections. But no language can repreſent is pathetic and affecting ſcene, with a force and energy equal to the ſublime ſimplicity of the Evangeliſt's own narrative: 'Now there ſtood by the croſs of Jeſus, is mother and his mother's ſiſter, and Mary Magdalene. When Jeſus ſaw his mother, and the diſciple by, whom he oved; he ſaith to his mother, Behold thy on! Then he ſaith to the diſciple, Behold hy mother! And from that hour that diſiple took her to his own home."

It may ſafely be aſſerted, that among all thoſe memorable examples of friendſhip which have been celebrated with the higheſt encomiums by the ancients; there cannot be produced a ſingle inſtance, in which the moſt diſtinguiſhing features of exalted amity are ſo ſtrongly diſplayed, as in the fo-regoing relation. The only one, perhaps, that bears even a faint reſemblance to it, is that famous tranſaction, recorded by Lucian in his dialogue intitled Toxaris. Eudamidas being on his death bed made his will, by which he bequeathed his aged mother to the care and protection of Aretheus; and his daughter to Charixenus, to be diſpoſed of in marriage according to his diſcretion; injoining him, at the ſame time, to give her as ample a portion as his circumſtances would admit. He added, that in caſe either of the legatees ſhould happen to die, he ſubſtituted the ſurvivor in his ſtead. Charixenus died very ſoon after the teſtator: in conſequence of which, Aretheus took each of theſe ſingularly confidential legacies to himſelf; and celebrating the marriage of his only daughter and that of his friend, on the ſame day, he divided his fortune equally between them.

When the very different circumſtances attending theſe reſpective examples, are duly conſidered; it muſt be acknowledged, that the former riſes as much above the latter in the proof it exhibits of ſublime friendſhip, as it does in the dignity of the characters concerned. Upon the whole then it appears, that the divine founder of the Chriſtian religion, as well by his own example, as by the ſpirit of his moral doctrine, has not only encouraged but conſecrated friendſhip. *Melmoth.*

§ 210. *Fine Morality of the Goſpel.*

Is it bigotry to believe the ſublime truths of the Goſpel with full aſſurance of faith? I glory in ſuch bigotry: I would not part with it for a thouſand worlds; I congratulate the man who is poſſeſſed of it; for, amidſt all the viciſſitudes and calamities of the preſent ſtate, that man enjoys an inexhauſtible fund of conſolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

——There is not a book on earth ſo favourable to all the kind, and all the ſublime affections, or ſo unfriendly to hatred and perſecution, to tyranny, injuſtice, and every ſort of malevolence as the Goſpel.——It breathes nothing throughout but mercy, benevolence, and peace.——

Poetry is ſublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotiſm. This is one of the nobleſt effects of the heart. The Pſalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inſpiring devout emotions. But it is not in this reſpect only that they are ſublime. Of the Divine nature they contain the moſt magnificent deſcriptions that the ſoul of man can comprehend. The hundred and fourth Pſalm, in particular, diſplays the power and goodneſs of Providence, in creating and preſerving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with ſuch majeſtic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human compoſition.——

Such

Such of the doctrines of the Gospel as are level to human capacity appear to be agreeable to the purest truth and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the Heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of providence and of man, as is to be found in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, to this, all other moral and theological wisdom

Loses discountenanced, and like folly shews. *Beattie.*

§ 211. *Beneficence to the poor more forcibly enjoined by the Gospel, than by any other writings.*

The Christian Scriptures are more copious and explicit upon our obligation to bestow relief upon the poor than almost any other. The description which Christ hath left us of the proceedings of the last day, establishes the obligation of bounty, so far as his authority can be depended upon, beyond controversy. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another.—Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—And inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is not necessary to understand this passage as a literal account of what will actually pass on that day. Supposing it only a figurical description of the rules and principles, by which the supreme arbiter of our destiny will regulate his decisions, it conveys the same lesson to us; it equally demonstrates of how great value and importance these duties in the sight of God are, and what stress will be laid upon them. The apostles also describe this virtue as propitiating the divine favour in an eminent degree: and these recommendations have produced their effect. It does not appear that before the times of Christianity, an hospital, infirmary, or public charity of any kind, existed in the world; whereas most countries in Christendom have long abounded with these institutions. To which may be added, that a spirit of private liberality seems to flourish amidst the decay of many other virtues: not to mention the legal provision for the poor, which obtains in this country, and which was unknown and unthought of by the most polished nations of antiquity. *Rev. W. Paley.*

§ 212. *The simplicity of the Gospel greatly to our advantage.*

The graceful negligence of nature always pleases beyond the truest ornaments that art can devise. Indeed, they are the truest, when they approach the nearest to this negligence. To attain it, is the very triumph of art. The wise artist, therefore, always compleats his studies in the great school of creation, where the seeds of elegance lie scattered in an endless variety: and the writer who wishes to possess a portion of that sovereign excellence, simplicity, even though he were an infidel, would have recourse to the Scriptures, and make them his model.——

The pathetic and sublime simplicity of our Saviour's whole description of the last judgment cannot be paralleled in any writing of any age.

—In the Gospel we find no pompous displays of reasoning; no laboured and difficult distinctions; no long and learned inquiries concerning the nature and kinds of virtue; but virtue itself represented to the life; in examples, and precepts, which are level to the plainest understandings; in familiar occurrences; in short and simple narrations; in actions, or discourses, real or imagined. And perhaps, among other things, it is this unsystematic form, this neglect of art and method, which produces that graceful ease, that venerable, majestic simplicity, that air of truth and originality, which distinguish the Scriptures from all human writings. *Rev. J. Macknight.*

§ 213. *The Bible, as a very curious and ancient history, worthy our attention.*

Were the Bible but considered impartially and attentively, in its most advantageous light; as it contains all the written revelation of God's will now extant; as it is the basis of our national religion, and gives vigour and spirit to all our social laws; as it is the most ancient, and consequently,

frequently, curious collection of hiſtorical incidents, moral precepts, and political inſtitutions; as the ſtyle of it is, in ſome places, nobly ſublime and poetical, and in others, ſweetly natural, plain, and unaffected: in a word, as the being well acquainted with it is highly requiſite, in order to make men uſeful and ornamental in this life, to ſay nothing of their happineſs in the next, it is to be hoped, that a cool reflection or two of this ſort, might induce the more ingenious and rational among them, to let the Bible take its turn, in their riper years, among thoſe volumes which paſs through their hands either for amuſement or inſtruction. And ſhould ſuch an entertainment once become faſhionable, of what mighty ſervice would it be to the intereſt of religion, and conſequently the happineſs of mankind!

Rev. S. Croxall.

§ 214. *Excellence of the Sacred Writings.*

If we examine the Sacred Records, we ſhall find they conſiſt of four different kinds, the poetic, oratorical, hiſtorical, and didactic forms. The poetic lies chiefly in the book of Pſalms, of Job, and ſeveral detached paſſages in the Prophets, particularly of Iſaiah. They contain many ſublime efforts of unmixed poetry or pure imitation; yet theſe, being all centered in one intention, that of extolling the works, and celebrating the power, wiſdom, and goodneſs of the Deity, do generally partake of the character of eloquence, being chiefly of the lyric kind. In all theſe, the great character of ſimplicity is ſo ſtrongly predominant, that every attempt to embelliſh them, by adding the ſupernumerary decorations of ſtyle in tranſlation, hath ever been found to weaken and debaſe them.

As to the oratorical or pathetic parts, innumerable might be produced, equal, if not ſuperior to any recorded by profane antiquity. In theſe, the leading character of ſimplicity is no leſs remarkable. Our Saviour's parables and exhortations are generally admirable in this quality. Filled with unfeigned compaſſion for the weakneſs and miſeries of man, they breathe nothing but the pureſt benevolence. St. Paul's laſt converſation with his friends at Epheſus, on his departure for Jeruſalem; his diſcourſe on the reſurrection, and on charity; his reproofs, his commendations, his apologies, eſpecially that before Agrippa, are wrote in the nobleſt ſtrain of ſimplicity. And as a perfect model of this kind, we may give the ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren, which for tenderneſs, true pathos, and unmixed ſimplicity, is beyond compare, ſuperior to any thing that appears in ancient ſtory.

But as the moſt important part of Scripture lies in the hiſtorical and preceptive part; eſpecially in the New Teſtament, whence chiefly our idea of duty muſt be drawn; ſo we find this uniform and ſimple manner eminently prevailing throughout, in every precept and narration. The hiſtory is conveyed in that artleſs ſtrain which alone could adapt it to the capacities of all mankind; the precepts delivered by our Saviour are drawn from the principles of common ſenſe, improved by the moſt exalted love of God and man; and either expreſſed in clear and direct terms, or couched under ſuch images and alluſions, as are every where to be found in nature, ſuch as are, and muſt ever be univerſally known, and familiar to all mankind; in which we may further obſerve, his manner of teaching was greatly ſuperior to the juſtly applauded Socrates, who, for the moſt part, drew his images and alluſions from the leſs known arts and manners of the city. Through all this variety of ſtriking alluſion and moral precept the ſtyle ever continues the ſame, unadorned, ſimple, vehement and majeſtic; yet never drawing the reader's attention on itſelf, but on the divine ſentiments it conveys.

To this we may further add, that theſe ſeveral kinds of compoſition are mixed and united with ſuch propriety and force, as is ſcarce to be equalled in any other writings. The poetical parts are heightened by the greateſt ſtrokes of eloquence and precept; the pathetic by the nobleſt imagery and ſtricteſt morals; and the preceptive is ſtrengthened and enforced by all the aids of poetry, eloquence, and parable; calculated at once to engage the imagination, to touch the paſſions, and command the reaſon of mankind.

Rev. J. Brown.

§ 215. *Queen Anne's Prayer.*

Almighty and eternal God, the diſpoſer of all the affairs in the world, there is nothing ſo great as not to be ſubject to thy power, nor ſo ſmall, but it comes within thy care; thy goodneſs and wiſdom ſhew themſelves through all thy works,

and thy loving kindness and mercy do appear in the several dispensations of thy providence, of which, at this time I earnestly desire to have a deep and humble sense. It has pleased thee to take in thy mercy my dearest husband, who was the comfort and joy of my life, after we had lived together many years happily in all conjugal love and affection. May I readily submit myself to thy good pleasure, and sincerely resign mine own will to thine, with all Christian patience, meekness and humility. Do thou graciously pardon the errors and failings of my life, which have been the occasion of thy displeasure; and let thy judgments bring me to sincere and unfeigned repentance, and to answer the wise ends for which thou hast sent them. Be thou pleased so to assist me with the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that I may continue to govern the people which thou hast committed to my charge, in godliness, righteousness, justice, and mercy. In the management of all affairs, public and private, grant I may have a strict regard to thy holy will, that I may diligently and heartily advance thy glory, and ever entirely depend on thy providence. Do thou, O gracious Father, be pleased to grant I may do the greatest good I can in all my capacity, and be daily improving every Christian grace and virtue, so that when thou shalt think fit to put an end to this short and uncertain life, I may be made a partaker of those gracious, endless joys, which thou hast prepared for those that love and fear thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 216. *Prince Eugene's Prayer.*

I believe in thee, O my God! Do thou strengthen my faith: I hope in thee; confirm my hopes: I love thee; inflame my love more and more: I repent of all my sins; but do thou encrease my repentance! As my first beginning I worship thee; as my last and I long for thee: as my eternal benefactor, I praise thee; and as my supreme protector I pray unto thee; that it may please thee, O Lord, to guide and lead me by thy providence, to keep me in obedience to thy justice; to comfort me by thy mercy, and to protect me by thy almighty power. I submit unto thee all my thoughts, words, and actions, as well as my afflictions, pains, and sufferings, and I desire to have thee always in my mind, to do all my works in thy name, and for thy sake to bear all adversity with patience. I will nothing but what thou willest, O God; because 'tis agreeable unto thee. O give me grace that I may be [illegible] in my prayer, temperate in my diet, vigilant in my conduct, and [illegible] in all good purposes. Grant, most merciful Lord, that I may be true and faithful to those that have entrusted me with their breeding; that I may be courteous and kind towards all men, and that both in my words and actions, I may shew unto them a good example. Dispose my heart to adorn and praise thy goodness, to hate all [illegible] evil works, to love my neighbour, and to despise the world. Assist me good God, in subduing lust by mortification, [illegible] mulness by liberality, anger by [illegible], and lukewarmness by zeal and [illegible]. Enable me to conduct myself with prudence in all transactions, and to shew [illegible] in danger, patience in adversity, and in prosperity an humble mind. Let thy [illegible] illuminate my understanding, direct my will, sanctify my body, and bless my [illegible]. Make me diligent in curbing all irregular affections, assiduous in imploring thy [illegible], careful in keeping thy [illegible], and constant in working out my own salvation. Finally, O God, make me [illegible] how little is the world, how great the heavens, how short time, and how long will be the blessed eternity. O that I may prepare myself for death! that I may dread thy judgments, that I may avoid the torments of hell, and obtain of thee, O God! eternal life through the merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 217. *The gay, young Altamont dying.*

The sad evening before the death of this noble youth I was with him. No one was there, but his physician, and an intimate friend whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said,

You, and the physician are come too late.—I have neither life, nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would raise the dead.

Heaven, I said, was merciful—

Or I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless and to save me?—I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I plucked down ruin!

I said, The blessed Redeemer——

Hold! hold! you wound me!—This is the rock on which I split—I denied his name.

Refusing

Refuſing to hear any thing from me, or take any thing from the phyſician, he lay ſilent, as far as ſudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock ſtruck. Then with vehemence;

Oh, time! time! it is fit thou ſhouldeſt thus ſtrike thy murderer to the heart.—How art thou fled for ever!—A month!—Oh, for a ſingle week! I aſk not for years; tho' an age were too little for the much I have to do.

On my ſaying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a bleſſed place—

So much the worſe. 'Tis loſt! 'tis loſt!—Heaven is to me the ſevereſt part of hell!

Soon after I propoſed prayer.

Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray—Nor need I. Is not heaven on my ſide already? It cloſes with my conſcience. Its ſevereſt ſtrokes but ſecond my own.

His friend being much touched, even to tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could not) with a moſt affectionate look, he ſaid:

Keep thoſe tears for thyſelf. I have evidence thee.——Doſt weep for me? That's cruel. What can pain me more?

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him.

No, ſtay. Thou ſtill mayeſt hope.—Therefore hear me. How madly have I talked? How madly haſt thou liſtened and believed? But look on my preſent ſtate, as a full anſwer to thee, and to myſelf. This body is all weakneſs and pain; but my ſoul, as if ſtrung up by torment to greater ſtrength and ſpirit, is full powerful to reaſon; full mighty to ſuffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of mortality, is doubtleſs immortal.—And, as for a Deity, nothing leſs than an Almighty could inflict what I feel.

I was about to congratulate this paſſive, involuntary, confeſſor, on his aſſerting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature; when he thus, very paſſionately:

No, no! let me ſpeak on. I have not long to ſpeak—My much injured friend! my ſoul, as my body, lies in ruins; in ſcattered fragments of broken thought: remorſe for the paſt, throws my thoughts on the future. Worſe dread of the future, ſtrikes it back on the paſt. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didſt thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou wouldſt ſtruggle with the martyr for his ſtake; and bleſs heaven for the flames;—that is not an everlaſting flame; that is not an unquenchable fire.

How were we ſtruck! Yet, ſoon after, ſtill more. With what an eye of diſtraction, what a face of deſpair, he cried out:

My principles have poiſoned my friend; my extravagance has beggared my boy; my unkindneſs has murdered my wife! And is there another hell?—Oh! thou blaſphemed, yet moſt indulgent, Lord God! Hell itſelf is a refuge, if it hides me from thy frown.

Soon after his underſtanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgot. And ere the ſun aroſe, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accompliſhed, and moſt wretched Altamont expired. *Young.*

§ 218. *The Majeſty and Supremacy of the Scriptures confeſſed by a Sceptic.*

I will confeſs to you, that the majeſty of the Scriptures ſtrikes me with admiration, as the purity of the Goſpel hath its influence on my heart. Peruſe the works of our philoſopers with all their pomp of diction: how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scripture! Is it poſſible that a book, at once ſo ſimple and ſublime, ſhould be merely the work of man? Is it poſſible that the ſacred perſonage, whoſe hiſtory it contains, ſhould be himſelf a mere man? Do we find that he aſſumed the tone of an enthuſiaſt or ambitious ſectary? What ſweetneſs, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulneſs in his delivery! What ſublimity in his maxims! What profound wiſdom in his diſcourſes! What preſence of mind, what ſubtlety, what truth in his replies! How great the command over his paſſions! Where is the man, where the philoſopher, who could ſo live, and ſo die, without weakneſs, and without oſtentation? When Plato deſcribed his imaginary good man loaded with all the ſhame of guilt, yet meriting the higheſt rewards of virtue, he deſcribes exactly the character of Jeſus Chriſt: the reſemblance was ſo ſtriking, that all the Fathers perceived it.

What prepoſſeſſion, what blindeſs muſt it be, to compare the ſon of Sophroniſcus to the ſon of Mary! What an infinite diſproportion there is between them! Socrates dying without pain or ignominy, eaſily ſupported his character to the laſt; and if

his death, however eaſy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wiſdom, was any thing more than a vain ſophiſt. He invented, it is ſaid, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to ſay therefore what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precepts. Ariſtides had been juſt before Socrates defined juſtice; Leonidas had given up his life for his country before Socrates declared patriotiſm to be a duty; the Spartans were a ſober people before Socrates recommended ſobriety; before he had even defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where could Jeſus learn, among his competitors, that pure and ſublime morality, of which he only hath given us both precept and example. The greateſt wiſdom was made known amongſt the moſt bigotted fanaticiſm, and the ſimplicity of the moſt heroic virtues did honour to the vileſt people on earth. The death of Socrates, peaceably philoſophizing with his friends, appears the moſt agreeable that could be wiſhed for; that of Jeſus, expiring in the midſt of agonizing pains, abuſed, inſulted, and accuſed by a whole nation, is the moſt horrible that could be feared. Socrates in receiving the cup of poiſon, bleſſed indeed the weeping executioner who adminiſtered it; but Jeſus, in the midſt of excruciating tortures, prayed for his mercileſs tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were thoſe of a ſage, the life and death of Jeſus are thoſe of a God. Shall we ſuppoſe the evangelic hiſtory a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the hiſtory of Socrates, which nobody preſumes to doubt, is not ſo well atteſted as that of Jeſus Chriſt. Such a ſuppoſition, in fact, only ſhifts the difficulty without obviating it: it is more inconceivable that a number of perſons ſhould agree to write ſuch a hiſtory, than that one only ſhould furniſh the ſubject of it. The Jewiſh authors were incapable of the diction, and ſtrangers to the morality contained in the Goſpel, the marks of whoſe truth are ſo ſtriking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more aſtoniſhing character than the hero.

Rouſſeau.

§ 219. *John Earl of Rocheſter's dying Recantation.*

When John Earl of Rocheſter came to ſee and conſider his prodigious guilt and danger, what invectives did he uſe againſt himſelf, terming himſelf an ungracious dog, and the vileſt wretch that the ſun ſhone upon; wiſhing he had been a creeping leper in a ditch, a link-boy, or a beggar, or had lived in a dungeon, rather than offended God as he had done! He ſent awful meſſages to his copartners in ſin, and adviſed a gentleman of character that came to viſit him, in theſe words: O remember that you contemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will viſit you for your ſins; and will, I hope, in mercy, touch your conſcience as he hath done mine. You and I have been friends and ſinners together a great while, therefore I am the more free with you. We have been all miſtaken in our conceits and opinions; our perſuaſions have been falſe and groundleſs, therefore God grant you repentance. And ſeeing the ſame gentleman the next day, he ſaid, Perhaps you were diſobliged by my plainneſs with you yeſterday: I ſpake the words of truth and ſoberneſs; and ſtriking his hand on his breaſt, added, I hope God will touch your heart.

He condemned that fooliſh and abſurd philoſophy which the world ſo much admired, propagated by the late Thomas Hobbs; which, he ſaid, had undone him and many more of the beſt parts in the nation.

He commanded that his profane writings and obſcene pictures ſhould be burnt.

He wiſhed his ſon might never be a wit; which is, as he explained it, one of thoſe wretched creatures, who pride themſelves in abuſing God and religion.

He proteſted he would not commit an unknown ſin to gain a kingdom.

And for the admonition of others, he ſubſcribed the following recantation, and ordered it to be publiſhed, (viz.)

For the benefit of all thoſe whom I may have drawn into ſin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my laſt declaration, which I deliver in the preſence of the great God, who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now appearing to be judged: That from the bottom of my ſoul, I deteſt and abhor the whole courſe of my former wicked-

wicked life; that I think I can never ſufficiently admire the goodneſs of God, who has given me a true ſenſe of my pernicious opinions and vile practices, by which I have hitherto lived without hope, and without God in the world; have been an open enemy to Jeſus Chriſt, doing the utmoſt deſpite to the Holy Spirit of grace: and that the greateſt teſtimony of my charity to ſuch, is, to warn them, in the name of God, as they regard the welfare of their immortal ſouls, no more to deny his being or his providence, or deſpiſe his goodneſs; no more to make a mock of ſin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever bleſſed Redeemer, thro' whoſe merits alone, I, one of the greateſt of ſinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveneſs. Amen.

Declared and ſigned in the preſence of Ann Rocheſter, Robert Parſons, June 19, 1680.

J. ROCHESTER.

§ 220, *To the Biographer of Hume.*

Upon the whole, Doctor, your meaning is good; but I think you will not ſucceed, this time. You would perſuade us, by the example of David Hume, Eſq; that atheiſm is the only cordial for low ſpirits, and the proper antidote againſt the fear of death. But ſurely, he who can reflect, with complacency, on a friend thus miſemploying his talents in his life, and then, amuſing himſelf with Lucian, Whiſt, and Charon, at his death, may ſmile over Babylon in ruins; eſteem the earthquake, which deſtroyed Liſbon, an agreeable occurrence; and congratulate the hardened Pharoah, on his overthrow in the Red Sea. Drollery in ſuch circumſtances, is neither more nor leſs, than

> Moody madneſs, laughing wild,
> Amid ſevereſt woe.

Would we know the baneful and peſtiferential influences of falſe philoſophy on the human heart? We need only contemplate them in this moſt deplorable inſtance of Mr. Hume. Theſe ſayings, Sir, may appear harſh; but they are ſalutary. And if departed ſpirits have any knowledge of what is paſſing upon earth, that perſon will be regarded by your friend as rendering him the trueſt ſervices, who, by energy of expreſſion, and warmth of exhortation, ſhall moſt contribute to prevent his writings from producing thoſe effects upon mankind which he no longer wiſhes they ſhould produce. Let no man deceive himſelf, or be deceived by others. It is the voice of eternal Truth, which crieth aloud, and ſaith to you, Sir, and to me, and to all the world—"He that believeth on the Son, "hath everlaſting life; and he that be-"lieveth not the Son, ſhall not ſee life; "but the wrath of God abideth on him."

By way of contraſt to the behaviour of Mr. Hume, at the cloſe of a life, paſſed without God in the world, permit me, Sir, to lay before yourſelf, and the public, the laſt ſentiments of the truly learned, judicious, and admirable Hooker, who had ſpent his days in the ſervice of his Maker and Redeemer.

After this manner, therefore, ſpake the author of the Eccleſiaſtical Polity, immediately before he expired:—

I have lived to ſee, that this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conſcience void of offence, towards him, and towards all men; yet, "if thou, Lord, ſhouldeſt be extreme to "mark what I have done amiſs, who "can abide it?" And therefore, where I have failed, Lord ſhew mercy to me, for I plead not my righteouſneſs, but the forgiveneſs of my unrighteouſneſs, through his merits, who died to purchaſe pardon for penitent ſinners. And ſince I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I ſubmit to it. "Let "not mine, O Lord, but thy will be "done!"—God hath heard my daily petitions; for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me. From ſuch bleſſed aſſurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give, nor take from me. My conſcience beareth me this witneſs, and this witneſs makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wiſh to live, to do the church more ſervice; but cannot hope it; for "my days are paſt, "as a ſhadow that returns not."

His worthy Biographer adds——

More he would have ſpoken, but his ſpirits failed him; and, after a ſhort conflict between nature and death, a quiet ſigh put a period to his laſt breath, and ſo, he fell aſleep—And now he ſeems to reſt like Lazarus in Abraham's boſom. Let me

have drawn his curtain, till, with the moſt glorious company of the patriarchs and apoſtles, and the moſt noble army of martyrs and confeſſors, this moſt learned, moſt humble, and moſt holy man ſhall alſo awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory, than common Chriſtians ſhall be made partakers of!—

Doctor Smith, when the hour of his departure hence ſhall arrive, will ſay the example of the believer, in the words it is likely him had. I muſt freely confeſs I have no opinion of that readily heart, who will not exclaim, as I find myſelf obliged to do—

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my laſt end be like his!"

Rev. G. Rees.

PHYSICO-THEOLOGICAL REFLECTIONS.

1. On Reflections on the Heavens.

THE planets and comets which move round the Sun as their centre, conſtitute what is called, *the Solar Syſtem*. Thoſe planets which are near the Sun not only finiſh their circuits ſooner, but likewiſe move faſter in their reſpective orbits, than thoſe which are more remote from him. The motions of the planets are all performed from weſt to eaſt, in orbits nearly circular. Their names, diſtances, bulks, and periodical revolutions, are as follow:

THE SUN, an immenſe globe of fire, is placed near the common centre of the orbits of all the planets and comets, and turns round his axis in 25 days 9 hours. His diameter is computed to be 763,000 miles.

MERCURY, the neareſt planet to the Sun, goes round him in 87 days 23 hours, which is the length of his year. But, being ſeldom ſeen, and no ſpots appearing on his ſurface, the time of his rotation on his axis is as yet unknown. His diſtance from the Sun is computed to be 32,000,000 of miles, and his diameter 2,600. In his courſe round the Sun, he moves at the rate of 95,000 miles every hour. His light and heat are almoſt ſeven times as great as ours; and the Sun appears to him almoſt ſeven times as large as to us.

VENUS, the next planet in order, is compared to be 59,000,000 miles from the Sun; and by moving at the rate of 69,000 miles every hour in her orbit, ſhe goes round the Sun in 225 of our days nearly. Her diameter is 7,906 miles; and by her motion upon her axis the inhabitants are carried 43 miles every hour.

THE EARTH is the next planet above Venus in the ſyſtem. It is 82,000,000 miles from the Sun, and goes round him in a little more than 365 days. It travels at the rate of 1,000 miles every hour on its axis; is about 8,000 miles in diameter. In its orbit it moves at the rate of 58,000 miles every hour; which motion, though ſo very ſwift, is far more than half as ſwift as Mercury's motion in his orbit.

THE MOON is not a planet, but only an attendant upon the Earth; going round it in a little more than 29 days, and with the Sun with it every year. Her diameter is 2,180 miles, and her diſtance from the Earth's centre 240,000 miles. She goes round her orbit in about 27 days, at the rate of near 2,300 miles every hour.

MARS is the planet next to us after Venus, the firſt above the Earth's orbit. His diſtance from the Sun is computed to be 123,000,000 miles; and by traveling at the rate of 47,000 miles every hour, he goes round the Sun in about 687 of our days. His diameter is 4,222 miles; and by his diurnal motion the inhabitants are carried 556 miles every hour.

JUPITER, the largeſt of all the planets, is ſtill higher in the ſyſtem, being diſtant 423,000,000 miles from the Sun; and traveling at the rate of 25,000 miles every hour in his orbit. His annual period is finiſhed in about 12 of our years. He is above 1,000 times as big as the Earth; for his diameter is 85,000 miles; which is more than ten times the diameter of the Earth. Jupiter turns round his axis in near 10 hours, and his year conſiſts of upwards of 10,000 of our days. His equatorial inhabitants are carried nearly 26,000 miles every hour, beſides the 25,000 above mentioned by his annual motion.

JUPITER has four moons. The firſt goes round him in about two of our days, at the diſtance of 270,000 miles from his centre; the ſecond performs its revolution in about three days and a half, at 364,000 miles diſtance; the third in a little more than ſeven days, at the diſtance of 580,000 miles; and the fourth in near 17 days, at

&c.

the diſtance of 1,000,000 miles from his centre.

Beſides theſe moons, Jupiter is ſurrounded by faint ſubſtances, called belts, in which ſo many changes appear, that philoſophers are not agreed either concerning their nature or uſe.

Saturn, the next to Jupiter, is about 900,000,000 miles from the Sun; and travelling at the rate of 18,000 miles every hour; performs its annual circuit in about 30 years. Its diameter is 67,000 miles; and therefore it is near 600 times as big as the Earth.

This planet has five moons: the firſt goes round him in near two days, at the diſtance of 140,000 miles from its centre: the ſecond in near three days, at the diſtance of 187,000 miles: the third in four days and a half, at the diſtance of 263,000 miles: the fourth in about 16 days, at the diſtance of 600,000 miles: and the fifth in about 80 days, at the diſtance of 1,800,000 miles.

Beſides theſe moons, Saturn is attended with a thin broad ring, as an artificial globe is by an horizon; the nature and uſe of which are but little known at preſent.

Georgium Sidus, the remoteſt of all the planets yet diſcovered, is near 40,000 miles in diameter, and upwards of 83 years in performing its revolution. How many moons this planet is attended by is unknown. Two have been already diſcovered. And, if the ingenious and indefatigable Mr. Herſchel is ſpared with life and health, we may expect to be favoured with ſtill further diſcoveries.

Every perſon who looks upon, and compares the ſyſtems of moons together, which belong to Jupiter, Saturn, and the Georgium Sidus, muſt be amazed at the vaſt magnitude of theſe three planets, and the noble attendance they have in reſpect to our little Earth: and can never bring himſelf to think, that an infinitely wiſe Creator ſhould diſpoſe of all his animals and vegetables here, leaving the other planets bare and deſtitute of rational creatures. To ſuppoſe that he had any view to our benefit, in creating theſe moons, and giving them their motions round their reſpective primaries; to imagine, that he intended theſe vaſt bodies for any advantage to us, when he well knew, that they could never be ſeen but by a few aſtronomers peeping through teleſcopes; and that he gave to the planets regular returns of day and night, and different ſeaſons to all, where they would be convenient; but of no manner of ſervice to us, except only what immediately regards our own planet, the Earth; to imagine, I ſay, that he did all this on our account, would be charging him impiouſly with having done much in vain: and as abſurd, as to imagine that he has created a little ſun and a planetary ſyſtem within the ſhell of our Earth, and intended them for our uſe. Theſe conſiderations amount to little leſs than a poſitive proof, that all the planets are inhabited: for if they are not, why all this care in furniſhing them with ſo many moons, to ſupply thoſe with light, which are at the greater diſtances from the ſun? Do we not ſee, that the farther a planet is from the Sun, the greater apparatus it has for that purpoſe? ſave only Mars, which being but a ſmall planet, may have moons too ſmall to be ſeen by us. We know that the Earth goes round the Sun, and turns round its own axis, to produce the viciſſitudes of ſummer and winter by the former, and of day and night by the latter motion, for the benefit of its inhabitants. May we not then fairly conclude, by parity of reaſon, that the end and deſign of all the other planets is the ſame? And is not this agreeable to the beautiful harmony which exiſts throughout the univerſe? Surely it is: and raiſes in us the moſt magnificent ideas of the Supreme Being, who is every where, and at all times preſent; diſplaying his power, wiſdom and goodneſs, among all his creatures! and diſtributing happineſs to innumerable ranks of various beings!

The comets are ſolid opaque bodies, with long tranſparent tails or trains, iſſuing from that ſide which is turned away from the Sun. They move about the Sun, in very eccentric ellipſes, and are of a much greater denſity than the Earth; for ſome of them are heated in every period to ſuch a degree, as would vitrify or diſſipate any ſubſtance known to us. Sir Iſaac Newton computed the heat of the comet, which appeared in the year 1680, when neareſt the Sun, to be 2,000 times hotter than red-hot iron, and that, being thus heated, it muſt retain its heat until it comes round again, although its period ſhould be more than 20,000 years; and it is computed to be only 575.

It is believed, that there are at leaſt 21 comets belonging to our ſyſtem, moving

ing in all forts of directions. But of all thefe the periods of three only are known with any degree of certainty. The firſt of the three appeared in the years 1531, 1607, 1682, and 1758, and is expected to appear every 75th year. The ſecond of them appeared in 1532 and 1661, and may be expected to return in 1789, and every 129th year afterwards. The third, having laſt appeared in 1680, and its period being no leſs than 575 years, cannot return until the year 2225. This comet, at its greateſt diſtance, is about 11,200,000,000 miles from the Sun; and at its leaſt diſtance from the Sun's centre, which is 49,000 miles, is within leſs than a third part of the Sun's ſemi-diameter from his ſurface. In that part of its orbit which is neareſt the Sun, it flies with the amazing ſwiftneſs of 880,000 miles in an hour; and the Sun, as ſeen from it, appears an 120 degrees in breadth, conſequently 40,000 times as large as he appears to us. The aſtoniſhing length that this comet runs out into empty ſpace, ſuggeſts to our minds an idea of the vaſt diſtance between the Sun and the neareſt fixed ſtars; of whoſe attractions all the comets muſt keep clear, to return periodically, and go round the Sun: and it ſhews us alſo, that the neareſt ſtars, which are probably thoſe that ſeem the largeſt, are as big as our Sun; and of the ſame nature with him; otherwiſe, they could not appear ſo large and bright to us as they do at ſuch an immenſe diſtance.

The extreme heat, the denſe atmoſphere, the groſs vapours, the chaotic ſtate of the comets, from at firſt ſight to indicate them altogether unfit for the purpoſes of animal life, and a moſt miſerable habitation for rational beings; and therefore ſome are of opinion, that they are ſo many hells for tormenting the damned with perpetual vicciſſitudes of heat and cold. But when we conſider, on the other hand, the infinite power and goodneſs of the Deity; the latter inclining, the former enabling him to make creatures ſuited to all ſtates and circumſtances; that matter exiſts only for the ſake of intelligent beings; and that wherever we find it, we always find it pregnant with life, or neceſſarily ſubſervient thereto; the numberleſs ſpecies, the aſtoniſhing diverſity of animals in earth, air, water, and even on other animals; every blade of graſs, every tender leaf, every natural fluid, ſwarming with life; and every one of theſe enjoying ſuch gratifications as the nature and ſtate of each requires; when we reflect moreover that ſome centuries ago, till experience undeceived us, a great part of the earth was judged uninhabitable; the torrid zone, by reaſon of exceſſive heat, and the two frigid zones because of their intolerable cold; it ſeems highly probable, that theſe numerous and large maſſes of durable matter as the comets are, however unlike they be to our earth, are the duſtions of beings capable of contemplating with wonder, and acknowledging with gratitude, the wiſdom, ſymmetry, and beauty of creation; which is more plainly to be obſerved in their extenſive tour through the heavens, than in our more confined circle. If farther conjecture is permitted, may we not ſuppoſe them inſtrumental in recruiting the expended fuel of the Sun; and in ſupplying the exhauſted moiſture of the planets?—However difficult it may be for us, circumſcribed as we are, to find out their particular deſtination, this is an undoubted truth, that wherever the Deity exerts his power, there he alſo manifeſts his wiſdom and goodneſs.

The fixed ſtars, as appears from many conſiderations, are placed at ſo immenſe a diſtance from us. Our Earth is at ſo great a diſtance from the Sun, that if ſeen from thence, it would appear no bigger than a point, although its circumference is known to be upwards of 24,000 miles. Yet this diſtance is ſo ſmall, compared with the Earth's diſtance from the fixed ſtars, that if the orbit in which the Earth moves round the Sun were ſolid, and ſeen from the neareſt ſtar, it would likewiſe appear no bigger than a point, although it is at leaſt 162,000,000 miles in diameter. For the Earth in going round the Sun is 162,000,000 miles nearer to ſome of the ſtars at one time of the year, than at another; and yet their apparent magnitude, ſituation, and diſtances from one another ſtill remain the ſame; and a telescope which magnifies above 200 times, does not ſenſibly magnify them: which proves them to be at leaſt 40,000 times farther from us than we are from the Sun.

It is not to be imagined, that all the ſtars are placed in one concave ſurface, ſo as to be equally diſtant from us, but that they are ſcattered at immenſe diſtances from one another through unlimited ſpace. So that there may be as great a diſtance between

between any two neighbouring ſtars, as between our Sun and thoſe which are neareſt to him. Therefore an obſerver, who is neareſt to any fixed ſtar, will look upon it alone as a real ſun; and conſider the reſt as ſo many ſhining points, placed at equal diſtances from him in the firmament.

By the help of teleſcopes we diſcover thouſands of ſtars which are inviſible to the naked eye; and the better our glaſſes are, ſtill the more become viſible; ſo that we can ſet no limits either to their number or their diſtances. The celebrated Huygens carries his thoughts ſo far, as to believe it not impoſſible, that there may be ſtars at ſuch inconceivable diſtances, that their light has not yet reached the Earth ſince its creation, although the velocity of light be a million of times greater than the velocity of a cannon-bullet: and Mr. Addiſon very juſtly obſerves, this thought is far from being extravagant, when we conſider, that the univerſe is the work of infinite power, prompted by by infinite goodneſs; having an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in; ſo that our imagination can ſet no bounds to it.

The Sun appears very bright and large in compariſon of the fixed ſtars, becauſe we keep conſtantly near the Sun, in compariſon of our immenſe diſtance from the ſtars. For a ſpectator, placed as near to any ſtar as we are to the Sun, would ſee that ſtar a body as large and bright as the Sun appears to us: and a ſpectator, as far diſtant from the Sun as we are from the ſtars, would ſee the Sun as ſmall as we ſee a ſtar, diveſted of all its circumvolving planets; and would reckon it one of the ſtars in numbering them.

The ſtars, being at ſuch immenſe diſtances from the Sun, cannot poſſibly receive from him ſo ſtrong a light as they ſeem to have; nor any brightneſs ſufficient to make them viſible to us. For the Sun's rays muſt be ſo ſcattered and diſſipated before they reach ſuch remote objects; that they can never be tranſmitted back to our eyes, ſo as to render theſe objects viſible by reflection. The ſtars therefore ſhine with their own native and unborrowed luſtre, as the Sun does; and ſince each particular ſtar, as well as the Sun, is confined to a particular portion of ſpace, it is plain, that the ſtars are of the ſame nature with the Sun.

It is no ways probable, that the Almighty, who always acts with infinite wiſdom, and does nothing in vain, ſhould create ſo many glorious ſuns, fit for ſo many important purpoſes, and place them at ſuch diſtances from one another, without proper objects near enough to be benefited by their influences. Whoever imagines they were created only to give a faint glimmering light to the inhabitants of this globe, muſt have a very ſuperficial knowledge of aſtronomy, and a mean opinion of the Divine Wiſdom: ſince, by an infinitely leſs exertion of creating power, the Deity could have given our Earth much more light by one ſingle additional moon.

Inſtead then of one ſun and one world only in the univerſe, as the unſkilful in aſtronomy imagine, that ſcience diſcovers to us ſuch an inconceivable number of ſuns, ſyſtems and worlds, diſperſed through boundleſs ſpace, that if our Sun, with all the planets, moons, and comets belonging to it, were annihilated, they would be no more miſſed, by an eye that could take in the whole creation, than a grain of ſand from the ſea ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs being comparatively ſo ſmall, that it would ſcarce be a ſenſible blank in the univerſe, although Saturn, the outermoſt of our planets, revolves about the Sun in an orbit of 488,400,000 miles in circumference, and ſome of our comets make excurſions upwards of 10,000,000,000 miles beyond Saturn's orbit; and yet, at that amazing diſtance, they are incomparably nearer to the Sun than to any of the ſtars; as is evident from their keeping clear of the attractive power of all the ſtars, and returning periodically by virtue of the Sun's attraction.

From what we know of our own ſyſtem, it may be reaſonably concluded, that all the reſt are with equal wiſdom contrived, ſituated, and provided with accommodations for rational inhabitants. Let us therefore take a ſurvey of the ſyſtem to which we belong; the only one acceſſible to us; and from thence we ſhall be the better enabled to judge of the nature and end of the other ſyſtems of the univerſe. For although there is almoſt an infinite variety in the parts of the creation which we have opportunities of examining, yet there is a general analogy running through and connecting all the parts into one ſcheme, one deſign, one whole!

And then, to an attentive conſiderer, it will appear highly probable, that the planets

planets of our system, together with their moons, are much of the same nature with our Earth, and destined for the like purposes. For they are solid opaque globes, capable of supporting animals and vegetables. Some of them are bigger, some less, and some much about the size of our Earth. They all circulate round the Sun, as the Earth does, in a shorter or longer time, according to their respective distances from him; and have, where it would not be inconvenient, regular returns of summer and winter, spring and autumn. They have warmer and colder climates, as the various productions of our Earth require; and, in such as afford a possibility of discovering it, we observe a regular motion round their axes like that of our Earth, causing an alternate return of day and night; which is necessary for labour, rest, and vegetation, and that all parts of their surfaces may be exposed to the rays of the Sun.

Such of the planets as are farthest from the Sun, and therefore enjoy least of his light, have that deficiency made up by several moons, which constantly accompany, and revolve about them, as our Moon revolves about the Earth. The remotest planet has, over and above, a broad ring encompassing it; which, like a lucid zone in the heavens, reflects the Sun's light very copiously on that planet: so that if the remoter planets have the Sun's light *fainter* by day than we, they have an addition made to it morning and evening by one or more of their moons, and a greater quantity of light in the night-time.

On the surface of the Moon, because it is nearer us than any other of the celestial bodies are, we discover a nearer resemblance of our Earth. For, by the assistance of telescopes, we observe the Moon to be full of high mountains, large valleys, deep cavities, and even volcanoes. These similarities leave us no room to doubt, but that all the planets and moons in the system are designed as commodious habitations for creatures endowed with capacities of knowing and adoring their beneficent Creator.

Since the fixed stars are prodigious spheres of fire, like our Sun, and at inconceivable distances from one another, as well as from us, it is reasonable to conclude, they are made for the same purposes that the Sun is; *viz.* to bestow light, heat, and vegetation on a certain number of inhabited planets, kept by gravitation within the sphere of its activity.

What an august! what an amazing conception, if human imagination can conceive it, does this give of the works of the Creator! Thousands of thousands of sons, multiplied without end, and ranged all round us, at immense distances from each other, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular, and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed them; and their worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings, formed for endless progression in perfection and felicity.

If so much power, wisdom, goodness, and magnificence is displayed in the material creation, which is the least considerable part of the universe, how great, how wise, how good must he be, who made and governs the whole! *Forgeon.*

§ 2. *Reflections on the Earth and Sun.*

It has been already observed, that the Earth ranks as a planet in the solar system; that its diameter is near 8,000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000. The surface of it is divided into land and water; the land is again divided into four parts, which are called, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The seas and unknown parts of its surface contain 160,522,046 square miles; the inhabited parts 38,990,569; Europe 4,456,065; Asia 10,768,843; Africa 9,654,807; America 14,110,874; and 190,412,595; which is the number of square miles on the whole surface of our globe.

And if we examine it a little further, what an admirable specimen have we of the divine skill and goodness! This globe is intended, not only for an habitation, but for a storehouse of conveniences. And if we examine the several apartments of our great abode, we shall find reason to be charmed with the displays both of their oeconomy and boundless profusion.

The surface of the ground, coarse as it may seem, is yet the laboratory where the most exquisite operations are performed. And though a multitude of generations have been accommodated by it, it still continues inexhaustible.

The anevenness of the ground, far from being a defect, heightens its beauty and augments its usefulness. Here it is lowered into deep and sheltered vales, almost constantly covered with verdure, which yields an easy couch and agreeable food to the various tribes of cattle. There it expands into a wide, open country, which annually bears a copious harvest; an harvest ever-

only of the principal wheat, which is the ſtaff of our life, but of the appointed barley, and various other grain, which are food for our animals.

The furrows vary their produce. They bring forth flax and hemp, which help us to ſome of the moſt neceſſary accommodations of life. Theſe are wove into ample volumes of cloth, which fixed to the maſt, give wings to our ſhips. It is twiſted into vaſt lengths of cordage, which gives nerves to the crane, and ſinews to the pulley, or elſe adhering to the anchor, ſecure the veſſel, even amidſt the driving tempeſt. It covers our tables with a graceful elegance, and ſurrounds our bodies with a cheriſhing warmth.

Yonder ariſe the hills, like a grand amphitheatre! Some are clad with mantling vines, ſome crowned with towering cedars, ſome ragged with mis-ſhapen rocks or yawning with ſubterraneous caves. And even thoſe inacceſſable crags, thoſe gloomy cavities, are not only a refuge for wild goats, but ſometimes for thoſe of whom the world was not worthy.

At a greater diſtance the mountains penetrate the clouds, with their aſpiring brows. Their ſides arreſt and condenſe the vapours as they float along. Their caverned bowels collect the dripping treaſures, and ſend them gradually abroad by trickling ſprings: and hence the waters increaſing roll down, till they have ſwept through the moſt extenſive climes, and regained their native ſeas.

The vine requires a ſtrong reflexion of the ſun-beams and a large proportion of warmth. How commodiouſly do the hills and mountains miniſter to this purpoſe! May we not call thoſe vaſt declivities the garden-walls of nature? Theſe concentre the ſolar fire, and completely ripen the grape! O that any ſhould turn ſo valuable a gift of God into an inſtrument of ſin!

What is nature but a ſeries of wonders? That ſuch a variety of fruits ſhould riſe from the inſipid, ſordid earth? I take a walk through my garden or orchard in December. There ſtand ſeveral logs of wood on the ground. They have neither ſenſe nor motion; yet in a little time they are beautified with bloſſoms, they are covered with leaves, and at laſt loaded with fruit. I have wondered at the account of thoſe prodigious engines, invented by Archimedes. But what are all the inventions of men, to thoſe nice automata of nature?

The foreſt rears myriads of maſſy bodies, which, though neither gay with bloſſoms, nor rich with fruit, ſupply us with timber of various kinds. But who ſhall cultivate them? The toil were endleſs. See therefore the ever-wiſe and gracious ordination of Providence! They have no need of the ſpade or the pruning-knife. They want no help from man.

When ſawed into beams, they ſuſtain the roofs of our houſes. They make carriages to convey our heavieſt loads. Their ſubſtance is ſo pliant, that they are eaſily formed into every kind of furniture: yet their texture ſo ſolid, that they compoſe the moſt important parts of the largeſt engines. At the ſame time their preſſure is ſo light, that they float upon the waters. Thus while they ſerve all the ends of architecture, and beſtow numberleſs conveniences on the family, they conſtitute the very baſis of navigation, and give being to commerce.

If we deſcend from the ground floor of our habitation into the ſubterraneous lodgments, we ſhall find there alſo the moſt exquiſite contrivance acting in concert with the moſt profuſe goodneſs. Here are various minerals of ſovereign efficacy: beds fraught with metals of richeſt value: and mines, which yield a metal of a meaner aſpect, but ſuperior uſefulneſs. Without the aſſiſtance of iron, what would become of all our mechanic ſkill? without this we could ſcarce either fix the maſt, or drop the faithful anchor. We ſhould ſcarce have any ornament for polite, or utenſil for common life.

Here is an inexhauſtible fund of combuſtible materials. Theſe mollify the moſt ſtubborn bars. They melt even the moſt ſtubborn flint, and make it more ductile than the ſofteſt clay. By this means we are furniſhed with the moſt curious and ſerviceable manufacture in the world; which admits into our houſes the chearing light, yet excludes the wind and rain: which gives new eyes to decrepit age, and more enlarged views to philoſophy; bringing near what is immenſely remote, and making viſible what is immenſely ſmall.

Here are quarries ſtocked with ſtones, which do not ſparkle like gems, but are more eminently uſeful. Theſe form houſes for peace, fortifications for war. Theſe conſtitute the arches of the bridge, the arms of the mole or quay, which ſcreen our ſhips from the moſt tempeſtuous ſeas.

seas. These are comparatively soft in the bowels of the earth, but harden when in the open air. Was this remarkable peculiarity reversed, what difficulties would attend the labours of the mason? His materials could not be extracted from their bed, nor fashioned without infinite toil. And were his work completed, it could not long withstand the fury of the elements.

Here are various assortments and beds of clay, which however contemptible in its appearance, is abundantly more beneficial than the rocks of diamond or veins of gold: this is moulded into vessels of any shape and size: some so delicately fine as to suit the table of a princess; others so remarkably cheap, that they minister to the convenience of the poorest peasant: all so perfectly neat, as to give no disgust even to the nicest palate.

A multiplicity of other valuable stores is locked up in these ample vaults. But they key of all is given to industry, in order to produce each as necessity demands.

Which shall we most admire, the bounty or wisdom of our great Creator? How admirable is his precaution in removing these cumbrous wares from the surface, and bestowing them under the ground in proper repositories? Were they scattered over the surface of the soil, it would be embarrassed with the enormous load. Our roads would be blocked up, and scarce any room left for the operations of husbandry. Were they, on the other hand, buried at a great depth, it would cost us immense pains to procure them. Were they uniformly spread into a pavement for nature, universal barrenness must ensue: whereas as present we have a magazine of metallic, without lessening our vegetable treasures. Fossils of every kind enrich the bowels, verdure adorns the face of the earth.

Well then may even the inhabitants of heaven lift up their voice and sing, *Great and marvellous are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!* And is there not infinite reason for us to join this triumphant choir? Since all these things are to us, not only a noble spectacle, bright with the display of our Creator's wisdom, but likewise an inestimable gift, rich with the emanations of his goodness. The earth hath he set before the inhabitants of his glory: but he hath given it to the children of men. Has he not then an undoubted right to make that tender demand, *My son, give me thine heart?*

The rocks which bound the sea, are here prodigiously high and strong, as everlasting barrier against both wind and waves. Not that the omnipotent ancient has any need of these here. It is true, they intervene, and not only repeal the rolling billows, but speak the mainly Majesty of the Maker. But in other places the Creator shows, he is confined to no expedient. He bids a bank of despicable sand repel the most furious bowels of assaulting seas. *And though the waves rest themselves, they cannot prevail; though they roar, yet they cannot pass over.*

Nay, is it not remarkable, that sand is a more effectual barrier against the sea than rock? Accordingly the sea is continually gaining upon a rocky shore, but it is continually losing on a sandy shore unless where it sets in with an eddy. Thus it has been gaining, from age to age, over the isle of Portland and the Land's Ends, Cornwall, undermining, throwing down, and swallowing up one huge rock after another. Mean time the sandy shores both on our southern and western coast, gain continually upon the sea.

Beneath the rocks frequently lies a smooth, level sand, almost as firm as a well-compacted causeway: insomuch that the tread of an horse scarce impresses it, and the waters never penetrate it. Without this wise contrivance the searching waves would insinuate into the heart of the earth; and the earth itself would in some places be hollow as an honey-comb, in others bibulous as a sponge. But this closely-cemented pavement is like claying the bottom of the universal canal: so that the returning tides only consolidate its substance, and prevent the sun from cleaving it with chinks.

Here the main rolls its surges from world to world. What a spectacle of magnificence and terror! How it fills the mind and amazes the imagination! It is the most august object under the whole heaven. What are all the canals on earth, to this immense reservatory? What are the proudest palaces on earth, to yonder concave of the skies? What the most pompous illuminations, to this source of day? They are a spark, an atom, a drop. Nay in every spark, and atom, and drop, that proceeds from the hand of the Almighty, there is the manifestation of a wisdom

and

and a power abſolutely incomprehenſible.

Let us examine a ſingle drop of water, only ſo much as will adhere to the point of a needle. In this ſpeck an eminent philoſopher computes no leſs than thirteen thouſand globules. And if ſo many thouſands exiſt in ſo ſmall a ſpeck, how many in the unmeaſured extent of the ocean? Who can count them? As well may we graſp the wind in our fiſt, or mete out the univerſe with our ſpan.

Nor are theſe regions without their proper inhabitants, cloathed in exact conformity to the clime: not in ſwelling wool, or buoyant feathers, but with as much compactneſs and as little ſuperfluity as poſſible. They are clad, or rather ſheathed in ſcales, which adhere cloſe, and are laid in a kind of natural oil: than which apparel nothing can be more light, and at the ſame time nothing more ſolid. It hinders the fluid from penetrating their fleſh: it prevents the cold from chilling their blood; and enables them to make their way through the waters, with the utmoſt facility. And they have each an air-bladder, a curious inſtrument, by which they riſe to what height or ſink to what depth they pleaſe.

It is impoſſible to enumerate the ſcaly herds. Here are animals of monſtrous ſhapes, and amazing qualities. The upper jaw of the ſword-fiſh is lengthened into a ſtrong and ſharp ſword, with which (though not above ſixteen feet long) he ſcruples not to engage the whale himſelf. The ſun-fiſh is one round maſs of fleſh; only it has two fins, which act the part of oars. The polypus, with its numerous feet and claws, ſeems fitted only to crawl. Yet an excreſcence riſing on the back enables it to ſteer a ſteady courſe in the waves. The ſhell of the nautilus forms a kind of boat, and he unfurls a membrane to the wind for a ſail. He extends alſo two arms, with which, as with oars, he rows himſelf along. When he is diſpoſed to dive, he ſtrikes ſail, and at once ſinks to the bottom. When the weather is calm, he mounts again, and performs his voyage without either chart or compaſs.

Here are ſhoals upon ſhoals of every ſize and form. Some lodged in their ſhells, ſeem to have no higher employ, than imbibing nutriment, and are almoſt rooted to the rocks on which they lie: while others ſhoot along the yielding flood, and range the ſpacious regions of the deep. How various is their figure! The ſhells of ſome ſeem to be the rude production of chance, rather than of ſkill or deſign. Yet even in theſe we find the niceſt diſpoſitions. Uncouth as they are, they are exactly ſuited to the exigencies of their reſpective tenants. Some on the other hand are extremely neat. Their ſtructure is all ſymmetry and elegance. No enamel is comparable to their poliſh. Not a room in all the palaces of Europe is ſo adorned as the bed-chamber of the little fiſh that dwells in mother of pearl. Where elſe is ſuch a mixture of red, blue and green, ſo delightfully ſtaining the moſt clear and gliſtering ground?

But what I admire more than all their beauty, is the proviſion made for their ſafety. As they have no ſpeed to eſcape, ſo they have no dexterity to elude their foe. So that were they naked, they muſt be an eaſy prey to every free-booter. To prevent this, what is only cloathing to other animals, is to them a cloathing, an houſe, and a caſtle. They have a fortification which grows with them, and is a part of themſelves. And by means of this they live ſecure amidſt millions of ravenous jaws.

Here dwell mackerel, herring, and various other kinds, which when lean wander up and down the ocean: but when fat they throng our creeks and bays, or haunt the running ſtreams. Who bids theſe creatures leave our ſhores when they become unfit for our ſervice? Who rallies and recalls the undiſciplined vagrants, as ſoon as they are improved into deſirable food? Surely the furlow is ſigned, the ſummons iſſued, and the point of re-union ſettled, by a Providence ever indulgent to mankind, ever loading us with benefits.

Theſe approach, while thoſe of enormous ſize and appearance abandon our ſhores. The latter would fright the valuable fiſh from our coaſts; they are therefore kept in the abyſſes of the ocean: juſt as wild beaſts, impelled by the ſame overruling power, hide themſelves in the receſſes of the foreſt.

One circumſtance relating to the natives of the deep is very aſtoniſhing. As they are continually obliged to devour one another for neceſſary ſubſiſtence, without extraordinary recruits, the whole watery race muſt ſoon be totally extinct. Were they to bring forth no more at a birth than land animals, the increaſe would be far too ſmall

small for the consumption. The weaker species would soon be destroyed by the stronger, and the stronger themselves must soon after perish. Therefore to supply millions of animals with their food, and yet not depopulate the watery realms, the ova produced by every breeder is almost incredible. They spawn not by scores, but by millions: a single female is pregnant with a nation. Mr. Lewenhoek counted in an ordinary cod, 9,384,000 eggs. By this amazing expedient, constant reparation is made, proportionable to the immense havock.

And as the sea abounds with animal inhabitants, so it does also with vegetable productions: some soft as wool, others hard as stone. Some rise like a leafless shrub, some are expanded in the form of a net; some grow with their heads downward, and seem rather hanging on, than springing from the jettings of the rocks. But as we know few particulars concerning these, I would only offer one remark in general. The herbs and trees on the dry land are fed by the juices that permeate the soil, and ascend in the air. For this purpose they are furnished with leaves to collect the one, and with roots to attract the other. Whereas the sea plants, having sufficient nourishment in the circumambient waters, have no need to detach roots into the grounds or forage the earth for sustenance. Instead therefore of penetrating, they are but just tacked to the bottom, and adhere in some solid substance only with such a degree of tenacity, as may secure them from being rent to and fro by the agitation of the waves.

We see from this and numberless other instances, what diversity there is in the operations of the great Creator. Yet every alteration is an improvement, and each new pattern has a peculiar stroke of its own.

Considered in another view, the sea is that grand reservoir which supplies the earth with its fertility: and the air and sun are the mighty engines, which work without intermission, to raise the water from this inexhaustible cistern. The clouds as aqueducts convey the genial floods along the atmosphere, and distribute them in seasonable and regular proportions, through all the regions of the globe.

How hardly do we extract a drop of perfectly sweet water from this vast pit of brine! Yet the sun draws off every moment millions of tons in vaporous exhalations, which being securely lodged in the bottles of heaven, are first almost freed and refined, without the least brackish tincture, or intumicous fulliness, are abroad upon the wings of the wind, distil in dews and rain, to rise in fountains, to trickle along in streams, to flow from the sides of mountains, in five copious streams amidst burning deserts, and through populous kingdoms, in order to refresh and fertilize, to beautify, and adorn every soil in every clime.

How amiable is the goodness, how amazing the power, of the world's wonderful Maker! How amiable his goodness, in distributing so largely what is so extensively beneficial! That watery vapour which we can scarce perform any business, or enjoy any comforts, should it rise in our houses, flart up from the ground, or down from the clouds! should come from the ends of the earth, to serve us, from the extremities of the ocean! How great his power! That this immaterial, unfolid fluid, so intimately universal to all nature, should be the original spring, which quenches the thirst both of man and every animal! Doubtless the power by which this is effected, can make all things work together for our good.

Vast and various are the advantages which we receive from this liquid element. The waters glide on in spacious currents, which not only clear the adjacent country, but by giving a brisk motion to the air prevent the stagnation of the vapours. They pass by large cities, and quietly fit them of a thousand nuisances. But they are also to be more honourable services. They enter the gardens of a prince, fill the canal, attend in the jet d'eau, or fall in the grand cascade. In another part they ply at our mills, roll incessantly at the wheel, and by working the largest engines take upon them an unknown share of our fatigue, and save us both labour, time, and expence.

So forcibly do they act when enabled. And how do they insinuate when gentle? They penetrate the minutest tubes of a plant, and find a passage through all its meanders. With how much difficulty does the labourer path his way up the rounds of a ladder! With ease will their heads or a much greater height, and climb with the utmost safe. They never

nourishment from the lowest fibres that are plunged in the earth, to the topmost twigs that wave amidst the clouds. Thus they furnish the whole vegetable world with necessary provision, by means of which *the trees of the Lord are full of sap, even the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted.* And notwithstanding their vast elevation and prodigious diffusion, not a single branch is destitute of leaves, nor a single leaf of moisture.

Besides the salutary and useful circulation of the rivers, the sea has a motion no less advantageous. Daily for five or six hours, it flows toward the land, and for the same time, retires to its inmost caverns. How great is the power that protrudes to the shores such an inconceivable weight of waters, without any concurrence from the winds, often in direct opposition to them? Which bids the mighty element revolve with the most exact punctuality? Did it advance with a lawless and unlimited swell, it might deluge whole continents. Was it irregular and uncertain in its approaches, navigation would be at a stand. But being constant in its stated period, and never exceeding its appointed bounds, it does no prejudice to the country and serves all the ends of traffic.

Is the sailor returned from his voyage? The flux is ready to convey his vessel to the very doors of the owner, without any hazard of striking on the rocks, or of being fastened in the sands. Has the merchant freighted his ship? The reflux bears it away with the utmost expedition and safety. Behold, O man, how highly thou art favoured by thy Maker! *He hath put all things in subjection under thy feet. All sheep and oxen, all the beasts of the field: the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea.* Yea, the surges of the sea are subservient to thee. Even these, wild and impetuous as they are, are ready to receive thy load, and like an indefatigable beast of burden, carry it to the place which thou chooseest.

What preserves this vast flood in perpetual purity? It receives the refuse and filth of the whole world. Whatever would defile the land and pollute the air, is transmitted to the ocean. How then is this receptacle of every nuisance kept clean, kept from contracting a noisome and pestilential taint? 'Tis partly by its incessant motion, and partly by its saltness. By the one it is secured from any internal principle of corruption; by the other it works itself clear of any adventitious defilement.

Consider the sea in another capacity, and it connects the remotest realms of the universe, by facilitating the intercourse between their respective inhabitants. The ancients indeed looked on the ocean as an impassable gulph. But we find it just the reverse; not a bar of separation, but the great bond of union. For this purpose it is never exhausted, though it supplies the whole earth with rain: nor overflows, though all the rivers in the universe are perpetually augmenting its stores. By means of this we travel farther, than birds of the strongest pinions fly. We cross the flaming line, visit the frozen pole, and wing our way even round the globe.

What a multitude of ships are continually passing and repassing this universal thorough-fare! Whole harvests of corn, and vintages of wine, lodged in volatile store-houses, are wafted by the breath of heaven, to the very ends of the earth: wafted, enormous and unwieldy as they are, almost as speedily as the roe bounds over the hills.

Astonishing, that an element so unstable, should bear so immense a weight! That the thin air should drive on with such speed those vast bodies, which the strength of a legion could scarce move! That the air and water should carry to the distance of many thousand miles, what the united force of men and machines could scarce drag a single yard!

How are the mariners conducted thro' this fluid common, than which nothing is more wide or more wild? Here is no tract, no posts of direction, nor any hut where the traveller may ask his way. Are they guided by a pillar of fire? No, but by a mean and otherwise worthless fossil. Till this surprising stone was discovered, ships crept timorously along the coasts. But this guides them, when nothing but skies are seen above, and nothing but seas below. This gives intelligence that shines clear in the thickest darkness, and remains steady in the most tempestuous agitations. This emboldens us to launch into the heart of the ocean, and to range from pole to pole. By this means are imported to our islands the choice productions of every nation under heaven. Every tide conveys into our ports, the treasures of the remotest climes. And almost every private

house

house in the kingdom, is accommodated from the four quarters of the globe. At the same time that the sea adorns the abodes of the rich, it employs the hands of the poor. What a multitude of people acquire a livelihood, by preparing commodities for exportation? And what a multitude by manufacturing the wares imported from abroad? Thus, though it is a false supposition, that the waters themselves are strained through subterraneous passages into the inland countries, yet it is true, that their *wealth* are translated into every town, every hamlet, and every cottage.

§ 3. *Reflections on the Atmosphere.*

If we turn our thoughts to the atmosphere, we find a most curious and exquisite apparatus of air. This is a source of innumerable advantages; all which are fetched from the very jaws of ruin. To explain this. The pressure of the air on a person of a moderate size is equal to the weight of twenty thousand pounds. Tremendous consideration! Should an house fall upon us with half this force, it would break every bone of our bodies. Yet so admirably has the Divine wisdom contrived the air, and so nicely counterpoised its dreadful power, that we suffer no manner of inconvenience; we even enjoy the load. Instead of being as a mountain on our backs, it is as wings to our feet, or leaves to our limbs. Is not this common ordination of Providence somewhat like the miracle of the burning bush? Well may we fly unto God, O how terrible, yet how beneficent, art thou in thy works!

The air, though too weak to support our flight, is a thoroughfare for innumerable wings. Here the whole commonwealth of birds expatiate, beyond the reach of their adversaries. Were they to run upon the earth, they would be in ten thousand dangers, without strength to resist, or speed to escape them: whereas by mounting the skies, they are secure from peril, they scorn the horse and his rider. Some of them perching on the boughs, or soaring aloft, entertain us with their notes. Many of them yield us wholesome and agreeable food, and yet give us no trouble, put us to no expence; but till the time we want them, are wholly out of the way.

The air is charged also with several odours, absolutely needful for mankind. In our lungs it ventilates the blood, qualifies its warmth, promotes the vital secretions. We might live even inside without the light of the sun, yes o the glimmering of a star. Whereas, if we are deprived but a few minutes of the air, we sicken, we faint, we die. The same universal nurse has a considerable share in supplying the several tribes of plants. It diffuses vegetable vigour into the trunk of an oak, and a blooming galaxy into the leaves of a rose.

The air likewise conveys to our nobler the extremely subtile effluvia which exhale from odoriferous bodies: particles so small, that they elude the most careful touch. To this receives and transmits the invisible vagrants, without losing even a single atom; entertaining us with the delightful sensations that arise from the fragrance of flowers, and admonishing us to withdraw from an unwholesome situation, or beware of pernicious food.

The air by its undulating motion conducts to our ear all the diversities of sound. While danger is at a considerable distance, this advertises us of its approach, and with a clamorous but kind importunity urges us to provide for our safety.

The air wafts to our ears all the modulations of music, and the more agreeable entertainments of conversation. It diffuses every musical variation with so much exactness and delivers the articulations of the speaker with the most punctual fidelity: whereas, without this intervention, we would be fallen and unmeaning silence. We should neither be charmed by the harmonious, nor improved by the articulate accents.

How gentle are the breezes of the air when unconfined! but when collected, they act with such immense force, as is sufficient to whirl round the hugest wheels, though clogged with the most incumbering loads. They make the ponderous millstones move as swiftly as the dancer's foot; and the massy beams play as nimbly as the musician's fingers.

In the higher regions there is an endless succession of clouds, fed by evaporations from the ocean. The clouds are themselves a kind of ocean suspended in the air. They travel in detached parties, over all the terrestrial globe. They fructify, by proper communications of moisture, the spacious pastures of the wealthy, and gladden with no less liberal showers the cottager's little spot.

Nay,

Nay, they ſatisfy the deſolate and waſte ground, and cauſe the bud of the tender herb to ſpring forth: that the natives of the lonely deſert, the herds which know no maſter's ſtall, may nevertheleſs experience the care of an all-ſupporting parent.

How wonderful! that pendant lakes ſhould be diffuſed, fluid mountains heaped over our heads, and both ſuſtained in the rareſt part of the atmoſphere! How ſurpriſing is the expedient which without veſſels of ſtone or braſs, keeps ſuch loads of water in a buoyant ſtate! Job conſidered this with holy admiration. *Doſt thou know the balancings of the clouds?* How ſuch ponderous bodies are made to hang in even poiſe, and hover like the lighteſt down? *He bindeth up the waters in his thick cloud:* and the cloud, though nothing is more looſe and fluid, becomes by his order tenacious, as caſks of iron, is not rent under all the weight.

When the ſluices are opened and the waters deſcend, one would think they ſhould pour down in torrents. Whereas inſtead of this, which would be infinitely pernicious, they coaleſce into globules, and are diſpenſed in gentle ſhowers. They ſpread themſelves as if ſtrained through the orifices of the fineſt watering pot, and form thoſe ſmall drops of rain which the clouds diſtil upon man abundantly. Thus inſtead of drowning the earth, and ſweeping away its fruits, they cheriſh univerſal nature, and (like their great Maſter) diſtribute their ſtores, to men, animals, vegetables, as they are able to bear them.

But beſide waters, here are cantoned various parties of winds, mild or fierce, gentle or boiſterous, furniſhed with breezy wings, to fan the glowing firmament, or elſe fitted to act as an univerſal beſom, and by ſweeping the chambers of the atmoſphere to cleanſe the fine ærial fluid. Without this wholeſome agency of the winds, the air would ſtagnate and become putrid: ſo that all the great cities in the world, inſtead of being ſeats of elegance, would degenerate into ſinks of corruption.

At ſea, the winds ſwell the mariner's ſails, and ſpeed his courſe along the watery way. By land they perform the office of an immenſe ſeeds-man, ſcattering abroad the ſeeds of numberleſs plants, which, though the ſupport of many animals, are too ſmall for the management, or too mean for the attention of man.

Here are lightnings ſtationed, in act to ſpring whenever their piercing flaſh is neceſſary, either to deſtroy the ſulphureous vapours, or diſlodge any other noxious matter, which might prejudice the delicate temperature of the ether, and obſcure its more than chryſtalline tranſparency.

Above all is ſituate a radiant and majeſtic orb, which enlightens and chears the inhabitants of the earth: while the air, by a ſingular addreſs, amplifies its uſefulneſs. Its reflecting power augments that heat, which is the life of nature: its refracting power prolongs that ſplendor, which is the beauty of the creation.

I ſay, augments the heat. For the air is a cover which, without oppreſſing us with any perceivable weight, confines, reflects, and thereby increaſes the vivifying heat of the ſun. The air increaſes this, much in the ſame manner as our cloaths give additional heat to our body: whereas when it is leſs in quantity, when it is attenuated, the ſolar heat is very ſenſibly diminiſhed. Travellers on the lofty mountains of America, ſometimes experience this to their coſt. Though the clime at the foot of thoſe vaſt mountains, is extremely hot and ſultry, yet at the top the cold is ſo exceſſive, as often to freeze both the horſe and rider to death. We have therefore great reaſon to praiſe God, for placing us in the commodious concavity, the cheriſhing wings of an atmoſphere.

The emanations of light, though formed of inactive matter, yet (aſtoniſhing power of divine wiſdom!) are refined almoſt to the ſubtilty of ſpirit, and are ſcarce inferior even to thought in ſpeed. By which means they ſpread, with almoſt inſtantaneous ſwiftneſs, through an whole hemiſphere: and though they fill whatever they pervade, yet they ſtraiten no place, embarraſs no one, encumber nothing.

Every where indeed, and in every element, we may diſcern the footſteps of the Creator's wiſdom. The ſpacious canopy over our heads is painted with blue; and the ample carpet under our feet is tinged with green. Theſe colours, by their ſoft and chearing qualities, yield a perpetual refreſhment to the eye. Whereas had the face of nature gliſtered with white, or glowed with ſcarlet, ſuch dazzling hues, inſtead of chearing, would have fatigued the ſight. Beſides, as the ſeveral brighter colours are interſperſed, and form the pictures in this magnificent piece, the green and the blue make an admirable ground, which ſhews them all to the utmoſt advantage.

Had the air been much groſſer, it would have dimmed the rays of the ſun and darkened the day. Our lungs would have been clogged in their vital function, and men drowned or ſuffocated therein. Were it much more ſubtle, birds would not be able to wing their way through the firmament: neither could the clouds be ſuſtained, in ſo thin an atmoſphere. It would elude likewiſe the organs of reſpiration: we ſhould gaſp for breath with as much difficulty and as little ſucceſs as fiſhes do, when out of their native element.

§ 4. *Reflections on the Vegetable Creation.*

As to vegetation itſelf, we are ſenſible all our reaſonings about the wonderful operations of nature, are ſo full of uncertainty, that, as the wiſe man truly obſerves, *Hardly do we gueſs aright at the things that are upon earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* This is abundantly verified in vegetable nature. For though its productions are ſo obvious to us, yet are we ſtrangely in the dark concerning them, becauſe the texture of their veſſels is ſo fine and intricate, that we can trace but few of them, though aſſiſted with the beſt microſcopes. But although we can never hope to come to the bottom and firſt principle of things, yet may we every where ſee plain ſignatures of the hand of a Divine Architect.

All vegetables are compoſed of water and earth, principles which ſtrongly attract each other: and a large portion of air, which ſtrongly attracts when fixed, but ſtrongly repels when in an elaſtic ſtate. By the combination, action, and re-action of thoſe few principles, all the operations in vegetables are effected.

The particles of air diſtend each ductile part, and invigorate their ſap, and meeting with the other mutually attracting principles, they are by gentle heat and motion enabled to aſſimilate into the nouriſhment of the reſpective parts. Thus nutrition is gradually advanced, by the nearer and nearer union of theſe principles, till they arrive at ſuch a degree of conſiſtency, as to form the ſeveral parts of vegetables. And at length, by the flying off of the watery vehicle, they are compacted into hard ſubſtances.

But when the watery particles again ſoak into and diſunite them, then is the union of the parts of vegetables diſſolved, and they are prepared by putrefaction, to appear in ſome new form, whereby the nutritive fund of nature can never be exhauſted.

All theſe principles are in all the parts of vegetables. But there is more oil in the more exalted parts of them. Thus ſeeds abound with oil, and conſequently with ſulphur and air. And indeed as they contain the rudiments of future vegetables, it was neceſſary they ſhould be ſtored with principles, that would both preſerve them from putrefaction, and alſo be active in promoting germination and vegetation.

And as oil is an excellent preſervative againſt cold, ſo it abounds in the ſap of the more northern trees. And it is this by which the ever-greens are enabled to keep their leaves all the winter.

Leaves not only bring nouriſhment from the lower parts within the attraction of the growing fruit, (which like young animals is furniſhed with proper inſtruments to ſuck it thence) but alſo carry off the redundant watery fluid, while they imbibe the dew and rain, which contain much ſalt and ſulphur: for the air is full of acid and ſulphureous particles; and the various combinations of theſe, are doubtleſs very ſerviceable in promoting the work of vegetation. Indeed ſo fine a fluid as the air, is a more proper medium, wherein to prepare and combine the more exalted principles of vegetables, than the groſs watery fluid of the ſap. And that there is plenty of theſe particles in the leaves is evident, from the ſulphureous exudations often found on their edges. To theſe refined aërial particles, not only the moſt racy, generous taſte of fruits, but likewiſe the moſt grateful odours of flowers, yea and their beautiful colours, are probably owing.

In order to ſupply tender ſhoots with nouriſhment, nature is careful to furniſh, at ſmall diſtances, the young ſhoots of all ſorts of trees, with many leaves throughout their whole length: which, as ſo many jointly acting powers, draw plenty of ſap to them.

The like proviſion has nature made, in the corn, graſs, and reed-kind: the leafy ſpires, which draw nouriſhment to each joint, being provided long before the ſtem ſhoots: the tender ſtems would eaſily break, or dry up, ſo as to prevent their growth, had not theſe ſcabbards been provided, which both ſupport and keep them in a ſupple and ductile ſtate.

The growth of a young bud to a ſhoot, conſiſts in the gradual dilatation and extenſion of every part till it is ſtretched out

to its full length. And the capillary tubes ſtill retain their hollowneſs, notwithſtanding their being extended, as we ſee melted glaſs tubes remain hollow, though drawn out to the fineſt thread.

The pith of trees is always full of moiſture while the ſhoot is growing, by the expanſion of which, the tender, ductile ſhoot is diſtended in every part. But when each year's ſhoot is fully grown, then the pith gradually dries up. Mean time nature carefully provides for the growth of the ſucceeding year, by preſerving a tender ductile part in the bud, replete with ſucculent pith. Great care is likewiſe taken to keep the parts between the bark and wood always ſupple with ſlimy moiſture, from which ductile matter the woody fibres, veſicles, and buds are formed.

The great variety of different ſubſtances in the ſame vegetable, proves, that there are peculiar veſſels for conveying different ſorts of nutriment. In many vegetables ſome of thoſe veſſels are plainly ſeen full of milky, yellow, or red nutriment.

Where a ſecretion is deſigned to compoſe an hard ſubſtance, viz. the kernel or ſeed of hard-ſtone fruits, it does not immediately grow from the ſtone, which would be the ſhorteſt way to convey nouriſhment to it. But the umbilical veſſel fetches a compaſs round the concave of the ſtone, and then enters the kernel near its cone. By this artifice the veſſel being much prolonged, the motion of the ſap is thereby retarded, and a viſcid nutriment conveyed to the ſeed, which turns to an hard ſubſtance.

Let us trace the vegetation of a tree, from the ſeed to its full maturity. When the ſeed is ſown, in a few days it imbibes ſo much moiſture, as to ſwell with very great force, by which it is enabled both to ſtrike its roots down, and to force its ſtem out of the ground. As it grows up, the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth order of lateral branches ſhoot out, each lower order being longer than thoſe immediately above them, not only as ſhooting firſt, but becauſe inſerted nearer the root, and ſo drawing greater plenty of ſap. So that a tree is a complicated engine, which has as many different powers as it has branches. And the whole of each yearly growth of the tree, is proportioned to the whole of the nouriſhment they attract.

But leaves alſo are ſo neceſſary to promote its growth, that nature provides ſmall, thin expanſions, which may be called primary leaves, to draw nouriſhment to the buds and young ſhoots, before the leaf is expanded. Theſe bring nutriment to them in a quantity ſufficient for their ſmall demand: a greater quantity of which is afterward provided, in proportion to their need, by the greater expanſion of the leaves. A ſtill more beautiful apparatus we find in the curious expanſions of bloſſoms and flowers, which both protect and convey nouriſhment to the embryo fruit and ſeeds. But as ſoon as the calix is formed into a ſmall fruit, containing a minute, ſeminal tree, the bloſſom falls off, leaving it to imbibe nouriſhment for itſelf, which is brought within the reach of its function, by the adjoining leaves.

Let us proceed to make ſome additional reflections upon the vegetable kingdom.

All plants produce ſeeds: but they are entirely unfit for propagation, till they are impregnated. This is performed within the flower, by the duſt of the antheræ falling upon the moiſt ſtigmata, where it burſts and ſends forth a very ſubtle matter, which is abſorbed by the ſtyle, and conveyed down to the ſeed. As ſoon as this operation is over, thoſe organs wither and fall. But one flower does not always contain all theſe: often the male organs are on one, the female on another. And that nothing may be wanting, the whole apparatus of the antheræ and ſtigmata is in all flowers contrived with wonderful wiſdom. In moſt, the ſtigmata ſurround the piſtil, and are of the ſame height. But where the piſtil is longer than the ſtigmata, the flowers recline, that the duſt may fall into the ſtigmata, and when impregnated riſe again, that the ſeeds may not fall out. In other flowers the piſtil is ſhorter, and there the flowers preſerve an erect ſituation. Nay, when the flowering ſeaſon comes on, they become erect though they were drooping before. Laſtly, when the male flowers are placed below the female, the leaves are very ſmall and narrow, that they may not hinder the duſt from flying upwards like ſmoke: and when in the ſame ſpecies one plant is male, and the other female, there the duſt is carried in abundance by the wind from the male to the female. We cannot alſo without admiration obſerve, that moſt flowers expand themſelves when the ſun ſhines, and cloſe when either rain, clouds, or evening is coming on, leſt the genital duſt ſhould be coagulated, or otherwiſe rendered uſe-

leſs. Yet when the impregnation is over, they do not cloſe, either upon ſhowers, or the approach of evening.

For the ſcattering of ſeed, nature has provided numberleſs ways. Various berries are given for food to animals: but while they eat the pulp, they ſow the ſeed. Either they diſperſe them at the ſame time: or if they ſwallow them, they are returned with intereſt. The miſſletoe always grows on the other trees; becauſe the thruſh that eats the ſeeds of them, caſts them forth with his dung. The junipers alſo, which fill our woods, are ſown in the ſame manner. The croſs-bill that lives on ſircones, and the hawfinch which feeds on pine-cones, ſow many of thoſe ſeeds, eſpecially when they carry the cone to a ſtone or ſtump, to ſtrip off its ſcales. Swine likewiſe and moles, by throwing up the earth, prepare it for the reception of ſeeds.

The great Parent of all decreed that the whole earth ſhould be covered with plants. In order to this he adapted the nature of each to the climate where it grows. So that ſome can bear intenſe heat, others intenſe cold. Some love a moderate warmth. Many delight in dry, others in moiſt ground. The Alpine plants love mountains whoſe tops are covered with eternal ſnow. And they blow and ripen their ſeeds very early, leſt the winter ſhould overtake and deſtroy them. Plants which will grow no where elſe, flouriſh in Siberia, and near Hudſon's Bay. Graſs can bear almoſt any temperature of the air: in which the good providence of God appears; this being ſo neceſſary all over the globe, for the nouriſhment of cattle.

Thus neither the ſcorching ſun nor the pinching cold hinders any country from having its vegetables. Nor is there any ſoil which does not bring forth ſome. Pond-weed and water-lilies inhabit the waters. Some plants cover the bottom of rivers and ſeas: others fill the marſhes. Some clothe the plains: others grow in the drieſt woods, that ſcarce ever ſee the ſun. Nay, ſtones and the trunks of trees are not void, but covered with liverwort.

The wiſdom of the Creator appears no where more than in the manner of the growth of trees. As the roots deſcend deeper than thoſe of other plants, they do not rob them of nouriſhment. And as their ſtems ſhoot up ſo high, they are eaſily preſerved from cattle. The leaves falling in autumn guard many plants againſt the rigour of winter: and in the ſummer afford both them and us a defence againſt the heat of the ſun. They likewiſe imbibe the water from the earth, part of which tranſpiring through their leaves, is inſenſibly diſperſed, and helps to moiſten the plants that are round about. Laſtly, the particular ſtructure of trees contributes very much to the propagation of inſects. Multitudes of theſe lay their eggs upon their leaves, where they find both food and ſafety.

Many plants and ſhrubs are armed with thorns, to keep the animals from deſtroying their fruits. At the ſame time theſe cover many other plants, under their branches, ſo that while the adjacent grounds are robbed of all plants, ſome may be preſerved to continue the ſpecies.

The moſſes which adorn the moſt barren places, preſerve the ſmaller plants, when they begin to ſhoot, from cold and drought. They alſo hinder the fermenting earth from forcing the roots of plants upward in the ſpring, as we ſee happen annually to trunks of trees. Hence few moſſes grow in ſouthern climates, not being neceſſary there to theſe ends.

Sea-matweed will bear no ſoil but pure ſand. Sand is often blown by violent winds, ſo as to deluge as it were meadows and fields. But where this grows, it fixes the ſand, and gathers it into hillocks. Thus other lands are formed, the ground increaſed, and the ſea repelled, by this wonderful diſpoſition of nature.

How careful is nature to preſerve that uſeful plant graſs! The more its leaves are eaten, the more they increaſe. For the Author of nature intended, that vegetables which have ſlender ſtalks and erect leaves ſhould be copious and thick ſet, and thus afford food for ſo vaſt a quantity of grazing animals. But what increaſes our wonder is, that although graſs is the principal food of ſuch animals, yet they touch not the flower and ſeed-bearing ſtems, that ſo the ſeeds may ripen and be ſown.

The caterpillar of the moth, which feeds upon graſs to the great deſtruction thereof, ſeems to be formed in order to keep a due proportion between this and other plants. For graſs when left to grow freely, increaſes to that degree as to exclude all other plants, which would conſequently be extirpated, unleſs the inſect ſometimes prepared a place for them. And

hence it is, that more ſpecies of plants appear, when this caterpillar has laid waſte the paſture the preceding year, than at any other time.

But all plants, ſooner or later, muſt ſubmit to death. They ſpring up, they grow, they flouriſh, they bear fruit, and having finiſhed their courſe, return to the duſt again. Almoſt all the black mould which covers the earth, is owing to dead vegetables. Indeed, after the leaves and ſtems are gone, the roots of plants remain: but theſe too at laſt rot and change into mould. And the earth thus prepared, reſtores to plants what it has received from them. For when ſeeds are committed to the earth, they draw and accommodate to their own nature the more ſubtle parts of this mould: ſo that the talleſt tree is in reality nothing but mould wonderfully compounded with air and water. And from theſe plants when they die, juſt the ſame kind of mould is formed as gave them birth. By this means fertility remains continually uninterrupted: whereas the earth could not make good the annual conſumption, were it not conſtantly recruited.

In many caſes the cruſtaceous liverworts are the firſt foundation of vegetation. Therefore however deſpiſed, they are of the utmoſt conſequence, in the œconomy of nature. When rocks firſt emerge out of the ſea, they are ſo poliſhed by the force of the waves, that hardly any herb is able to fix its habitation upon them. But the minute cruſtaceous liverworts ſoon begin to cover theſe dry rocks, though they have no nouriſhment but the little mould and imperceptible particles, which the rain and air bring thither. Theſe liverworts dying turn into fine earth, in which a larger kind of liverworts ſtrike their roots. Theſe alſo die, and turn to mould: and then the various kinds of moſſes find nouriſhment. Laſtly, theſe dying yield ſuch plenty of mould, that herbs and ſhrubs eaſily take root and live upon it.

That trees, when dry or cut down, may not remain uſeleſs to the world, and lie melancholy ſpectacles, nature haſtens on their deſtruction in a ſingular manner. Firſt the liverworts begin to ſtrike root in them: afterward the moiſture is drawn out of them, whence putrefaction follows. Then the muſhroom-kind find a fit place to grow on, and corrupt them ſtill more. A particular ſort of beetle next makes him-ſelf a way between the bark and the wood. Then a ſort of caterpillar, and ſeveral other ſorts of beetles, bore numberleſs holes through the trunk. Laſtly, the woodpeckers come, and while they are ſeeking for inſects, ſhatter the tree, already corrupted, and exceedingly haſten its return to the earth from whence it came. But how ſhall the trunk of a tree, which is emerſed in water ever return to earth? A particular kind of worm performs this work, as ſea-faring men well know.

But why is ſo inconſiderable a plant as thiſtles, ſo armed and guarded by nature? Becauſe it is one of the moſt uſeful plants that grows. Obſerve an heap of clay, on which for many years no plant has ſprung up: let but the ſeeds of a thiſtle fix there, and other plants will quickly come thither, and ſoon cover the ground: for the thiſtles by their leaves attract moiſture from the air, and by their roots ſend it into the clay, and by that means not only thrive themſelves, but provide a ſhelter for other plants.

Indeed, there is ſuch a variety of wiſdom, and profuſion of goodneſs, diſplayed in every object of nature, even in thoſe that ſeem uſeleſs or inſignificant, and what is more, in many of thoſe which to an ignorant and ſuperficial obſerver, appear noxious, that it is paſt doubt to the true philoſopher, nothing has been made in vain. That is a fine as well as pious obſervation of Sir John Pringle, founded on the experiments of Dr. Prieſtley, that no vegetable grows in vain, but that from the oak of the foreſt to the graſs of the field, every individual plant is ſerviceable to mankind: if not always diſtinguiſhed by ſome private virtue, yet making a part of the whole, which cleanſes and purifies our atmoſphere. In this the fragrant roſe and deadly night-ſhade co-operate; nor is the herbage, nor the woods that flouriſh in the moſt remote and unpeopled regions, unprofitable to us, nor we to them; conſidering how conſtantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief, and their nouriſhment. And if ever theſe ſalutary gales riſe to ſtorms and hurricanes, let us ſtill trace and revere the ways of a beneficent being; who not fortuitouſly but with deſign, not in wrath but in mercy, thus ſhakes the waters and the air together, to bury in the deep thoſe putrid and peſtilential effluvia, which the vegetables upon the face of the earth had been inſufficient to conſume.

§ 5. General Reflections and Observations on Beasts, Birds, Fishes, and other inferior parts of the Works of God.

No part of nature is destitute of inhabitants. The woods, the waters, the depths of the earth, have their respective tenants; while the yielding air, and those tracts where man can never, but with much art and danger, ascend, are also passed through by multitudes of the most beautiful beings of the creation.

Every order of animals is fitted for its situation in life: but none more apparently than birds. Though they fall below beasts in the scale of nature, yet they hold the next rank, and far surpass fishes and insects, both in the structure of their bodies, and in their sagacity.

The body of man presents the greatest variety: beasts less perfectly formed, discover their defects in the simplicity of their conformation: the mechanism of birds is yet less complex: fishes are furnished with fewer organs still; while insects, more imperfect than all, fill up the chasm between animal and vegetable nature. Of man, the most perfect animal, there are but three or four species; the kinds of beasts are more numerous; birds are more various still; fishes yet more; but insects afford an immense variety.

As to the number of animals, the species of beasts, including also serpents, are not very numerous. Such as are certainly known and clearly described, are not above an hundred and fifty. And yet probably not many that are of any considerable bigness, have escaped the notice of the curious.

The species of birds, known and described, are near five hundred, and the species of fishes, excluding shell-fish, as many: but if the shell-fish are taken in, above six times the number. How many of each genus remain undiscovered, we cannot very nearly conjecture. But we may suppose, the whole sum of beasts and birds to exceed by a third part, and fishes by one half, those that are known.

The insects, taking in the exsanguious, both terrestrial and aquatic, may for number vie even with plants themselves. The exsanguious alone, by what Dr. Lister has observed and delineated, we may conjecture cannot be less, if not many more, than three thousand species. Indeed this computation seems much too low: for if there are a thousand species in this island and the sea near it; and if the same proportion hold between the infects natives of England, and those of the rest of the world; the species of insects on the whole globe will amount to ten thousand.

Now if the number of creatures even in this lower world, be unsearchably great, how great, how immense must be the power and wisdom of him that formed them all! For as it argues far more skill in an artificer, to be able to frame both clocks and watches, and pumps, and many other sorts of machines, than he could display in making but one of those sorts of engines; so the Almighty declares more of his wisdom, in forming such a multitude of different sorts of creatures, and all with admirable and unperceivable art, than if he had formed but a few.

Again: The superiority of knowledge would be displayed, by contriving engines for the same purpose after different fashions, as the moving clocks or chronogines by springs instead of weights: and the infinitely wise Creator, has given us many instances, that he is not confined to one only instrument, for the working out effect, but can perform the same thing by divers means. So though most flying creatures have feathers, yet hath he enabled several to fly without them; as the bat, one sort of lizard, two sorts of fish, and numberless sorts of insects. In like manner, although the air bladder in fishes seems necessary for swimming; yet are many so formed as to swim without it: the first, the cartilaginous kind, which nevertheless ascend and descend at pleasure, though by what means we cannot tell: secondly, the cetaceous kind: the air which they receive into their lungs, in some measure answering the same end.

Yet again: Though God has tempered the blood and bodies of most fishes to the cold element, yet to shew he can preserve a creature as hot as beasts themselves in the coldest water, he has placed a variety of these cetaceous fishes in the northern seas. And the copious fat wherewith their bodies is inclosed, by reflecting the internal heat, and keeping off the external cold, keeps them warm even in the freezing flood of the pole. Another proof that God can by different means produce the like effect, is the various ways of extracting the nutritious juice out of the aliment in various creatures.

In man and beaſts the food, firſt chewed, is received into the ſtomach, where it is concocted and reduced into chyle, and ſo evacuated into the inteſtines, where being mixed with the choler and pancreate juice, it is farther ſubtilized, and rendered ſo fluid, that its finer parts eaſily enter the mouth of the lacteal veins. In birds there is no chewing: but in ſuch as are not carnivorous, it is immediately ſwallowed into the crop, or anti-ſtomach (which is obſerved in many, eſpecially piſcivorous birds) where it is moiſtened by ſome proper juice, and then transferred to the gizzard, by the working of whoſe muſcles, aſſiſted by ſmall pebbles, which they ſwallow for that purpoſe, it is ground ſmall, and ſo tranſmitted to the inteſtines.

In oviparous reptiles, and all kind of ſerpents, there is neither chewing nor comminution in the ſtomach, but as they ſwallow animals whole, ſo they void the ſkins unbroken, having extracted the nutritious juices. Here, by the bye, we may obſerve the wonderful dilatibility of the throats and gullets of ſerpents. Two entire adult mice have been taken out of the ſtomach of an adder, whoſe neck was no bigger than one's little finger.

Fiſhes, which neither chew, nor grind their meat, do, by means of a corroſive juice in their ſtomach, reduce ſkin, bones, and all into chyle. And yet this juice hews no acidity to the taſte. But how mild ſoever it taſtes, it corrodes all animal ſubſtances, as aqua fortis does iron.

Several eminent men have been of opinion, that all brutes are mere machines. This may be agreeable enough to the pride of man; but it is not agreeable to daily obſervation. Do we not continually obſerve in the brutes which are round about us, a degree of reaſon? Many of their actions cannot be accounted for without it: as that commonly noted of dogs, that running before their maſters, they will ſtop at the parting of the road, till they ſee which way their maſters take. And when they have gotten what they fear will be taken from them, they run away and hide it. Say, what account can be given, why a dog being to leap on a table, which he ſees he cannot reach at once, if a ſtool or chair ſtands near it, firſt mounts that, and thence proceeds to the table? If he were mere clock-work, and his motion cauſed by a material ſpring, that ſpring being once ſet to work, would carry the machine in a right line, towards the object that put it in motion.

Were it true, that brutes were mere machines, they could have no perception of pleaſure or pain. But how contrary is this, to the doleful ſignifications they give, when beaten or tormented? How contrary to the common ſenſe of mankind? For do we not all naturally pity them, apprehending them to feel pain juſt as we do? Whereas no man is troubled to ſee a plant torn, or cut, or mangled how you pleaſe. And how contrary to Scripture? *A righteous man regardeth the life of his beaſt: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.* Prov. xii. 10. The former clauſe is uſually rendered, a good man is merciful to his beaſt. And this is the true rendering, as appears by the oppoſite clauſe, that the wicked is cruel. Cruelty then may be exerciſed towards beaſts. But this could not be, were they mere machines.

The natural inſtinct of all creatures, and the ſpecial proviſion made for ſome of the moſt helpleſs, do in a particular manner demonſtrate the great Creator's care.

Firſt, What an admirable principle is the natural affection of all creatures toward their young! By means of this, with what care do they nurſe them up, thinking no pains too great to be taken for them, no danger too great to be ventured upon, for their guard and ſecurity! How will they careſs them with their affectionate notes, put food into their mouths, ſuckle them, cheriſh and keep them warm, teach them to pick and eat, and gather food for themſelves: and, in a word, perform the whole part of ſo many nurſes, deputed by the ſovereign Lord of the world, to help ſuch young and ſhiftleſs creatures till they are able to ſhift for themſelves.

Other animals, inſects in particular, whoſe offſpring is too numerous for the parent's proviſion, are ſo generated as to need none of their care. For they arrive immediately at their perfect ſtate, and ſo are able to ſhift for themſelves. Yet thus far the parental inſtinct (equal to the moſt rational foreſight) extends, that they do not drop their eggs any where, but in commodious places, ſuitable to their ſpecies. And ſome include in their neſts ſufficient and agreeable food, to ſerve their young till they come to maturity.

And for the young themſelves: as the parent is not able to carry them about, to clothe them and dandle them, as men

death: how admirably is it contrived, that they can soon walk about, and begin to shift for themselves! How naturally do they hunt for their meat, suck, pick and take in their proper food!

On the other hand, the young of man, (as their parent's reason is sufficient to help, to nurse, feed and clothe them) are born utterly helpless, and are more absolutely than any creature call upon their parent's care.

Secondly, What admirable provision is made for some of the most helpless creatures, at a time when they must otherwise utterly perish! The winter is an improper season to afford food for insects and many other animals. When the fields, trees, and plants are naked, and the air is chilled with frost; what would become of such animals, whose tender bodies are impatient of cold, and who are nourished only by the produce of the spring or summer? To prevent their total destruction, the wise Preserver of the world has so ordered, that, in the first place, those who are impatient of cold, should have such a peculiar structure of body, as during that season not to suffer any waste, nor consequently need any recruit. Hence many sorts of birds, and almost all insects, pass the whole winter without any food: and most of them without any respiration. It seems all motion of the animal juices is extinct. For though cut in pieces they do not awake, nor does any fluid once out at the wound. This sleep therefore is little less than death, and their waking, than a resurrection: when the returning sun revives them and their food together.

The next provision is for such creatures as can bear the cold, but would want food. This is provided against in some, by a long patience of hunger, in others by their wonderful instinct, in laying up food before hand, against the approaching winter. By some of these, their little treasuries are at the proper season well stocked with provisions. Yea, whole fields are here and there bespread with the fruits of the neighbouring trees laid carefully up in the earth, and covered safe by provident little animals.

And what a prodigious gift is it of the Creator's indulgence to the poor, shiftless irrationals, that they are already furnished with such cloathing, as is proper to their place and business! with hair, with feathers, with scales, or with firm armature, all nicely accommodated, as well to the element wherein they live, as to their several occasions there! To beasts, hair is a commodious cloathing; which agrees with the apt texture of their skin, so fit in all weathers to lie on the ground, and to do their service to man. The thick and warm fleeces of sheep, are a good defence against the cold and wet, and of a soft bed: yea, and to many, a comfortable covering for their tender young.

All the animals near Hudson's bay are cloathed with a close, fair, warm fur. But what is still more surprising, and was drawn all attentive minds to admire the wisdom and goodness of Providence in it, the very dogs and cats which are brought thither from England, on the approach of winter change their appearance, and acquire a much longer, softer, and thicker coat of hair than they originally had.

And as hair is a commodious dress for beasts, so are feathers for birds. They are not only a good guard against wet and cold, but nicely placed every where on the body, to give them an easy passage through the air, and to warm them through the thin medium. How curious is their structure for lightness, and withal close and firm for strength! And where it is necessary they should be oiled, what a fine medullary substance are they filled with; so that even the strongest parts, far from being a load to the body, rather help to make it light and buoyant. And how curiously are the webs of the feathers wrought with capillary filaments, exactly interwoven together, whereby they are sufficiently close and strong, both to guard the body against the injuries of the weather, and to empower the wings, for which many fails, to make strong impulses on the air in their flight.

No less curious is the cloathing of reptiles. How well adapted are the rings of some, and the contortions of the tails of others, not only to fence the body sufficiently, but to enable them to creep, to perforate the earth, and to perform all the offices of their state, better than any other covering!

Observe, for instance, the ingenuity of the earth-worms, made in the completest manner, for making their passage through the earth, wherever their occasions lead them. Their body is made throughout of small rings, which have a curious apparatus of muscles, that enable each ring

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great ſtrength to dilate, extend, or contract their whole body. Each ring is likewiſe armed with ſtiff, ſharp prickles, which they can open at pleaſure, or ſhut cloſe to their body. Laſtly, under their ſkin there is a ſlimy juice, which they emit as occaſion requires, to lubricate the body, and facilitate their paſſage into the earth. By all theſe means they are enabled, with eaſe and ſpeed, to work themſelves into the earth, which they could not do, were they covered with hair, feathers, ſcales, or ſuch cloathing as any of the other creatures.

How wiſely likewiſe are the inhabitants of the waters cloathed! The ſhells of ſome fiſhes, are a ſtrong guard to their tender bodies, and conſiſtent enough with their ſlow motion; while the ſcales and fins of others afford them an eaſy and ſwift paſſage through the waters.

Admirable likewiſe is the ſagacity of brute animals, in the conveniency and method of their habitations. Their architectonic ſkill herein exceeds all the ſkill of man. With what inimitable art do ſome of theſe poor, untaught creatures, lay a parcel of rude ugly ſticks or ſtraws together? With what curioſity do they fit them within, yea, wind and place every hair, feather, or lock of wool, to guard and keep warm the tender bodies, both of themſelves and their young! And with what art do they thatch over and coat their neſts without, to deceive the eye of the ſpectators, as well as to guard and fence them againſt the injuries of the weather!

Even inſects, thoſe little, weak, tender creatures, what artiſts are they in building their habitations! How does the bee gather its comb from various flowers, the waſp from ſolid timber! With what accuracy do other inſects perforate the earth, wood, yea ſtone itſelf! Farther yet, with what care and neatneſs do moſt of them line their houſes within, and ſeal them up and fence them without! How artificially do others fold up the leaves of trees; others glue light bodies together, and make floating houſes, to tranſport themſelves to and fro, as their various occaſions require!

Another inſtance of the wiſdom of Him that made and governs the world, we have in the balance of creatures. The whole ſurface of the terraqueous globe, can afford room and ſupport, to no more than a determinate number of all ſorts of creatures. And if they ſhould increaſe to double or treble the number, they muſt ſtarve or devour one another. To keep the balance even, the great Author of nature hath determined the life of all creatures to ſuch a length, and their increaſe to ſuch a number, proportioned to their uſe in the world. The life indeed of ſome hurtful creatures is long; of the lion in particular. But then their increaſe is exceeding ſmall: and by that means they do not overſtock the world. On the other hand, where the increaſe is great, the lives of thoſe creatures are generally ſhort. And beſide this, they are of great uſe to man, either for food or on other occaſions. This indeed ſhould be particularly obſerved, as a ſignal inſtance of divine providence, that uſeful creatures are produced in great plenty: others in ſmaller numbers. The prodigious increaſe of inſects, both in and out of the waters, may exemplify the former obſervation. For innumerable creatures feed upon them, and would periſh were it not for this ſupply. And the latter is confirmed by what many have remarked: that creatures of little uſe, or by their voraciouſneſs, pernicious, either ſeldom bring forth, or have but one or two at a birth.

How remarkable is the deſtruction and reparation of the whole animal creation! The ſurface of the earth is the inexhauſtible ſource whence both man and beaſt derive their ſubſiſtence. Whatever lives, lives on what vegetates, and vegetables, in their turn, live on whatever has lived or vegetated: it is impoſſible for any thing to live, without deſtroying ſomething elſe. It is thus only that animals can ſubſiſt themſelves, and propagate their ſpecies.

God in creating the firſt individual of each ſpecies, animal or vegetable, not only gave a form to the duſt of the earth, but a principle of life, incloſing in each a greater or ſmaller quantity of organical particles, indeſtructible and common to all organized beings. Theſe paſs from body to body, ſupporting the life, and miniſtering to the nutrition and growth of each. And when any body is reduced to aſhes, theſe organical particles, on which death hath no power, ſurvive and paſs into other beings, bringing with them nouriſhment and life. Thus every production, every renovation, every increaſe by gene-

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ration or nutrition, suppose a preceding destruction, a conversion of substance, an accession of these organical particles, which ever subsisting in an equal number, render nature always equally full of life.

The total quantity of life in the universe is therefore perpetually the same. And whatever death seems to destroy, it destroys no part of that primitive life, which is diffused through all organized beings. Instead of injuring nature, it only causes it to shine with the greater lustre. If death is permitted to cut down individuals, it is only, in order to make of the universe, by the reproduction of beings, a theatre ever crowded, a spectacle ever new. But it is never permitted to destroy the most inconsiderable species.

That beings may succeed each other, it is necessary that there be a destruction among them. Yet like a provident mother, nature in the midst of her inexhaustible abundance, has prevented any waste, by the few species of carnivorous animals, and the few individuals of each species; multiplying at the same time both the species and individuals of those that feed on herbage. In vegetables she seems to be profuse, both with regard to the number and fertility of the species.

In the sea indeed all the species are carnivorous. But though they are perpetually preying upon, they never destroy each other, because their fruitfulness is equal to their depredation.

> Thus thro' successive ages stands
> Firm fix: thy providential care!
> Pleas'd with the works of thine own hands
> Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

Let us add a few more reflections on the world in general. The same wise Being, who was pleased to make man, prepared for him also an habitation so advantageously placed, that the heavens and the rest of the universe might serve it both as an ornament and a covering. He constructed likewise the air which man was to breathe, and the fire which was to sustain his life. He prepared also metals, salts, and all terrestrial elements to renew and maintain throughout all ages, whatever might be on any account necessary for the inhabitants of the earth.

The same Divine Ruler is manifest in all the objects that compose the universe. It is he that caused the dry land to appear, above the surface of the ocean, gauged the capacity of that amazing reservoir, and proportioned it to the fluid it contains. He collects the rising vapours, and causes them to distil in gentle showers. At his command the sun darts his enlivening rays, and the winds scatter the noxious effluvia, which, if they were collected together, might destroy the human race.

He formed those hills and lofty mountains which receive and retain the water within their bowels, in order to distribute it with œconomy to the inhabitants of the plains, and to give it such an impulse, as might enable it to overcome the unevenness of the lands, and convey it to the remotest habitations.

He spread under the plains beds of clay, or compact earths, there to stop the waters, which, after a great rain, make their way through innumerable little passages. These sheets of water frequently remain in a level with the neighbouring rivers, and fill our wells with their redundancy, or as they subside, flow into them again.

He proportioned the variety of plants in each country, to the exigencies of the inhabitants, and adapted the variety of the soils, to the nature of those plants.

He endued numerous animals with mild dispositions, to make them the domestics of man; and taught the other animals to govern themselves, with an aversion to dependance, in order to continue their species without loading man with too many cares.

If we more nearly survey the animal and vegetable world, we find all animals and plants have a certain and determined form, which is invariably the same. So that if a monster ever appear, it cannot propagate its kind, and introduce a new species into the universe. Great indeed is the variety of organized bodies. But their number is limited. Nor is it possible to add a new genus either of plants or animals, to those of which God has created the germina, and determined the form.

The same Almighty power has created a precise number of simple elements, essentially different from each other; and invariably the same. By these he varies the scene of the universe, and at the same time prevents its destruction, by the very immutability of the nature and number of these elements, so that the world is for ever changed, and yet eternally the same.

Yet if we would account for the origin of

of theſe elements, we are involved in endleſs uncertainty. We can only ſay, he who has appointed their different uſes in all ages, has rendered thoſe uſes infallible, by the impoſſibility of either deſtroying or increaſing them.

Herein we read the characters of his power, which is invariably obeyed; of his wiſdom, which has abundantly provided for every thing; and of his tender kindneſs toward man, for whom he has provided ſervices equally various and infallible. It is an additional proof of his continual care of his creatures, that though every thing be compoſed of ſimple elements, all placed within our reach, yet no power is able to deſtroy the leaſt particle of them. Nothing but the ſame cauſe which was able to give them birth, can annihilate them, or change their nature. In truth, the deſign and will of the Creator is the only phyſical cauſe of the general œconomy of the world: the only phyſical cauſe of every organized body, every germen that flouriſhes in it; the only phyſical cauſe of every minute elementary particle, which enters into the compoſition of all.

We muſt not then expect ever to have a clear and full conception of effects, natures, and cauſes. For where is the thing which we can fully conceive? We can no more comprehend either what body, in general is, or any particular body, ſuppoſe a maſs of clay, or a ball of lead, than what a ſpirit, or what God is.

If we turn our eyes to the minuteſt parts of animal life, we ſhall be loſt in aſtoniſhment! and though every thing is alike eaſy to the Almighty, yet to us it is matter of the higheſt wonder, that in thoſe ſpecks of life, we find a greater number of members to be put in motion, more wheels and pullies to be kept going, and a greater variety of machinery, more elegance and workmanſhip (ſo to ſpeak) in the compoſition, more beauty and ornament in the finiſhing, than are ſeen in the enormous bulk of the crocodile, the elephant, or the whale. Yea, they ſeem to be the effects of an art, as much more exquiſite, as the movements of a watch are, than thoſe of a coach or a waggon.

Hence we learn, that an atom to God is as a world, and a world but as an atom; juſt as to him, *one day is as a thouſand years, and a thouſand years but as one day*. Every ſpecies likewiſe of theſe animalculæ may ſerve to correct our pride, and ſhew how inadequate our notions are, to the real nature of things. How extremely little can we poſſibly know, either of the largeſt or ſmalleſt part of the creation? We are furniſhed with organs capable of diſcerning, to a certain degree of great or little only. All beyond is as far beyond the reach of our conceptions, as if it had never exiſted.

Proofs of a wiſe, a good, and powerful Being are indeed deducible from every thing around us: but the extremely great and the extremely ſmall, ſeem to furniſh us with thoſe that are moſt convincing. And perhaps, if duly conſidered, the fabric of a world, and the fabric of a mite, may be found equally ſtriking and concluſive.

Glaſſes diſcover to us numberleſs kinds of living creatures, quite indiſcernible to the naked eye. And how many thouſand kinds may there be, gradually decreaſing in ſize, which we cannot ſee by any help whatever? Yet to all theſe we muſt believe God has not only appointed the moſt wiſe means for preſervation and propagation, but has adorned them with beauty equal, at leaſt, to any thing our eyes have ſeen.

In ſhort, the world around us is the mighty volume wherein God has declared himſelf. Human languages and characters are different in different nations. And thoſe of one nation are not underſtood by the reſt. But the book of nature is written in an univerſal character, which every man may read in his own language. It conſiſts not of words, but things, which picture out the divine perfections. The firmament every where expanded, with all its ſtarry hoſt, declares the immenſity and magnificence, the power and wiſdom of its Creator. Thunder, lightning, ſtorms, earthquakes and volcanoes, ſhew the terror of his wrath. Seaſonable rains, ſun-ſhine and harveſt, denote his bounty and goodneſs, and demonſtrate how *he opens his hand, and fills all living things with plenteouſneſs*. The conſtantly ſucceeding generations of plants and animals, imply the eternity of their firſt cauſe. Life, ſubſiſting in millions of different forms, ſhews the vaſt diffuſion of his animating power, and death the infinite diſproportion between him and every living thing.

Even the actions of animals are an eloquent and a pathetic language. Thoſe that want the help of man have a thouſand engaging ways, which, like the voice of God ſpeaking to his heart, command him

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to preſerve and cherish them. In the mean time the motions or looks of thoſe which might do him harm, ſtrike him with terror, and warn him, either to fly from or arm himſelf againſt them. Thus it is, that every part of nature directs us to nature's God.

The reader will eaſily excuſe our concluding this chapter alſo, with an extract from Mr. Hervey.

In all the animal world, we find no wilful, no individual neglected by its Creator. Even the ſpeechleſs creatures are moſt wiſely circumſtanced and moſt liberally accommodated.

They all generate in that particular ſeaſon, which ſupplies them with a ſtock of proviſions, ſufficient not only for themſelves, but for their increaſing families. The ſhrimp yean, when there is herbage to fill their udders, and cream milk for their lambs. The birds hatch their young, when new-born inſects ſwarm on every ſide. So that the parent, whether it be the male or the female parent, needs only to alight on the ground, or make a little excurſion into the air, and find a meal ready dreſſed for the mouths at home.

They love to their offspring, while they are helpleſs, to invincible ſtrength; whereas the moment they are able to ſhift for themſelves it vaniſhes as though it had never been. The hen that marches at the head of her little brood, would fly at a maſtiff in their defence; yet within a few weeks, ſhe leaves them to the wide world, and does not even know them any more.

If the God of Iſrael inſpired Bezaleel and Aholiab with wiſdom and knowledge in all manner of workmanſhip, the God of nature has not been wanting, in his inſtructions to the fowls of the air. The ſkill with which they erect their houſes, and adjuſt their apartments is inimitable. The caution with which they hide their abodes from the ſearching eye, or intruding hand, is admirable. No general, though fruitful in expedients, could build ſo commodious a lodgement. Give the moſt celebrated artificer the ſame materials, which theſe weak and unexperienced creatures uſe. Let a Jones or a Denoivre have only ſome rude ſtones or ugly ſticks, a few lots of dirt or ſcraps of hair, a lock of wool, or a coarſe ſprig of moſs: and what works could they produce? We extol the commander, who knows how to take advantage of the ground; who by every ſtratagem diſguiſes the force of his enemy, and advances the ſucceſs of his own. Does not this praiſe belong to the feathered leaders? What ſo often puzzles camp, on the dangerous boundary the wave aloft in the air, or dauntleſs over the flowers? By this means the animal gives reſt their cradle, and the murmuring waves lull the young while both unite to terrify their enemies, and keep them at a diſtance. Some hide their little brethren from view, ſmooth the ſtalks of entangled furze. Others remove it from diſcovery, in the centre of a downy thicket. And by one ſtratagem or another they are generally as ſecure, as if they intrenched themſelves in the earth.

If the ſwan has large ſweeping wings, and a copious ſtock of feathers, to ſpread over his callow young, the wren makes up by contrivance what is wanting in her bulk. Small as the is, ſhe will be obliged to nurſe up a very numerous iſſue. Therefore with ſurpriſing judgment ſhe builds, and with wonderful diligence lines her neſt. It is a neat oval, boroughout vaulted over with a regular concave: within made ſoft with down, without thatched with moſs, only a ſmall aperture left for her entrance. By this means the enlivening heat of her body is greatly encreaſed during the time of incubation. And her young no ſooner burſt the ſhell, than they find themſelves ſecured from the annoyance of the weather, and comfortably repoſed, till they gather ſtrength in the warmth of a hagnin.

Perhaps we have been accuſtomed to look upon inſects, as ſo many rude ſcraps of creation, but if we examine them with attention, they will appear ſome of the moſt poliſhed pieces of divine workmanſhip. Many of them are decked with the richeſt finery. Their eyes are an aſſemblage of microſcopes: the common fly, for inſtance, who, ſurrounded with enemies, has neither ſtrength to reſiſt, nor a place of retreat to ſecure herſelf. For this reaſon ſhe has need to be very vigilant, and always upon her guard. But her head is ſo fixed that it cannot turn to ſee what paſſes, either behind or around her. Providence therefore has given her, not only a retinue, but more than a legion of eyes; inſomuch that a ſingle fly is ſuppoſed to be miſtreſs of no leſs than eight thouſand. By the help of this truly amazing apparatus, ſhe ſees on every ſide, with the

moſt

moſt eaſe and ſpeed, though without any motion of the eye, or flection of the neck.

The dreſs of inſects is a veſture of reſplendent colours ſet with an arrangement of the brighteſt gems. Their wings are the fineſt expanſion imaginable, compared to which lawn is as coarſe as ſack-cloth. The caſes, which encloſe their wings, glitter with the fineſt varniſh, are ſcooped into ornamental flutings, are ſtudded with radiant ſpots, or pinked with elegant holes. Not one but is endued with weapons to ſeize their prey, and dexterity to eſcape their foe, to diſpatch the buſineſs of their ſtation, and enjoy the pleaſure of their condition.

What if the elephant is diſtinguiſhed by his huge proboſcis? The uſe of this is anſwered in theſe his meaneſt relations, by their curious feelers, remarkable, if not for their enormous ſize, yet for their ready flexion and quick ſenſibility. By theſe they explore their way in the darkeſt road: by theſe they diſcover and avoid, whatever might defile their neat apparel, or endanger their tender lives.

Every one admires the majeſtic horſe. With how rapid career does he bound along the plain! Yet the graſs-hopper ſprings forward with a bound abundantly more impetuous. The ant too, in proportion to his ſize, excels him both in ſwiftneſs and ſtrength: and will climb precipices, which the moſt courageous courſer dares not attempt to ſcale. If the ſnail moves more ſlowly, ſhe has however no need to go the ſame way twice over: becauſe whenever ſhe departs, wherever ſhe removes, ſhe is always at home.

The eagle, it is true, is privileged with pinions that out-ſtrip the wind. Yet neither is that poor outcaſt, the grovelling mole, diſregarded by Divine Providence. Becauſe ſhe is to dig her cell in the earth, her paws ſerve for a pick-axe and ſpade. Her eye is ſunk deep into its ſocket, that it may not be hurt by her rugged ſituation. And as it needs very little light, ſhe has no reaſon to complain of her dark abode. So that her ſubterranean habitation, which ſome might call a dungeon, yields her all the ſafety of a fortified caſtle, and all the delights of a decorated grot.

Even the ſpider, though abhorred by man, is the care of all-ſuſtaining heaven. She is to ſupport herſelf by trepanning the wandering fly. Suitably to her employ, ſhe has bags of glutinous moiſture. From this ſhe ſpins a clammy thread, and weaves it into a tenacious net. This ſhe ſpreads in the moſt opportune place. But knowing her appearance would deter him from approaching, ſhe then retires out of ſight. Yet ſhe conſtantly keeps within diſtance; ſo as to receive immediate intelligence when any thing falls into her toils, ready to ſpring out in the very inſtant. And it is obſervable, when winter chills the air, and no more inſects rove through it, knowing her labour would be in vain, ſhe leaves her ſtand, and diſcontinues her work.

I muſt not forget the inhabitants of the hive. The bees ſubſiſt as a regular community. And their indulgent Creator has given them all implements neceſſary either for building their combs, or compoſing their honey. They have each a portable veſſel, in which they bring home their collected ſweets: and they have the moſt commodious ſtore-houſes, wherein they depoſit them. They readily diſtinguiſh every plant, which affords materials for their buſineſs: and are complete practitioners in the arts of ſeparation and refinement. They are aware that the vernal bloom and ſummer ſun continue but for a ſeaſon. Therefore they improve to the utmoſt every ſhining hour, and lay up a ſtock ſufficient to ſupply the whole ſtate, till their flowery harveſt returns.

If the maſter of this lower creation is ennobled with the powers of reaſon, the meaneſt claſſes of ſenſitive beings, are endued with the faculty of inſtinct: a ſagacity which is neither derived from obſervation, nor waits the finiſhing of experience: which without a tutor teaches them all neceſſary ſkill, and enables them without a pattern to perform every needful operation. And what is more remarkable, it never miſleads them, either into erroneous principles, or pernicious practices: nor ever fails them in the moſt nice and difficult of their undertakings.

Let us ſtep into another element, and juſt viſit the watery world. There is not one among the innumerable myriads, that ſwim the boundleſs ocean, but is watched over by the ſovereign eye, and ſupported by his Almighty hand. He has condeſcended even to beautify them. He has given the moſt exact proportion to their ſhape, the gayeſt colours to their ſkin, and a poliſhed ſurface to their ſcales. The eyes of ſome are ſurrounded with a ſcarlet circle:

circle: the back of others diverſified with crimſon ſtains. View them when they glance along the ſtream, or when they are freſh from their native brine, the ſilver is not more bright, nor the rainbow more glowing than their vivid, glaſſy hues.

But as they have neither hands nor feet, how can they help themſelves, or eſcape their enemies? By the beneficial, as well as ornamental furniture of fins. Theſe when expanded, like maſts above, and ballaſts below, poiſe their floating bodies, and keep them ſteadily upright. They are likewiſe greatly aſſiſted by the flexibility and vigorous activity of their tails: with which they ſhoot through the paths of the ſea, ſwifter than a veſſel with all its ſails. But we are loſt in wonder at the exquiſite contrivance and delicate formation of their gills: by which they are accommodated, even in that denſe medium, with the benefits of reſpiration! A piece of mechaniſm this, indulged to the meaneſt of the fry: yet infinitely ſurpaſſing, in the fineneſs of its ſtructure and operation, whatever is curious in the works of art, or commodious in the palaces of princes.

§ 6. *Obſervations on the difference between things natural and artificial.*

If we examine the fineſt needle by the microſcope, the point of it appears about a quarter of an inch broad, and its figure neither round nor flat, but irregular and unequal. And the ſurface, however ſmooth and bright it may ſeem to the naked eye, is then ſeen full of raggedneſs, holes, and ſcratches, like an iron bar from the forge. But examine in the ſame manner the ſting of a bee, and it appears to have in every part a poliſh moſt amazingly beautiful, without the leaſt flaw, or inequality, and ends in a point too fine to be diſcerned by any glaſs whatever: and yet this is only the outward ſheath of far more exquiſite inſtruments.

A ſmall piece of the fineſt lawn, from the diſtance and holes between its threads, appears like a lattice or hurdle. And the threads themſelves ſeem coarſer than the yarn wherewith ropes are made for anchors. Fine Bruſſels lace will look as if it were made of a thick, rough, uneven hair-line, intwiſted or clotted together in a very awkward and unartful manner. But a ſilkworm's web on the niceſt examination appears perfectly ſmooth and ſhining, and as much finer than any ſpinſter in the world can make, as the ſmalleſt twine is than the thickeſt cable. A pod of this like winds into nine hundred and thirty yards. And as it is two threads twiſted together all the length, ſo it really contains one thouſand eight hundred and forty: and yet weighs but two grains and an half. What an exquiſite fineneſs! and yet this is nothing to the ſilk that iſſued from the worm's mouth when newly hatched.

The ſmalleſt dot which can be made with a pen, appears through a glaſs, a rude irregular ſpot, rough, jagged, and uneven about all its edges. The fineſt writing (ſuch as the Lord's Prayer in the compaſs of a ſilver penny) ſeems as ſhapeleſs and uncouth as if wrote in Runic characters. But the ſpecks of moths, beetles, flies, and other inſects, are moſt accurately circular: and all the lines and marks about them are drawn to the utmoſt poſſibility of exactneſs.

Our fineſt miniature paintings appear before a microſcope, as mere daubing, plaiſtered on with a trowel. Our fineſt poliſhings are ſhown to be mere roughneſs, full of gaps and flaws. Thus do the works of art ſink, upon an accurate examination. On the contrary, the nearer we examine the works of nature, even in the leaſt and meaneſt of her productions, the more we are convinced, nothing is to be found there but beauty and perfection. View the numberleſs ſpecies of inſects, what exactneſs and ſymmetry ſhall we find in all their organs! What a profuſion of coloring, azure, green, vermilion; what fringe and embroidery on every part! How high the finiſhing, how inimitable the poliſh, we every where behold! Yea, view the animalculæ, inviſible to the naked eye, their breathing atoms ſo ſmall, they are above all workmanſhip: in them too we diſcover the ſame multiplicity of parts, diverſity of figures, and variety of motions, as in the largeſt animals. How amazingly curious muſt the internal ſtructure of theſe creatures be! how minute the bones, joints, muſcles, and tendons! how exquiſitely delicate the veins, arteries, nerves! what multitudes of veſſels and circulations muſt be contained in this narrow compaſs! and yet all have ſufficient room for their ſeveral offices, without interfering with each other!

The ſame regularity and beauty is found in vegetables. Every ſtalk, bud, flower, and ſeed, diſplays a figure, a proportion,

portion, an harmony, beyond the reach of art. There is not a weed whoſe every leaf does not ſhew a multiplicity of pores and veſſels curiouſly diſpoſed for the conveyance of juices, to ſupport and nouriſh it, and which is not adorned with innumerable graces to embelliſh it.

But ſome may aſk, to what purpoſe has nature beſtowed ſo much expence on ſo inſignificant creatures? I anſwer, this very thing proves they are not ſo inſignificant, as we fondly ſuppoſe. This beauty is given them either for their own ſake, that they themſelves may be delighted with it, or for ours, that we may obſerve in them the amazing power and goodneſs of the Creator. If the former, they are of conſequence in the account of their Maker, and therefore deſerve our regard. If the latter, then it is certainly our duty to take notice of, and admire them.

In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a picture, in which are diſplayed the perfections of the Deity. It ſhews not only his exiſtence, but his unity, his power, his wiſdom, his independence, his goodneſs. His unity appears in the harmony we cannot but ſee in all the parts of nature; in that one ſimple end to which they are directed, and the conformity of all the means thereto. On every ſide we diſcern either ſimple elements or compound bodies, which have all different actions and offices. What the fire inflames, the water quenches: what one wind freezes, another thaws. But theſe and a thouſand other operations, ſo ſeemingly repugnant to each other, do nevertheleſs all concur, in a wonderful manner, to produce one effect. And all are ſo neceſſary to the main deſign, that were the agency of any one deſtroyed, an interruption of the order and harmony of the creation muſt immediately enſue.

Suppoſe, for inſtance, the wind to be taken away, and all ſociety is in the utmoſt diſorder. Navigation is at a ſtand, and all our commerce with foreign nations deſtroyed. On the other hand the vapours raiſed from the ſea would remain ſuſpended, juſt where they roſe. Conſequently we ſhould be deprived of that uſeful covering the clouds, which now ſcreens us from the ſcorching heat: yea, and of the fruitful rains. So our land would be parched up, the fruits of the earth wither, animals die, through hunger and thirſt, and all nature languiſh and droop. All the parts of nature therefore were conſtituted for the aſſiſtance of each other, and all undeniably prove the unity of their Omniſcient Creator.

His power appears in the whole frame of creation, and his wiſdom in every part of it. His independence is pointed out in the inexhauſtible variety of beaſts, birds, fiſhes and inſects: and his goodneſs, in taking care of every one of theſe, *opening his hand, and filling all things living with plenteouſneſs.*

Every thing is calculated by Divine Wiſdom, to make us wiſer and better. And this is the ſubſtance of true philoſophy. We cannot know much. In vain does our ſhallow reaſon attempt to fathom the myſteries of nature, and to pry into the ſecrets of the Almighty. His ways are paſt finding out. The eye of a little worm is a ſubject capable of exhauſting all our boaſted ſpeculations. But we may love much. And herein we may be aſſiſted by contemplating the wonders of his creation. Indeed he ſeems to have laid the higheſt claim to this tribute of our love, by the care he has taken to manifeſt his goodneſs in the moſt conſpicuous manner, while at the ſame time he has concealed from us the moſt curious particulars, with regard to the eſſences and ſtructure of his works. And to this our ignorance it is owing, that we fancy ſo many things to be uſeleſs in the creation. But a deep ſenſe of his goodneſs will ſatisfy all our doubts, and reſolve all our ſcruples.

§ 7. *Conſiderations on the Nature of Man.*

Near 6000 years are elapſed ſince the creation. At firſt there were only two human beings. When the flood came upon the earth, which was 1656 years from the beginning of time, theſe two had increaſed, according to a moderate computation, to the number of 10,737,418,240 perſons. From Noah and his family are ſprung the preſent race of men, and are generally ſuppoſed to be only about 358,000,000 perſons.

If we proceed from the number to the nature of reaſonable beings, we ſhall find much of the wiſdom and goodneſs of God diſplayed in the ſtructure of the human body, as well as in the all-directing mind.

Let us begin with the leſs adorned, but more ſolid parts, thoſe which ſupport, and which contain the reſt. Firſt, you have a

ſyſtem

system of bones, cast in a variety of moulds, in a variety of sizes: all strong, that they may bear up the machine, yet light, that they may not weigh us down: bored with an inward cavity to contain the moistening marrow, and perforated with fine ducts, to admit the nourishing vessels. Insensible themselves, they are covered with a membrane, exquisitely sensible, which warns them of, and secures them from the annoyance of any hurtful friction; and also preserves the muscles from being fretted in their action, by the hard and rough substance of the bone. They are largest at the extremities, that they may be joined more firmly, and not so easily dislocated. The manner of their articulation is truly admirable, and remarkably various: yet never varied without demonstrating some wise design, and answering some valuable end. Frequently when two are united, the one is nicely rounded and capped with a smooth substance; the other is scooped into an hollow of the same dimensions to receive it. And both are lubricated with an unctuous fluid, to facilitate the rotation.

The feet compose the firmest pedestal, infinitely beyond all that statuary can accomplish; capable of altering its form, and extending its size, as different circumstances require. They likewise contain a set of the nicest springs, which help to place the body in a variety of attitudes, and qualify it for a multiplicity of motions. The undermost part of the heel, and the extremity of the sole, are shod with a tough insensible substance: a kind of natural sandal, which never wears out, never wants repair: and which prevents an undue compression of the vessels by the weight of the body. The legs and thighs are like stately columns, so articulated that they are commodious for walking, and yet do not obstruct the easy posture of sitting. The legs swell out towards the top with a genteel projection, and are neatly wrought off towards the bottom: a variation which lessens their bulk, while it increases their beauty.

The ribs, turned into a regular arch, are gently moveable, for the act of respiration. They form a safe lodgement for the lungs and heart, some of the most important organs of life. The back bone is designed, not only to strengthen the body, and sustain its most capacious store-rooms, but also to bring down the continuation of the brain, usually termed the spinal marrow. It both conveys and guards this silver cord, as Solomon terms it, and by commodious outlets transmits it to all parts. Had it been only strait and hollow, it might have served these purposes. But then the loins must have been inflexible: to avoid which, it consists of very short bones, knit together by cartilages. The peculiarity of structure gives it the pliancy of an osier, with the firmness of an oak. By this means it is capable of various inflections, without bruising the soft marrow, or diminishing that strength which is necessary to support all the upper stories. Such a formation in any other of the solids must have occasioned great inconvenience. Here it is unspeakably useful, a master piece of creating skill.

The arms are exactly proportioned to each other, to preserve the equilibrium of the structure. These being the guards that defend, and the ministers that serve the whole body, are fitted for the most diversified and extensive operations, but with bone, yet not weighty with flesh, and capable of performing all useful motions. They bend inwards and turn outwards; they move upwards or downwards. They wheel about in whatever direction we please. To these are added the hands, terminated by the fingers, not of the same length, nor of equal bigness, but in both respects different, which gives the hand beauty, and for greater usefulness. Were they all flesh, they would be weak: were they one entire bone, they would be utterly inflexible: but consisting of various little bones and muscles, what shape can they not assume? Being placed at the end of the arm, the sphere of their action is exceedingly enlarged. Their extremities are an assemblage of fine tendinous fibres, acutely sensible: which notwithstanding are so stiffened to almost insensible employ, and frequently among rugged objects. For this reason they are overlaid with nails, which preserve them from any painful impression.

In the hand we have a case of the finest instruments. To those we owe those beautiful statues, this melodious trumpet. By the strength of the hand the tallest fire fall, and the largest oaks descend from the mountains. Fashioned by the hand they are a floating warehouse, and carry the productions of art and nature from Britain to Japan.

The hand is the original and universal sceptre, which not only represents the

ascendant

aſcertains our dominion over all the elements and over every creature. Though we have not the ſtrength of the horſe, the ſwiftneſs of the greyhound, or the quick ſcent of the ſpaniel, yet directed by the underſtanding, and enabled by the hand, we can as it were make them all our own. Theſe ſhort hands have found a way to penetrate the bowels of the earth, to touch the bottom of the ſea. Theſe feeble hands can manage the wings of the wind, arm themſelves with the violence of fire, and preſs into their ſervice the forcible impetuoſity of water. How greatly then are we indebted to our wiſe Creator, for this inquiſhing, this invaluable member!

Above all is the head, for the reſidence of the brain, ample to receive, and firm to defend it. It has a communication with all, even the remoteſt parts; has outlets for diſpatching couriers to all quarters, and avenues for receiving ſpeedy intelligence, on all needful occaſions. It has lodgements wherein to poſt centinels, for various offices: to expedite whoſe operations the whole turns on a curious pivot, nicely contrived to afford the largeſt and freeſt circumvolutions.

This is ſcreened from heat, defended from cold, and at the ſame time beautified by the hair: a decoration ſo delicate, as no art can ſupply, ſo perfectly light, as no way to encumber the wearer.

While other animals are prone in their ſpect, the attitude of man is erect, which is by far the moſt graceful, and beſpeaks ſuperiority. It is by far the moſt commodious, for proſecution of all our extenſive deſigns. It is likewiſe ſafeſt, leſs expoſed to dangers, and better contrived to repel or avoid them. Does it not alſo remind us of our noble original, and our ſublime end? Our original, which was the breath of the Almighty: our end, which was the enjoyment of him in glory?

Thus much for the rafters and beams of the houſe. Let us now ſurvey the lodgings within. Here are ligaments, a tough and ſtrong arrangement of fibres, to unite the ſeveral parts and render what would otherwiſe be an unwieldy jumble, a well-connected and ſelf-manageable ſyſtem: membranes, thin and flexile tunicles, to inwrap the fleſhy parts, to connect ſome, and form ſeparation between others: arteries, the rivers of our little world, that ſtriking out as they go, into numberleſs ſmall canals, viſit every ſtreet, yea, every apartment in the vital city. Theſe being wide at firſt, and growing narrower and narrower, check the rapidity of the blood. This thrown from the heart, dilates the arteries, and their own elaſtic force contracts them: by which means they vibrate againſt the finger, and much aſſiſt both in the diſcovery and cure of diſeaſes. The larger arteries, wherever the blood is forced to bend, are ſituate on the bending ſide; leſt being ſtretched to an improper length, the circulation ſhould be retarded. They are not, like ſeveral of the veins, near the ſurface, but placed at a proper depth. And hereby they are more ſecure from external injuries. In thoſe parts which are moſt liable to preſſure, an admirable expedient takes place. The arteries inoſculate with each other: breaking into a new track, they fetch a little circuit, and afterwards return into the main road. So that if any thing block up or ſtraiten the direct paſſage, the current by diverting to this new channel, eludes the impediment, flows on, and ſoon regains its wonted courſe.

The veins receive the blood from the arteries, and re-convey it to the heart. The preſſure of the blood is not near ſo forcible in theſe as in the arteries. Therefore their texture is conſiderably ſlighter. Such an exact œconomiſt is nature, amidſt all her liberality! In many of theſe canals, the current, though widening continually, is obliged to puſh its way againſt the perpendicular: hereby it is expoſed to the danger of falling back and overloading the veſſels. To prevent this, valves are interpoſed at proper diſtances, which are no hindrance to the regular paſſage, but prevent the reflux, and facilitate the paſſage of the blood to the grand receptacle. But theſe valves are only where the blood is conſtrained to climb: where the aſcent ceaſes, they ceaſe alſo.

Here are glands to filtrate the paſſing fluids, each of which is an aſſemblage of veſſels, complicated with ſeeming confuſion, but with perfect regularity. Each forms a ſecretion far more curious than the moſt admired operations of chemiſtry. Muſcles, compoſed of the fineſt fibres, yet endued with incredible ſtrength, faſhioned after a variety of patterns, but all in the higheſt taſte for elegance and conveniency. Theſe are the inſtruments of motion, and at the command of the will, execute their functions quick as lightning: nerves, ſurpriſingly minute, which ſet the muſcles at

work, diffuse the power of sensation through the body, and upon any impression from without, give all needful intelligence to the soul: Vesicles, distended with an unctuous matter, in some places compose a soft cushion; as in the calf of the leg, whose large muscles, mixt with fat, are of singular service in those important limbs. This flanks and fortifies them, like a strong bottom, supports and cherishes them, like a soft pillow. In other places they fill up the vacuities, and smooth the inequalities of the flesh. Inwardly they supply the machine for motion; outwardly they render it smooth and graceful.

The skin, like a curious surtout, covers the whole, formed of the most delicate network, whose meshes are minute, and whose threads are multiplied, even to a prodigy: the meshes are so minute, that nothing passes them, which is discernible by the eye; though they discharge every moment myriads and myriads of superfluous incumbrances. The threads are so multiplied, that neither the point of the smallest needle, nor the infinitely finer lance of a gnat, can pierce any part without drawing blood, and causing an uneasy sensation. Consequently, without wounding by so small a puncture, both a nerve and a vein!

But a course of incessant action must exhaust the solids and waste the fluids, and unless both are properly restored, in a short time destroy the machine. For this reason it is furnished with the organs, and endued with the powers of nutrition: teeth, the foremost, thin and sharp, to bite asunder the food; the hindermost, broad and strong, indented with small cavities, the better to grind in pieces what is transmitted to them. But in children the formation of teeth is postponed till they have occasion for them.

Were the teeth, like other bones, covered with the periosteum, chewing would give much pain. Were they quite naked, they would soon decay and perish. To guard against both, they are overlaid with a neat enamel, harder than the bone itself, which gives no pain in chewing, and yet secures them from various injuries.

The lips prevent the food from slipping out of the mouth, and, assisted by the tongue, return it to the grinders. While they do this in concert with the cheeks, they squeeze a thin liquor from the adjacent glands. This moistens the food and prepares it for digestion. When the mouth is inactive these are nearly closed; but when we speak or eat, their moisture being then necessary, is expressed as need requires.

But the food could not descend merely by its own weight, through a narrow and clammy passage into the stomach. Therefore in effect this, muscles both fixed and circular are provided. The former, inlarge the cavity, and give an easy admittance. The latter, closing behind the descending aliment, press it downward. But before the food enters the gullet, it must of necessity pass over the orifice of the windpipe; whence it is in danger of falling upon the lungs, which might occasion be flam death. To obviate this, a moveable lid is placed, which when the smallest particle advances, is pulled down and has close, but as soon as it is swallowed, it is loose and stands open. Thus the important pass is always made sure against any [illegible] approaches; yet always left [illegible] the air, and open for respiration.

The food descending into the [illegible], is not yet ready for the bowels. Therefore that great receiver is strong [illegible], and proper to detain it, till it is wrought into the smoothest pulp imaginable. From hence it is discharged by a gentle [illegible], and passes gradually into the intestines.

Near the entrance waits the gall bladder, ready to pour its salutary juice upon the aliment, which dissolves any [illegible] viscid, secures the intestines, and keeps of the fine apertures clear. This bag, as the stomach fills, is prest thereby, and then only discharges its contents. It is also furnished with a valve of a very [illegible], namely, of a spiral form; through which the detersive liquid cannot easily [illegible] but most gently ooze. Admirable [illegible] struction! which, without any care of [illegible] gives the needful supply, and no [illegible].

The nutriment then pursues its way through the mazes of the intestines, which by a wormlike motion protrude it and force its small particles into the [illegible] vessels. These are a series of the [illegible] strainers, ranged in countless multitudes all along the sides of the winding passage. Had this been strait or short, the food would not have resigned a sufficient quantity of its nourishing particles. Therefore it is carefully convolved and greatly extended that whatever passes may be sifted thoroughly. As the aliment proceeds, it is more and more drained of its nutricious juice. In consequence of this, it would become [illegible]

and

and pain the tender parts, but that glands are poſted in proper places, to diſcharge a lubricated fluid. Theſe are ſmaller or fewer near the ſtomach, becauſe there the aliment is moiſt enough: whereas in the bowels remote from the ſtomach, they are either multiplied or enlarged.

The chyle drawn off by the lacteals is carried through millions of ducts, too fine even for the microſcope to diſcover. To this it is owing that nothing enters the blood, but what is capable of paſſing through the fineſt veſſels. It is then lodged in ſeveral commodious cells (the glands of the meſentery) and there mixt with a thin ſilating lymph, which makes it more apt to flow. Hence it is conveyed to the common receptacle, and mounts through a perpendicular tube into the laſt ſubclavian vein. This tube lies contiguous to the great artery, whoſe ſtrong pulſation drives on the fluid, and enables it to aſcend and unload its treaſure, at the very door of the heart.

But the chyle is as yet in too crude a ſtate, to be fit for the animal functions. Therefore it is thrown into the lungs. In the ſpongy cells of this amazing laboratory, it mixes with the external air, and its whole ſubſtance is made more ſmooth and uniform. Thus improved it enters the left ventricle of the heart, a ſtrong, active, indefatigable muſcle. The large muſcles of the arm or of the thigh are ſoon wearied: a day's labour, or a day's journey, exhauſts their ſtrength. But the heart toils whole weeks, whole months, nay years, unwearied: is equally a ſtranger to intermiſſion and fatigue. Impelled by this, part of the blood ſhoots upward to the head; part rolls through the whole body.

But how ſhall a ſtream divided into myriads of channels, be brought back to its ſource? Should any portion of it be unable to return, putrefaction, if not death, muſt enſue. Therefore the all-wiſe Creator has connected the extremities of the arteries, with the beginning of the veins: ſo that the ſame force which darts the blood through the former, helps to drive it through the latter. Thus it is re-conducted to the great ciſtern, and there played off afreſh.

Where two oppoſite currents would be in danger of claſhing, where the ſtreams from the vena cava and vena aſcendens coincide, a fibrous excreſcence interpoſes, which like a projecting pier, breaks the ſtroke of each, and throws both into their proper receptacle. Where the motion is to be ſpeedy, the channels either forbear to wind (as in the great artery, which deſcends to the feet) or leſſen in their dimenſions, as in every interval between all the ramifications. When the progreſs is to be retarded, the tubes are variouſly convolved or their diameter contracted. Thus guarded, the living flood never diſcontinues its courſe, but night and day, whether we ſleep or wake, ſtill perſeveres to run briſkly through the arteries, and return ſoftly through the veins.

But farther. The great Creator has made us an invaluable preſent of the ſenſes, to be the inlets of innumerable pleaſures, and the means of the moſt valuable advantages.

The eye, in its elevated ſtation, commands the moſt enlarged proſpects. Conſiſting only of fluids incloſed within coats, it ſhews us all the graces and glories of nature. How wonderful, that an image of the hugeſt mountains, and the wideſt landſcapes ſhould enter the ſmall pupil! that the rays of light ſhould paint on the optic nerve, paint in an inſtant of time, paint in their trueſt colours and exact ſt lineaments, every ſpecies of external objects!

The eye is ſo tender, that the ſlighteſt touch might injure its delicate frame. It is guarded therefore with a peculiar care, intrenched deep and barricaded round with bones. As the ſmalleſt fly might incommode its poliſhed ſurface, it is farther protected by two ſubſtantial curtains. In ſleep, when there is no occaſion for the ſenſe, but a neceſſity to guard the organ, theſe curtains cloſe of their own accord. At any time they fly together as quick as thought. They are lined with an extremely fine ſponge, moiſt with its own dew. Its briſtly paliſades keep out the leaſt mote, and moderate the too ſtrong impreſſions of the light.

As in our waking hours we have almoſt inceſſant need for theſe little orbs, they run upon the fineſt caſtors, rolling every way with the utmoſt eaſe: which circumſtance, added to the flexibility of the neck, renders our two eyes as uſeful as a thouſand.

The ear conſiſts of an outward porch and inner rooms. The porch, ſomewhat prominent from the head, is of a cartilaginous ſubſtance, covered with tight membranes, and wrought into ſinuous cavities.

These, like circling hills, collect the wandering undulations of the air, and transmit them with a vigorous impulse, to the finely stretched membrane of the drum. This is expanded upon a circle of bones, over a polished reverberating cavity. It is furnished with braces that strain or relax, as the sound is faint or strong. The hammer and the anvil, the winding labyrinth, and the sounding galleries, these and other pieces of mechanism, all instrumental to hearing, are inexpressibly curious.

Amazingly exact must be the texture of the auditory nerves, since they answer the smallest tremors of the atmosphere, and distinguish their most subtle variations. These living chords, tuned by an almighty hand, and spread through the echoing isles, receive all the impressions of sound, and propagate them to the brain. These give exilence to the charms of music, and the still nobler charms of discourse.

The eye is useless amidst the gloom of night. But the ear hears through the darkest medium. The eye is on duty only in our waking hours: but the ear is always accessible.

As there are concussions of the air, which are discernible only by the instruments of hearing, so there are odoriferous particles wafted in the air, which are perceivable only by the smell. The nostrils are wide at the bottom, that more effluvia may enter, narrow at the top, that, when entered, they may act more strongly. The steams that exhale from fragrant bodies, are fine beyond imagination. Microscopes that shew thousands of animals in a drop of water, cannot bring one of these to our sight. Yet so judiciously are the olfactory nerves set, that they catch the vanishing fugitives. They imbibe all the roaming perfumes of spring, and make us banquet even on the invisible dainties of nature.

Another capacity for pleasure our bountiful Creator has bestowed, by granting us the powers of taste. This is circumstanced in a manner so benign and wise, as to be a standing plea for temperance, which sets the finest edge on the taste, and adds the most poignant relish to its enjoyments.

And these senses are not only so many sources of delight, but a joint security to our health. They are the inspectors that examine our food, and enquire into the properties of it. For the discharge of this office they are excellently qualified, and most commodiously situated. So that nothing can gain admission, till it has past their scrutiny.

To all these, as a most necessary supplement, is added the sense of Feeling. And how happily is it tempered between the two extremes, neither too acute, nor too obtuse! Indeed all the senses are nicely adapted to the exigencies of our present state. Were they framed much keener, they would be avenues of anguish, were they much relaxt, they would be willing objects.

The crowning gift which augments the benefit accruing from all the senses, is speech. Speech makes me a gainer by the eyes and ears of others; by their ideas and observations. And what an admirable instrument for articulating the voice, and modifying it into speech, is the tongue! This little collection of muscular flesh under the direction of the Creator, is the artificer of our words. By this we communicate the secrets of our breasts, and make our very thoughts audible. Thus likewise is the efficient cause of music: it is soft as the lute, or shrill as the trumpet. As the tongue requires an easy play, it is lodged in an ample cavity. It moves under a concave roof, which gives additional vigour to the voice, as the shell of a violin to the sound of the string.

Wonderfully wise is the regulation of voluntary and involuntary motion. The will in some cases has no power: in others she is an absolute sovereign. If she commands, the arm is stretched, the hand closed. How easily, how punctually are her orders obeyed!—To turn the screw, or work the lever, is laborious and wearisome. But to work the vertebræ of the neck, with all their appendant chambers: we advance the leg with the whole incumbent body: we rise, we spring from the ground, and though so great a weight is raised, we move with no difficulty or fatigue.

That all this should be effected without any toil, by a bare act of the will, is very surprising. But that it should be done even while we are entirely ignorant of the manner in which it is performed, is still astonishing! Who can play a single tune upon the spinet, without learning the differences of the keys? Yet the soul touches every spring of the human frame with the most masterly skill, though she knows nothing at all of the nature of the instrument, or the powers of her operation.

The

The eye of a ruſtic, who has no notion of optics, or any of its laws, ſhall lengthen and ſhorten its axis, dilate and contract its pupil, without the leaſt heſitation, and with the utmoſt propriety: exactly adapting itſelf to the particular diſtance of objects, and the different degrees of light. By this means it performs ſome of the moſt curious experiments in the Newtonian philoſophy, without the leaſt knowledge of the ſcience, or conſciouſneſs of its own dexterity!

Which ſhall we admire moſt, the multitude of organs; their finiſhed form and faultleſs order; or the power which the ſoul exerciſes over them? Ten thouſand reins are put into her hands: and ſhe manages all, conducts all, without the leaſt perplexity or irregularity. Rather with a promptitude, a conſiſtency, and ſpeed, that nothing can equal!

So fearfully and wonderfully are we made! Made of ſuch complicated parts, ſuch ſo nicely faſhioned, and all ſo exactly arranged; every one executing ſuch curious functions, and many of them operating in ſo myſterious a manner! And ſince health depends on ſuch a numerous aſſemblage of moving organs; ſince a ſingle ſecretion ſtopped may ſpoil the temperature of the fluid, a ſingle wheel clogged may put an end to the ſolids: with what holy fear ſhould we paſs the time of our ſojourning here below! Truſting for continual preſervation, not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency, and ſupports its being!

This is an ingenious deſcription of the caſket, it is fit we ſhould attend to the jewel it contains. If the Houſe is ſo curiouſly and wonderfully made by the all-wiſe Architect, what may we not expect the Inhabitants to be!

Know'ſt thou th' importance of a ſoul immortal?
Behold the midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thouſand add, and twice ten thouſand more;
Then weigh the whole; one ſoul outweighs them all,
And calls th' aſtoniſhing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor. YOUNG.

The reaſoning of Mr. Addiſon on this ſubject is very flattering to human nature, and deſerves the ſerious conſideration of every intelligent Being. The perpetual progreſs of the ſoul, ſays that elegant writer, to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it, ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it for the immortality thereof. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvement, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——————— Heres,
Heredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
HORACE. Ep. 2.

—— Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wage urges wave. CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exert-

ed? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom, which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will ſtill be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition that is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks, this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior nature, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human ſoul, knows very well, that a period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection but of happineſs?

§ 8. *Conſiderations on the Chain of Being ſuppoſed to be in Nature.*

The chain of being, which ſome worthy perſons have ſuppoſed to exiſt in nature, is a very pleaſing idea, and has been ably handled by the late Soame Jenyns, Eſq; in his Diſquiſition upon that ſubject. The farther we enquire, ſays that able writer, into the works of our great Creator, the more evident marks we ſhall diſcover of his infinite wiſdom and power, and perhaps in none more remarkable, than in the wonderful chain of beings, with which this terreſtrial globe is furniſhed; riſing above each other, from the loweſt clod, to the brighteſt genius of human kind, in ſuch a manner, though the chain itſelf is infinitely various, the links, which compoſe it, are ſo ſtrong and ſo finely wrought, that they are quite imperceptible to our eyes. The ſeveral qualities, with which theſe various beings are endued, we perceive without difficulty, but the boundaries of theſe qualities, which form this chain of ſubordination, are ſo mixed, that where one ends, and the next begins, we are unable to diſcover. The manner by which this is performed, is a ſubject well worthy of our conſideration, and on an accurate examination appears to be this.

In order to diffuſe all poſſible happineſs, God has been pleaſed to fill this earth with innumerable orders of beings, ſuperior to each other in proportion to the quality and faculties which he has thought proper to beſtow upon them: to mere matter he has given extenſion, ſolidity, and gravity; to plants, vegetation; to animals, life and inſtinct; and to man, reaſon; each of which ſuperior qualities augments the excellence and dignity of the poſſeſſor, and places him higher in the ſcale of univerſal exiſtence. In all theſe, it is remarkable, that he has not formed this neceſſary and beautiful ſubordination, by placing beings of quite different natures above each other, but by granting ſome additional quality to each ſuperior order, in conjunction with all thoſe poſſeſſed by their inferiors; ſo that tho' they riſe above each other in excellence, by means of theſe additional qua-

ties, one mode of exiſtence is common to them all, without which they never could have coaleſced in one uniform and regular ſyſtem.

Thus, for inſtance, in plants we find all the qualities of mere matter, the only order below them, ſolidity, extenſion, and gravity, with the addition of vegetation; in animals, all the properties of matter, together with the vegetation of plants, to which is added, life and inſtinct; and in man we find all the properties of matter, the vegetation of plants, the life and inſtinct of animals, to all which is ſuperadded, reaſon.

That man is endued with theſe properties of all inferior orders, will plainly appear by a ſlight examination of his compoſition; his body is material, and has all the properties of mere matter, ſolidity, extenſion, and gravity; it is alſo veſted with the quality of plants, that is, a power of vegetation, which it inceſſantly exerciſes without any knowlegde or conſent of his: it is ſown, grows up, expands, comes to maturity, withers and dies, like all other vegetables: he poſſeſſes likewiſe the qualities of lower animals, and ſhares their fate; like them, he is called into life without his knowledge or conſent; like them, he is compelled, by irreſiſtible inſtincts, to anſwer the purpoſes for which he was deſigned; like them, he performs his deſtined courſe, partakes of its bleſſings, and endures its ſufferings for a ſhort time, then dies, and is ſeen no more: in him inſtinct is not leſs powerful, than in them, tho' leſs viſible, by being confounded with reaſon, which it ſometimes concurs with, and ſometimes counteracts; by this, with the concurrence of reaſon, he is taught the belief of a God, of a future ſtate, and the difference between moral good and evil; to purſue happineſs, to avoid danger, and to take care of himſelf, and his offſpring; by this too he is frequently impelled, in contradiction to reaſon, to relinquiſh eaſe, and ſafety, to traverſe inhoſpitable deſerts and tempeſtuous ſeas, to inflict, and ſuffer all the miſeries of war, and, like the herring, and the mackarel, to haſten to his own deſtruction, for the public benefit, which he neither underſtands, or cares for. Thus is this wonderful chain extended from the loweſt to the higheſt order of terreſtrial beings, by links ſo nicely fitted, that the beginning and end of each is inviſible to the moſt inquiſitive eye, and yet they altogether compoſe one vaſt and beautiful ſyſtem of ſubordination.

The manner by which the conſummate wiſdom of the divine artificer has formed this gradation, ſo extenſive in the whole, and ſo imperceptible in the parts, is this; —He conſtantly unites the higheſt degree of the qualities of each inferior order to the loweſt degree of the ſame qualities, belonging to the order next above it; by which means, like the colours of a ſkilful painter, they are ſo blended together, and ſhaded off into each other, that no line of diſtinction is any where to be ſeen. Thus, for inſtance, ſolidity, extenſion, and gravity, the qualities of mere matter, being united with the loweſt degree of vegetation, compoſe a ſtone; from whence this vegetative power aſcending thro' an infinite variety of herbs, flowers, plants, and trees, to its greateſt perfection in the ſenſitive plant, joins there the loweſt degree of animal life in the ſhell-fiſh, which adheres to the rock; and it is difficult to diſtinguiſh which poſſeſſes the greateſt ſhare, as the one ſhews it only by ſhrinking from the finger, and the other by opening to receive the water, which ſurrounds it. In the ſame manner this animal life riſes from this low beginning in the ſhell-fiſh, thro' innumerable ſpecies of inſects, fiſhes, birds, and beaſts, to the confines of reaſon, where, in the dog, the monkey, and the chimpanze, it unites ſo cloſely with the loweſt degree of that quality in man, that they cannot eaſily be diſtinguiſhed from each other. From this loweſt degree in the brutal Hottentot, reaſon, with the aſſiſtance of learning and ſcience, advances, thro' the various ſtages of human underſtanding, which riſe above each other, till in a Bacon, or a Newton, it attains the ſummit.

Here we muſt ſtop, being unable to purſue the progreſs of this aſtoniſhing chain beyond the limits of this terreſtrial globe with the naked eye; but thro' the perſpective of analogy and conjecture, we may perceive, that it aſcends a great deal higher, to the inhabitants of other planets, to angels, and archangels, the loweſt orders of whom may be united by a like eaſy tranſition with the higheſt of our own, in whom, to reaſon may be added intuitive knowledge, inſight into futurity, with innumerable other faculties, of which we are unable to form the leaſt idea; through whom it may aſcend, by gradations almoſt infinite, to thoſe moſt exalted of created beings, who are ſeated on the footſtool of the celeſtial throne.

§ 221. *Of the Scriptures, as the Rule of Life.*

As you advance in years and understanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourself the evidences of the Christian religion; and that you will be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority. At present, such enquiries would demand more study, and greater powers of reasoning, than your age admits of. It is your part, therefore, till you are capable of understanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the Holy Scriptures are writings inspired by God, containing a true history of facts, in which we are deeply concerned—a true revival of the laws given by God to Moses; and of the precepts of our blessed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his disciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epistles of his apostles—who were men chosen from amongst those who had the advantage of conversing with our Lord, to bear witness of his miracles and resurrection—and who, after his ascension, were assisted and inspired by the Holy Ghost. This sacred volume must be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths necessary to be believed; and plain and easy directions for the practice of every duty. Your Bible, then, must be your chief study and delight: but, as it contains many various kinds of writing—some parts obscure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meanest capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent perusal such parts of the sacred writings as are most adapted to your understanding, and most necessary for your instruction. Our Saviour's precepts were spoken to the common people amongst the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner easy to be understood, and equally striking and instructive to the learned and unlearned; for the most ignorant may comprehend them, whilst the wisest must be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majestic simplicity with which they are expressed. Of the same kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moses; which, as they were designed for universal laws, are worded in the most concise and simple manner, yet with a majesty which commands our utmost reverence.

I think you will receive great pleasure, as well as improvement, from the historical books of the Old Testament—provided you read them as an history, in a regular course, and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, even of fictions, that is equally wonderful, interesting, and affecting; or that is told in so fine and simple a manner as this, which is, of all histories, the most authentic.

I shall give you some brief direction, concerning the method and course I wish you to pursue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God—this sacred treasure of knowledge to us! May you read the Bible not as a task, or as the dull employment of one day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but with a sincere, and ardent desire of information: with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalmist so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue! Though I speak this of the Bible in general, I would not be misunderstood to mean, that every part of the volume is equally interesting. I have already said that it consists of various matter, of various kinds of books, which must be read with different views and sentiments. The having some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them; and will heighten your relish of them. I shall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole: for so I wish you to consider yourself; because the time and manner in which children usually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people, who have read it thus, without understanding it, in their youth, fatally conclude that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention, when they come to a maturer age.

If the feelings of your heart, whilst you read, correspond with those of mine, which I write, I shall not be without the advantage of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 222. *Of Genesis.*

I now proceed to give you some short sketches of the matter contained in the different books of the Bible, and of the order in which they ought to be read.

The first book, Genesis, contains the most grand, and, to me, the most interesting

events

events, that ever happened in the univerſe: —The creation of the world, and of man: —The deplorable fall of man, from his firſt ſtate of excellence and bliſs, to the diſtreſſed condition in which we ſee all his deſcendants continue:—The ſentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race—with the reviving promiſe of that deliverance which has ſince been wrought for us by our bleſſed Saviour:—The account of the early ſtate of the world:—Of the univerſal deluge:—The diviſion of mankind into different nations and languages:—The ſtory of Abraham, the founder of the Jewiſh people; whoſe unſhaken faith and obedience, under the ſevereſt trial human nature could ſuſtain, obtained ſuch favour in the ſight of God, that he vouchſafed to ſtyle him his friend, and promiſed to make of his poſterity a great nation, and that in his ſeed—that is, in one of his deſcendants—all the kingdoms of the earth ſhould be bleſſed. This, you will eaſily ſee, refers to the Meſſiah, who was to be the bleſſing and deliverance of all nations.—It is amazing that the Jews, poſſeſſing this prophecy, among many others, ſhould have been ſo blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great perſonage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the ſubjection to which they were reduced under the Romans: It is equally amazing, that ſome Chriſtians ſhould, even now, confine the bleſſed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular ſect or profeſſion, when he is ſo clearly and emphatically deſcribed as the Saviour of the whole world.—The ſtory of Abraham's proceeding to ſacrifice his only ſon, at the command of God, is affecting in the higheſt degree; and ſets forth a pattern of unlimited reſignation, that every one ought to imitate, in thoſe trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquieſcence under afflicting diſpenſations, which fall to their lot. Of this we may be aſſured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us; if we have not Abraham's ſtrength of mind, neither ſhall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife againſt the boſom of an only child; but if the almighty arm ſhould be lifted up againſt him, we muſt be ready to reſign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will.—This action of Abraham has been cenſured by ſome, who do not attend to the diſtinction between obedience to a ſpecial command, and the deteſtably cruel ſacrifices of the Heathens, who ſometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeaſing the anger of their gods. An abſolute command from God himſelf—as in the caſe of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action; ſince he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his inſtrument of deſtruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a deluſion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of him who made our ſouls as well as bodies, and who can controul and direct every faculty of the human mind: and we may be aſſured, that if he was pleaſed to reveal himſelf ſo miraculouſly, he would not leave a poſſibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation. Thus the ſacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all ſuperſtition; and remains the nobleſt inſtance of religious faith and ſubmiſſion, that was ever given by a mere man: we cannot wonder that the bleſſings beſtowed on him for it ſhould have been extended to his poſterity.—This book proceeds with the hiſtory of Iſaac, which becomes very intereſting to us, from the touching ſcene I have mentioned—and ſtill more ſo, if we conſider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and hiſtory of his two ſons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Eſau, the father of the Edomites, or Idumeans—the exquiſitely affecting ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren—and of his tranſplanting the Iſraelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 223. *Of Exodus.*

In Exodus, you read of a ſeries of wonders, wrought by the Almighty, to reſcue the oppreſſed Iſraelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having firſt received them as gueſts, by degrees reduced them to a ſtate of ſlavery. By the moſt peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his choſen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, the ſolemn reſtitution of thoſe primitive laws, which probably he had revealed to Adam and his immediate deſcendants, or which, at leaſt, he had made known by the dictates of conſcience; but which time,

and

and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obſcured. This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderneſs of Sinah; there, aſſembled before the burning mountain, ſurrounded "with blackneſs, and darkneſs, and tempeſt," they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impreſſing it on their hearts with circumſtances of terror, but without thoſe encouragements, and thoſe excellent promiſes, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jeſus Chriſt. Thus were the great laws of morality reſtored to the Jews, and through them tranſmitted to other nations: and by that means a great reſtraint was oppoſed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To theſe moral precepts, which are of perpetual and univerſal obligation, were ſuperadded, by the miniſtration of Moſes, many peculiar inſtitutions, wiſely adapted to different ends—either, to fix the memory of thoſe paſt deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater ſalvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations, by whom they were ſurrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this ſeries of events, and to eſtabliſh theſe laws with his people, God raiſed up that great prophet Moſes, whoſe faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the moſt arduous enterpriſes: and to purſue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour ſtill prevailed; his laſt moments were employed in fervent prayers for their proſperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpſe vouchſafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himſelf, whom God would one day raiſe up to his people.

Thus did Moſes, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the ſaints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the firſt of thoſe benefactors to mankind, whoſe labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 224. *Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.*

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little beſides the laws for the peculiar ritual obſervance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great inſtruction to us now: you may paſs it over entirely—and, for the ſame reaſon, you may omit the laſt eight chapters of Numbers. The reſt of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the hiſtory, with ſome ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moſes makes a recapitulation of the foregoing hiſtory, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worſhip and obey that God, who had worked ſuch amazing wonders for them; he promiſes them the moſt temporal bleſſings, if they prove obedient; and adds the moſt awful and alarming denunciations againſt them, if they rebel, or forſake the true God. I have before obſerved, that the ſanctions of the Moſaic law were temporal rewards and puniſhments: thoſe of the New Teſtament are eternal; theſe laſt, as they are infinitely more forcible than the firſt, were reſerved for the laſt, beſt gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Meſſiah in the fulleſt and cleareſt manner. Moſes, in this book, directs the method in which the Iſraelites were to deal with the ſeven nations, whoſe cities they were appointed to poſſeſs for their profligacy and idolatry, and whole land they were to poſſeſs, when they had driven out the old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the governing municipal laws of that people.—The book concludes with Moſes's death.

Ibid.

§ 225. *Of Joſhua.*

The book of Joſhua contains the conqueſts of the Iſraelites over the ſeven nations, and their eſtabliſhment in the promiſed land.—Their treatment of theſe conquered nations muſt appear to you very cruel and unjuſt, if you conſider it as their own act, unauthoriſed by a poſitive command: but they had the moſt abſolute injunctions, not to ſpare theſe corrupt people—"to make no covenant with them, nor ſhew mercy to them, but utterly to deſtroy them"—and the reaſon is given—"leſt they ſhould turn away the Iſraelites from following the Lord, that they might ſerve other gods." The children of Iſrael are to be conſidered as inſtruments, in the hand of the Lord, to puniſh thoſe whole idolatry and wickedneſs had deſervedly brought deſtruction on them: this example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to

their

theſe ſeven nations, they were directed to deal with them according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city ſubmitted, it became tributary, and the people were ſpared; if it reſiſted, the men were to be ſlain, but the women and children ſaved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty cannot be juſtly laid to their charge on this occaſion, you will obſerve, in the courſe of their hiſtory, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the choſen people of God, if you ſuppoſed them ſelected on account of their own merit: their national character was by no means amiable; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not choſen for their ſuperior righteouſneſs—"for they were a ſtiff-necked people; and provoked the Lord with their rebellions from the day they left Egypt."—"You have been rebellious againſt the Lord," ſays Moſes, "from the day that I knew you."—And he vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter themſelves that their ſucceſs was, in any degree, owing to their own merits. They were appointed to be the ſcourge of other nations, whoſe crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chaſtiſement. For the ſake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wiſe reaſons, undiſcovered to us, they were ſelected from a world over-run with idolatry, to preſerve upon earth the pure worſhip of the one only God, and to be honoured with the birth of the Meſſiah amongſt them. For this end they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with any other people, and defended, by a great number of peculiar rites and obſervances, from falling into the corrupt worſhip practiſed by their neighbours. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 226. *Of Judges, Samuel, and Kings.*

The book of Judges, in which you will find the affecting ſtories of Sampſon and Jephtha, carries on the hiſtory from the death of Joſhua, about two hundred and fifty years; but the facts are not told in the times in which they happened, which makes ſome confuſion; and it will be neceſſary to conſult the marginal dates and notes, as well as the index, in order to get any clear idea of the ſucceſſion of events during that period.

The hiſtory then proceeds regularly through the two books of Samuel, and thoſe of Kings: nothing can be more intereſting and entertaining than the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon: but, after the death of Solomon, when ten tribes revolted from his ſon Rehoboam, and became a ſeparate kingdom, you will find ſome difficulty in underſtanding diſtinctly the hiſtories of the two kingdoms of Iſrael and Judah, which are blended together; and by the likeneſs of the names, and other particulars, will be apt to confound your mind, without great attention to the different threads thus carried on together: the index here will be of great uſe to you. The ſecond book of Kings concludes with the Babyloniſh captivity, 588 years before Chriſt—till which time the kingdom of Judah had deſcended uninterruptedly in the line of David. *Ibid.*

§ 227. *Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Eſther.*

The firſt book of Chronicles begins with a genealogy from Adam, through all the tribes of Iſrael and Judah; and the remainder is the ſame hiſtory which is contained in the books of Kings, with little or no variation, till the ſeparation of the ten tribes. From that period, it proceeds with the hiſtory of the kingdom of Judah alone, and gives therefore a more regular and clear account of the affairs of Judah than the book of Kings. You may paſs over the firſt book of Chronicles, and the nine firſt chapters of the ſecond book; but, by all means, read the remaining chapters, as they will give you more clear and diſtinct ideas of the hiſtory of Judah, than that you read in the ſecond book of Kings. The ſecond of Chronicles ends, like the ſecond of Kings, with the Babyloniſh captivity.

You muſt purſue the hiſtory in the book of Ezra, which gives an account of the return of ſome of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord's temple.

Nehemiah carries on the hiſtory for about twelve years, when he himſelf was governor of Jeruſalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The ſtory of Eſther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah; as you will ſee by the marginal dates; however, as it happened during the ſeventy years captivity, and is a kind of epiſode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the laſt of the canonical books that is properly hiſtorical; and I would therefore adviſe, that you paſs over what follows, till you have continued the hiſtory through the apocryphal books. *Ibid.*

§ 228.

§ 228. *Of Job.*

The story of Job is probably very ancient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: It is dated, however, 1520 years before Christ: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written: many parts of it are obscure; but it is well worth studying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and sublime devotion it contains. The subject of the dispute between Job and his pretended friends seems to be, whether the Providence of God distributes the rewards and punishments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagonists suppose that it does; and therefore infer from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwithstanding his apparent righteousness he was in reality a grievous sinner. They aggravate his supposed guilt by the imputation of hypocrisy, and call upon him to confess it, and to acknowledge the justice of his punishment. Job asserts his own innocence and virtue in the most pathetic manner, yet does not presume to accuse the Supreme Being of injustice. Elihu attempts to arbitrate the matter, by alledging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man should comprehend the ways of the Almighty; and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of: and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of man.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 229. *Of the Psalms.*

Next follow the Psalms, with which you cannot be too conversant. If you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and will afford you a continual feast. The bible translation is far better than that used in the common-prayer book, and will often give you the sense, when the other is obscure. In this, as well as in all other parts of the scripture, you must be careful always to consult the margin, which gives you the corrections made since the last translation, and it is generally preferable to the words of the text. I would wish you to learn some of the Psalms that please you best, and get them by heart;—or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments contained in them. Dr. Delany's Life of David will shew you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the tone of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs: which, being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them the most captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages even they must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to translate into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writers!—to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think "one day in his courts better than a thousand!"—that may you escape the heart-piercing terrors of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved! Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners would counterbalance the hundredth part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real sorrow for sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprised at the folly of those who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who preserve their innocence unsullied by any great or wilful crimes;

crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; theſe are ſufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply ſmitten with the love of virtue, and with the deſire of perfection.—There are many very ſtriking prophecies of the Meſſiah in theſe divine ſongs, particularly in Pſalm xxii.—ſuch may be found ſcattered up and down almoſt throughout the Old Teſtament. To bear teſtimony to *him*, is the great and ultimate end for which the ſpirit of prophecy was beſtowed on the ſacred writers;—but this will appear more plainly to you, when you enter on the ſtudy of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 230. *Of the Proverbs, Eccleſiaſtes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and Apocrypha.*

The Proverbs and Eccleſiaſtes are rich ſtores of wiſdom, from which I wiſh you to adopt ſuch maxims as may be of infinite uſe both to your temporal and eternal intereſt. But detached ſentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well choſen and digeſted, will do you much more ſervice, than to read half a dozen chapters together. In this reſpect, they are directly oppoſite to the hiſtorical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be underſtood, or retained to any purpoſe.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its myſtical reference to religion lies too deep for a common underſtanding: if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as a matter of curioſity than of edification.

Next follow the Prophecies; which though highly deſerving the greateſt attention and ſtudy, I think you had better omit for ſome years, and then read them with a good expoſition, as they are much too difficult for you to underſtand without aſſiſtance. Dr. Newton on the prophecies will help you much, whenever you undertake this ſtudy—which you ſhould by all means do, when your underſtanding is ripe enough; becauſe one of the main proofs of our religion reſts on the teſtimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Teſtament; beſides, the ſublimity of the language and ſentiments, through all the diſadvantages of antiquity and tranſlation, muſt, in very many paſſages, ſtrike every perſon of taſte; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them muſt be uſeful to all.

Though I have ſpoken of theſe books in the order in which they ſtand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the hiſtory is to be purſued, from Nehemiah to the firſt book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha; taking care to obſerve the chronology regularly, by referring to the index, which ſupplies the deficiences of this hiſtory from Joſephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The firſt of Maccabees carries on the ſtory till within 195 years of our Lord's circumciſion: the ſecond book is the ſame narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the hiſtory ſo forward as the firſt; ſo that it may be entirely omitted, unleſs you have the curioſity to read ſome particulars of the heroic conſtancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the firſt book.

You muſt then connect the hiſtory by the help of the index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the ſtate of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Meſſiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of ſacred authority, have many things well worth your attention: particularly the admirable book called Eccleſiaſticus, and the book of Wiſdom. But, in the courſe of reading which I adviſe, theſe muſt be omitted till after you have gone through the Goſpels and Acts, that you may not loſe the hiſtorical thread. *Ibid.*

§ 231. *Of the New Teſtament, which is conſtantly to be referred to, as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.*

We come now to that part of ſcripture, which is the moſt important of all, and which you muſt make your conſtant ſtudy, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with it, but all your life long; becauſe, how often ſoever repeated, it is impoſſible to read the life and death of our bleſſed Saviour, without renewing and increaſing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is ſo juſtly due for all he did and ſuffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treaſures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They muſt therefore be laid up in your heart,

heart, and constantly referred to, on all occasions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly those very comprehensive moral precepts he has graciously left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honestly applied: such as, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them."—There is no occasion, great or small, on which you may not safely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilst your heart honestly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any sort of injustice or unkindness. The two great commandments, which contain the summary of our duty to God and man, are no less easily retained, and made a standard by which to judge our own hearts—"To love the Lord our God, with all our heart, with all our mind, with all our strength; and our neighbour (or fellow-creature) as ourselves." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to society. Now, all crimes whatever are (in their remoter consequences at least, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the society in which we live. It is impossible to love God without desiring to please him, and, as far as we are able, to resemble him; therefore the love of God must lead to every virtue in the highest degree: and, we may be sure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourselves with avoiding flagrant sins, and do not strive, in good earnest, to reach the greatest degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do these few words direct us to the highest Christian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the Gospel is to offer us every help, direction, and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 252. *Of the Example set by our Saviour, and his Character.*

What an example is set before us in our blessed Master! How is his whole life, from earliest youth, dedicated to the pursuit of true wisdom, and to the practice of the most exalted virtue! When you see him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongst the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions on the subject of religion, and astonishing them all with his understanding and answers—you will say, perhaps, ——"Well might the son of "God, even at those years, sit far wiser "than the aged; but, can a mortal child "emulate such heavenly wisdom? Can "such a pattern be proposed to my imi- "tation?"—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wisdom, so far as concerns your own good. He has left you such declarations of his will, and of the consequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to understand, if you will but attend to them. If, then, you will but have a real desire for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement, you may even now become "wise unto salvation."—Unmoved by the pride so acquired amongst their learned men, we see him meekly return to the subjection of a child, under those who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality our Lord: you see him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and solace of their lives; till the day came, when he was to enter on the duties of public action, for which his heavenly Father had sent him from his mother's hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's son. What a lesson of humility is this, and of obedience to parents! —When, having received the glorious testimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Most High, he enters on his public ministry, what an example does he give us, of the most extensive and unremitting benevolence!—how are all his hours spent in doing good to the souls and bodies of men!—not the meanest sinner is below his notice;—to reclaim and save him, he condescends to converse familiarly with the most corrupt, as well as the most selfish. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind; not one to punish and afflict them. Instead of using the almighty power which accompanied him, to the purpose of exalting himself, and terrifying those his enemies, he makes no other use of it than to heal and to save.

When you come to read of his sufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the horror of mind, and torments of body, which he submitted to—when you consider that it was all for our sakes—"that by his stripes we are healed"—and by his death we are raised from destruction to everlasting life—what can I say, that can add anything to the sensations you must then feel? —No power of language can make the scene more touching than it appears in the plain and simple narrations of the evange-

lists.

guilt. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be ſcarcely human;—but the emotions of tenderneſs and compunction, which almoſt every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unleſs applied to the true end—unleſs it inſpires you with a ſincere and warm affection towards your bleſſed Lord—with a firm reſolution to obey his commands;—to be his faithful diſciple—and ever to renounce and abhor thoſe ſins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at ſo dear a rate. Remember that the title of Chriſtian, or follower of Chriſt, implies a more than ordinary degree of holineſs and goodneſs. As our motives to virtue are ſtronger than thoſe which are afforded to the reſt of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purpoſes, in deſcending from his glory and dwelling amongſt men. The firſt, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The ſecond, to give them the moſt forcible motives to the practice of it, by "bringing life and immortality to light;" by ſhewing them the certainty of a reſurrection and judgment, and the abſolute neceſſity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to ſacrifice himſelf for us, to obtain, by his death, the remiſſion of our ſins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of beſtowing on his ſincere followers the ineſtimable gift of immortal happineſs.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 233. *A comparative View of the Bleſſed and Curſed at the Laſt Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.*

What a tremendous ſcene of the laſt day does the goſpel place before our eyes!—of that day, when you and every one of us ſhall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celeſtial beings, of whoſe ſuperior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—when, in preſence of all mankind, of thoſe holy angels, and of the great Judge himſelf, you muſt give an account of your paſt life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which muſt determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the deſolation, ſhame, and anguiſh, of thoſe wretched ſouls, who ſhall hear theſe dreadful words;—"Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—Oh!—I cannot ſupport even the idea of your becoming one of thoſe undone, loſt creatures!—I truſt in God's mercy, that you will make a better uſe of that knowledge of his will, which he has vouchſafed you, and of thoſe amiable diſpoſitions he has given you. Let us therefore turn from this horrid, this inſupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is poſſible, what will be the ſenſations of your ſoul, if you ſhould hear our heavenly Judge addreſs you in theſe tranſporting words—"Come, thou bleſſed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."—Think, what it muſt be, to become an object of the eſteem and applauſe—not only of all mankind aſſembled together—but of all the hoſt of heaven, of our bleſſed Lord himſelf—nay, of his and our Almighty Father:—to find your frail fleſh changed, in a moment, into a glorious celeſtial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your ſoul cleanſed from all its faults and infirmities; exalted to the pureſt and nobleſt affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your underſtanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power and diſpoſition of mind and body adapted to the higheſt reliſh of virtue and happineſs!—Thus accompliſhed, to be admitted into the ſociety of amiable and happy beings, all united in the moſt perfect peace and friendſhip, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in ſcenes more delightful than the richeſt imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all poſſibility of change or ſatiety;—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate preſence of God himſelf—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though ſtill far ſhort of their infinity—to be conſcious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance!—But here all imagination fails:—we can form no idea of that bliſs, which may be communicated to us by ſuch a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we muſt content ourſelves with believing, "that it is what mortal eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." The crown of all our joys will be, to know

that

that we are secure of enjoying them for ever—what a transporting idea!

Can you reflect on all these things, and not feel the most earnest longings after immortality?—Do not all other views and desires seem mean and trifling, when compared with this?—And does not your inmost heart resolve, that this shall be the chief and constant object of its wishes and pursuit, through the whole course of your life?—If you are not insensible to that desire of happiness which seems woven into our nature, you cannot surely be unmoved by the prospect of such a transcendant degree of it; and that continued to all eternity, every moment continually increasing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of such an inheritance, as the most insupportable evil!—Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give it vice, its carelessness, or sloth, the prize he has proposed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Christ and his disciples to encourage you—the most awakening motives to engage you—and you have besides, the comfortable promise of constant assistance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and sincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be lost upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the inestimable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four Gospels are each of them a narration of the life, sayings, and death of Christ; yet as they are not exactly alike, but some circumstances and sayings, omitted in one, are recorded in another, you must make yourself perfectly master of them all.

The Acts of the holy Apostles, endowed with the Holy Ghost, and authorized by their divine Master, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more interesting and edifying, than the history of their actions—of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of salvation; and of the various exertions of the wonderful powers conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, for the confirmation of their mission. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 234. *Character of St. Paul.*

The Character of St. Paul, and his miraculous conversion, demand your particular attention: most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was esteemed at a high distinction, in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several Speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, where he was called to answer for the doctrine he taught.—He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed: the zeal, before his conversion, showed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent Christians: but in his actions was real, we may be sure his intentions were good; otherwise we should not have seen a miracle employed to convince him of his mistake, and to bring him into the right way. This example may assure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken consciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good-will towards those whose erroneous principles mislead their conduct; instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active desire of assisting them to find the truth; for we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, strenuous zealots to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my business to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Christianity; otherwise it would be impossible wholly to pass over that, which arises from this remarkable conversion, and which has been so admirably illustrated by a noble author, whose tract on this subject is in every body's hands. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 235. *Of the Epistles.*

Next follow the Epistles, which make a very important part of the New Testament; and you cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the most excellent precepts and admonitions; and are of particular use in explaining more at large several doctrines of Christianity, which we could not so fully comprehend without them. There are, indeed, in the Epistles of St. Paul, some passages

ſſages hard to be underſtood: ſuch, in rticular, are the firſt eleven chapters to e Romans; the greater part of his Epiſtles the Corinthians and Galatians: and ſe-ral chapters of that to the Hebrews. ſtead of perplexing yourſelf with theſe ore obſcure paſſages of ſcripture, I would ſh you to employ your attention chiefly thoſe that are plain; and to judge of e doctrines taught in the other parts, by mparing them with what you find in ſe. It is through the neglect of this le, that many have been led to draw the ſt abſurd doctrines from the holy ſcrip-res.—Let me particularly recommend to ur careful peruſal the xii. xiii. xiv. and . chapters of the Epiſtle to the Romans. the xiv. chapter St. Paul has in view the ference between the Jewiſh and Gentile r Heathen) converts, at that time: the rmer were diſpoſed to look with horror the latter, for their impiety in not pay-g the ſame regard to the diſtinctions of vs and meats that they did; and the lat-r, on the contrary, were inclined to look h contempt on the former, for their ikneſs and ſuperſtition. Excellent is advice which the Apoſtle gives to both rties; he exhorts the Jewiſh converts to judge, and the Gentiles not to de-ſe; remembering, that the kingdom of eaven is not meat and drink, but righte-uneſs and peace, and joy in the Holy hoſt.—Endeavour to conform yourſelf to is advice; to acquire a temper of uni-erſal candour and benevolence; and learn either to deſpiſe nor condemn any per-ons on account of their particular modes f faith and worſhip; remembering al-ways, that goodneſs is confined to no party —that there are wiſe and worthy men mong all the ſects of Chriſtians—and hat, to his own maſter, every one muſt tand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the ſeveral points diſcuſſed by St. Paul in his various epiſtles—moſt of them too intricate for your underſtanding at preſent, and many of them beyond my abilities to ſtate clear-ly. I will only again recommend to you, to read thoſe paſſages frequently, which, with ſo much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the moſt exalted piety and benevolence. If the effuſions of a heart, warmed with the tendereſt af-fection for the whole human race—if pre-cept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence which ſuch affec-tion only could inſpire, are capable of in-fluencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in ſuch parts of his epiſtles as are adapted to your underſtanding, the ſtrongeſt perſuaſives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 236. *The Epiſtle of St. James.*

The epiſtle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you can-not ſtudy it too much. It ſeems particu-larly deſigned to guard Chriſtians againſt miſunderſtanding ſome things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally pervert-ed to the encouragement of a dependance on faith alone, without good works. But the more rational commentators will tell you, that, by the works of the law, which the apoſtle aſſerts to be incapable of juſti-fying us, he means, not the works of moral righteouſneſs, but the ceremonial works of the Moſaic law; on which the Jews laid the greateſt ſtreſs, as neceſſary to ſalva-tion. But St. James tells us, that, "if any "man among us ſeem to be religious, and "bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth "his own heart, that man's religion is "vain;"—and that "pure religion, and "undefiled before God and the Father, is "this, to viſit the fatherleſs and widow in "their affliction, and to keep himſelf un-"ſpotted from the world." Faith in Chriſt, if it produce not theſe effects, he declareth is dead, or of no power. *Ibid.*

§ 237. *Epiſtles of St. Peter, and the firſt of St. John.*

The Epiſtles of St. Peter are alſo full of the beſt inſtructions and admonitions, con-cerning the relative duties of life; amongſt which, are ſet forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his ſecond Epiſtle is prophe-tical; warning the church of falſe teach-ers, and falſe doctrines, which ſhould un-dermine morality, and diſgrace the cauſe of Chriſtianity.

The firſt of St. John is written in a highly figurative ſtyle, which makes it, in ſome parts, hard to be underſtood; but the ſpirit of divine love, which it ſo fer-vently expreſſes, renders it highly edify-ing and delightful.—That love of God and of man, which this beloved apoſtle ſo

pathetically recommends, is in truth the eſſence of religion, as our Saviour himſelf informs us. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 238. *Of the Revelations.*

The book of the Revelations contains a prophetical account of moſt of the great events relating to the Chriſtian church, which were to happen from the time of the writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it; and they have done this, in many inſtances, very ſucceſsfully: but I think it is yet too ſoon for you to ſtudy this part of ſcripture; ſome years hence, perhaps, there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the beſt expoſitions, to aſſiſt you in reading ſuch of the moſt difficult parts of the New Teſtament as you cannot now be ſuppoſed to underſtand.—May Heaven direct you in ſtudying this ſacred volume, and render it the means of making you wiſe unto ſalvation!—May you love and reverence, as it deſerves, this bleſſed and invaluable book, which contains the beſt rule of life, the cleareſt declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving aſſurance of favour to true penitents, and the unſpeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happineſs to all the truly virtuous, through Jeſus Chriſt, the Saviour and deliverer of the world! *Ibid.*

§ 239. ECONOMY OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. *Duties that relate to Man, conſidered as an individual—the Paſſions—Woman—Conſanguinity, or natural relations—Providence, or the accidental difference in men—the Social Duties—Religion.*

INTRODUCTION.

Bow down your heads unto the duſt, O ye inhabitants of earth! be ſilent and receive with reverence, inſtruction from on high.

Whereſoever the ſun doth ſhine, whereſoever the wind doth blow, whereſoever there is an ear to hear, and a mind to conceive; there let the precepts of life be made known, let the maxims of truth be honoured and obeyed.

All things proceed from God. His power is unbounded, his wiſdom is from eternity, and his goodneſs endureth for ever.

He ſitteth on his throne in the centre, and the breath of his mouth giveth life to the world.

He toucheth the ſtars with his finger, and they run their courſe rejoicing.

On the wings of the wind he walketh abroad, and performeth his will through all the regions of unlimited ſpace.

Order, and grace, and beauty, ſpring from his hand.

The voice of wiſdom ſpeaketh in all his works; but the human underſtanding comprehendeth it not.

The ſhadow of knowledge paſſeth over the mind of man as a dream; he ſeeth as in the dark; he reaſoneth, and is deceived.

But the wiſdom of God is as the light of heaven; he reaſoneth not; his mind is the fountain of truth.

Juſtice and mercy wait before his throne; benevolence and love enlighten his countenance for ever.

Who is like unto the Lord in glory? Who in power ſhall contend with the Almighty? Hath he any equal in wiſdom? Can any in goodneſs be compared unto him?

He it is, O man! who hath created thee: thy ſtation on earth is fixed by his appointment: the powers of thy mind are the gift of his goodneſs: the wonders of thy frame are the work of his hand.

Hear then his voice, for it is gracious; and he that obeyeth, ſhall eſtabliſh his ſoul in peace.

DUTIES that relate to MAN, conſidered as an INDIVIDUAL.

§ 240. CONSIDERATION.

Commune with thyſelf, O man! and conſider wherefore thou wert made.

Contemplate thy powers, contemplate thy wants and thy connections; ſo ſhalt thou diſcover the duties of life, and be directed in all thy ways.

Proceed not to ſpeak or act, before thou haſt weighed thy words, and examined the tendency of every ſtep thou ſhalt take; ſo ſhall diſgrace fly far from thee, and in thy houſe ſhall ſhame be a ſtranger; repentance ſhall not viſit thee, nor ſorrow dwell upon thy cheek.

The thoughtleſs man bridleth not his tongue;

tongue; he ſpeaketh at random, and is entangled in the fooliſhneſs of his own words.

As one that runneth in haſte, and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other ſide, which he doth not ſee; ſo is the man that plungeth ſuddenly into any action, before he hath conſidered the conſequences thereof.

Hearken therefore unto the voice of conſideration; her words are the words of wiſdom, and her paths ſhall lead thee to ſafety and truth.

§ 241. Modesty.

Who art thou, O man! that preſumeſt on thine own wiſdom? or why doſt thou vaunt thyſelf on thine own acquirements?

The firſt ſtep towards being wiſe, is to know that thou art ignorant; and if thou wouldſt not be eſteemed fooliſh in the judgment of others, caſt off the folly of being wiſe in thine own conceit.

As a plain garment beſt adorneth a beautiful woman, ſo a decent behaviour is the greateſt ornament of wiſdom.

The ſpeech of a modeſt man giveth place to truth, and the diffidence of his words abſolveth his error.

He relieth not on his own wiſdom: he weigheth the counſels of a friend, and receiveth the benefit thereof.

He turneth away his ear from his own praiſe, and believeth it not; he is the laſt that diſcovering his own perfections.

Yet as a veil addeth to beauty, ſo are his graces ſet off by the ſhade which his modeſty caſteth upon them.

But behold the vain man, and obſerve the arrogant; he clotheth himſelf in rich attire; he walketh in the public ſtreet; he caſteth round his eyes, and courteth obſervation.

He toſſeth up his head, and overlooketh the poor; he treateth his inferiors with inſolence, and his ſuperiors in return look down on his pride and folly with laughter.

He deſpiſeth the judgement of others; he relieth on his own opinion, and is confounded.

He is puffed up with the vanity of his imagination; his delight is to hear and to talk of himſelf all the day long.

He ſwalloweth with greedineſs his own praiſe, and the flatterer in return eateth him up.

§ 242. Application.

Since the days that are paſt are gone for ever, and thoſe that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the preſent time, without regretting the loſs of that which is paſt, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This inſtant is thine: the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knoweſt not what it may bring forth.

Whatſoever thou reſolveſt to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accompliſh.

Idleneſs is the parent of want and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleaſure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; proſperity and ſucceſs are the induſtrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath riſen to power, that hath clothed himſelf with honour, that is ſpoken of in the city with praiſe, and that ſtandeth before the king in his council? Even he that hath ſhut out Idleneſs from his houſe; and hath ſaid unto Sloth, Thou art mine enemy.

He riſeth up early, and lieth down late: he exerciſeth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action, and preſerveth the health of both.

The ſlothful man is a burden to himſelf; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days paſs away like the ſhadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diſeaſed for want of exerciſe; he wiſheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkneſs; his thoughts are confuſed; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its ſhell.

His houſe is in diſorder, his ſervants are waſteful and riotous, and he runneth on towards ruin; he ſeeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he ſhaketh his head, and wiſheth, but hath no reſolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and ſhame and repentance deſcend with him to the grave.

§ 243. Emulation.

If thy ſoul thirſteth for honour, if thy ear hath any pleaſure in the voice of praiſe, raiſe thyſelf from the duſt whereof thou art made, and exalt thy aim to ſomething that is praiſe-worthy.

The oak that now ſpreadeth its branches towards the heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavour to be firſt in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well doing: nevertheleſs, do not envy the merits of another; but improve thine own talents.

Scorn alſo to depreſs thy competitor by any diſhoneſt or unworthy method: ſtrive to raiſe thyſelf above him only by excelling him; ſo ſhall thy conteſt for ſuperiority be crowned with honour, if not with ſucceſs.

By a virtuous emulation, the ſpirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his courſe.

He riſeth like the palm-tree in ſpite of oppreſſion; and as an eagle in the firmament of heaven, he ſoareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the ſun.

The examples of eminent men are in his viſions by night, and his delight is to follow them all the day long.

He formeth great deſigns, he rejoiceth in the execution thereof, and his name goeth forth to the ends of the world.

But the heart of the envious man is gall and bitterneſs; his tongue ſpitteth venom; the ſucceſs of his neighbour breaketh his reſt.

He ſitteth in his cell repining, and the good that happeneth to another, is to him an evil.

Hatred and malice feed upon his heart, and there is no reſt in him.

He feeleth in his own breaſt no love to goodneſs, and therefore believeth his neighbour is like unto himſelf.

He endeavours to depreciate thoſe that excel him, and putteth an evil interpretation on all their doings.

He lieth on the watch, and meditates miſchief; but the deteſtation of man purſueth him, he is cruſhed as a ſpider in his own web.

§ 244. Prudence.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counſels, and ſtore them in thine heart; her maxims are univerſal, and all the virtues lean upon her: ſhe is the guide and miſtreſs of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; ſet a guard before thy lips, leſt the words of thine own mouth deſtroy thy peace.

Let him that ſcoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himſelf: whoſoever ſpeaketh of another's failings with pleaſure, ſhall hear of his own with bitterneſs of heart.

Of much ſpeaking cometh repentance, but in ſilence is ſafety.

A talkative man is a nuiſance to ſociety; the ear is ſick of his babbling, the torrent of his words overwhelmeth converſation.

Boaſt not of thyſelf, for it ſhall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jeſt is the poiſon of friendſhip; and he that cannot reſtrain his tongue, ſhall have trouble.

Furniſh thyſelf with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet ſpend not to the utmoſt of what thou can afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Let thine own buſineſs engage thy attention; leave the care of the ſtate to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expenſive, leſt the pain of purchaſing them exceed the pleaſure thou haſt in their enjoyment.

Neither let proſperity put out the eye of circumſpection, nor abundance ſlip from the hands of frugality; he that today indulgeth in the ſuperfluities of life, ſhall live to lament the want of its neceſſaries.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wiſdom; and from their failings correct thine own faults.

Truſt no man before thou haſt tried him; yet miſtruſt not without reaſon, nor be uncharitable.

But when thou haſt proved a man to be honeſt, lock him up in thine heart as a treaſure! regard him as a jewel of ineſtimable price.

Refuſe the favours of a mercenary man, they will be a ſnare unto thee; thou ſhalt never be quit of the obligation.

Uſe not to-day what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard which foreſight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from Prudence infallible ſucceſs; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wiſe man always ſucceſsful: yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment; never was a wiſe man wholly unhappy.

§ 245. Fortitude.

Perils, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are more or leſs the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage

courage and patience, that thou mayeſt ſupport, with a becoming reſolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirſt, through deſarts of ſand, and fainteth not; ſo the fortitude of man ſhall ſuſtain him through all perils.

A noble ſpirit diſdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatneſs of ſoul is not to be caſt down.

He hath not ſuffered his happineſs to depend on her ſmiles, and therefore with her frowns he ſhall not be diſmayed.

As a rock on the ſea-ſhore he ſtandeth firm, and the daſhing of the waves diſturbeth him not.

He raiſeth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the inſtant of danger the courage of his heart ſuſtaineth him; and the ſteadineſs of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth into battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the preſſure of misfortunes, his calmneſs alleviates their weight, and his conſtancy ſhall ſurmount them.

But the daſtardly ſpirit of a timorous man betrayeth him to ſhame.

By ſhrinking under poverty, he ſtoopeth down to meanneſs; and by tamely bearing inſults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is ſhaken with a breath of air, ſo the ſhadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarraſſed and confounded; in the day of misfortune he ſinketh, and deſpair overwhelmeth his ſoul.

§ 246. CONTENTMENT.

Forget not, O man! that thy ſtation on earth is appointed by the wiſdom of the Eternal, who knoweth thy heart, who ſeeth the vanity of all thy wiſhes, and who often, in mercy, denieth thy requeſts.

Yet for all reaſonable deſires, for all honeſt endeavours, his benevolence hath eſtabliſhed, in the nature of things, a probability of ſucceſs.

The uneaſineſs thou feeleſt, the misfortunes thou bewaileſt, behold the root from whence they ſpring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own diſtempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the diſpenſations of God, but correct thine own heart: neither ſay within thyſelf, If I had wealth or power, or leiſure, I ſhould be happy; for know, they all bring to their ſeveral poſſeſſors their peculiar inconveniencies.

The poor man ſeeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich, he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither knoweth he the wearineſs of leiſure; and therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

But envy not the appearance of happineſs in any man, for thou knoweſt not his ſecret griefs.

To be ſatisfied with a little is the greateſt wiſdom; and he that increaſeth his riches, increaſeth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treaſure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou ſuffereſt not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of juſtice or temperance, or charity, or modeſty, even riches themſelves ſhall not make thee unhappy.

But hence ſhalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath ſet him to run, and happineſs the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finiſhed his courſe, and received his crown in the manſions of eternity.

§ 247. TEMPERANCE.

The neareſt approach thou canſt make to happineſs on this ſide the grave, is to enjoy from heaven underſtanding and health.

Theſe bleſſings if thou poſſeſſeſt, and wouldſt preſerve to old age, avoid the allurements of voluptuouſneſs, and fly from her temptations.

When ſhe ſpreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine ſparkleth in the cup, when ſhe ſmileth upon thee, and perſuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, then let Reaſon ſtand firmly on her guard.

For if thou hearkeneſt unto the words of her adverſary, thou art deceived and betrayed.

The joy which ſhe promiſeth, changeth to madneſs, and her enjoyments lead on to diſeaſes and death.

Look round her board; caſt thine eyes upon her gueſts, and obſerve thoſe who have been allured by her ſmiles, who have liſtened to her temptations.

Are they not meagre? are they not ſickly? are they not ſpiritleſs?

Their ſhort hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection. She hath debauched and palled

their appetites, that they have no relish for their nicest dainties: her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained, in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she that with graceful steps, and with a lively air, trips over yonder plain?

The rose blusheth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth in her eyes, and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walks.

Her name is Health; she is the daughter of Exercise and Temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains of the northern regions.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties and virtues of their sister.

Vigour stringeth their nerves, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long.

The employments of their father excite their appetites, and the repasts of their mother refresh them.

To combat the passions is their delight; to conquer evil habits their glory.

Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure; their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed.

Their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men, neither is security found within their gates.

Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within forketh to betray them.

Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity, have raised desire in the bosom of lascivious love.

She slandeth in her bower, she courteth their regard, she spreadeth her temptations.

Her limbs are soft and delicate; her attire is loose and inviting. Wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sits temptation. She beckoneth them with her finger, she woneth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue, she endeavoureth to deceive.

Ah! fly from her allurements, stop thy ears to her enchanting words. If thou meeteſt the languishing of her eyes; if thou hearest the softness of her voice; if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains for ever.

Shame followeth, and disease, and want and care, and repentance.

Enfeebled by dalliance, with [illegible] pampered, and softened by sloth, [illegible] shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution; thy days shall be [illegible], and thy inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, [illegible] meet with no compassion.

The PASSIONS.

§ 248. Hope and Fear.

The promises of hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more [illegible] to expectation; but the threatenings of [illegible] are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless, let not hope allure [illegible] fear deter thee from doing that [illegible] right; so shalt thou be prepared to [illegible] events with an equal mind.

The terrors even of death are [illegible] to the good; he that committeth [illegible] hath nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings, let a [illegible] assurance animate thy [illegible] despairest of success, thou shalt [illegible] ceed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain [illegible] neither let thy heart sink within thee [illegible] the phantoms of imagination.

From fear proceedeth [illegible] he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As the ostrich when pursued, hideth [illegible] head, but forgetteth his body; so the [illegible] of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believest a thing impossible, [illegible] despondency shall make it so; but he [illegible] persevereth, shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise pursueth it too.

In all thy desires let reason go along with thee, and he not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall [illegible] attend thy undertakings, thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointment.

§ 249. Joy and Grief.

Let not thy mirth be so extravagant as to intoxicate thy mind, nor thy sorrow so heavy as to depress thy heart. [illegible] affordeth no good in transporting, nor [illegible] flicteth any evil so severe, as should [illegible] thee far above, or sink thee much [illegible] the balance of moderation.

Lo! yonder ſtandeth the houſe of Joy. It is painted on the outſide, and looketh gay; thou mayeſt know it from the continual noiſe of mirth and exultation that iſſueth from it.

The miſtreſs ſtandeth at the door, and calleth aloud to all that paſs by; ſhe ſingeth and ſhouteth, and laugheth without ceaſing.

She inviteth them to go in and taſte the pleaſures of life, which ſhe telleth them are no where to be found but beneath her roof.

But enter not thou into her gate; neither aſſociate thyſelf with thoſe who frequent her houſe.

They call themſelves the ſons of Joy; they laugh and ſeem delighted: but madneſs and folly are in all their doings.

They are linked with miſchief hand in hand, and their ſteps lead down to evil. Dangers beſet them round about, and the pit of deſtruction yawneth beneath their feet.

Look now on the other ſide, and behold, in that vale, overſhadowed with trees and hid from the ſight of men, the habitation of Sorrow.

Her boſom heaveth with ſighs, her mouth is filled with lamentation; ſhe delighteth to dwell on the ſubject of human misery.

She looketh on the common accidents of life and weepeth; the weakneſs and wickedneſs of man is the theme of her lips.

All nature to her teemeth with evil; every object ſhe ſeeth is tinged with the gloom of her own mind, and the voice of complaint ſaddeneth her dwelling day and night.

Come not near her cell; her breath is contagious; ſhe will blaſt the fruits, and wither the flowers, that adorn and ſweeten the garden of life.

In avoiding the houſe of Joy, let not thy feet betray thee to the borders of this diſmal manſion; but purſue with care the middle path, which ſhall lead thee by a gentle aſcent to the bower of Tranquillity.

With her dwelleth Peace, with her dwelleth Safety and Contentment. She is cheerful but not gay; ſhe is ſerious, but not grave; ſhe vieweth the joys and the ſorrows of life with an equal and ſteady eye.

From hence, as from an eminence, ſhalt thou behold the folly and the miſery of man, who led by the gaiety of their hearts, take up their abode with the companions of folly and riotous Mirth; or infected with Gloomineſs and Melancholy, ſpend all their days in complaining of the woes and calamities of human life.

Thou ſhalt view them both with pity, and the error of their ways ſhall keep thy feet from ſtraying.

§ 250. ANGER.

As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature, or as an earthquake in its convulſions overturneth whole cities; ſo the rage of an angry man throweth miſchief around him. Danger and deſtruction wait on his hand.

But conſider, and forget not thine own weakneſs; ſo ſhalt thou pardon the failings of others.

Indulge not thyſelf in the paſſion of anger; it is whetting a ſword to wound thine own breaſt, or murder thy friend.

If thou beareſt ſlight provocations with patience, it ſhall be imputed unto thee for wiſdom; and if thou wipeſt them from thy remembrance, thy heart ſhall not reproach thee.

Seeſt thou not that the angry man loſeth his underſtanding? Whilſt thou art yet in thy ſenſes, let the wrath of another be a leſſon to thyſelf.

Do nothing in a paſſion, Why wilt thou put to ſea in the violence of a ſtorm?

If it be difficult to rule thine anger, it is wiſe to prevent it: avoid therefore all occaſions of falling into wrath; or guard thyſelf againſt them whenever they occur.

A fool is provoked with inſolent ſpeeches, but a wiſe man laugheth them to ſcorn.

Harbour not revenge in thy breaſt, it will torment thy heart, and diſcolour its beſt inclinations.

Be always more ready to forgive, than to return an injury: he that watches for an opportunity of revenge, lieth in wait againſt himſelf, and draweth down miſchief on his own head.

A mild anſwer to an angry man, like water caſt upon the fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he ſhall become thy friend.

Conſider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools ſhould be wrath.

In folly or weakneſs it always beginneth; but remember, and be well aſſured, it ſeldom concludeth without repentance.

On the heels of Folly treadeth Shame; at the back of Anger ſtandeth Remorſe.

§ 251. Pity.

As bloſſoms and flowers are ſtrewed upon earth by the hand of ſpring, as the kindneſs of ſummer produceth in perfection the bounties of harveſt; ſo the ſmiles of pity ſhed bleſſings on the children of misfortune.

He who pitieth another, recommendeth himſelf; but he who is without compaſſion, deſerveth it not.

The butcher relenteth not at the bleating of the lamb; neither is the heart of the cruel moved with diſtreſs.

But the tears of the compaſſionate are ſweeter than dew drops falling from roſes on the boſom of the ſpring.

Shut not thine ear therefore againſt the cries of the poor; neither harden thine heart againſt the calamities of the innocent.

When the fatherleſs call upon thee, when the widow's heart is ſunk, and ſhe implores thy aſſiſtance with tears of ſorrow; O pity her affliction, and extend thy hand to thoſe who have none to help them.

When thou ſeeſt the naked wanderer of the ſtreet, ſhivering with cold, and deſtitute of habitation; let bounty open thine heart, let the wings of charity ſhelter him from death, that thine own ſoul may live.

Whilſt the poor man groaneth on the bed of ſickneſs, whilſt the unfortunate languiſh in the horrors of a dungeon, or the hoary head of age lifts up a feeble eye to thee for pity; O how canſt thou riot in ſuperfluous enjoyments, regardleſs of their wants, unfeeling of their woes!

§ 252. Desire *and* Love.

Beware, young man, beware of the allurements of wantonneſs, and let not the harlot tempt thee to exceſs in her delights.

The madneſs of deſire ſhall defeat its own purſuits; from the blindneſs of its rage thou ſhalt ruſh upon deſtruction.

Therefore give not up thy heart to her ſweet enticements, neither ſuffer thy ſoul to be enſlaved by her enchanting deluſions.

The fountain of health, which muſt ſupply the ſtream of pleaſure, ſhall quickly be dried up, and every ſpring of joy ſhall be exhauſted.

In the prime of thy life old age ſhall overtake thee; thy ſun ſhall decline in the morning of thy days.

But when virtue and modeſty enlighten her charms, the luſtre of a beautiful woman is brighter than the ſtars of heaven, and the influence of her power it is in vain to reſiſt.

The whiteneſs of her boſom tranſcendeth the lily; her ſmile is more delicious than a garden of roſes.

The innocence of her eye is like that of the turtle; ſimplicity and truth dwell in her heart.

The kiſſes of her mouth are ſweeter than honey; the perfumes of Arabia breathe from her lips.

Shut not thy boſom to the tenderneſs of love; the purity of its flame ſhall ennoble thy heart, and ſoften it to receive the fareſt impreſſions.

§ 253. WOMAN.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the inſtructions of prudence, and let the precepts of truth ſink deep in thy heart, ſo ſhall the charms of thy mind add luſtre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty, like the roſe it reſembleth, ſhall retain its ſweetneſs when its bloom is withered.

In the ſpring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whiſpereth in thine ear the meaning of their look: ah! hear with caution their ſeducing words; guard well thy heart, nor liſten to their ſoft perſuaſions.

Remember that thou art made man's reaſonable companion, not the ſlave of his paſſion; the end of thy being is not merely to gratify his looſe deſire, but to aſſiſt him in the toils of life, to ſoothe him with thy tenderneſs, and recompence his care with ſoft endearments.

Who is ſhe that winneth the heart of man, that ſubdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breaſt?

Lo! yonder ſhe walketh in maiden ſweetneſs, with innocence in her mind, and modeſty on her cheek.

Her hand ſeeketh employment, her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is cloathed with neatneſs, ſhe is fed with temperance; humility and meekneſs are as a crown of glory circling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth muſic, the ſweetneſs of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency

Decency is in all her words, in her anſwers are mildneſs and truth.

Submiſſion and obedience are the leſſons of her life, and peace and happineſs are her reward.

Before her ſteps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye ſpeaketh ſoftneſs and love; but diſcretion with a ſcepter ſitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her preſence, the awe of her virtue keepeth him ſilent.

When ſcandal is buſy, and the fame of her neighbour is toſſed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of ſilence reſteth on her lip.

Her breaſt is the manſion of goodneſs, and therefore ſhe ſuſpecteth no evil in others.

Happy were the man that ſhould make her his wife: happy the child that ſhall call her mother.

She preſideth in the houſe, and there is peace; ſhe commandeth with judgment, and is obeyed.

She ariſeth in the morning, ſhe conſiders her affairs, and appointeth to every one their proper buſineſs.

The care of her family is her whole delight, to that alone ſhe applieth her ſtudy; and elegance with frugality is ſeen in her manſions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her huſband, and he heareth her praiſe with a ſecret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wiſdom: ſhe faſhioneth their manners from the example of her own goodneſs.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth, the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She ſpeaketh, and her ſervants fly; ſhe pointeth, and the thing is done: for the law of love is in their hearts, and her kindneſs addeth wings to their feet.

In proſperity ſhe is not puffed up; in adverſity ſhe healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her huſband are alleviated by her counſels, and ſweetened by her endearments: he putteth his heart in her boſom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy the child that calleth her mother.

CONSANGUINITY, *or* NATURAL RELATIONS.

§ 254. HUSBAND.

Take unto thyſelf a wife, and obey the ordinance of God; take unto thyſelf a wife, and become a faithful member of ſociety.

But examine with care, and fix not ſuddenly. On thy preſent choice depends thy future happineſs.

If much of her time is deſtroyed in dreſs and adornments; if ſhe is enamoured with her own beauty, and delighteth in her own praiſe; if ſhe laugheth much, and talketh loud: if her foot abideth not in her father's houſe, and her eyes with boldneſs rove on the faces of men; though her beauty were as the ſun in the firmament of heaven, turn thy face from her charms, turn thy feet from her paths, and ſuffer not thy ſoul to be enſnared by the allurements of imagination.

But when thou findeſt ſenſibility of heart, joined with ſoftneſs of manners; an accompliſhed mind, with a form agreeable to thy fancy; take her home to thy houſe, ſhe is worthy to be thy friend, thy companion in life, the wife of thy boſom.

O cheriſh her as a bleſſing ſent thee from heaven. Let the kindneſs of thy behaviour endear thee to her heart.

She is the miſtreſs of thy houſe; treat her therefore with reſpect, that thy ſervants may obey her.

Oppoſe not her inclination without cauſe; ſhe is the partner of thy cares, make her alſo the companion of thy pleaſures.

Reprove her faults with gentleneſs; exact not her obedience with rigour.

Truſt thy ſecrets in her breaſt; her counſels are ſincere, thou ſhalt not be deceived.

Be faithful to her bed; for ſhe is the mother of thy children.

When pain and ſickneſs aſſault her, let thy tenderneſs ſoothe her affliction: a look from thee of pity and love ſhall alleviate her grief, or mitigate her pain, and be of more avail than ten phyſicians.

Conſider the tenderneſs of her ſex, the delicacy of her frame; and be not ſevere to her weakneſs, but remember thine own imperfections.

§ 255. FATHER.

Conſider thou who art a parent, the importance of thy truſt: the being thou haſt produced, it is thy duty to ſupport.

Upon thee alſo it dependeth, whether the child of thy boſom ſhall be a bleſſing or a curſe to thyſelf; an uſeful or a worthleſs member to the community.

Prepare him early with inſtruction, and ſeaſon his mind with the maxims of truth.

Watch the bent of his inclination, ſee him

him right in his youth, and let no evil habit gain ſtrength with his years.

So ſhall he riſe like a cedar on the mountains; his head ſhall be ſeen above the trees of the foreſt.

A wicked ſon is a reproach to his father; but he that doth right is an honour to his grey hairs.

The ſoil is thine own, let it not want cultivation; the ſeed which thou ſoweſt, that alſo ſhalt thou reap.

Teach him obedience, and he ſhall bleſs thee; teach him modeſty, and he ſhall not be aſhamed.

Teach him gratitude, and he ſhall receive benefits; teach him charity, and he ſhall gain love.

Teach him temperance, and he ſhall have health; teach him prudence, and fortune ſhall attend him.

Teach him juſtice, and he ſhall be honoured by the world; teach him ſincerity, and his own heart ſhall not reproach him.

Teach him diligence, and his wealth ſhall increaſe; teach him benevolence, and his mind ſhall be exalted.

Teach him ſcience, and his life ſhall be uſeful; teach him religion, and his death ſhall be happy.

§ 256. Son.

From the creatures of God let man learn wiſdom, and apply to himſelf the inſtruction they give.

Go to the deſert, my ſon; obſerve the young ſtork of the wilderneſs; let him ſpeak to thy heart; he beareth on his wings his aged ſire, he lodgeth him with ſafety, and ſupplieth him with food.

The piety of a child is ſweeter than the incenſe of Perſia offered to the ſun; yea more delicious than odours wafted from a field of Arabian ſpices by the weſtern gales.

Be grateful then to thy father, for he gave thee life; and to thy mother, for ſhe ſuſtained thee.

Hear the words of his mouth, for they are ſpoken for thy good; give ear to his admonition, for it proceedeth from love.

He hath watched for thy welfare, he hath toiled for thy eaſe: do honour therefore to his age, and let not his grey hairs be treated with irreverence.

Forget not thy helpleſs infancy, nor the frowardneſs of thy youth, and indulge the infirmities of thy aged parents; aſſiſt and ſupport them in the decline of life.

So ſhall their hoary heads go down to the grave in peace; and thine own children, in reverence of thy example, ſhall repay thy piety with filial love.

§ 257. Brothers.

Ye are the children of one father, provided for by his care; and the breaſt of one mother hath given you ſuck.

Let the bonds of affection, therefore, unite thee with thy brothers, that peace and happineſs may dwell in thy father's houſe.

And when ye ſeparate in the world, remember the relation that bindeth you to love and unity; and prefer not a ſtranger to thine own blood.

If thy brother is in adverſity, aſſiſt him; if thy ſiſter is in trouble, forſake her not.

So ſhall the fortunes of thy father contribute to the ſupport of his whole race; and his care be continued to you all in your love to each other.

PROVIDENCE; *or* the accidental Differences in Men.

§ 258. Wise *and* Ignorant.

The gifts of the underſtanding are the treaſures of God; and he appointeth to every one his portion, in what meaſure ſeemeth good unto himſelf.

Hath he endued thee with wiſdom? hath he enlightened thy mind with the knowledge of truth? Communicate it to the ignorant, for their inſtruction; communicate it to the wiſe, for thine own improvement.

True wiſdom is leſs preſuming than folly. The wiſe man doubteth often, and changeth his mind; the fool is obſtinate, and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

The pride of emptineſs is an abomination; and to talk much is the fooliſhneſs of folly. Nevertheleſs, it is the part of wiſdom to bear with patience their impertinence, and to pity their abſurdity.

Yet be not puffed up with thine own conceit, neither boaſt of ſuperior underſtanding; the cleareſt human knowledge is but blindneſs and folly.

The wiſe man feeleth his imperfections, and is humbled; he laboureth in vain for his own approbation: but the fool peepeth in

in the ſhallow ſtream of his own mind, and is pleaſed with the pebbles which he ſees at the bottom: he bringeth them up and ſheweth them as pearls; and with the applauſe of his brethren delighteth he himſelf.

He boaſteth attainments in things that are of no worth; but where it is a ſhame to be ignorant, there he hath no underſtanding.

Even in the paths of wiſdom he toileth after folly; and ſhame and diſappointment are the reward of his labour.

But the wiſe man cultivates his mind with knowledge: the improvement of arts is his delight, and their utility to the public crowneth him with honour.

Nevertheleſs the attainment of virtue he accounteth as the higheſt learning: and the ſcience of happineſs is the ſtudy of his life.

§ 259. Rich *and* Poor.

The man to whom God hath given riches, and bleſſed with a mind to employ them aright, is peculiarly favoured, and highly diſtinguiſhed.

He looketh on his wealth with pleaſure, becauſe it affordeth him the means to do good.

He ſeeketh out objects of compaſſion: he enquireth into their wants; he relieveth with judgment, and without oſtentation.

He aſſiſteth and rewardeth merit: he encourageth ingenuity, and liberally promoteth every uſeful deſign.

He carrieth on great works: his country is enriched, and the labourer is employed: he formeth new ſchemes, and the arts receive improvement.

He conſidereth the ſuperfluities of his table as belonging to the poor of his neighbourhood, and he defraudeth them not.

The benevolence of his mind is not checked by his fortune; he rejoiceth therefore in riches, and his joy is blameleſs.

But woe unto him that heapeth up wealth in abundance, and rejoiceth alone in the poſſeſſion thereof:

That grindeth the face of the poor, and conſidereth not the ſweat of their brows.

He thriveth on oppreſſion without feeling; the ruin of his brother diſturbeth him not.

The tears of the orphan he drinketh as milk; the cries of the widow are muſic to his ear.

His heart is hardened with the love of wealth; no grief nor diſtreſs can make impreſſion upon it.

But the curſe of iniquity purſueth him: he liveth in continual fear; the anxiety of his mind, and the rapacious deſires of his own ſoul, take vengeance upon him for the calamities he has brought upon others.

O what are the miſeries of poverty, in compariſon with the gnawings of this man's heart.

Let the poor man comfort himſelf, yea, rejoice; for he hath many reaſons.

He ſitteth down to his morſel in peace; his table is not crowded with flatterers and devourers.

He is not embarraſſed with a train of dependants, nor teaſed with the clamours of ſolicitation.

Debarred from the dainties of the rich, he eſcapeth alſo their diſeaſes.

The bread that he eateth, is it not ſweet to his taſte? the water he drinketh, is it not pleaſant to his thirſt? yea, far more delicious than the richeſt draughts of the luxurious.

His labour preſerveth his health, and procureth him a repoſe, to which the downy bed of ſloth is a ſtranger.

He limiteth his deſires with humility, and the calm of contentment is ſweeter to his ſoul than all the acquirements of wealth and grandeur.

Let not the rich therefore preſume on his riches, nor the poor in his poverty yield to his deſpondence; for the providence of God diſpenſeth happineſs to them both.

§ 260. Masters *and* Servants.

Repine not, O man, at the ſtate of ſervitude: it is the appointment of God, and hath many advantages; it removeth thee from the cares and ſolicitudes of life.

The honour of a ſervant is his fidelity; his higheſt virtues are ſubmiſſion and obedience.

Be patient therefore under the reproofs of thy maſter; and when he rebuketh thee anſwer not again. The ſilence of thy reſignation ſhall not be forgotten.

Be ſtudious of his intereſts, be diligent in his affairs, and faithful to the truſt which he repoſeth in thee.

Thy time and thy labour belong unto him. Defraud him not thereof, for he payeth thee for them.

And thou who art a maſter, be juſt to thy ſervant, if thou expecteſt from him fidelity:

fidelity; and reaſonable in thy commands, if thou expecteſt a ready obedience.

The ſpirit of a man is in him; ſeverity and rigour may create fear, but can never command his love.

Mix kindneſs with reproof, and reaſon with authority: ſo ſhall thy admonitions take place in his heart, and his duty ſhall become his pleaſure.

He ſhall ſerve thee faithfully from the motive of gratitude; he ſhall obey thee cheerfully from the principle of love: and fail not thou, in return, to give his diligence and fidelity their proper reward.

§ 261. MAGISTRATES *and* SUBJECTS.

O thou, favourite of heaven, whom the ſons of men, thy equals, have agreed to raiſe to ſovereign power, and ſet as a ruler over themſelves; conſider the ends and importance of their truſt, far more than the dignity and height of thy ſtation.

Thou art cloathed in purple, and ſeated on a throne: the crown of majeſty inveſteth thy temples; the ſceptre of power is placed in thy hand: but not for thyſelf were theſe enſigns given; not meant for thine own, but the good of thy kingdom.

The glory of a king is the welfare of his people; his power and dominion reſteth on the hearts of his ſubjects.

The mind of a great prince is exalted with the grandeur of his ſituation: he revolveth high things, and ſearcheth for buſineſs worthy of his power.

He calleth together the wiſe men of his kingdom, he conſulteth amongſt them with freedom, and heareth the opinions of them all.

He looketh among his people with diſcernment; he diſcovereth the abilities of men, and employeth them according to their merits.

His magiſtrates are juſt, his miniſters are wiſe, and the favourite of his boſom deceiveth him not.

He ſmileth on the arts, and they flouriſh; the ſciences improve beneath the culture of his hand.

With the learned and ingenious he delighteth himſelf; he kindleth in their breaſts emulation, and the glory of his kingdom is exalted by their labours.

The ſpirit of the merchant who extendeth his commerce; the ſkill of the farmer, who enricheth his lands; the ingenuity of the artiſt, the improvement of the ſcholar; all theſe he honoureth with his favour, or rewardeth with his bounty.

He planteth new colonies, he buildeth ſtrong ſhips, he openeth rivers for convenience, he formeth harbours for ſafety; his people abound in riches, and the ſtrength of his kingdom encreaſeth.

He frameth his ſtatutes with equity and wiſdom; his ſubjects enjoy the fruits of their labour, in ſecurity; and their happineſs conſiſts in the obſervance of the law.

He foundeth his judgments on the principles of mercy; but in the puniſhment of offenders he is ſtrict and impartial.

His ears are open to the complaints of his ſubjects; he reſtraineth the hand of their oppreſſors, and delivereth them from their tyranny.

His people therefore look up to him as a father, with reverence and love; they conſider him as the guardian of all they enjoy.

Their affection unto him begetteth in his breaſt a love of the public; the ſecurity of their happineſs is the object of his care.

No murmurs againſt him ariſe in their hearts: the machinations of his enemies endanger not his ſtate.

His ſubjects are faithful, and firm in his cauſe; they ſtand in his defence as a wall of braſs; the army of a tyrant flieth before them as chaff before the wind.

Security and peace bleſs the dwellings of his people; glory and ſtrength encircle his throne for ever.

The SOCIAL DUTIES.

§ 262. BENEVOLENCE.

When thou conſidereſt thy wants, when thou beholdeſt thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodneſs, O ſon of humanity! who honoured thee with reaſon, endued thee with ſpeech, and placed thee in ſociety, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy cloathing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyments of the comforts and the pleaſures of life: all theſe thou oweſt to the aſſiſtance of others, and couldſt not enjoy but in the bands of ſociety.

It is thy duty therefore to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy intereſt that man ſhould be friendly to thee.

As

As the roſe breatheth ſweetneſs from its own nature, ſo the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the eaſe and tranquillity of his own breaſt, and rejoiceth in the happineſs and proſperity of his neighbour.

He openeth not his ear unto ſlander: the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

His deſire is to do good, and he ſearcheth out the occaſions thereof; in removing the oppreſſions of another he relieveth himſelf.

From the largeneſs of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wiſhes the happineſs of all men: and from the generoſity of his heart, he endeavoureth to promote it.

§ 263. JUSTICE.

The peace of ſociety dependeth on juſtice; the happineſs of individuals, on the ſafe enjoyment of all their poſſeſſions.

Keep the deſires of thy heart, therefore, within the bounds of moderation: let the rule of juſtice lead them aright.

Caſt not an evil eye on the goods of thy neighbour; let whatever is his property be ſacred from thy touch.

Let no temptation allure thee, nor any provocation excite thee, to lift up thy hand to the hazard of his life.

Defame him not in his character; bear no falſe witneſs againſt him.

Corrupt not his ſervant to cheat or forſake him; and the wife of his boſom, O tempt not to ſin.

It will be a grief to his heart, which thou canſt not relieve; an injury to his life, which no reparation can atone for.

In thy dealings with men be impartial and juſt; and do unto them as thou wouldſt they ſhould do unto thee.

Be faithful to thy truſt, and deceive not the man who relieth upon thee; be aſſured it is leſs evil in the ſight of God to ſteal, than to betray.

Oppreſs not the poor, and defraud not of his hire the labouring man.

When thou ſelleſt for gain, hear the whiſperings of conſcience, and be ſatisfied with moderation; nor from the ignorance of the buyer make any advantage.

Pay the debts which thou oweſt, for he who gave thee credit, relied upon thine honour: and to with-hold from him his due, is both mean and unjuſt.

Finally, O ſon of ſociety! examine thy heart, call remembrance to thy aid; and if in any of theſe things thou findeſt thou haſt tranſgreſſed, take ſorrow aud ſhame to thyſelf, and make ſpeedy reparation to the utmoſt of thy power.

§ 264. CHARITY.

Happy is the man who hath ſown in his breaſt the ſeeds of benevolence; the produce thereof ſhall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart ſhall riſe rivers of goodneſs; and the ſtreams ſhall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He aſſiſteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the proſperity of all men.

He cenſureth not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their ſlanders.

He forgiveth the injuries of men, he wipeth them from his remembrance; revenge and malice have no place in his heart.

For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injuſtice with friendly admonition.

The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compaſſion; he endeavoureth to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleaſure of ſucceſs rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the miſchiefs of ſtrife and animoſity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praiſe and benedictions.

§ 265. GRATITUDE.

As the branches of a tree return their ſap to the root from whence it aroſe; as a river poureth his ſtreams to the ſea, where his ſpring was ſupplied; ſo the heart of a grateful man delighteth in returning a benefit received.

He acknowledgeth his obligations with cheerfulneſs: he looketh on his benefactor with love and eſteem.

And if to return it be not in his power, he nouriſheth the memory of it in his breaſt with kindneſs, he forgetteth it not all the days of his life.

The hand of the generous man is like the clouds of heaven, which drop upon the earth, fruits, herbage, and flowers: but the

the heart of the ungrateful is like a deſert of ſand, which ſwalloweth with greedineſs the ſhowers that fall, and burieth them in its boſom, and produceth nothing.

Envy not thy benefactor, neither ſtrive to conceal the benefit he hath conferred; for though the act of generoſity commandeth admiration; yet the humility of gratitude toucheth the heart, and is amiable in the ſight both of God and man.

But receive not a favour from the hands of the proud: to the ſelfiſh and avaricious have no obligation: the vanity of pride ſhall expoſe thee to ſhame, the greedineſs of avarice ſhall never be ſatisfied.

§ 266. Sincerity.

O thou who art enamoured with the beauties of truth, and haſt fixed thy heart on the ſimplicity of her charms, hold faſt thy fidelity unto her, and forſake her not; the conſtancy of thy virtue ſhall crown thee with honour.

The tongue of the ſincere is rooted in his heart: hypocriſy and deceit have no place in his words.

He bluſheth at falſehood, and is confounded: but in ſpeaking the truth he hath a ſteady eye.

He ſupporteth as a man the dignity of his character; to the arts of hypocriſy he ſcorneth to ſtoop.

He is conſiſtent with himſelf; he is never embarraſſed; he hath courage enough for truth, but to lie he is afraid.

He is far above the meanneſs of diſſimulation; the words of his mouth are the thoughts of his heart.

Yet with prudence and caution he openeth his lips; he ſtudieth what is right, and ſpeaketh with diſcretion.

He adviſeth with friendſhip, he reproveth with freedom: and whatſoever he promiſeth ſhall ſurely be performed.

But the heart of the hypocrite is hid in his breaſt; he maſketh his words in the ſemblance of truth, while the buſineſs of his life is only to deceive.

He laugheth in ſorrow, he weepeth in joy; and the words of his mouth have no interpretation.

He worketh in the dark as a mole, and fancieth he is ſafe; but he blundereth into light, and is betrayed and expoſed, with his dirt on his head.

He paſſeth his days with perpetual conſtraint: his tongue and his heart are for ever at variance.

He laboureth for the character of a righteous man; and huggeth himſelf in the thoughts of his cunning.

O fool! fool! the pains which thou takeſt to hide what thou art, are more than would make thee what thou wouldſt ſeem; and the children of wiſdom ſhall mock at thy cunning, when, in the midſt of ſecurity, thy diſguiſe is ſtripped off, and the finger of deriſion ſhall point thee to ſcorn.

§ 267. Religion.

There is but one God, the author, the creator, the governor of the world, almighty, eternal, and incomprehenſible.

The ſun is not God, though his nobleſt image. He enliveneth the world with his brightneſs, his warmth giveth life to the products of the earth; admire him as the creature, the inſtrument of God; but worſhip him not.

To the One who is ſupreme, moſt wiſe and beneficent, and to him alone, belong worſhip, adoration, thankſgiving, and praiſe!

Who hath ſtretched forth the heavens with his hand, who hath deſcribed with his finger the courſes of the ſtars.

Who ſetteth bounds to the ocean, that it cannot paſs; and ſaith unto the ſtormy winds, Be ſtill.

Who ſhaketh the earth, and the nations tremble; who darteth his lightnings, and the wicked are diſmayed.

Who calleth forth worlds by the word of his mouth; who ſmiteth with his arm, and they ſink into nothing.

"O reverence the Majeſty of the Om-
"nipotent; and tempt not his anger, leſt
"thou be deſtroyed!"

The providence of God is over all his works; he ruleth and directeth with infinite wiſdom.

He hath inſtituted laws for the government of the world; he hath wonderfully varied them in his beings; and each, by his nature, conformeth to his will.

In the depths of his mind he revolveth all knowledge; the ſecrets of futurity lie open before him.

The thoughts of thy heart are naked to his view; he knoweth thy determinations before they are made.

With reſpect to his preſcience, there is nothing contingent; with reſpect to his providence, there is nothing accidental.

Wonderful he is in all his ways; his

counſels

counſels are inſcrutable; the manner of his knowledge tranſcendeth thy conception.

"Pay therefore to his wiſdom all honour "and veneration; and bow down thyſelf "in humble and ſubmiſſive obedience to "his ſupreme direction."

The Lord is gracious and beneficent; he hath created the world in mercy and love.

His goodneſs is conſpicuous in all his works; he is the fountain of excellence, the centre of perfection.

The creatures of his hand declare his goodneſs, and all their enjoyments ſpeak his praiſe; he clotheth them with beauty, he ſupporteth them with food, he preſerveth them with pleaſure from generation to generation.

If we lift up our eyes to the heavens, his glory ſhineth forth; if we caſt them down upon the earth, it is full of his goodneſs; the hills and the vallies rejoice and ſing; fields, rivers, and woods reſound his praiſe.

But thee, O man, he hath diſtinguiſhed with peculiar favour; and exalted thy ſtation above all creatures.

He hath endued thee with reaſon, to maintain thy dominion: he hath fitted thee with language, to improve by ſociety; and exalted thy mind with the powers of meditation to contemplate and adore his inimitable perfections.

And in the laws he hath ordained as the rule of thy life, ſo kindly hath he ſuited thy duty to thy nature, that obedience to his precepts is happineſs to thyſelf.

"O praiſe his goodneſs with ſongs of "thankſgiving, and meditate in ſilence on "the wonders of his love; let thy heart "overflow with gratitude and acknow-"ledgment; let the language of thy lips "ſpeak praiſe and adoration; let the "actions of thy life ſhew thy love to his "law."

The Lord is juſt and righteous, and will judge the earth with equity and truth.

Hath he eſtabliſhed his laws in goodneſs and mercy, and ſhall he not puniſh the tranſgreſſors thereof?

O think not, bold man! becauſe thy puniſhment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyſelf with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

His eye pierceth the ſecrets of every heart, and he remembereth them for ever; he reſpecteth not the perſons or the ſtations of men.

The high and the low, the rich and the poor, the wiſe and the ignorant, when the ſoul hath ſhaken off the cumbrous ſhackles of this mortal life, ſhall equally receive from the ſentence of God a juſt and everlaſting retribution according to their works.

Then ſhall the wicked tremble and be afraid; but the heart of the righteous ſhall rejoice in his judgments.

"O fear the Lord, therefore, all the "days of thy life, and walk in the paths "which he hath opened before thee. Let "prudence admoniſh thee, let temperance "reſtrain, let juſtice guide thy hand, bene-"volence warm thy heart, and gratitude "to heaven inſpire thee with devotion. "Theſe ſhall give thee happineſs in thy "preſent ſtate, and bring thee to the man-"ſions of eternal felicity, in the paradiſe "of God."

This is the true ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

ECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

Part II. *Man conſidered in the general—Conſidered in regard to his infirmities and their effects—The advantages he may acquire over his fellow-creatures—Natural accidents.*

MAN conſidered in the General.

§ 268. *Of the* HUMAN FRAME *and* STRUCTURE.

Weak and ignorant as thou art, O man! humble as thou oughteſt to be, O child of the duſt! wouldſt thou raiſe thy thoughts to infinite wiſdom? wouldſt thou ſee Omnipotence diſplayed before thee, contemplate thine own frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made; praiſe therefore thy Creator with awe, and rejoice before him with reverence.

Wherefore of all creatures art thou only erect, but that thou ſhouldſt behold his works! wherefore art thou to behold, but that thou mayſt admire them! wherefore to admire, but that thou mayſt adore their and thy Creator!

Wherefore is conſciouſneſs repoſed in thee alone? and whence is it derived to thee?

It is not in fleſh to think; it is not in bones to reaſon. The lion knoweth not that worms ſhall eat him; the ox perceiveth not that he is fed for ſlaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to

what thou feeſt: ſomething informs thy clay, higher than all that is the object of thy ſenſes. Behold, what is it?

Thy body remaineth perfect after it is ſlain, therefore it is no part of it; it is immaterial, therefore it is eternal; it is free to act, therefore it is accountable for its actions.

Knoweth the aſs the uſe of food, becauſe his teeth mow down the herbage? or ſtandeth the crocodile erect although his back-bone is as ſtraight as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed theſe; after them all were thou created; ſuperiority and command were given thee over all, and of his own breath did he communicate to thee thy principle of knowledge.

Know thyſelf then the pride of his creation, the link uniting divinity and matter; behold a part of God himſelf within thee; remember thine own dignity, nor dare to deſcend to evil or meanneſs.

Who planted terror in the tail of the ſerpent? who clothed the neck of the horſe with thunder? even he who hath inſtructed thee to cruſh the one under thy feet, and to tame the other to thy purpoſes.

§ 269. *Of the* Use *of the* Senses.

Vaunt not of thy body, becauſe it was firſt formed; nor of thy brain, becauſe therein thy ſoul reſideth. Is not the maſter of the houſe more honourable than its walls?

The ground muſt be prepared before corn be planted; the potter muſt build his furnace before he can make his porcelane.

As the breath of Heaven ſayeth unto the waters of the deep, This way ſhall thy billows roll, and no other; thus high and no higher ſhall they raiſe their fury; ſo let thy ſpirit, O man, actuate and direct thy fleſh; ſo let it repreſs its wildneſs.

Thy ſoul is the monarch of thy frame; ſuffer not its ſubjects to rebel againſt it.

Thy body is as the globe of the earth, thy bones the pillars that ſuſtain it on its baſis.

As the ocean giveth riſe to ſprings, whoſe waters return again into its boſom through the rivers, ſo runneth thy life from thy heart outwards, and ſo runneth it into its place again.

Do not both retain their courſe for ever? Behold, the ſame God ordaineth them.

Is not thy noſe the channel to perfumes? thy mouth the path to delicacies? Yet know thou that perfumes long ſmell [illegible] offenſive, that delicacies deſtroy the appetite they flatter.

Are not thine eyes the [illegible] that watch for thee? yet how often are they unable to diſtinguiſh truth from error?

Keep thy ſoul in moderation, teach thy ſpirit to be attentive to its good; to ſhut theſe its miniſters be always open to the conveyances of truth.

Thine hand is it not a miracle? is there in the creation aught like unto it? wherefore was it given thee, but that thou mighteſt ſtretch it out to the aſſiſtance of thy brother?

Why of all things living art thou alone made capable of blushing? the world ſhall read thy ſhame upon thy face; therefore do nothing ſhameful.

Fear and diſmay, why rob they the countenance of its ruddy ſplendour? dwell guilt, and thou ſhalt know that fear is beneath thee; that diſmay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thou alone ſpeak [illegible] in the viſions of thy pillow? Revelation them; for know that dreams are from a high.

Thou man alone canſt ſpeak. Wonder at thy glorious prerogative; And pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome praiſe, teaching thy children wiſdom, inſtructing the offspring of thy loins in piety.

§ 270. *The* Soul *of* Man, *its* Orders *and* Affections.

The bleſſings, O man! of thy external part, are health, vigour, and proportion. The greateſt of theſe is health. Wiſh health is to the body, even that is humble to the ſoul.

That thou haſt a ſoul, is of all knowledge the moſt certain, of all truths the moſt plain unto thee. Be meek, be grateful for it. Seek not to know it gratefully: it is inſcrutable.

Thinking, underſtanding, ſentiment, willing, call not theſe the ſoul! They are its actions, but they are not its eſſence.

Raiſe it not too high, that thou be not deſpiſed. Be not thou like unwiſe who fall by climbing; neither debaſe it in the ſenſe of beaſts; nor be thou like wave the horſe and the mule, in whom there is no underſtanding.

Search it by its faculties; know it by its virtues. They are more in number

than the hairs of thy head; the ſtars of heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with Arabia, that one ſoul is parted among all men; neither believe thou with the ſons of Egypt, that every man hath many: know, that as thy heart, ſo alſo thy ſoul is one.

Doth not the ſun harden the clay? doth it not alſo ſoften the wax? As it is one ſun that worketh both, even ſo it is one ſoul that willeth contraries.

As the moon retaineth her nature though darkneſs ſpread itſelf before her face as a curtain, ſo the ſoul remaineth perfect even in the boſom of a fool.

She is immortal; ſhe is unchangeable; ſhe is alike in all. Health calleth her forth to ſhew her lovelineſs, and application anointeth her with the oil of wiſdom.

Although ſhe ſhall live after thee, think not ſhe was born before thee. She was co-created with thy fleſh, and formed with thy brain.

Juſtice could not give her to thee exalted by virtues, nor mercy deliver her to thee deformed by vices. Theſe muſt be thine, and thou muſt anſwer for them.

Suppoſe not death can ſhield thee from examination; think not corruption can hide thee from inquiry. He who formed thee of thou knoweſt not what, can he not raiſe thee to thou knoweſt not what again?

Perceiveth not the cock the hour of midnight? Exalteth he not his voice, to tell thee it is morning? Knoweth not the dog the foot ſteps of his maſter? and flieth not the wounded goat unto the herb that healeth him? Yet when theſe die, their ſpirit returneth to the duſt: thine alone ſurviveth.

Envy not to theſe their ſenſes, becauſe quicker than thine own. Learn that the advantage lieth not in poſſeſſing good things, but in the knowing to uſe them.

Hadſt thou the ear of a ſtag, or were thine eye as ſtrong and piercing as the eagle's; hadſt thou equal the hounds in ſmell, or could the ape reſign to thee his taſte, or the tortoiſe her feeling; yet without reaſon, what would they avail thee? Periſh not all theſe like their kindred?

Hath any one of them the gift of ſpeech? Can any ſay unto thee, Therefore did I ſo?

The lips of the wiſe are as the doors of a cabinet; no ſooner are they opened, but treaſures are poured out before thee.

Like unto trees of gold arranged in beds of ſilver, are wiſe ſentences uttered in due ſeaſon.

Canſt thou think too greatly of thy ſoul? or can too much be ſaid in its praiſe? It is the image of him who gave it.

Remember thou its dignity for ever; forget not how great a talent is committed to thy charge.

Whatſoever may do good may alſo do harm. Beware that thou direct her courſe to virtue.

Think not that thou canſt loſe her in the crowd; ſuppoſe not that thou canſt bury her in thy cloſet. Action is her delight, and ſhe will not be withheld from it.

Her motion is perpetual; her attempts are univerſal; her activity is not to be ſuppreſſed. Is it at the uttermoſt poles of the earth? ſhe will have it: Is it beyond the region of the ſtars? yet will her eye diſcover it.

Inquiry is her delight. As one who traverſeth the burning ſands in ſearch of water, ſo is the ſoul that ſearcheth after knowledge.

Guard her, for ſhe is raſh; reſtrain her, for ſhe is irregular: correct her, for ſhe is outrageous; more ſupple is ſhe than water, more flexible than wax, more yielding than air. Is there aught can bind her?

As a ſword in the hand of a madman, even ſo is the ſoul to him who wanteth diſcretion.

The end of her ſearch is truth; her means to diſcover it are reaſon and experience. But are not theſe weak, uncertain, and fallacious? How then ſhall ſhe attain unto it?

General opinion is no proof of truth, for the generality of men are ignorant.

Perceiveſt thou of thyſelf, the knowledge of him who created thee, the ſenſe of the worſhip thou oweſt unto him? are not theſe plain before thy face? And behold! what is there more that man needeth to know?

§ 271. *Of the* PERIOD *and* USES *of* HUMAN LIFE.

As the eye of morning to the lark, as the ſhade of evening to the owl, as honey to the bee, or as the carcaſe unto the vulture; even ſuch is life unto the heart of man.

Though bright, it dazzleth not; though obſcure, it diſpleaſeth not; though ſweet, it cloyeth not; though corrupt, it forbiddeth not; yet who is he that knoweth its true value?

Learn to eſteem life as it ought; then art thou near the pinnacle of wiſdom.

Think not with the fool, that nothing is more valuable: nor believe with the pretended wife, that thou oughteſt to contemn it. Love it not for itſelf, but for the good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee, neither can mines of diamonds purchaſe back the moment thou haſt now loſt of it. Employ the ſucceeding ones in virtue.

Say not, that it were beſt not to have been born; or if born, that it had been beſt to die early: neither dare thou to aſk of thy Creator, Where had been the evil that I had not exiſted? Good is in thy power; the want of good is evil; and if the queſtion be juſt, lo! it condemneth thee.

Would the fiſh ſwallow the bait if he knew the hook was hidden therein? would the lion enter the toils if he ſaw they were prepared for him? ſo neither were the ſoul to periſh with this clay, would man wiſh to live? neither would a merciful God have created him: know hence thou ſhalt live afterward.

As the bird is incloſed in the cage before he ſeeth it, yet teareth not his fleſh againſt its ſides; ſo neither labour thou vainly to run from the ſtate thou art in; but know it is allotted thee, and be content with it.

Though its ways are uneven, yet are they not all painful. Accommodate thyſelf to all; and where there is leaſt appearance of evil, ſuſpect the greateſt danger.

When thy bed is ſtraw, thou ſleepeſt in ſecurity; but when thou ſtretcheſt thyſelf on roſes, beware of the thorns.

A good death is better than an evil life: ſtrive therefore to live as long as thou oughteſt, not as long as thou canſt. While thy life is to others worth more than thy death, it is thy duty to preſerve it.

Complain not with the fool, with the ſhortneſs of thy time: remember that with thy days, thy cares are ſhortened.

Take from the period of thy life the uſeleſs parts of it, and what remaineth? Take off the time of thine infancy, the ſecond infancy of age, thy ſleep, thy thoughtleſs hours, thy days of ſickneſs: and even at the fulneſs of years, how few ſeaſons haſt thou truly numbered.

He who gave thee life as a bleſſing, ſhortened it to make it more ſo. To what end would longer life have ſerved thee? Wiſheſt thou to have had an opportunity of more vices? As to the good, will not he who limited thy ſpan, be ſatisfied with the trials of it?

To what end, O child of ſorrow! wouldſt thou live longer? to breathe, to eat, to ſee the world? All this thou haſt done often already. Too frequent repetition, is it not tireſome? or is it not ſuperfluous?

Wouldſt thou improve thy wiſdom and thy virtue? Alas! what art thou to know? or who is it that ſhall teach thee? Badly thou employeſt the little that thou haſt, dare not, therefore, to complain that more is not given thee.

Repine not at the want of knowledge; it muſt periſh with thee in the grave. Be honeſt here, thou ſhalt be wiſe hereafter.

Say not unto the crow, why numbereſt thou ſeven times the age of thy lord? or to the fawn, why are thine eyes to ſee my offſpring to an hundredth generation? Are theſe to be compared with thee in the abuſe of life? are they riotous? are they cruel? are they ungrateful? Learn from them rather, that innocence of life and ſimplicity of manners are the paths to a good old age.

Knoweſt thou to employ life better than theſe? then leſs of it may ſuffice thee.

Man who dares enſlave the world when he knows he can enjoy his tyranny but a moment, what would he not aim at if he were immortal?

Enough haſt thou of life, but thou regardeſt it not: thou art not in want of it. O man! but thou art prodigal: thou throweſt it lightly away, as if thou hadſt more than enough; and yet thou repineſt that it is not gathered again unto thee?

Know that it is not abundance which maketh rich, but economy.

The wiſe continueth to live from his birth period; the fool is always beginning.

Labour not after riches firſt, and then thou afterwards wilt enjoy them. He who neglecteth the preſent moment, throweth away all he hath. As the arrow paſſeth through the heart, while the warrior knew not that it was coming; ſo ſhall his life be taken away before he knoweth that he hath it.

What then is life, that man ſhould deſire it? what breathing, that he ſhould covet it?

Is it not a ſcene of deluſion, a ſeries of misadventures, a purſuit of evils linked on all ſides together? In the beginning it is ignorance, pain is in its middle, and the end is ſorrow.

As one wave puſheth on another, ſo we are involved in that behind us, and ſucceedeth evil to evil in the life of man.

the greater and the preſent ſwallow up the leſſer and the paſt. Our terrors are real evils; our expectations look forward into improbabilities.

Fools, to dread as mortals, and to deſire as if immortal!

What part of life is it that we would wiſh to remain with us? Is it youth? can we be in love with outrage, licentiouſneſs, and temerity? Is it age? then we are fond of infirmities.

It is ſaid, grey hairs are revered, and in length of days is honour. Virtue can add reverence to the bloom of youth; and without it age plants more wrinkles in the ſoul than on the forehead.

Is age reſpected becauſe it hateth riot? What juſtice is in this, when it is not age that deſpiſeth pleaſure, but pleaſure that deſpiſeth age.

Be virtuous while thou art young, ſo ſhall thine age be honoured.

Man conſidered in regard to his Infirmities, and their Effects.

§ 272. VANITY.

Inconſtancy is powerful in the heart of man; intemperance ſwayeth it whither it will; deſpair engroſſeth much of it; and fear proclaimeth, Behold, I ſit unrivalled therein! but vanity is beyond them all.

Weep not therefore at the calamities of the human ſtate; rather laugh at its follies. In the hands of the man addicted to vanity, life is but the ſhadow of a dream.

The hero, the moſt renowned of human characters, what is he but the bubble of this weakneſs! the public is unſtable and ungrateful; why ſhould the man of wiſdom endanger himſelf for fools?

The man who neglecteth his preſent concerns, to revolve how he will behave when greater, feedeth himſelf with wind, while his bread is eaten by another.

Act as becometh thee in thy preſent ſtation; and in more exalted ones thy face ſhall not be aſhamed.

What blindeth the eye, or what hideth the heart of a man from himſelf like vanity? Lo! when thou ſeeſt not thyſelf, then others diſcover thee moſt plainly.

As the tulip that is gaudy without ſmell, conſpicuous without uſe; ſo is the man who ſetteth himſelf up on high, and hath not merit.

The heart of the vain is troubled while it ſeemeth content; his cares are greater than his pleaſures.

His ſolicitude cannot reſt with his bones; the grave is not deep enough to hide it; he extendeth his thoughts beyond his being: he beſpeaketh praiſe to be paid when he is gone: but whoſo promiſeth it, deceiveth him.

As the man that engageth his wife to remain in widowhood, that ſhe diſturb not his ſoul; ſo is he who expecteth that praiſe ſhall reach his ears beneath the earth, or cheriſh his heart in its ſhroud.

Do well while thou liveſt; but regard not what is ſaid of it. Content thyſelf with deſerving praiſe, and thy poſterity ſhall rejoice in hearing it.

As the butterfly, who ſeeth not her own colours; as the jeſſamine, which feeleth not the ſcent it caſteth around; ſo is the man who appeareth gay, and biddeth others to take notice of it.

To what purpoſe, ſaith he, is my veſture of gold? to what end are my tables filled with dainties, if no eye gaze upon them? if the world know it not? Give thy raiment to the naked, and thy food unto the hungry; ſo ſhalt thou be praiſed, and feel that thou deſerveſt it.

Why beſtoweſt thou on every man the flattery of unmeaning words! Thou knoweſt when returned thee, thou regardeſt it not. He knoweth he lieth unto thee; yet he knoweth thou wilt thank him for it. Speak in ſincerity, and thou ſhalt hear with inſtruction.

The vain delighteth to ſpeak of himſelf; but he ſeeth not that others like not to hear him.

If he have done any thing worth praiſe, if he poſſeſs that which is worthy admiration, his joy is to proclaim it, his pride is to hear it reported. The deſire of ſuch a man defeateth itſelf. Men ſay not, Behold, he hath done it: or, See, he poſſeſſeth it: but, mark how proud he is of it!

The heart of man cannot attend at once to many things. He who fixeth his ſoul on ſhew, loſeth reality. He purſueth bubbles which break in their flight, while he treads to earth what would do him honour.

§ 273. INCONSTANCY.

Nature urgeth thee to inconſtancy, O man! Therefore guard thyſelf at all times againſt it.

Thou art from the womb of thy mother various and wavering. From the loins of thy father inheriteſt thou inſtability; how then ſhalt thou be firm?

Those who gave thee a body, furnished it with weakness; but he who gave thee a soul, armed thee with resolution. Employ it, and thou art wise; be wise, and thou art happy.

Let him who doeth well, beware how he boasteth of it; for rarely it is of his own will.

Is it not the event of an impulse from without, born of uncertainty, enforced by accident, dependent on somewhat else? To these men, and to accident, is due the praise.

Beware of irresolution in the intent of thy actions, beware of instability in the executions; so shalt thou triumph over two great failings of thy nature.

What reproacheth reason more than to act contrariously? What can suppress the tendencies to these, but firmness of mind?

The inconstant treeth that he changeth, but he knoweth not why; he seeth that he escapeth from himself, but he perceiveth not how. Be thou incapable of change in that which is right, and men will rely upon thee.

Establish unto thyself principles of action, and see that thou ever act according to them.

First know that thy principles are just, and then be thou inflexible in the path of them.

So shall thy passions have no rule over thee; so shalt thy constancy ensure thee the good thou possessest, and drive from thy man my ottone. Anxiety and disappointment shall be strangers to thy gates.

Subject not evil in any one, until thou feelst it; when thou feelst it, forget it not.

Whoso hath been an enemy, eat not he a friend; for may mendeth me of his faults.

How should his actions be right who hath no rule of life? Nothing can be just which proceedeth not from reason.

The inconstant hath no peace in his soul; neither can any be at ease whom he concerneth himself with.

His life is unequal; his motions are irregular; his soul changeth with the weather.

To-day he loveth thee, to-morrow thou art derided by him; and why? himself knoweth not wherefore he loved, or wherefore he now hateth.

Today he is the tyrant; to-morrow thy servant is lost humble; and why? he who is arrogant without power, will be servile where there is no subjection.

Today he is profuse, to-morrow he grudgeth unto his mouth that which it should eat. That it is with him who knoweth not moderation.

Who shall say of the camelion, he is black, when the moment after, the verdure of the grass overspreadeth him?

Who shall say of the inconstant, he is joyful, when his next breath shall be spent in sighing.

What is the life of such a man but the phantom of a dream? In the morning he riseth happy, at noon he is on the rack; this hour he is a god, the next below a worm; one moment he laugheth, the next he weepeth; he now willeth, in an instant he willeth not, and in another he knoweth not whether he willeth or no.

Yet neither ease or pain have ever themselves on him; neither is he weed greater, or become less; neither have he had cause for laughter, nor reason for his sorrow; therefore shall none of them abide with him.

The happiness of the inconstant is as a palace built on the surface of the sand; the blowing of the wind carrieth away the foundation; what wonder then that it falleth?

But what exalted form is this, that hitherwards directs its even, its unwinding course? whose tiny is on the earth, whose head is above the clouds?

On his brow sitteth majesty; friendliness is in his port; and in his heart reigneth tranquillity.

Though obstacles appear in the way, he delgneth not to look down upon them; though heaven and earth oppose his passage, he proceedeth.

The mountains sink beneath his crowd; the waters of the ocean are dried up into the sole of his foot.

The tygur throweth herself across his way in vain; the spots of the leopard glow against him unregarded.

He marcheth through the embattled legions; with his hand he putteth aside the terrors of death.

Storms roar against his shoulders but are not able to shake them; the thunder bursteth over his head in vain; the lightning serveth but to shew the glories of his countenance.

His name is Rhamlothon! He cometh from the utmost parts of the earth; he seeth happiness afar off before him; his eye discovereth his temple beyond the limits of the pole.

He walketh up to it, he entereth holding, and he remaineth there for ever.

Establish

Eſtabliſh thy heart, O man! in that which is right; and then know the greateſt of human praiſe is to be immutable.

§ 274. Weakness.

Vain and inconſtant as thou art, O child of imperfection! how canſt thou but be weak? Is not inconſtancy connected with frailty? Can there be vanity without infirmity? avoid the danger of the one, and thou ſhalt eſcape the miſchiefs of the other.

Wherein art thou moſt weak? in that wherein thou ſeemeſt moſt ſtrong; in that wherein moſt thou glorieſt: even in poſſeſſing the things which thou haſt: in uſing the good that is about thee.

Are not thy deſires alſo frail? or knoweſt thou even what it is thou wouldeſt wiſh? When thou haſt obtained what moſt thou ſoughteſt after, behold it contenteth thee not.

Wherefore loſeth the pleaſure that is before thee its reliſh? and why appeareth that which is yet to come the ſweeter? Becauſe thou art wearied with the good of this, becauſe thou knoweſt not the evil of that which is not with thee, Know that to be content is to be happy.

Couldeſt thou chuſe for thyſelf, would thy Creator lay before thee all that thine heart could aſk for? would happineſs then remain with thee? or would joy dwell always in thy gates?

Alas! thy weakneſs forbiddeth it; thy infirmity declareth againſt it. Variety is to thee in the place of pleaſure; but that which permanently delighteth muſt be permanent.

When it is gone, thou repenteſt the loſs of it, though, while it was with thee, thou deſpiſeſt it.

That which ſucceedeth it, hath no more pleaſure for thee: and thou afterwards quarreleſt with thyſelf for preferring it; behold the only circumſtance in which thou erreſt not!

Is there any thing in which thy weakneſs appeareth more than in deſiring things? It is in the poſſeſſing and in the uſing them.

Good things ceaſe to be good in our enjoyment of them. What nature meant pure ſweets, are ſources of bitterneſs to us; from our delights ariſe pain; from our joys, ſorrow.

Be moderate in the enjoyment, and it ſhall remain in thy poſſeſſion; let thy joy be founded on reaſon; and to its end ſhall ſorrow be a ſtranger.

The delights of love are uſhered in by ſighs, and they terminate in languiſhment and dejection. The object thou burneſt for, nauſeates with ſatiety: and no ſooner haſt thou poſſeſſed it, but thou art weary of its preſence.

Join eſteem to thy admiration, unite friendſhip with thy love; ſo ſhalt thou find in the end, content ſo abſolute, that it ſurpaſſeth raptures, tranquillity more worth than ecſtaſy.

God hath given thee no good without its admixture of evil; but he hath given thee alſo the means of throwing off the evil from it.

As joy is not without the alloy of pain, ſo neither is ſorrow without its portion of pleaſure. Joy and grief, though unlike, are united. Our own choice only can give them us entire.

Melancholy itſelf often giveth delight, and the extremity of joy is mingled with tears.

The beſt things in the hands of a fool may be turned to his deſtruction; and out of the worſt the wiſe will find the means of good.

So blended is weakneſs in thy nature, O man; that thou haſt not ſtrength either to be good, or to be evil entirely. Rejoice that thou canſt not excel in evil, and let the good that is within thy reach content thee.

The virtues are allotted to various ſtations. Seek not after impoſſibilities, nor grieve that thou canſt not poſſeſs them at all.

Wouldſt thou at once have the liberality of the rich, and the contentment of the poor? or ſhall the wife of thy boſom be deſpiſed, becauſe ſhe ſheweth not the virtues of the widow?

If thy father ſink before thee in the diviſions of thy country, can at once thy juſtice deſtroy him, and thy duty ſave his life!

If thou beholdeſt thy brother in the agonies of a ſlow death, is it not mercy to put a period to his life, and is it not alſo death to be his murderer?

Truth is but one; thy doubts are of thine own raiſing. He who made virtues what they are, planted alſo in thee a knowledge of their pre-eminence. Act as thy ſoul dictates to thee, and the end ſhall be always right.

§ 275. *Of the* Insufficiency *of* Knowledge.

If there is any thing lovely, if there is any thing deſirable, if there is any thing

within the reach of man that is worthy of praiſe, is it not knowledge? and yet who is he that attaineth unto it?

The ſtateſman proclaimeth that he hath it; the ruler of the people claimeth the praiſe of it; but findeth the ſubject that he poſſeſſeth it?

Evil is not requiſite to man; neither can vice be neceſſary to be tolerated: yet how many evils are permitted by the connivance of the laws? how many crimes committed by the decrees of the council?

But be wiſe, O ruler! and learn, O thou that art to command the nations! One crime authorized by thee, is worſe than the eſcape of ten from puniſhment.

When thy people are numerous, when thy ſons increaſe about thy table; ſendeſt thou them not out to ſlay the innocent, and to fall before the ſword of him whom they have not offended?

If the object of thy deſires demandeth the lives of a thouſand, ſayeſt thou not, I will have it? Surely thou forgetteſt that he who created thee, created alſo theſe; and that their blood is as rich as thine.

Sayeſt thou, that juſtice cannot be executed without wrong! ſurely thine own words condemn thee.

Thou who flattereſt with falſe hopes the criminal, that he may confeſs his guilt; art thou not unto him a criminal? or is thy guilt the leſs, becauſe he cannot puniſh it?

When thou commandeſt to the torture him who is but ſuſpected of ill, dareſt thou to remember, that thou mayeſt rack the innocent?

Is thy purpoſe anſwered by the event? is thy ſoul ſatisfied with his confeſſion? Pain will enforce him to ſay what is not, as eaſy as what is; and anguiſh hath cauſed innocence to accuſe herſelf.

That thou mayeſt not kill him without cauſe, thou doſt worſe than kill him: that thou mayeſt prove if he be guilty, thou deſtroyeſt him innocent.

O blindneſs to all truth! O inſufficiency of the wiſdom of the wiſe! know when thy judge ſhall bid the account for this, thou ſhalt wiſh ten thouſand guilty to have gone free, rather than one innocent then to ſtand forth againſt thee.

Inſufficient as thou art to the maintenance of juſtice, how ſhalt thou arrive at the knowledge of truth? how ſhalt thou aſcend to the footſtep of her throne?

As the owl is blinded by the radiance of the ſun, ſo ſhall the brightneſs of her countenance dazzle thee in thy approaches.

If thou wouldſt mount up into her throne, firſt bow thyſelf at her footſtool: If thou wouldſt arrive at the knowledge of her, firſt inform thyſelf of thine own ignorance.

More worth is ſhe than pearls, therefore ſeek her carefully: the emerald, and the ſapphire, and the ruby, are as dirt beneath her feet; therefore purſue her manfully.

The way to her is labour; attention is the pilot that muſt conduct thee into her ports. But weary not in the way; for when thou art arrived at her, the toil ſhall be to thee for pleaſure.

Say not unto thyſelf, Behold, truth breedeth hatred, and I will avoid it; diſſimulation raiſeth friends, and I will follow it. Are not the enemies made by truth, better than the friends obtained by flattery?

Naturally doth man deſire the truth: yet when it is before him, he will not apprehend it; and if it force itſelf upon him, is he not offended at it?

The fault is not in truth, for that is amiable; but the weakneſs of men beareth not its ſplendour.

Wouldſt thou ſee thine own inſufficiency more plainly? view thyſelf at thy devotions! To what end was religion inſtituted, but to teach thee thine infirmities, to remind thee of thy weakneſs, to ſhew thee that from heaven alone thou art to hope for good?

Doth it not remind thee that thou art duſt! doth it not tell thee that thou art aſhes? And behold repentance is not built on frailty?

When thou giveſt an oath, when thou ſweareſt thou wilt not deceive; behold it ſpreadeth ſhame upon thy face, and upon the face of him that receiveth it. Learn to be juſt, and repentance may be forgotten; learn to be honeſt, and oaths are unneceſſary.

The ſhorter follies are, the better: ſay not therefore to thyſelf, I will not play the fool by halves.

He that heareth his own faults with patience, ſhall reprove another with boldneſs.

He that giveth a denial with reaſon, ſhall ſuffer a repulſe with moderation.

If thou art ſuſpected, anſwer with freedom: whom ſhould ſuſpicion affright, except the guilty?

The tender of heart is turned from his purpoſe

purpoſe by ſupplications, the proud is rendered more obſtinate by entreaty, the ſenſe of thine inſufficiency commanded thee to hear; but to be juſt, thou muſt hear without thy paſſions.

§ 276. Misery.

Feeble and inſufficient as thou art, O man, in good; frail and inconſtant as thou art in pleaſure; yet there is a thing in which thou art ſtrong and unſhaken. Its name is Miſery.

It is the character of thy being, the prerogative of thy nature; in thy breaſt alone it reſideth; without thee there is nothing of it. And behold, what is its ſource, but thine own paſſions?

He who gave thee theſe, gave thee alſo reaſon to ſubdue them; exert it, and thou ſhalt trample them under thy feet.

Thine entrance into the world, is it not ſhameful? thy deſtruction is it not glorious? Lo! men adorn the inſtruments of death with gold and gems, and wear them above their garments.

He who begetteth a man, hideth his face: but he who killeth a thouſand is honoured.

Know thou, notwithſtanding, that in this is error. Cuſtom cannot alter the nature of truth; neither can the opinion of men deſtroy juſtice; the glory and the ſhame are miſplaced.

There is but one way for man to be produced: there are a thouſand by which he may be deſtroyed.

There is no praiſe, or honour, to him who giveth being to another; but triumphs and empire are the rewards of murder.

Yet he who hath many children, hath as many bleſſings; and he who hath taken away the life of another, ſhall not enjoy his own.

While the ſavage curſeth the birth of his ſon, and bleſſeth the death of his father, doth he not call himſelf a monſter?

Enough of evil is allotted unto man; but he maketh it more while he lamenteth it.

The greateſt of all human ills is ſorrow; too much of this thou art born unto; add not unto it by thy own perverſeneſs.

Grief is natural to thee, and is always about thee; pleaſure is a ſtranger, and viſiteth thee but by times: uſe well thy reaſon, and ſorrow ſhall be caſt behind thee; be prudent, and the viſits of joy ſhall remain long with thee.

Every part of thy frame is capable of ſorrow; but few and narrow are the paths that lead to delight.

Pleaſures can be admitted only ſimply; but pains ruſh in a thouſand at a time.

As the blaze of ſtraw fadeth as ſoon as it is kindled; ſo paſſeth away the brightneſs of joy, and thou knoweſt not what is become of it.

Sorrow is frequent; pleaſure is rare; pain cometh of itſelf; delight muſt be purchaſed: grief is unmixed; but joy wanteth not its alloy of bitterneſs.

As the ſoundeſt health is leſs perceived than the ſlighteſt malady, ſo the higheſt joy toucheth us leſs deep than the ſmalleſt ſorrow.

We are in love with anguiſh; we often fly from pleaſure; when we purchaſe it, coſteth it not more than it is worth?

Reflection is the buſineſs of man: a ſenſe of his ſtate is his firſt duty; but who remembereth himſelf in joy. Is it not in mercy, then, that ſorrow is allotted unto us?

Man foreſeeth the evil that is to come; he remembereth it when it is paſt: he conſidereth not that the thought of affliction woundeth deeper than the affliction itſelf. Think not of thy pain, but when it is upon thee, and thou ſhalt avoid what moſt would hurt thee.

He who weepeth before he needeth, weepeth more than he needeth: and why, but that he loveth weeping?

The ſtag weepeth not till the ſpear is lifted up againſt him; nor do the tears of the beaver fall, till the hound is ready to ſeize him: man anticipateth death, by the apprehenſions of it; and the fear is greater miſery than the event itſelf.

Be always prepared to give an account of thine actions; and the beſt death is that which is leaſt premeditated.

§ 277. *Of* Judgment.

The greateſt bounties given to man, are judgment and will; happy is he who miſapplieth them not.

As the torrent that rolleth down the mountains, deſtroyeth all that is borne away by it; ſo doth common opinion overwhelm reaſon in him who ſubmitteth to it, without ſaying, What is thy foundation?

See that what thou receiveſt as truth be not the ſhadow of it; what thou acknowledgeſt as convincing, is often but plauſible. Be firm, be conſtant, determine for thyſelf; ſo ſhalt thou be anſwerable only for thine own weakneſs.

Say not that the event proveth the wiſdom of the action: remember man is not above the reach of accidents.

Condemn not the judgment of another, becauſe it differeth from thine own; may not even both be in an error?

When thou eſteemeſt a man for his titles, and contemneth the ſtranger becauſe he wanteth them, judgeſt thou not of the camel by its bridle?

Think not thou art revenged of thine enemy when thou ſlayeſt him: thou putteſt him beyond thy reach, thou giveſt him quiet, and thou takeſt from thyſelf all means of hurting him.

Was thy mother incontinent, and grieveth it thee to be told of it? Is frailty in thy wife, and art thou pained at the reproach of it? He who deſpiſeth thee for it, condemneth himſelf. Art thou anſwerable for the vices of another?

Diſregard not a jewel, becauſe thou poſſeſſeſt it; neither enhance thou the value of a thing, becauſe it is another's: poſſeſſion to the wife addeth to the price of it.

Honour not thy wife the leſs, becauſe ſhe is in thy power; and deſpiſe him that hath ſaid, Would thou love her leſs? marry her! What hath put her into thy power, but her confidence in thy virtue? ſhouldſt thou love her leſs for being more obliged to her!

If thou wert juſt in thy courtſhip of her, though thou neglecteſt her while thou haſt her, yet ſhall her loſs be bitter to thy ſoul.

He who thinketh another bleſt, only becauſe he poſſeſſeth her; if he be not wiſer than thee, at leaſt he is more happy.

Weigh not the loſs thy friend hath ſuffered by the tears he ſheddeth for it; the greateſt griefs are above theſe expreſſions of them.

Eſteem not an action becauſe it is done with noiſe and pomp; the nobleſt ſoul is that which doth great things, and is not moved in the doing them.

Fame aſtoniſheth the ear of him who heareth it; but tranquility rejoiceth the heart that is poſſeſſed of it.

Attribute not the good actions of another to bad cauſes: thou canſt not know his heart; but the world will know by this, that thine is full of envy.

There is not in hypocriſy more vice than folly; to be honeſt is as eaſy as to ſeem ſo.

Be more ready to acknowledge a benefit than to revenge an injury; ſo ſhalt thou have more benefits than injuries done unto thee.

Be more ready to love than to hate; ſo ſhalt thou be loved by more than hate thee.

Be willing to commend, and be ſlow to cenſure; ſo ſhall praiſe be upon thy virtues, and the eye of enmity ſhall be blind to thy imperfections.

When thou doſt good, do it becauſe it is good; not becauſe men eſteem it: when thou avoideſt evil, fly it becauſe it is evil: not becauſe men ſpeak againſt it: be moved for love of honeſty, and thou ſhalt be uniformly ſo; he that doth it without principle, is wavering.

Wiſh rather to be reproved by the wiſe, than to be applauded by him who hath no underſtanding; when they tell thee of a fault, they ſuppoſe thou canſt improve; the other, when he praiſeth thee, thinketh thee like unto himſelf.

Accept not an office for which thou art not qualified, leſt he who knoweth more of it deſpiſe thee.

Inſtruct not another in that wherein thyſelf art ignorant; when he ſeeth it, he will upbraid thee.

Expect not a friendſhip with him who hath injured thee; he who ſuffereth the wrong, may forgive it; but he who doth it, never will be well with him.

Lay not too great obligations on him thou wiſheſt thy friend; behold! the weight of them will drive him from thee: a little benefit gaineth friendſhip; a great one maketh an enemy.

Nevertheleſs, ingratitude is not in the nature of man; neither is his anger irreconcileable: he hateth to be put in mind of a debt he cannot pay; he is aſhamed in the preſence of him whom he hath injured.

Repine not at the good of a ſtranger, neither rejoice thou in the evil that befalleth thine enemy: wiſheſt thou that others ſhould do thus to thee?

Wouldſt thou enjoy the good-will of all men, let thine own benevolence be univerſal. If thou obtaineſt it not by this, no other means could give it thee: and know, though thou haſt it not, thou haſt the greater pleaſure of having merited it.

§ 278. Presumption.

Pride and meanneſs ſeem incompatible; but man reconcileth contrarieties: he is at once the moſt miſerable and the moſt arrogant of all creatures.

Preſumption is the bane of reaſon; it is

the ſource of error; yet it is congenial with reaſon in us.

Who is there that judgeth not either too highly of himſelf, or thinketh too meanly of others.

Our Creator himſelf eſcapeth not our preſumption: how then ſhall we be ſafe from one another?

What is the origin of ſuperſtition? and whence ariſeth falſe worſhip? from our preſuming to reaſon about what is above our reach, to comprehend what is incomprehenſible.

Limited and weak as our underſtandings are, we employ not even their little forces as we ought. We ſoar not high enough in our approaches to God's greatneſs; we give not wing enough to our ideas, when we enter into the adoration of divinity.

Man who fears to breathe a whiſper againſt his earthly ſovereign, trembles not to arraign the diſpenſations of his God: he forgetteth his majeſty, and prejudgeth his judgments.

He who dareth not repeat the name of his prince without honour, yet bluſheth not to call that of his Creator to be witneſs to a lie.

He who would hear the ſentence of the magiſtrate with ſilence, yet dareth to plead with the Eternal; he attempteth to ſooth him with intreaties, to flatter him with promiſes, to agree with him upon conditions; nay, to brave and murmur at him if his requeſt is not granted.

Why art thou unpuniſhed, O man! in thy impiety, but that this is not thy day of retribution.

Be not like unto thoſe who fight with the thunder; neither dare thou to deny thy Creator thy prayers, becauſe he chaſtiſeth thee. Thy madneſs in this is on thine own head; thy impiety hurteth no one but thyſelf.

Why boaſteth man that he is the favourite of his Maker, yet neglecteth to pay his thanks and his adorations for it? How ſuiteth ſuch a life with a belief ſo haughty?

Man, who is truly but a mote in the wide expanſe, believeth the whole earth and heaven to be created for him: he thinketh the whole frame of nature hath intereſt in his well-being.

As the fool, while the images tremble on the boſom of the water, thinketh that trees, towns, and the wide horizon, are dancing to do him pleaſure; ſo man, while nature performs her deſtined courſe, believes that all her motions are but to entertain his eye.

While he courts the rays of the ſun to warm him, he ſuppoſeth it made only to be of uſe to him; while he traceth the moon in her nightly path, he believeth that ſhe was created to do him pleaſure.

Fool to thine own pride! be humble! know thou art not the cauſe why the world holdeth its courſe; for thee are not made the viciſſitudes of ſummer and winter.

No change would follow if thy whole race exiſted not; thou art but one among millions that are bleſſed in it.

Exalt not thyſelf to the heavens; for, lo, the angels are above thee; nor diſdain thy fellow-inhabitants of the earth, though they are inferior to thee. Are they not the work of the ſame hand?

Thou who art happy by the mercy of thy Creator, how dareſt thou in wantonneſs put others of his creatures to torture? Beware that cruelty return not upon thee.

Serve they not all the ſame univerſal Maſter with thee? Hath he not appointed unto each its laws? Hath he not care of their preſervation? and dareſt thou to infringe it?

Set not thy judgment above that of all the earth; neither condemn as falſehood what agreeth not with thine own apprehenſion. Who gave thee the power of determining for others? or who took from the world the right of choice?

How many things have been rejected, which are now received as truths? How many now received as truths, ſhall in their turn be deſpiſed? Of what then can man be certain?

Do the good that thou knoweſt, and happineſs ſhall be unto thee. Virtue is more thy buſineſs here than wiſdom.

Truth and falſehood, have they not the ſame appearance in what we underſtand not? what then but our preſumption can determine between them?

We eaſily believe what is above our comprehenſion: or we are proud to pretend it, that it may appear we underſtand it. Is not this folly and arrogance?

Who is it that affirms moſt boldly; who is it that holds his opinion moſt obſtinately? Even he who hath moſt ignorance: for he alſo hath moſt pride.

Every man, when he layeth hold of an opinion, deſireth to remain in it; but moſt of all he who hath moſt preſumption. He contenteth not himſelf to betray his own ſoul;

soul; but he will impose on others to believe in it also.

Say not that truth is established by years, or that in a multitude of believers there is certainty.

One human proposition hath as much authority as another, if reason maketh not the difference.

Of the AFFECTIONS *of* MAN, *which are hurtful to himself and others.*

§ 279. Covetousness.

Riches are not worthy a strong attention; therefore an earnest care of obtaining them is unjustifiable.

The desire of what man calleth good, the joy he raketh in possessing it, is grounded only in opinion. Form not thy opinion from the vulgar; examine the worth of things thyself, and thou shalt not be covetous.

An immoderate desire of riches is a poison lodged in the soul. It contaminates and destroys every thing that was good in it. It is no sooner rooted there, than all virtue, all honesty, all natural affection, fly before the face of it.

The covetous would sell his children for gold; his parent might die ere he would open his coffer; nay, he considereth not himself in respect of it. In the search of happiness he maketh himself unhappy.

As the man who selleth his house to purchase ornaments for the embellishment of it, even so is he who giveth up peace in the search of riches, in hope that he may be happy in enjoying them.

Where covetousness reigneth, know that the soul is poor. Whoso accounteth riches the principal good of man, will throw away all other goods in the pursuit of them.

Whoso feareth poverty as the greatest evil of his nature, will purchase to himself all other evils in the avoiding of it.

Thou soul, is not virtue more worth than riches? is not guilt more base than poverty? Enough for his necessities is in the power of every man; be content with it, and thy happiness shall smile at the sorrows of him who heapeth up more.

Nature hath hid gold beneath the earth, as if unworthy to be seen; silver hath she placed where thou trampleſt it under thy feet. Meaneth she not by this to inform thee, that gold is not worthy thy regard, that silver is beneath thy notice?

Covetousness burieth under the ground millions of wretches; these dig for their hard masters what returneth the injury; what maketh them more miserable than their slaves.

The earth is barren of good things where she hoardeth up treasure: where gold is in her bowels, there no herb groweth.

As the horse findeth not there his grass, nor the mule his provender; as the fields of corn laugh not on the sides of the hills; as the olive holdeth not forth there her fruits, nor the vine her clusters; even so no good dwelleth in the breast of him whose heart broodeth over his treasure.

Riches are servants to the wise; but they are tyrants over the soul of the fool.

The covetous serveth his gold; it serveth not him. He possesseth his wealth as the sick doth a fever; it burneth and tortureth him, and will not quit him, will death.

Hath not gold destroyed the riches of millions? Did it ever add to the goodness of any?

Is it not most abundant with the evil of man? wherefore then shouldst thou hope to be distinguished by possessing it?

Have not the wisest been those who have had least of it? and is not wisdom happiness?

Have not the worst of thy species possessed the greatest portions of it? and hath not their end been miserable?

Poverty wanteth many things; but covetousness denieth itself all.

The covetous can be good to no man; but he is to none so cruel as to himself.

If thou art industrious to procure gold, be generous in the disposal of it. Man never is so happy as when he giveth happiness to another.

§ 280. Profusion.

If there be a vice greater than the hoarding up of riches, it is the employing them to useless purposes.

He that prodigally lavisheth that which he hath to spare, robbeth the poor of what nature giveth them a right unto.

He who squandereth away his treasure, refuseth the means to do good; he denieth himself the practice of virtues which reward is in their hand, whose end is no other than his own happiness.

It is more difficult to be well with riches, than to be at ease under the want of them. Man governeth himself much easier in poverty than in abundance.

Poverty requireth but one virtue, patience, to support it; the rich, if he have

not charity, temperance, prudence, and many more, is guilty.

The poor hath only the good of his own ſtate committed unto him; the rich is intruſted with the welfare of thouſands.

He that giveth away his treaſure wiſely, giveth away his plagues: he that retaineth their increaſe, heapeth up ſorrows.

Refuſe not unto the ſtranger that which he wanteth; deny not unto thy brother even that which thou wanteſt thyſelf.

Know there is more delight in being without what thou haſt given, than in poſſeſſing millions which thou knoweſt not the uſe of.

§ 281. Revenge.

The root of revenge is in the weakneſs of the ſoul: the moſt abject and timorous are the moſt addicted to it.

Who torture thoſe they hate, but cowards? who murder thoſe they rob but women?

The feeling an injury, muſt be previous to the revenging it; but the noble mind diſdaineth to ſay, It hurts me.

If the injury is not below thy notice, he that doth it unto thee, in that, maketh himſelf ſo: wouldſt thou enter the liſts with one inferior?

Diſdain the man who attempteth to wrong thee; contemn him who would give thee diſquiet.

In this thou not only preſerveſt thine own peace, but thou inflicteſt all the puniſhment of revenge, without ſtopping to employ it againſt him.

As the tempeſt and the thunder affect not the ſun or the ſtars, but ſpend their fury on ſtones and trees below; ſo injuries aſcend not to the ſouls of the great, but waſte themſelves on ſuch as are thoſe who offer them.

Poorneſs of ſpirit will actuate revenge; greatneſs of ſoul deſpiſeth the offence: nay, it doth good unto him who intended to have diſturbed it.

Why ſeekeſt thou vengeance, O man! with what purpoſe is it that thou purſueſt it? Thinkeſt thou to pain thine adverſary by it? Know that thyſelf feeleſt its greateſt torments.

Revenge gnaweth the heart of him who is infected with it, while he againſt whom it is intended remaineth eaſy.

It is unjuſt in the anguiſh it inflicts; therefore nature intended it not for thee: needeth he who is injured more pain? or ought he to add force to the affliction which another has caſt upon him?

The man who meditateth revenge is not content with the miſchief he hath received; he addeth to his anguiſh the puniſhment due unto another: while he whom he ſeeketh to hurt, goeth his way laughing; he maketh himſelf merry at this addition to his miſery.

Revenge is painful in the intent, and it is dangerous in the execution: ſeldom doth the axe fall where he who lifted it up intended; and lo, he remembereth not that it muſt recoil againſt him.

While the revengeful ſeeketh his enemy's hurt, he oftentimes procureth his own deſtruction: while he aimeth at one of the eyes of his adverſary, lo, he putteth out both his own.

If he attain not his end, he lamenteth it; if he ſucceed, he repenteth of it: the fear of juſtice taketh away the peace of his own ſoul; the care to hide him from it, deſtroyeth that of his friend.

Can the death of thine adverſary ſatiate thy hatred? can the ſetting him at reſt reſtore thy peace?

Wouldſt thou make him ſorry for his offence, conquer him and ſpare him: in death he owneth not thy ſuperiority; nor feeleth he more the power of thy wrath.

In revenge there ſhould be a triumph of the avenger; and he who hath injured him, ſhould feel his diſpleaſure; he ſhould ſuffer pain from it, and ſhould repent him of the cauſe.

This is the revenge inſpired from anger; but that which makes thee great is contempt.

Murder for an injury ariſeth only from cowardice: he who inflicteth it, feareth that the enemy may live and avenge himſelf.

Death endeth the quarrel; but it reſtoreth not the reputation: killing is an act of caution, not of courage; it may be ſafe, but it is not honourable.

There is nothing ſo eaſy as to revenge an offence; but nothing is ſo honourable as to pardon it.

The greateſt victory man can obtain, is over himſelf; he that diſdaineth to feel an injury, retorteth it upon him who offereth it.

When thou meditateſt revenge, thou confeſſeſt that thou feeleſt the wrong: when thou complaineſt, thou acknowledgeſt thyſelf hurt by it; meaneſt thou to add this triumph to the pride of thine enemy?

That cannot be an injury which is not felt;

fider how there was he who despiteth to revenge it?

If thou think it diminishing to bear an affront, mark it in thy power, then mayeft conquer it.

Good offices will make a man ashamed to be thine enemy; greatness of soul will mercily turn from the thought of hurting thee.

The greater the wrong, the more glory there is in pardoning it: and by how much more juftifiable would be revenge, by so much the more honour is in the mercy.

Had thou a right to be a judge in thine own cause; to be a party in the act, and yet to pronounce sentence on it? Before thou condemnest, let another try it in you.

The revengeful is feared, and therefore he is hated; but he that is endued with clemency, is adored: the praise of his actions ravisheth the ears; and the love of the world attendeth him.

Of Cruelty, Hatred, and Envy.

Revenge is detestable: what then is cruelty? Lo, it poffeffeth the misdeeds of the other; but it worketh even the pretence of its provocations.

Men disown it as not of their nature; they are ashamed of it as a stranger to their hearts: do they not call it inhumanity?

Whence then is her origin? unto what that is human traceth she her existence? Her father is Fear; and behold Dismay, is it not her mother?

The hero lifteth his sword against the enemy that refifteth; but no sooner doth he submit, than he is satisfied.

It is not in honour to trample on the object that feareth; it is not in virtue to insult what is beneath it: subdue the insolent, and spare the humble; and thou art at the height of victory.

He who wanteth virtue to arrive at this end, he who hath not courage to afcend thus into it; lo, he supplieth the place of conquest by murder, of sovereignty by slaughter.

He who fearth all striketh at all: why are tyrants cruel, but because they live in terror?

Civil wars are the most bloody, because those who fight in them are cowards: conspirators are murderers, because in death there is silence. Is it not fear that telleth them they may be betrayed?

The sun will wax the coarsest, though he

shone not but to the fair white lily; the hound that runneth is at the dark, mangy fox as afterwards.

Thou shalt never be cruel, if thy self too high for hatred; that thou mayst not be inhuman, place thyself above the reach of envy.

Every man may be viewed in two lights, in one he will be contemptible, in the other less offensive: what is he but a man at best in which he hath farther thee? then shall he not be hurt unto him.

What is it then that a man may do unto his good? is that which offendeth most, there is more ground for complaint than hatred. Who would be provoked by him of whom he complaineth; when he deserves he, but him whom he hateth?

If thou are prevented of a benefit, it was thine right: the loss of thy cruelty is worth of a greater.

Because thou art robbed of thy due, wouldst thou strip thyself of thy own?

When thou envied the man who poffeffeth honours; when his rules at greatest raise thy indignation; and I know whence they came unto him, enquire by what means he was poffeffed of them, and thus envy will be turned to pity.

If the same sorrow were offered unto thee at the same price, be assured, it was never sold, thou wouldst refuse it.

What is the joy for riches, but flavery! how doth man purchase power, but by being a slave to him who giveth it?

Wouldst thou lose thine own liberty to be able to take away that of another? or canst thou envy him who doth so?

Man purchaseth nothing of his fellow but for a price; and that price is it all more than the value? Wouldst thou pervert the customs of the world? would thou have the purchase and the price?

As thou canst not envy what is worth not accept, disdain this cause of hate, and drive from thy soul this corrupter, parent of cruelty.

If thou poffeffed humour, canst thou that which is situated at the expense of it? If thou knowest the value of virtue, pity those not those who have barren of it meanly?

When thou hast taught thyself to love the seeming good of men without repining, thou will hear of their real happiness with pleasure.

If thou feest good thing, fall to any one deserveth them, thou will rejoice with it; one

virtue is happy in the proſperity of the virtuous.

He who rejoiceth in the happineſs of another, increaſeth by it his own.

§ 283. HEAVINESS *of* HEART.

The ſoul of the cheerful forceth a ſmile upon the face of affliction; but the deſpondence of the ſad deadeneth even the brightneſs of joy.

What is the ſource of ſadneſs, but a feebleneſs of the ſoul? what giveth it power but the want of ſpirit? Rouſe thyſelf to the combat, and ſhe quitteth the field before thou ſtrikeſt.

Sadneſs is an enemy to thy race, therefore drive her from thy heart; ſhe poiſoneth the ſweets of thy life, therefore ſuffer her not to enter thy dwelling.

She raiſeth the loſs of a ſtraw to the deſtruction of thy fortune. While ſhe vexeth thy ſoul about trifles, ſhe robbeth thee of thine attendance to the things of conſequence: behold, ſhe but propheſieth what ſhe ſeemeth to relate unto thee.

She ſpreadeth drowſineſs as a veil over thy virtues: ſhe hideth them from thoſe who would honour thee in beholding them; ſhe entangleth and keepeth them down, while ſhe maketh it moſt neceſſary for thee to exert them.

Lo, ſhe oppreſſeth thee with evil; and ſhe tieth down thine hands, when they would throw the load from off thee.

If thou wouldſt avoid what is baſe, if thou wouldſt diſdain what is cowardly, if thou wouldſt drive from thy heart what is unjuſt, ſuffer not ſadneſs to lay hold upon it.

Suffer it not to cover itſelf with the face of piety; let it not deceive thee with a ſhew of wiſdom. Religion payeth honour to thy Maker; let it not be clouded with melancholy. Wiſdom maketh thee happy; know then, that ſorrow in her ſight is as a ſtranger.

For what ſhould man be ſorrowful; but for afflictions? Why ſhould his heart give up joy, when the cauſes of it are not removed from him? Is not this being miſerable for the ſake of miſery?

As the mourner who looketh ſad becauſe he is hired to do ſo, who weepeth becauſe his tears are paid for; ſuch is the man who ſuffereth his heart to be ſad, not becauſe he ſuffereth aught, but becauſe he is gloomy.

It is not the occaſion that produceth the ſorrow; for, behold, the ſame thing ſhall be to another rejoicing.

Aſk men if their ſadneſs maketh things better, and they will confeſs to thee that it is folly; nay, they will praiſe him who beareth his ills with patience, who maketh head againſt misfortune with courage. Applauſe ſhould be followed by imitation.

Sadneſs is againſt nature, for it troubleth her motions: lo, it rendereth diſtorted whatſoever nature hath made amiable.

As the oak falleth before the tempeſt, and raiſeth not its head again; ſo boweth the heart of man to the force of ſadneſs, and returneth unto his ſtrength no more.

As the ſnow melteth upon the mountains, from the rain that trickleth down their ſides, even ſo is beauty waſhed from off thy cheek by tear: and neither the one nor the other reſtoreth itſelf again.

As the pearl is diſſolved by the vinegar, which ſeemeth at firſt only to obſcure its ſurface; ſo is thy happineſs, O man! ſwallowed up by heavineſs of heart, though at firſt it ſeemeth only to cover it as with its ſhadow.

Behold ſadneſs in the public ſtreets; caſt thine eye upon her in the places of reſort; avoideth not ſhe every one? and doth not every one fly from her preſence?

See how ſhe droopeth her head, like the flower whoſe root is cut aſunder! ſee how ſhe fixeth her eyes upon the earth! ſee how they ſerve her to no purpoſe but for weeping!

Is there in her mouth diſcourſe? is there in her heart the love of ſociety? is there in her ſoul, reaſon? Aſk her the cauſe, ſhe knoweth it not; enquire the occaſion, and behold there is none.

Yet doth her ſtrength fail her: lo, at length ſhe ſinketh into the grave; and no one ſaith, What is become of her?

Haſt thou underſtanding, and ſeeſt thou not this! haſt thou piety, and perceiveſt thou not thine error?

God created thee in mercy; had he not intended thee to be happy, his beneficence would not have called thee into exiſtence: how dareſt thou then to fly in the face of Majeſty?

Whilſt thou art moſt happy with innocence, thou doſt him moſt honour; and what is thy diſcontent but murmuring againſt him?

Created he not all things liable to changes, and dareſt thou to weep at their changing?

If we know the law of nature, wherefore do we complain of it? if we are ignorant of it, what ſhall we accuſe but our blindneſs to what every moment giveth us proof of?

dies for thy diseases, all derived from this source alone?

Who is wise then but he that knoweth it? who hath understanding, but he that contemplateth it? For the rest, whatever science hath small utility, whatever knowledge hath frail vanity, prefer these unto the others; and profit from them for the sake of thy neighbour.

To live, and to die; to command, and to obey; to do, and to suffer; are not these all that they last further to care about? Morality shall reach thee these; the economy of life shall lay them before thee.

Behold, they are written in thine heart, and thou needest only to be reminded of them: they are easy of conception; be attentive, and thou shalt retain them.

All other sciences are vain, all other knowledge is base; for it is not *necessary* or beneficial to man; nor doth it make him more good, or more loved.

Piety to thy God, and benevolence to thy fellow-creatures, are they not thy great duties? What shall teach thee the one, like the study of his works? what shall inform thee of the other, like understanding thy dependencies?

OF NATURAL ACCIDENTS.

§ 226. PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY.

Let not prosperity elate thine heart above measure; neither depress thy soul unto the grave, because fortune beareth hard upon it thus.

Her smiles are not stable, therefore build not thy confidence upon them; her frowns endure not for ever, therefore let hope reach thee patience.

To bear adversity well, is difficult; but to be temperate in prosperity, is the height of wisdom.

Good and ill are the tests by which thou art to know thy constancy; nor is there aught else that can tell thee the powers of thine own soul; be therefore upon the watch when they are upon thee.

Behold prosperity, how sweetly she flattereth thee; how insinuatingly she robbeth thee of thy strength and thy vigour?

Though thou hast been cast down in ill fortune, though thou hast been wounded in adversity, yet by her thou art conquered: for knowing that thy strength returneth not again; and yet that thou again mayst need it.

Affliction moveth our enemies to pity: success and happiness do but provoke them to envy.

Adversity is the seed of well-doing; it is the nurse of heroism and holiness: for that hath enough, will endeavour hereafter to have more: but what is it to him, who hath all, will it be his life in the hereafter?

True virtue will add under all misfortunes; but men too much of its deeds when accidents concur with it.

Is adversity most to be dreaded by others; he knows that all his powers are centered within himself; he resteth in God, he encountereth his difficulties, and they yield before him.

In prosperity he dazzleth himself; for he thinketh he is beloved of all nations about his table; he groweth careless of results; he seeth not the dangers that are before him; he resteth in others, and to the end they deceive him.

Every man can advise his own friend; but prosperity blindeth us all.

Better is the sorrow that breaketh the heart, than the joy that rendereth us unable to endure distress, and that plungeth the soul into it.

Our passions dictate to us in all our strongest considerations: the effect of which

Be upright in thy whole life; be temperate in all its enjoyments: in these thou mayst prove out of all occurrences; to look every thing that happeneth unto thee in the light of proofs.

The wise undoubt every thing the more of advantage; and with the most circumspect behaviour to all the events of fortune he overcometh the world, he conquereth all evil: he is immovable in all.

Presume not on prosperity, neither despair in adversity: assure not dangers or wrongly fly from before them: for a delusive whatever will not remain with us.

Let not adversity take off the edge of hope; neither let prosperity obscure the light of prudence.

He who despaireth of the end, shall never attain unto it; and he who hath got the prize, shall perish therein.

He who calleth prosperity his good, who hath laid more low. While thou wilt I will with my happiness; and he who hath called it evil, is full of fears, when the reins of the tide wallow away.

As the water that passeth from the mountain-hillocks, in its way to the ocean, every field that bordereth the river; so it carrieth out in any place, even to the time wherein the time of man; nor must

is inceſſant, ſhe will not ſtay; ſhe is unſtable as the winds, how then wilt thou hold her? When ſhe kiſſeth thee, thou art bleſſed; behold, as thou turneth to thank her, ſhe is gone unto another.

§ 287. Pain *and* Sickness.

The ſickneſs of the body affecteth even the ſoul; the one cannot be in health without the other.

Pain is of all ills that which is moſt felt; and it is that which from nature hath the ſweeſt remedies.

When thy conſtancy faileth thee, call in thy reaſon; when thy patience quitteth thee, call in thy hope.

To ſuffer, is a neceſſity entailed upon thy nature; wouldſt thou that miracles ſhould protect thee from it? or ſhalt thou repine, becauſe it happeneth unto thee, when lo, it happeneth unto all?

It is injuſtice to expect exemption from that thou wert born unto; ſubmit with moleſty to the laws of thy condition.

Wouldſt thou ſay to the ſeaſons, Paſs not on, leſt I grow old? is it not better to ſuffer well that which thou canſt not avoid?

Pain that endureth long, is moderate; bluſh therefore to complain of it: that which is violent is ſhort: behold thou ſeeſt the end of it.

The body was created to be ſubſervient to the ſoul; while thou afflicteſt the ſoul for its pains, behold thou ſetteſt that above it.

As the wiſe afflicteth not himſelf, becauſe a thorn teareth his garment; ſo the patient grieveth not his ſoul, becauſe that which covereth it is injured.

§ 288. Death.

As the production of the metal proveth the work of the alchymiſt; ſo is death the teſt of our lives, the eſſay which ſheweth the ſtandard of all our actions.

Wouldſt thou judge of a life, examine the period of it; the end crowneth the attempt: and where diſſimulation is no more, there truth appeareth.

He hath not ſpent his life ill, who knoweth to die well; neither can he have loſt all his time, who employeth the laſt portion of it to his honour.

He was not born in vain who dieth as he ought; neither hath he lived unprofitably who dieth happily.

He that conſidereth he is to die, is content while he liveth: he who ſtriveth to forget it, hath no pleaſure in any thing; his joy appeareth to him a jewel which he expecteth every moment he ſhall loſe.

Wouldſt thou learn to die nobly? let thy vices die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the buſineſs of his life before his death; who, when the hour of it cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wiſheth not delay, becauſe he hath no longer uſe for time.

Avoid not death, for it is a weakneſs; fear it not, for thou underſtandeth not what it is: all that thou certainly knoweſt, is, that it putteth an end to thy ſorrows.

Think not the longeſt life the happieſt; that which is beſt employed, doth man the moſt honour; himſelf ſhall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

This is the complete Economy of Human Life.

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§ 289. *A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Uſe of a School.*

Father of All! we return thee moſt humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night ſeaſon, and for the refreſhment of our ſouls and bodies, in the ſweet repoſe of ſleep. Accept alſo our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpleſs age of infancy.

Continue, we beſeech thee, to guard us under the ſhadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and, without the influence of thy grace, we ſhall ſurely fall.

Let that influence deſcend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard us from temptations to deceit, and grant that we may abhor a lye, both as a ſin and as a diſgrace.

Inſpire us with an abhorrence of the loathſomeneſs of vice, and the pollutions of ſenſual pleaſure. Grant, at the ſame time, that we may early feel the delight of conſcious purity, and waſh our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taſte for the pure and ſublime pleaſures of the underſtanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehenſion, and grant that we may lay up ſuch a ſtore of learning, as may fit us for the ſtation to which it ſhall pleaſe thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and ſhine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our

ſtudies, and that whatever we read we may ſtrongly mark, and inwardly digeſt it.

Bleſs our parents, guardians, and inſtructors; and grant that we may make them the beſt return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They aſk no return, but that we ſhould make uſe of thoſe opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that we may not diſappoint their anxious expectations.

Aſſiſt us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the ſtudies and duties of the day, and go through them chearfully, diligently, and ſucceſsfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our bleſſed Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

§ 290. *An Evening Prayer.*

O Almighty God! again we approach thy mercy-ſeat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praiſes for the bleſſings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold tranſgreſſions.

Grant that the words of various inſtruction which we have heard or read this day, may be ſo inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the tranſactions of the day, condemn thoſe things of which our conſcience accuſes us, and make and keep reſolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breaſts with the pureſt ſentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, ſo let our ſouls thirſt for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the ſweet influence of Chriſtian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and reſtrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-uſage of our parents, teachers, paſtors, and maſters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to thoſe who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our ſuperiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our ſentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reaſon, extended with Chriſtian charity, and that peculiar generoſity of mind, which becomes a liberal ſcholar, and a ſincere Chriſtian.

O Lord, beſtow upon us whatever may be good for us, even though we ſhould omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindneſs of our hearts we ſhould deſire it.

Into thy hands we reſign ourſelves as we retire to reſt; hoping by thy mercy to riſe again with renewed ſpirits, to go through the buſineſs of the morrow, and to prepare ourſelves for this life, and for a bleſſed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, through the merits and intercеſſion of thy Son, our Saviour, Jeſus Chriſt our Lord. Amen.

§ 291. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: Give us this day our daily bread; And forgive us our treſpaſſes, as we forgive them that treſpaſs againſt us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN PROSE.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

§ 1. *Beneficial Effects of a Taſte for the* BELLES LETTRES.

BELLES Lettres and Criticiſm chiefly conſider Man as a being endowed with thoſe powers of taſte and imagination, which were intended to embelliſh his mind, and to ſupply him with rational and uſeful entertainment. They open a field of inveſtigation peculiar to themſelves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can ſoothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They preſent human nature under a different aſpect from that which it aſſumes when viewed by other ſciences. They bring to light various ſprings of action, which, without their aid, might have paſſed unobſerved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on ſeveral departments of human life.

Such ſtudies have alſo this peculiar advantage, that they exerciſe our reaſon without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abſtruſe. They ſtrew flowers in the path of ſcience; and while they keep the mind bent, in ſome degree, and active, they relieve it at the ſame time from that more toilſome labour to which it muſt ſubmit in the acquiſition of neceſſary erudition, or the inveſtigation of abſtract truth.

Blair.

§ 2. *Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of* TASTE.

The cultivation of Taſte is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The moſt buſy man, in the moſt active ſphere, cannot be always occupied by buſineſs. Men of ſerious profeſſions cannot always be on the ſtretch of ſerious thought. Neither can the moſt gay and flouriſhing ſituations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleaſure. Life muſt always languiſh in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languiſh even in the hands of the buſy, if they have not ſome employment ſubſidiary to that which forms their main purſuit. How then ſhall theſe vacant ſpaces, thoſe unemployed intervals, which, more or leſs, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to diſpoſe of them in any way that ſhall be more agreeable in itſelf, or more conſonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taſte, and the ſtudy of polite literature? He who is ſo happy as to have acquired a reliſh for theſe, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amuſement for his leiſure hours, to ſave him from the danger of many a pernicious paſſion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himſelf. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of looſe pleaſures, in order to cure the tediouſneſs of exiſtence.

Providence ſeems plainly to have pointed out this uſeful purpoſe, to which the pleaſures of taſte may be applied, by interpoſing them in a middle ſtation between the pleaſures of ſenſe, and thoſe of pure intellect. We were not deſigned to grovel always among objects ſo low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling conſtantly in ſo high a region as the latter.

The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to cultivate them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The tradition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life.

Blair.

§ 3. *Improvement of* TASTE *connected with Improvement in* VIRTUE.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

—— Tagetes flabile fibellus arte
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros*.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to prevail in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left in his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without polishing the virtuous affections to a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move us: interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, love, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if the spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling. &c.

§ 4. *On* STYLE.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words, which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which the thoughts most readily assume. Hence different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The ardent Asiatics animated their style with the most bold and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences is commonly remarked in the Style of the Poets

* Those polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the fierce mind.

the Engliſh, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is uſual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a ſpirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expreſſing himſelf: ſo difficult it is to ſeparate theſe two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to diſcourſe; but it will be neceſſary to begin with examining the more ſimple qualities of it; from the aſſemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great meaſure, reſult.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perſpicuity and Ornament. For all that can poſſibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the ſame time, in ſuch a dreſs, as, by pleaſing and intereſting them, ſhall moſt effectually ſtrengthen the impreſſions which we ſeek to make. When both theſe ends are anſwered, we certainly accompliſh every purpoſe for which we uſe Writing and Diſcourſe. *Blair.*

§ 5. *On* Perspicuity.

Perſpicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style*; a quality ſo eſſential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richeſt ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, inſtead of pleaſing, the reader. This, therefore, muſt be our firſt object, to make our meaning clearly and fully underſtood, and underſtood without the leaſt difficulty. "Oratio," ſays Quinctilian, "debet negligenter quoque audientibus eſſe "aperta; ut in animum audientis, ſicut "ſol in oculos, etiamſi in eum non intendatur, occurrat. Quarre, non ſolum ut "intelligere poſſit, ſed ne omnino poſſit "non intelligere, curandum†." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pauſe, and to read over his ſentences a ſecond time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never pleaſe us long. Mankind are too indolent to reliſh ſo much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have diſcovered his meaning; but they will ſeldom be inclined to take up his work a ſecond time.

Authors ſometimes plead the difficulty of their ſubject, as an excuſe for the want of Perſpicuity. But the excuſe can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into diſtinct propoſitions, or to expreſs clearly to others: and upon no ſubject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excuſably, be on ſome ſubjects incomplete or inadequate; but ſtill, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the caſe, Perſpicuity in expreſſing them is always attainable. The obſcurity which reigns ſo much among many metaphyſical writers, is, for the moſt part, owing to the indiſtinctneſs of their own conceptions. They ſee the object but in a confuſed light; and, of courſe, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perſpicuity in writing, is not to be conſidered as merely a ſort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of poſitive beauty. We are pleaſed with an author, we conſider him as deſerving praiſe, who frees us from all fatigue of ſearching for his meaning; who carries us through his ſubject without any embarraſſment or confuſion; whoſe ſtyle flows always like a limpid ſtream, where we ſee to the very bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 6. *On* Purity *and* Propriety.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often uſed indiſcriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A diſtinction, however, obtains between them. Purity, is the uſe of ſuch words, and ſuch conſtructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we ſpeak; in oppoſition to words and phraſes that are imported from other Languages, or that are obſolete, or new-coined, or uſed without proper authority. Propriety is the ſelection of ſuch words in the Language, as the beſt and moſt eſtabliſhed uſage has appropriated to thoſe ideas which we intend to expreſs by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that uſage, in oppoſition to vulgariſms, or low expreſſions; and to words

* "Nobis prima ſit virtus, perſpicuitas, propria "verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata conclaſio; nihil neque deſit, neque ſuperfluat."
QUINCTIL. lib. viii.

† "Diſcourſe ought always to be obvious, even "to the moſt careleſs and negligent hearer; ſo that "the ſenſe ſhall ſtrike his mind, as the light of "the ſun does our eyes, though they are not directed upwards to it. We muſt ſtudy, not only "that every hearer may underſtand us, but that "it ſhall be impoſſible for him not to underſtand "us."

and phrases, which would be less significant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be strictly English, without Scotticisms or Gallicisms, or ungrammatical, irregular expressions of any kind, and may, nevertheless, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chosen; not adapted to the subject, not fully expressive of the author's sense. He has taken all his words and phrases from the general mass of English Language; but he has made his selection among these words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being also pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, besides making Style perspicuous, they also render it graceful. There is no standard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practice of the best writers and speakers in the country.

When I mentioned obsolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be easily understood, that some exceptions are to be made. On certain occasions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than prose, with respect to coining, or, at least, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty should be used with a sparing hand. In prose, such innovations are more hazardous, and have a worse effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and should never be ventured upon except by such, whose established reputation gives them some degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unless where necessity requires them, should always be avoided. Barren Languages may need such assistances; but ours is not one of these. Dean Swift, one of our most correct writers, valued himself much on using no words but such as were of native growth: and his Language, may, indeed, be considered as a standard of the strictest Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At present, we seem to be departing from this standard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On some occasions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, also, they render it stiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, so, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally strong and expressive with this Latinised English. *Blair.*

§ 7. *On* Precision.

The exact import of Precision may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off: it imports retrenching all superfluities, and pruning the expression to, as to express neither more nor less than an exact copy of his idea who uses it. I observed before, that it is often difficult to separate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought, and it is found so in this instance. For in order to write with Precision, though this be properly a quality of Style, one must possess a very considerable degree of distinctness and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uses to express his ideas, may be faulty in three respects. They may either not express that idea which the author intends, but some other which only resembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may express that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may express it together with something more than he intends. Precision stands opposed to all these three faults; but chiefly to the last. In an author's writing with propriety, his being free from the two former faults seems implied. The words which he uses are proper; that is, they express that idea which he intends, and they express it fully; but to be Precise signifies, that they express that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any superfluous, unreasonable accessory, so as to mix it confusedly with the principal object, and thereby to render the conception of that object loose and indistinct. This requires a writer to have, himself, a very clear apprehension of the object he means to present to us; to have said the bold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain. *Ibid.*

§ 8. *On the Use and Importance of* Precision.

The use and importance of Precision may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together, especially objects among which there is resemblance or connection, it finds itself confused and embarrassed. It cannot

clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus were any object, ſuppoſe ſome animal, to be preſented to me, of whoſe ſtructure I wanted to form a diſtinct notion, I would deſire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itſelf, and to ſtand alone, that there might be nothing to diſtract my attention. The ſame is the caſe with words. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you alſo tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumſtances to the principal object; if, by unneceſſarily varying the expreſſion, you ſhift the point of view, and make me ſee ſometimes the object itſelf, and ſometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on ſeveral objects at once, and I loſe ſight of the principal. You load the animal you are ſhowing me with ſo many trappings and collars, and bring ſo many of the ſame ſpecies before me, ſomewhat reſembling, and yet ſomewhat differing, that I ſee none of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Looſe Style: and is the proper oppoſite to Preciſion. It generally ariſes from uſing a ſuperfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words, to make themſelves underſtood, as they think, more diſtinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are ſenſible of not having caught the preciſe expreſſion, to convey what they would ſignify; they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very preciſely themſelves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they ſuppoſe, ſupply the defect, and bring you ſomewhat nearer to their idea: they are always going about it, and about it, but never juſt hit the thing. The image, as they ſet it before you, is always ſeen double; and no double image is diſtinct. When an author tells me of his hero's *courage* in the day of battle, the expreſſion is preciſe, and I underſtand it fully. But if, from the deſire of multiplying words, he will needs praiſe his *courage* and *fortitude*; at the moment he joins theſe words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to expreſs one quality more ſtrongly; but he is, in truth, expreſſing two. *Courage* reſiſts danger; *fortitude* ſupports pain. The occaſion of exerting each of theſe qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them ſhould be in my view, my view is rendered unſteady, and my conception of the object indiſtinct.

From what I have ſaid, it appears that an author may, in a qualified ſenſe, be perſpicuous, while yet he is far from being preciſe. He uſes proper words, and proper arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himſelf; and ſo far he is perſpicuous; but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are looſe and general; and, therefore, cannot be expreſſed with Preciſion. All ſubjects do not equally require Preciſion. It is ſufficient on many occaſions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The ſubject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of miſtaking the ſenſe of the author, though every word which he uſes be not preciſe and exact. *Blair.*

§ 9. *The Cauſes of a Looſe* STYLE.

The great ſource of a Looſe Style, in oppoſition to Preciſion, is the injudicious uſe of thoſe words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, becauſe they agree in expreſſing one principal idea: but, for the moſt part, if not always, they expreſs it with ſome diverſity in the circumſtances. They are varied by ſome acceſſory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the diſtinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey preciſely the ſame idea; a perſon thoroughly converſant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to obſerve ſomething that diſtinguiſhes them. As they are like different ſhades of the ſame colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by uſing them ſo as to heighten and finiſh the picture which he gives us. He ſupplies by one, what was wanting in the other, to the force, or to the luſtre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he muſt be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them careleſsly, merely for the ſake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diverſifying the Language, as if the ſignification were exactly the ſame, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain miſt, and indiſtinctneſs, is unwarily thrown over Style. *Ibid.*

§ 10. *On the general Characters of* STYLE.

That different ſubjects require to be treated of in different ſorts of Style, is a poſition ſo obvious, that I ſhall not ſtay to illuſtrate it. Every one ſees that Treatiſes of Philoſophy, for inſtance, ought not to

be compoſed in the ſame Style with Orations. Every one ſees alſo, that different parts of the ſame compoſition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a ſermon, for inſtance, or any harangue, the application or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at preſent to remark is, that, amidſt this variety, we ſtill expect to find, in the compoſitions of any one man, ſome degree of uniformity or conſiſtency with himſelf in manner; we expect to find ſome predominant character of Style impreſſed on all his writings, which ſhall be ſuited to, and ſhall mark, his particular genius, and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the reſt of his hiſtory. The ſame is the caſe with thoſe in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in thoſe of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the diſtinguiſhing manner of each hiſtorian: the magnificent fulneſs of the one, and the ſententious conciſeneſs of the other. The "Lettres Perſanes," and "L'Eſprit de Loix," are the works of the ſame author. They required very different compoſition ſurely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet ſtill we ſee the ſame hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compoſitions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reaſon, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulſe of original genius. As the moſt celebrated painters are known by their hand; ſo the beſt and moſt original writers are known and diſtinguiſhed, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almoſt without exception. *Blair.*

§ 11. *On the Auſtere, the Florid, and the Middle* STYLE.

The ancient Critics attended to theſe general characters of Style which we are now to conſider. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus divides them into three kinds; and calls them, the Auſtere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Auſtere, he means a Style diſtinguiſhed for ſtrength and firmneſs, with a neglect of ſmoothneſs and ornament: for examples of which, he gives Pindar and Æſchylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Proſe writers. By the Florid, he means, as the name indicates, a Style ornamented, flowing, and ſweet; reſting more upon numbers and grace, than ſtrength; he inſtances Heſiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Iſocrates. The Middle kind is the juſt mean between theſe, and comprehends the beauties of both; in which claſs he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets: in Proſe, Herodotus, Demoſthenes, Plato, and (what ſeems ſtrange) Ariſtotle. This muſt be a very wide claſs indeed, which comprehends Plato and Ariſtotle under one article as to Style *. Cicero and Quinctilian make alſo a threefold diviſion of Style, though with reſpect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by moſt of the modern writers on Rhetoric; the *Simplex*, *Tenue*, or *Subtile*; the *Grave*, or *Vehemens*; and the *Medium*, or *temperatum genus dicendi*. But theſe diviſions, and the illuſtrations they give of them, are ſo looſe and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I ſhall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to ſay on this ſubject. *Ibid.*

§ 12. *On the Conciſe* STYLE.

One of the firſt and moſt obvious diſtinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what ariſes from an author's ſpreading out his thoughts more or leſs. This diſtinction forms what are called the Diffuſe and the Conciſe Styles. A conciſe writer compreſſes his thought into the feweſt poſſible words; he ſeeks to employ none but ſuch as are moſt expreſſive; he lops off, as redundant, every expreſſion which does not add ſomething material to the ſenſe. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the ſake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the ſame thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the moſt ſtriking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His ſentences are arranged with compactneſs and ſtrength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmoſt preciſion is ſtudied in them; and they are commonly deſigned to ſuggeſt more to the reader's imagination than they directly expreſs. *Ibid.*

§ 13. *On the Diffuſe* STYLE.

A diffuſe writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights

* De Compoſitione Verborum, Cap. 25.

and gives the reader every poſſible aſſiſtance for underſtanding it completely. He is not very careful to expreſs it at firſt in its full ſtrength, becauſe he is to repeat the impreſſion; and what he wants in ſtrength, he propoſes to ſupply by copiouſneſs. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification Their periods naturally run out into ſome length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of theſe manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciſeneſs becomes abrupt and obſcure; it is apt alſo to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuſeneſs becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of theſe two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him: and under the general character of a conciſe, or of a more open and diffuſe Style, may poſſeſs much beauty in his compoſition.

For illuſtrations of theſe general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not ſo much from detached paſſages, ſuch as I was wont formerly to quote for inſtances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two moſt remarkable examples that I know, of conciſeneſs carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in ſome caſes farther, are Tacitus the Hiſtorian, and the Preſident Monteſquieu in "L'Eſprit de Loix." Ariſtotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever ſo frugal of his words as Ariſtotle; but this frugality of expreſſion frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuſeneſs, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the moſt illuſtrious inſtance that can be given. Addiſon, alſo, and Sir William Temple, come in ſome degree under this claſs.

Blair.

§ 14. *On the Nervous and the Feeble* STYLE.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the ſame import with the Conciſe and the Diffuſe. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuſe writers have, for the moſt part, ſome degree of feebleneſs; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a conciſe expreſſion. This, however, does not always hold; and there are inſtances of writers, who, in the midſt of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of ſtrength. Livy is an example; and in the Engliſh language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but withal, for force and expreſſiveneſs uncommonly diſtinguiſhed. On every ſubject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiouſneſs; but it is always a torrent of ſtrong ideas and ſignificant expreſſions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object ſtrongly, he will expreſs it with energy: but, if he has only an indiſtinct view of his ſubject; if his ideas be looſe and wavering; if his genius be ſuch, or, at the time of his writing, ſo careleſsly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and looſe epithets will be found; his expreſſions will be vague and general; his arrangement indiſtinct and feeble; we ſhall conceive ſomewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a conciſe Style, gives us always a ſtrong impreſſion of his meaning; his mind is full of his ſubject, and his words are all expreſſive: every phraſe and every figure which he uſes, tends to render the picture, which he would ſet before us, more lively and complete. *Ibid.*

§ 15. *On Harſhneſs of* STYLE.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when purſued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a ſtudy of ſtrength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harſh manner. Harſhneſs ariſes from unuſual words, from forced inverſions in the conſtruction of a ſentence, and too much neglect of ſmoothneſs and eaſe. This is reckoned the fault of ſome of our earlieſt claſſics in the Engliſh Language; ſuch as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his proſe works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of conſiderable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. Theſe writers had nerves and ſtrength in a high degree, and

and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences. Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentence: "Though for no "other cause, yet for this, that posterity "may know we have not lightly, through "silence, permitted things to pass away as "in dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant this much, concerning "the present state of the church of God "established amongst us, and their careful "endeavours which would have upheld the "same." Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of Style; and whether we have gained, or lost, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, such a Style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of hardness and affectation. The present form which the Language has assumed, has, in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural: and this is now understood to be the genius of our Language.

Blair.

§ 16. *On the Dry* STYLE.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind. Content with being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there, to make us bear it, great weight and solidity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicuity of language. Aristotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered so rigidly to the strictness of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed so much instruction, without the least approach to ornament. With the most profound genius, and extensive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addresses himself solely to the understanding, without making any use of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deserves not to be imitated. For, although the goodness of the matter may compensate the defects of harshness of the Style, yet is that a very considerable defect; as it hinders instruction, and conveys our sentiments with disadvantage, to the reader or hearer.

Ibid.

§ 17. *On the Plain* STYLE.

A Plain Style rises one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and rests almost entirely upon his subject. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, method, arrangement, or any other art of writing, he studies, however, to avoid disgusting us like a dry and a harsh writer. Both Perspicuity, he pursues Propriety, Purity, and Precision, in his language, in a certain degree, and no inconsiderable one of beauty. Liveliness too, and force, are consistent with a very Plain Style: and therefore, such an author, if his sentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and a plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and seems not to know what it is; the latter seeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, simple and pure; any further ornament he gives himself no trouble about; either, because he thinks it unnecessary to his subject, or because his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, because it leads him to despise it *.

This last was the case with Demosthenes, who may be placed at the head of those that have employed the Plain Style. No writers have discovered more variety. He treats every subject which he handles, whether serious or indifferent, in a manner peculiarly his own. He knew, almost beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Powers of the English Language; and, therefore, to such as wish to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the most proper models. But we must not look for much ornament and grace in his Language.

* On this head, of the various Characters of Style, particularly the Plain and the Ornate, the chapters of that Book of which we are treating [viz.] Blair's Lectures, have been a considerable benefit to me many years ago by the course of ingenious Academy, Dr. Adam Smith; and which I hope, will be given by him to the Public.

Sir

His haughty and moroſe genius made him deſpiſe any embelliſhment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his ſentiments in a plain, downright, poſitive manner, like one who is ſure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleaſed or not. His ſentences are commonly negligently arranged; diſtinctly enough as to the ſenſe, but without any regard to ſmoothneſs of ſound; often without much regard to compactneſs or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his ſatire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchſafe to adopt it, when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embelliſh and illuſtrate, he would rather throw it aſide. Hence, in his ſerious pieces, his ſtyle often borders upon the dry and unpleaſing; in his humorous ones, the plainneſs of his manner ſets off his wit to the higheſt advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it ſeems native and unſtudied; and while he hardly appears to ſmile himſelf, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of ſuch a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was moſt admirably fitted. Among our philoſophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this claſs; perſpicuous and pure, but almoſt without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever ſo much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we muſt remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole compoſition, great weight of matter, and great force of ſentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author. *Blair.*

§ 18. *On the Neat* STYLE.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the higheſt or moſt ſparkling kind. A writer of this character ſhews, that he does not deſpiſe the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is ſhewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His ſentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of ſuperfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a ſwelling ſtructure; cloſing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper cloſe. His cadence is varied; but not of the ſtudied muſical kind. His figures, if he uſes any, are ſhort and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by induſtry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our compoſition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unſuitable to any ſubject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the drieſt ſubject, may be written with neatneſs; and a ſermon, or a philoſophical treatiſe, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleaſure. *Ibid.*

§ 19. *On an Elegant* STYLE.

An Elegant Style is a character, expreſſing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term uſually applied to Style, when poſſeſſing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its exceſſes or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will eaſily be underſtood, that complete Elegance implies great perſpicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination ſpread over Style, as far as the ſubject admits it; and all the illuſtration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleaſes the fancy and the ear, while he informs the underſtanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expreſſion, but not overcharged with any of its miſplaced finery. In this claſs, therefore, we place only the firſt rate writers in the language; ſuch as Addiſon, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes of Style, but whom we now claſs together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the ſcale of Ornament, poſſeſſing nearly the ſame place. *Ibid.*

§ 20. *On the Florid* STYLE.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the ſubject; when they return upon us too faſt, and ſtrike us either with a dazzling luſtre, or a falſe brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly uſed to ſignify the exceſs of ornament.

In

In a young compoſer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promiſing ſymptom, in young people, that their ſtyle ſhould incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "Volo ſe efferat in adoleſcente fecunditas," ſays Quinctilian, "multum inde "decoquent anni, multum ratio limabit, "aliquid velut uſu ipſo detritum; ſit modo unde excidi poſſit quid et exculpi.— "Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniat et "inventis gaudeat; hæc licet illa non ſatis "interim bona et ſevera. Facile remedium eſt ubertatis: ſterilia nullo labore "vincuntur." * But, although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their firſt eſſays, it muſt not receive the ſame indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, ſhould chaſten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all ſuch ornaments as are redundant, unſuitable to the ſubject, or not conducive to illuſtrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinſel ſplendour of language, which ſome writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be aſcribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We ſhould then have ſomething to amuſe us, at leaſt, if we found little to inſtruct us. But the worſt is, that with thoſe frothy writers, it is a luxuriancy of words, not of fancy. We ſee a laboured attempt to riſe in a ſplendour of compoſition, of which they have formed to themſelves ſome looſe idea; but having no ſtrength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to ſupply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by common-place figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has eſcaped theſe writers, that ſobriety in ornament, is one great ſecret for rendering it pleaſing; and that without a foundation of good ſenſe and ſolid thought, the moſt Florid Style is but a childiſh impoſition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be ſo impoſed on; at leaſt, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at firſt, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious turn, and good diſpoſitions of the preſent age, than on the public taſte, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had ſo great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always diſplayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on ſome occaſions, appears, juſtly merited applauſe; but the perpetual glitter of expreſſion, the ſwoln imagery, and ſtrained deſcription which abound in them, are ornaments of a falſe kind. I would, therefore, adviſe ſtudents of oratory to imitate Mr. Hervey's piety, rather than his Style; and, in all compoſitions of a ſerious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope ſays, "from ſounds to things, from "fancy to the heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occaſion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this courſe of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers againſt the affected and frivolous ſtyle of ornament; and, inſtead of that falſe and ſuperficial taſte in writing, which I apprehend to be at preſent too faſhionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taſte for more ſolid thought, and more manly ſimplicity in Style. *Blair.*

§ 21. *On the different Kinds of* SIMPLICITY.

The firſt is, Simplicity of Compoſition, as oppoſed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique ſit quod vis ſimplex duntaxat et unum.

This is the ſimplicity of plan in a tragedy, as diſtinguiſhed from double plots and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in oppoſition to the digreſſions of Lucan, and the ſeveral tales of Ariоſto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in oppoſition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this ſenſe, ſimplicity is the ſame with Unity.

The ſecond ſenſe is, Simplicity of Thought, as oppoſed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what ariſe naturally on what the occaſion or the ſubject ſuggeſts unſought; and what, when once ſuggeſted, are eaſily apprehended by all. In compoſition in writing, expreſſes a full, natural and obvious train of thought, to which is required a peculiar turn of genius

* "In youth, I wiſh to ſee luxuriancy of fancy "appear. Much of it will be diminiſhed by "years; much will be corrected by ripening "judgment; ſome of it, by the mere practice of "compoſition, will be worn away. Let there be "only ſufficient matter at firſt, that can bear "ſome pruning and lopping off. At this time of "life, be prone to bold and inventive, and grow "wild in its efforts, though thou ſhould not, as "yet, be correct. Luxuriancy can eaſily be cured; "but for barrenneſs there is no remedy."

* "Then leave the wand'ring fancies to their courſe,
"And keep her equal beams around the whole."

POPE.

o purſue; within certain bounds very eautiful; but when carried too far, aproaching to intricacy, and hurting us by ıe appearance of being *recherché*, or far ought. Thus, we would naturally ſay, at Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater mplicity, in his turn of thought, than Ir. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral ubjects are natural; Seneca's too refined nd laboured. In theſe two ſenſes of Simlicity, when it is oppoſed either to variety f parts, or to refinement of thought, it as no proper relation to Style.

There is a third ſenſe of Simplicity, in hich it has reſpect to Style; and ſtands pposed to too much ornament, or pomp f language; as when we ſay, Mr. Locke a ſimple, Mr. Hervey, a florid writer; nd it is in this ſenſe, that the "*ſimplex*," he "*tenue*," or "*ſubtile genus dicendi*," underſtood by Cicero and Quinctilian. he ſimple ſtyle, in this ſenſe, coincides ith the plain or the neat ſtyle, which I efore mentioned; and, therefore, requires o farther illuſtration.

But there is a fourth ſenſe of Simplicity, lſo reſpecting Style; but not reſpecting he degree of ornament employed, ſo uch as the eaſy and natural manner in hich our language expreſſes our thoughts. his is quite different from the former enſe of the word juſt now mentioned, in hich Simplicity was equivalent to Plainıeſs: whereas, in this ſenſe, it is compatible with the higheſt ornament. Homer, or inſtance, poſſeſſes this Simplicity in the greateſt perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to conider, ſtands oppoſed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a diſtinguiſhing excellency in writing.

Blair.

§ 22. SIMPLICITY *appears eaſy.*

A writer of Simplicity expreſſes himſelf in ſuch a manner, that every one thinks he could have written in the ſame way; Horace deſcribes it,

——— ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem *.

* "From well-known tales ſuch fictions would I raiſe,
"As all might hope to imitate with eaſe;
"Yet, while they ſtrive the ſame ſucceſs to gain;
"Should find their labours and their hopes in vain." FRANCIS.

There are no marks of art in his expreſſion; it ſeems the very language of nature; you ſee, in the Style, not the writer and his labour, but the man, in his own natural character. He may be rich in his expreſſion; he may be full of figures, and of fancy; but theſe flow from him without effort; and he appears to write in this manner, not becauſe he has ſtudied it, but becauſe it is the manner of expreſſion moſt natural to him. A certain degree of negligence, alſo, is not inconſiſtent with this character of ſtyle, and even not ungraceful in it; for too minute an attention to words is foreign to it: "Habeat ille," ſays Cicero, (Orat. No. 77.) molle quiddam, et "quod indicet non ingratam negligentiam "hominis, de re magis quàm de verbo "laborantis †. This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like ſimplicity of manners, it ſhows us a man's ſentiments and turn of mind laid open without diſguiſe. More ſtudied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this diſadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the ſplendour of dreſs, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal thoſe peculiarities which diſtinguiſh one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like converſing with a perſon of diſtinction at home, and with eaſe, where we find natural manners, and a marked character. *Ibid.*

§ 23. *On Naïveté.*

The higheſt degree of this Simplicity, is expreſſed by a French term to which we have none that fully anſwers in our language, *Naïveté*. It is not eaſy to give a preciſe idea of the import of this word. It always expreſſes a diſcovery of character. I believe the beſt account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That ſort of amiable ingenuity, or undiſguiſed openneſs, which ſeems to give us ſome degree of ſuperiority over the perſon who ſhews it; a certain infantine Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which diſplays ſome features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to ſmile at the perſon who

† "Let this Style have a certain ſoftneſs and "eaſe, which ſhall characteriſe a negligence, not "unpleaſing in an author who appears to be "more ſolicitous about the thought than the expreſſion."

diſcovers

discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of such *Naïveté*. This, however, is to be understood, as descriptive of a particular species only of Simplicity. *Editor.*

§ 24. *Ancients eminent for Simplicity.*

With respect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark, that the ancient original writers are always the most eminent for it. The happens from a plain reason, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful Simplicity than among the Romans. Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are all distinguished for it. Among the Romans, also, we have some writers of this character; particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phædrus, and Julius Cæsar. The following passage of Terence's Andria, is a beautiful instance of Simplicity of manner in description:

——— Funus interim
Procedit; lamentari; ad sepulchrum venitur;
Ut ignem injecêre ad rogum; fletus; cædunt pectora
Quam diu, ut fit, mærori satisfactum est impotenti.
Redit domum postea. Ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
Humi sedere; os obstipescere; & cetera mala;
Cui nil præterea, accessere ab ipso verbum.
Mane Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? Cur te is percrucias?
Tandem, ex confusus facili misereri cœpimus,
Rogare ut ne id faceret, neve se tam demitteret *.

ACT. I. S. 1.

All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: and convey a most lively picture of the scene described; while, at the same time, the style appears wholly artless

* "Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow; come to the sepulchre; the body's placed upon the pile; lamented; whereupon "The kiss I was speaking of, all wild, "Flew to the flames with peril of her life. "There! there! the frighted Pamphilus betrays "His well-dissembled and long-hidden love; "Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and "stops "Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do? "Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself? "Thus for in such a manner that you thence "Might easily perceive their long, long love. "There hateful look from his arms, and weeps "Oh! how lamentably!" COLMAN.

and unlabour'd. Let us now consider some English writers, who come under this class. *Ibid.*

§ 25. *Simplicity the Characteristic of Tillotson's Style.*

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has very often misunderstood. For if we include the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, lively figures, or correct arrangement of sentence, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His style is always pure, natural, and perspicuous; but careless and remiss; too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the conclusion of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag enharmoniously, without an attempt towards strength or fulness. Notwithstanding these defects, such a brilliant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and solicitous manner, and so much artful selection, conveyed in a style so pure, clear and unaffected, as will justly recommend him in high repute, as long as the English language remains; and, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but not of a simple and amiable writer, which seems strongly expressive of great goodness as well as worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be considered with a certain degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers appear graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a feeble and languid manner. *Ibid.*

§ 26. *Simplicity of Sir William Temple's Style.*

Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he is in a degree above Tillotson; though not so correct, he is one in the higher rank. He is easy and flowing at times, he is sometimes harmonious; sometimes, and I may be called musically, use the happy ing characters of his manner; though sometimes, as such a manner will easily do, into a prolix and remiss style. No writer whatever has dropped upon his

a more lively impreſſion of his own character. In reading his works, we ſeem engaged in converſation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendſhip for him. He may be claſſed as ſtanding in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity and the higheſt degree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. *Blair.*

§ 27. *Simplicity of Mr.* ADDISON'*s Style.*

Of the latter of theſe, the higheſt, moſt correct, and ornamented degree of the ſimple manner, Mr. Addiſon is beyond doubt, in the Engliſh language, the moſt perfect example: and therefore, though not without ſome faults, he is, on the whole, the ſafeſt model for imitation, and the freeſt from conſiderable defects, which the language affords. Perſpicuous and pure he is in the higheſt degree; his preciſion, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the ſubjects which he treats of require: the conſtruction of his ſentences eaſy, agreeable, and commonly very muſical; carrying a character of ſmoothneſs, more than of ſtrength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in ſimilies and metaphors; which are ſo employed, as to render his Style ſplendid without being gaudy. There is not the leaſt affectation in his manner; we ſee no marks of labour; nothing forced or conſtrained; but great elegance joined with great eaſe and ſimplicity. He is, in particular, diſtinguiſhed by a character of modeſty and of politeneſs, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and inſinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where ſhews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of ſtrength and preciſion, which renders his manner, though perfectly ſuited to ſuch eſſays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of compoſition. Though the public have ever done much juſtice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been ſeen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the proſe writers, than he is entitled to among the poets; and, in proſe, his humour is of a much higher and more original ſtrain than his philoſophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley diſcovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Ibid.*

§ 28. *Simplicity of Style never wearies.*

Such authors as thoſe, whoſe characters I have been giving, one never tires of reading. There is nothing in their manner that ſtrains or fatigues our thoughts: we are pleaſed, without being dazzled by their luſtre. So powerful is the charm of Simplicity in an author of real genius, that it atones for many defects, and reconciles us to many a careleſs expreſſion. Hence, in all the moſt excellent authors, both in proſe and verſe, the ſimple and natural manner may be always remarked; although, other beauties being predominant, this form not their peculiar and diſtinguiſhing character. Thus Milton is ſimple in the midſt of all his grandeur; and Demoſthenes in the midſt of all his vehemence. To grave and ſolemn writings, Simplicity of manner adds the more venerable air. Accordingly, this has often been remarked as the prevailing character throughout all the ſacred Scriptures: and indeed no other character of Style was ſo much ſuited to the dignity of inſpiration. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *Lord* SHAFTSBURY *deficient in Simplicity of Style.*

Of authors who, notwithſtanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much leſs beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftſbury. This is an author on whom I have made obſervations ſeveral times before; and ſhall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Conſiderable merit, doubtleſs, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philoſophy which they contain, had he not filled them with ſo many oblique and invidious inſinuations againſt the Chriſtian Religion; thrown out, too, with ſo much ſpleen and ſatire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and ſupported in an uncommon degree: it is rich and muſical. No Engliſh author, as I formerly ſhewed, has attended ſo much to the regular conſtruction of his ſentences, both with reſpect to propriety, and with reſpect to cadence. All this gives ſo much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it ſhould have been ſometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual

petual ſtiffneſs and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordſhip can expreſs nothing with Simplicity. He ſeems to have conſidered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality to ſpeak like other men. Hence he is ever in buſkins; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every ſentence, we ſee the marks of labour and art; nothing of that eaſe which expreſſes a ſentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of figures and ornament of every kind, he is exceedingly fond; ſometimes happy in them; but his fondneſs for them is too viſible; and having once laid hold of ſome metaphor or allusion that pleaſed him, he knows not how to part with it. What is moſt wonderful, he was a profeſſed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and cenſuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs fewer it himſelf as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftſbury poſſeſſed delicacy and refinement of taſte, to a degree that we may call exceſſive and ſickly; but he had little warmth of paſſion; few ſtrong or vigorous feelings; and the coldneſs of his character led him to that artificial and ſtarely manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is ſtiff, even in his gayeſt; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man *.

From the account which I have given of Lord Shaftſbury's manner, it may eaſily be imagined, that he would miſlead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who with many impoſing beauties, has alſo ſome very conſpicuous blemiſhes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the Life of Homer, the Letters on Mythology, and the Court of Auguſtus; a writer of conſiderable learning, and of ingenuity alſo; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of language which diſtinguiſhes the ſublime-mean manner.

Having now ſaid ſo much in recommending Simplicity, or the eaſy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an oppoſite manner; in order to prevent miſtakes on this ſubject, it is neceſſary for me to obſerve, that it is very poſſible for an author to write ſimply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity ſuppoſes an author to poſſeſs real genius; to write with ſolidity, propriety, and livelineſs of imagination. In a word, the ſimplicity or nakedneſs of the manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the dreſs of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere nakedneſs were ſufficient to conſtitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. Accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dulleſt writers on account of what they call the "Claſſic Simplicity of their manner;" which, in truth, is no other than the dulneſs of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We muſt diſtinguiſh therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a careleſs and ſlovenly manner. Indeed the diſtinction is eaſily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to intereſt the reader; the other is inſipid and tireſome.

§ 50. *On the Florid Style.*

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from all that I have yet ſpoken of, which may be diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Florid manner. This always implies ſtrength; and is not, by any means, inconſiſtent with Simplicity: but, in its predominant character, is diſtinguiſhable from either the ſtrong or the ſimple manner. To the peculiar ardour of it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whoſe imagination and paſſions are heated, and ſtrongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore intelligent of leſſer graces, but pours himſelf forth with the rapidity and rudeneſs of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man who is ſpeaking, than from one who is writing in his cloſet. There

* It may, perhaps, be not unworthy of being mentioned, that the firſt edition of his Enquiry into Virtue was publiſhed, incorrectly I believe, in a foreign form, in the year 1699; and is ſometimes to be met with: by comparing which with the correcter edition of the ſame treatiſe, as it now ſtands among his works, we ſee one of the moſt remarkable and uſeful examples, that I know of, what is called Junius Redivivus; the art of poliſhing language, by taking away ſtiffneſs, and working up an imperfect draught into a highly-finiſhed performance.

tions of Demoſthenes furniſh the full and perfect example of this ſpecies of Style. *Blair.*

§ 31. *Lord* BOLINGBROKE *excelled in the Vehement Style.*

Among Engliſh writers, the one who has moſt of this character, though mixed, indeed, with ſeveral defects, is Lord Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was formed by nature to be a factious leader; the demagogue of a popular aſſembly. Accordingly, the Style that runs through all his political writings, is that of one declaiming with heat, rather than writing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures; and pours himſelf forth with great impetuoſity. He is copious to a fault; places the ſame thought before us in many different views; but generally with life and ardour. He is bold, rather than correct; a torrent that flows ſtrong, but often muddy. His ſentences are varied as to length and ſhortneſs; inclining, however, moſt to long periods, ſometimes including parentheſes, and frequently crowding and heaping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of ſpeaking. In the choice of his words, there is great felicity and preciſion. In exact conſtruction of ſentences, he is much inferior to Lord Shaftſbury; but greatly ſuperior to him in life and eaſe. Upon the whole, his merit, as a writer, would have been very conſiderable, if his matter had equalled his Style. But whilſt we find many things to commend in the latter, in the former, as I before remarked, we can hardly find any thing to commend. In his reaſonings, for the moſt part, he is flimſy and falſe; in his political writings, factious: in what he calls his philoſophical ones, irreligious and ſophiſtical in the higheſt degree. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Directions for forming a* STYLE.

It will be more to the purpoſe, that I conclude theſe diſſertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the ſubject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The firſt direction which I give for this purpoſe, is, to ſtudy clear ideas on the ſubject concerning which we are to write or ſpeak. This is a direction which may at firſt appear to have ſmall relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely cloſe. The foundation of all good Style, is good ſenſe, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are ſo intimately connected, that, as I have ſeveral times hinted, it is frequently hard to diſtinguiſh them. Whereever the impreſſions of things upon our minds are faint and indiſtinct, or perplexed and confuſed, our Style in treating of ſuch things will infallibly be ſo too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel ſtrongly, we will naturally expreſs with clearneſs and with ſtrength. This, then, we may be aſſured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think cloſely of the ſubject, till we have attained a full and diſtinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and intereſted in it; then, and not till then, ſhall we find expreſſion begin to flow. Generally ſpeaking, the beſt and moſt proper expreſſions, are thoſe which a clear view of the ſubject ſuggeſts, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quinctilian's obſervation, Lib. viii. c. 1. "Plerumque optima "verba rebus cohærent, et cernuntur ſuo "lumine. At nos quæ rimus illa, tan"quam lateant ſeque ſubducant. Ita nun"quam putamus verba eſſe circa id de "quo dicendum eſt; ſed ex aliis locis pe"timus, et inventis vim aſſerimus*." *Ibid.*

§ 33. *Practice neceſſary for forming a* STYLE.

In the ſecond place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of compoſing is indiſpenſibly neceſſary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will anſwer the end without exerciſe and habit. At the ſame time, it is not every ſort of compoſing that will improve Style. This is ſo far from being the caſe, that by frequent, careleſs and haſty compoſition, we ſhall acquire certainly a very bad Style; we ſhall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accuſtomed to compoſition at all. In the begining, therefore,

* "The moſt proper words for the moſt part "adhere to the thoughts which are to be expreſ"ſed by them, and may be diſcovered as by their "own light. But we hunt after them, as if they "were hidden, and only to be found in a corner, "Hence, inſtead of conceiving the words to lie "near the ſubject, we go in queſt of them to "ſome other quarter, and endeavour to give force "to the expreſſions we have found out."

we ought to write slowly and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. "Moram et "solicitudinem," says Quinctilian with the greatest reason, L. x. c. 3. "initiis impero. "Nam primum hoc constituendum ac obti- "nendum est, ut quam obtimè scribamus; "celeritatem dabit consuetudo. Paulatim "res facilius se ostendent, verba respondebunt, compositio prosequetur. Cuncta "denique et in familia benè instituta in "officio erunt. Summa hæc est rei: citò "scribendo non fit ut benè scribatur; benè "scribendo, fit ut citò*. *Blair.*

§ 34. *Too anxious a Care about* WORDS *to be avoided.*

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "*Limæ Labor*" must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye in the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined. *Ibid.*

§ 35. *An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a* STYLE.

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just one in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of the Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the Style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. *Ibid.*

§ 36. *A servile Imitation to be avoided.*

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius, it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's good phrases, or transcribing passages from him.

* "I again that such as are beginning the "practice of composition, write slowly, and with "anxious deliberation. Their great object at "first should be, to write as well as possible; prac- "tice will enable them to write speedily. By "degrees matter will offer itself this more ru- "pidly; words will be at hand; composition will "flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of "a well-ordered family, will present itself in "its proper place. The sum of the whole is this; "by hasty composition, we shall never acquire "the art of composing well; by writing well, we "shall come to write speedily."

ich a habit will prove fatal to all genuine mpoſition. Infinitely better it is to have nething that is our own, though of mo- rate beauty, than to affect to ſhine in rrowed ornaments, which will, at laſt, ray the utter poverty of our genius. n theſe heads of compoſing, correcting, ading and imitating, I adviſe every dent of oratory to conſult what Quinctil- n has delivered in the Tenth Book of s Inſtitutions, where he will find a va- ty of excellent obſervations and direc- ons, that well deſerve attention. *Blair.*

§ 37. STYLE *muſt be adapted to the Subject.*

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but terial rule, with reſpect to Style, that e always ſtudy to adapt it to the ſubject, d alſo to the capacity of our hearers, we are to ſpeak in public. Nothing me- ts the name of eloquent or beautiful, hich is not ſuited to the occaſion, and to e perſons to whom it is addreſſed. It to the laſt degree awkward and abſurd, attempt a poetical florid Style, on oc- ſions when it ſhould be our buſineſs ly to argue and reaſon; or to ſpeak with laborate pomp of expreſſion, before per- ons who comprehend nothing of it, and ho can only ſtare at our unſeaſonable agnificence. Theſe are defects not ſo uch in point of Style, as, what is much orſe, in point of common ſenſe. When e begin to write or ſpeak, we ought reviouſly to fix in our minds a clear con- eption of the end to be aimed at; to keep his ſteadily in our view, and to ſuit our tyle to it. If we do not ſacrifice to this reat object every ill-timed ornament that ay occur to our fancy, we are unpardon- ble; and though children and fools may dmire, men of ſenſe will laugh at us and our Style. *Ibid.*

§ 38. *Attention to* STYLE *muſt not detract from Attention to* THOUGHT.

In the laſt place, I cannot conclude the ſubject without this admonition, that, in any caſe, and on any occaſion, attention to Style muſt not engroſs us ſo much, as to detract from a higher degree of atten- tion to the Thoughts. "Curam verbo- "rum," ſays the great Roman Critic, "rerum volo eſſe ſolicitudinem *" A direction the more neceſſary, as the pre- ſent taſte of the age, in writing, ſeems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much eaſier to dreſs up trivial and com- mon ſentiments with ſome beauty of ex- preſſion, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and uſeful thoughts. The lat- ter requires true genius; the former may be attained by induſtry, with the help of very ſuperficial parts. Hence, we find ſo many writers frivolouſly rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in ſentiment. The public ear is now ſo much accuſtomed to a cor- rect and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with ſafety, neglect the ſtudy of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to ſomething beyond it; who does not lay the chief ſtreſs upon his matter, and employ ſuch ornaments of Style to recom- mend it, as are manly, not foppiſh, "Majore animo," ſays the writer whom I have ſo often quoted, "aggredienda eſt "eloquentia; quæ ſi toto corpore valet, "ungues polire et capillum componere, "non exiſtimabit ad curam ſuam pertinere. "Ornatus et virilis et fortis et ſanctus ſit; "nec effeminatam levitatem et fuco emen- "titum colorem amet; ſanguine et viri- "bus niteat.*" *Ibid.*

§ 39. *Of the Riſe of Poetry among the* ROMANS.

The Romans, in the infancy of their ſtate, were entirely rude and unpoliſhed. They came from ſhepherds; they were increaſed from the refuſe of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plun- der from their neighbours, war was their bu- ſineſs, and agriculture the chief art they fol- lowed. Long after this, when they had ſpread their conqueſts over a great part of Italy, and began to make a conſiderable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughneſs, which they raiſed into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It ſeems to me, that there was more of auſterity than juſ- tice, and more of inſolence than courage,

* To your expreſſion be attentive; but about your matter be ſolicitous."

* "A higher ſpirit ought to animate thoſe "who ſtudy eloquence. They ought to conſult "the health and ſoundneſs of the whole body, "rather than bend their attention to ſuch trifling "objects as paring the nails, and dreſſing the "hair. Let ornament be manly and chaſte, "without effeminate gaiety, or artificial colour- "ing, let it ſhine with the glow of health and "ſtrength."

in fame of their moſt celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at firſt a nation of ſoldiers and huſbandmen: roughneſs was long as applauded character among them; and a coat of reſtricty reigned, even in their ſmalleſt houſe.

In a nation originally of ſuch a temper as this, taken up almoſt always in extending their territories, very often in ſettling the balance of power among themſelves, and not unfrequently in both theſe at the ſame time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flouriſhed to any degree. Poetry was the firſt that did ſo: but ſuch a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, hurried, unpoliſhed people.

Not to inquire about the hymns of Triaſoph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly ſomething of poetry among them in the very reign under Numa, a prince, who pretended to converſe with the Muſes, as well as with Egeria; and who might poſſibly himſelf have made the verſes which the Salian prieſts ſung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the ſame reign, or if you pleaſe ſome time after, gave the Romans a mixture of poetry as well as of philoſophy; for Cicero aſſures us, that the Pythagoreans made great uſe of poetry and muſic: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered moſt of their precepts in verſe. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had alſo a ſort of prophetic or ſacred writers, who ſeem to have wrote generally in verſe; and were ſo numerous, that there were above two hundred of their volumes remaining even in Auguſtus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in thoſe early times, derived from what they had ſeen of the Tuſcan actors, when ſent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. Theſe ſeem to have been either like our dumb-ſhews, or elſe a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in uſe all over Italy, and in Tuſcany. In a more particular manner ſuit to theſe, that extempore kind of jeſting dialogues began at their harveſt and vintage feaſts; and carried on ſo rudely and ſatirically afterwards, as to occaſion a very ſevere law to reſtrain their licentiouſneſs—and thoſe lovers of poetry and antiquity who ſeem to have admired the origin of every thing, mark that the old poetical meaſure, or one very like it, uſed in theſe plays, to have been the meaſure of moſt of the ſubſequent writings of that people; and of the ruſtic deeds of thoſe who had gone to them, to be a ſtanding rebuke to their great examples.

The [illegible] in peace with all their neighbours [illegible] may take the word of the [illegible] without a [illegible] to us. One of their beſt [illegible] them as very [illegible] and very [illegible] ſtanding [illegible] and one of their beſt [illegible] poems againſt the [illegible] wrongs to be found, nor the world [illegible] be ſtranger than [illegible]

All theſe poetic diverſions may very [illegible] be ſuppoſed to be reaſons why there [illegible] thing remaining of their works [illegible] likely no more to be found in [illegible] had remained. And ſo we may [illegible] glimpſe of the Roman poetry from [illegible] Andronicus, the firſt of their [illegible] whom any thing does remain to us, [illegible] from whom the Romans themſelves [illegible] to have dated the beginning of their [illegible] refer to the Auguſtan age.

The firſt kind of poetry that [illegible] of with any ſucceſs among the Romans was that for the ſtage. They were a religious people: and ſtage plays [illegible] ſeem not to have been [illegible] part of public diverſions; it is [illegible] the greateſt number of [illegible] whom we have any [illegible] moſt all of them [illegible]

§ 40. Of Livius Andronicus and his works.

The firſt in this kind, was Livius Andronicus, and Livius Andronicus (and it was the firſt written play that appeared at Rome, about [illegible] before the birth of Chriſt) was a Greek by birth, and a native of Tarentum. He was taken priſoner in the firſt Punic war, and carried to Rome, where he was afterwards manumitted by his maſter, and aſſumed the name of Livius Andronicus. He was a man of learning, and taught both Greek and Latin at Rome. He tranſlated the Odyſſey into Latin verſe, and compoſed ſeveral tragedies and comedies, which were acted on the ſtage with great applauſe. Theſe pieces, though they were afterwards admired, as we ſhall ſee by Livius and Ovid, that they did not deſerve a ſecond reading. [illegible] for ſome time after the [illegible] till Naevius roſe to rival him and [illegible]

ly far exceeded his maſter. Nævius entered too on an epic, or rather an hiſtorical poem, on the firſt Carthagenian war. nius followed his ſteps in this, as well in the dramatic way; and ſeems to ve excelled him as much as he had exlled Livius; ſo much at leaſt, that Lucretius ſays of him, "That he was the ſt of their poets who deſerved a laſting own from the Muſes." Theſe three ets were actors as well as poets; and em all of them to have wrote whatever as wanted for the ſtage, rather than to ve conſulted their own turn or genius. ach of them publiſhed, ſometimes tragedies, ſometimes comedies, and ſometimes a kind of dramatic ſatires; ſuch ſatires, I ſuppoſe, as had been occaſioned by e extempore poetry that had been in faſhion the century before them. All the oſt celebrated dramatic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and comedy of Actius, or Euripides. But eſe firſt dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; ſt as the preſent fancy, or the demand the people, led them.

The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the cond Punic war, when they had humbled eir great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conqueſts afterwards, without any great difficulties, into Greece,—ve them leiſure and opportunities for aking very great improvements in their etry. Their dramatic writers began to with more ſteadineſs and judgment; ey followed one point of view: they had e benefit of the excellent patterns the ek writers had ſet them; and formed emſelves on thoſe models. *Spence.*

§ 41. *Of* PLAUTUS.

Plautus was the firſt that conſulted his n genius, and confined himſelf to that ecies of dramatic writing, for which he as the beſt fitted by nature. Indeed, his medy (like the old comedy at Athens) of a ruder kind, and far enough from e poliſh that was afterwards given it by the Romans. His jeſts are often ugh, and his wit coarſe; but there is a rength and ſpirit in him, that make one ad him with pleaſure: at leaſt, he is uch to be commended for being the firſt t conſidered what he was moſt capable excelling in, and not endeavouring to ine in too many different ways at once. rcilius followed his example in this particular; but improved their comedy ſo much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the beſt of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himſelf as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the ſtrength and weight of his ſentiments. *Ibid.*

§ 42. *Of* TERENCE.

Terence made his firſt appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is ſaid, that when he offered his firſt play to the Ediles, they ſent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at ſupper when he came to him; and as Terence was dreſſed very meanly, he was placed on a little ſtool, and deſired to read away; but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himſelf at the table. They all admired him as a riſing genius; and the applauſe he received from the public, anſwered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may ſee by that, and the reſt of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactneſs and elegance the Roman comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful ſimplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no ſearching after wit, and no oſtentation of ornament in him. All his ſpeakers ſeem to ſay juſt what they ſhould ſay, and no more. The ſtory is always going on; and goes on juſt as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence, and long after, is rather remarkable for ſtrength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compoſitions of this would appear to thoſe of the Auguſtan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to thoſe of the Auguſtan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order: it is not ſo ornamented, or ſo rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleaſing. The Roman language itſelf, in his hands, ſeems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect; and to be advanced almoſt a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are ſome who look upon this as one of the ſtrangeſt phænomena in the learned world: but it is a phæno-

manon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those times;" and instances particularly in the families of the Lælii and the Scipio's. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both these families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar conversation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare conversations. That is not at all impossible; and indeed the Romans themselves seem generally to have imagined, that he was assisted by them in the writing part too. If it was really so, that will account still better for the elegance of the language in his plays: because Terence himself was born out of Italy; and though he was brought thither very young, he received the first part of his education in a family, where they might not speak with so much correctness as Lælius and Scipio had been used to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the rest, it seems, from what he says himself, that his most usual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Those who say that he translated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though I suppose, it would scarce hold, were we to take both of them together. *Spence.*

§ 43. *Of* Afranius.

We have a very great loss in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Augustan Age, as the most exact imitator of Menander. He owns himself, that he had no restraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they set him a good example. Afranius's Forms and persons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as in material a point in those days, that it made two different species of comedy. Those on a Greek story were called, Palliatæ; and those on a Roman Togatæ. Terence excelled all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter. *Ibid.*

§ 44. *Of* Pacuvius *and* Actius.

About the same time this comedy was improved so considerably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a contemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it was carried in Roman hands. The step from Lænius to Pacuvius was a very great one; so great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the best of all their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of Lælius and Scipio; but he did not profit so much by it, as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his style was not to be the common conversation style, as Terence's was; and all the flatterings given to it, might take just as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is, that he was almost as [illegible] for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny speaks of some paintings of him, in a temple of Hercules, as the most celebrated work of their kind, there is any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publish when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not so fine, nor his verses so well-turned, even as those of his predecessor. There is a remarkable story of him in an old [illegible] which, as it may give some light into the different manners of writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the soft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on some affairs, to make a journey into Asia, he took Tarentum in his way, and staid there some days with Pacuvius. It was in this visit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and desired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it, told him very honestly, that the poetry was sonorous and majestic, but that it [illegible] to him too stiff and harsh. Actius [illegible] that he was himself very sensible of the fault in his writings; but that he was not at all sorry for it: "for," says he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the same with writers as with fruits; [illegible] which those that are most soft and palatable, decay the sooner; whereas those of a rough taste last the longer, and have the finest relish, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether this [illegible] ever came to be thus mellowed, I [illegible] much doubt; however that was, [illegible]

oint that ſeems generally allowed, that he nd Pacuvius were the two beſt tragic poets he Romans ever had. *Spence.*

45. *Of the Riſe of Satire: Of* LUCILIUS, LUCRETIUS, *and* CATULLUS.

All this while, that is, for above one undred years, the ſtage, as you ſee, was lmoſt ſolely in poſſeſſion of the Roman oets. It was now time for the other kinds f poetry to have their turn; however, the irſt that ſprung up and flouriſhed to any legree, was ſtill a cyon from the ſame root. What I mean, is Satire; the produce of he old comedy. This kind of poetry had een attempted in a different manner by ome of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was ſo altered and o improved by Lucilius, that he was called he inventor of it. This was a kind of oetry wholly of the Roman growth; and he only one they had that was ſo; and ven as to this, Lucilius improved a good eal by the ſide lights he borrowed from he old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philoſophy: and Catullus began to ſhew the Romans ſomething of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius diſcovers a great deal of ſpirit wherever his ſubject will give him leave; and the firſt moment he ſteps a little aſide from it, in all his digreſſions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himſelf; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter ſeems to pay him in his Georgics. His ſubject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together: but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightneſs. His character, in this, agrees with what is ſaid of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flouriſh at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wiſe to rival him; and was the moſt admired of all his cotemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the leaſt valuable part of his works. The ſtrokes of ſatire in his epigrams are very ſevere; and the deſcriptions in his Idylliums, very full and picturesque. He paints ſtrongly; but all his paintings have more of force than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With theſe I ſhall chuſe to cloſe the firſt age of the Roman poetry: an age more remarkable for ſtrength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and ſucceſſion of theſe poets wanted much to be ſettled: and I was obliged to ſay ſomething of each of them, becauſe I may have recourſe to each on ſome occaſion or another, in ſhewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miſcellaneous poems of Catullus; the philoſophical poem of Lucretius; ſix comedies by Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the reſt, there is nothing left us, except ſuch paſſages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics. *Ibid.*

§ 46. *Of the Criticiſms of* CICERO, HORACE, and QUINCTILIAN *on the above Writers.*

The beſt way to ſettle the characters and merits of theſe poets of the firſt age, where ſo little of their own works remains, is by conſidering what is ſaid of them by the other Roman writers, who were well acquainted with their works. The beſt of the Roman critics we can conſult now, and perhaps the beſt they ever had, are Cicero, Horace, and Quinctilian. If we compare their ſentiments of theſe poets together, we ſhall find a diſagreement in them; but a diſagreement which I think may be accounted for, without any great difficulty. Cicero, (as he lived before the Roman poetry was brought to perfection, and poſſibly as no very good judge of poetry himſelf) ſeems to think more highly of them than the others. He gives up Livius indeed; but then he makes it up in commending Nævius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with reſpect; and as to the tragic, he carries it ſo far as to ſeem ſtrongly inclined to oppoſe old Ennius to Æchilus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Actius to Euripides.—This high notion of the old poets was probably the general faſhion in his time; and it continued afterwards (eſpecially among the more elderly ſort of people) in the Auguſtan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epiſtle to Auguſtus, combats it as a vulgar error in his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himſelf was not

wholly free. However that be, Horace, on this occaſion, enters into the queſtion very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets (which indeed includes all the Poets I have been ſpeaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus), is perhaps rather too ſevere. He ſays, "That their language was in a great degree ſuperannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent and incorrect; and that there is generally a ſtiffneſs in their compoſitions: that people indeed might pardon theſe things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they ſhould think of commending them for thoſe very faults." In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the ſame ſubject, he gives Lucilius's character much in the ſame manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very ſuperfluous and incorrect; his language is daſhed affectedly with Greek; and his verſes are hard and unharmonious."—Quinctilian ſteers the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little miſled by his nearneſs to their time; and Horace by his ſubject, which was profeſſedly to ſpeak againſt the old writers. Quinctilian, therefore, does not commend them ſo generally as Cicero, nor ſpeak againſt them ſo ſtrongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon, in this caſe, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to ſome ſacred grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleaſing. He commends Pacuvius and Actius, for the ſtrength of their language and the force of their ſentiments; but ſays, "they wanted that poliſh which was ſet on the Roman poetry afterwards." He ſpeaks of Plautus and Cæcilius, as applauded writers: of Terence as a moſt elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, ſays he, fall infinitely ſhort of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude: According to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace; Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his ſtyle; and Catullus is remarkable in the ſatirical part of his works, but ſcarce ſo in the reſt of his lyric poetry. *Spence.*

§ 47. *Of the flouriſhing State of Poetry among the* ROMANS.

The firſt age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in compariſon of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Auguſtus Cæſar. The ſtate which had been ſo long tending towards a monarchy, was quite ſettled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at leaſt concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a miniſter, too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himſelf) knew how to encourage the beſt; and who admitted the beſt poets, in particular, into a very great ſhare of friendſhip and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremoſt in this liſt; who, at his firſt ſetting out, grew ſoon their moſt applauded writer for genteel paſtorals: then gave them the moſt beautiful and moſt correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (ſo beautiful, that ſome of the ancients ſeem to accuſe Virgil of having ſtudied beauty too much in that piece); and laſt of all, undertook a political poem, in ſupport of the new eſtabliſhment. I have thought this to be the intent of the Æneid, ever ſince I firſt read Boſſu; and the more one conſiders it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is ſaid to have begun this poem the very year that Auguſtus was freed from his great rival Anthony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he choſe to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government muſt naturally be apt to diſpleaſe the people. Virgil ſeems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of ſome old prophecies that muſt have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promiſing them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the moſt probable account of their origin, that of their being deſcended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his Æneid, ſhews that Æneas was called into their country by the expreſs order of the gods; that he was made king of it, by the will of heaven,

and

..n' by all the human rights that could be; ...t there was an uninterrupted ſucceſſion of kin.s from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæſar was of the royal race, and that Auguſtus was his ſole heir. The natural reſult of all this is, that the promiſes made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Auguſtus, the Romans if they would obey the gods, and be maſters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new eſtabliſhment under that prince. As odd a ſcheme as this may ſeem now, it is ſcarce ſo odd as that of ſome people among us, who perſuaded themſelves, that an abſolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their ſuppoſed deſcent from ſome unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effects with many, about a century ago; and ſeems not to have quite loſt all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to ſupport the new form of government in the family of the Cæſars. That poem therefore may very well be conſidered as a religious and political work, or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was ſcarce any thing more than an engine of ſtate) it may fairly enough be conſidered as a work merely political. If this was the caſe, Virgil was not ſo highly encouraged by Auguſtus and Mæcenas for nothing. To ſpeak a little more plainly: He wrote in the ſervice of the new uſurpation on the ſtate: and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the uſurper he wrote for, was grown the ſame one; and that the temper and bent of their conſtitution, at that time, was ſuch, that the reins of government muſt have fallen into the hands of ſome one perſon or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of ſome one leſs mild and indulgent than Auguſtus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his ſervice. But whatever may be ſaid of his reaſons for writing it, the poem itſelf has been highly applauded in all ages, from its firſt appearance to this day; and though left unfiniſhed by its author, has been always reckoned as much ſuperior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. *Spence.*

§ 48. *Obſervations on the* ÆNEID, *and the Author's Genius.*

It preſerves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as ſtrongly as if we had ſo many pictures of them preſerved to us, done by ſome of the beſt hands in the Auguſtan age. It is remarkable that he is commended by ſome of the ancients themſelves, for the ſtrength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, ſo much as exactneſs. He was certainly the moſt correct poet even of his time; in which all falſe thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were diſcouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much leſs, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almoſt all the little facts in it are built on hiſtory; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes ſo far back as to old Ennius; and often inſerts whole verſes from him, and ſome other of their earlieſt writers. The obſoleteneſs of their ſtyle, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inſerted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can diſcover at preſent. Judgment is his diſtinguiſhing character; and his great excellence conſiſted in chuſing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the ſkill of making his own, by weaving it ſo well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even thoſe parts of his poems, where this may be moſt practiſed, reſembling a fine piece of Moſaic, in which all the parts, though of ſuch different marbles, unite together; and the various ſhades and colours are ſo artfully diſpoſed as to melt off inſenſibly into one another.

One of the greateſt beauties in Virgil's private character was, his modeſty and good-nature. He was apt to think humbly of himſelf, and handſomely of others: and was ready to ſhew his love of merit, even where it might ſeem to claſh with his own. He was the firſt who recommended Horace to Mæcenas. *Ibid.*

§ 49.

§ 49. *Of* Horace.

Horace was the fitteſt man in the world for a court where wit was ſo particularly encouraged. No man ſeems to have had more, and all of the genteeleſt ſort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety, and even his debauchery, made him ſtill the more agreeable to Mæcenas: ſo that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that Miniſter grew up to ſo high a degree of friendſhip, as is very uncommon between a firſt Miniſter and a poet; and which had poſſibly ſuch an effect on the latter, as one ſhall ſcarce ever hear of between any two friends, the moſt on a level: for there is ſome room to conjecture, that he haſtened himſelf out of this world to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been moſt generally celebrated for his lyric poems; in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of ſeveral of the Greek: which ſeems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been uſually reckoned, was his refining ſatire; and bringing it from the coarſeneſs and harſhneſs of Lucilius to that genteel, eaſy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one perſon more in all the ages ſince, has ever poſſeſſed. I do not remember that any one of the ancients ſays any thing of his epiſtles: and this has made me ſometimes imagine, that his epiſtles and ſatires might originally have paſſed under one and the ſame name; perhaps that of Sermones. They are generally written in a ſtyle approaching to that of converſation; and are ſo much alike, that ſeveral of the ſatires might juſt as well be called epiſtles, as ſeveral of his epiſtles have the ſpirit of ſatire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you pleaſe to call them (whether ſatires and epiſtles, or diſcourſes in verſe on moral and familiar ſubjects) is what, I muſt own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in theſe that he ſhews that talent for criticiſm, in which he ſo very much excelled; eſpecially in his long epiſtle to Auguſtus; and that other to the Piſo's, commonly called his Art of Poetry. They abound in ſtrokes which ſhew his great knowledge of mankind, and in that pleaſing way he had of teaching philoſophy, of laughing away vice, and inſinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may ſerve, as much as almoſt any writings can, to make men wiſer and better: for he has the moſt agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was, in general, an honeſt, good man himſelf; at leaſt he does not ſeem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wiſh to have been acquainted with, ſo much as Horace. One cannot be very converſant with his writings, without having a friendſhip for the man; and longing to have juſt ſuch another as he was for one's friend. *Spence.*

§ 50. *Of* Tibullus, Propertius, *and* Ovid.

In that happy age, and in the ſame court, flouriſhed Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epiſtles. Tibullus is evidently the moſt exact and moſt beautiful writer of love verſes among the Romans, and was eſteemed ſo by their beſt judges; though there were ſome, it ſeems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent ſeems to have been only for elegiac verſe: at leaſt his compliment on Meſſala (which is his only poem out of it) ſhews, I think, too plainly, that he was neither deſigned for heroic verſe, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his diſtinguiſhing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's, among the comic writers of the former; and if his ſubject will never let him be ſublime, his judgment at leaſt always keeps him from being faulty.—His rival and cotemporary, Propertius, ſeems to have ſet himſelf too many different models, to copy either of them ſo well as he might otherwiſe have done. In one place, he calls himſelf the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas: and he is ſaid to have ſtudied Mimnermus, and ſome other of the Greek lyric writers, with the ſame view. You may ſee by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the conſtant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to ſet ſome great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have ſucceeded better, had he fixed on any one of theſe; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the elegiac

writers

writers of this age; and is more looſe and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many maſters, Ovid endeavoured to ſhine in too many different kinds of writing at the ſame time. Beſides, he had a redundant genius; and almoſt always choſe rather to indulge, than to give any reſtraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his ſeveral works, one ſhould not perhaps be much beſide the truth, in ſaying, that he excels moſt in his Faſti; then perhaps in his love-verſes; next in his heroic epiſtles; and laſtly, in his Metamorphoſes. As for the verſes he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite loſt his ſpirit in them; and though you may diſcover ſome difference in his manner, after his baniſhment came to ſit a little lighter on him, his genius never ſhines out fairly after that fatal ſtroke. His very love of being witty had forſaken him; though before it ſeems to have grown upon him, when it was leaſt becoming, towards his old age: for his Metamorphoſes (which was the laſt poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finiſhed when he was ſent into baniſhment) has more inſtances of falſe wit in it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him moſt cried up for, in that piece, is his tranſitions from one ſtory to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quinctilian, where he is ſpeaking of them, endeavours rather to excuſe than to commend him on that head. We have a conſiderable loſs in the latter half of his Faſti; and in his Medea, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry ſeems not to have flouriſhed, in proportion to the other ſorts of poetry, in the Auguſtan age. We ſcarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce ſome names from it, to oppoſe to the Greeks, without going ſo far back as to thoſe of Actius and Pacuvius. Indeed their own critics, in ſpeaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boaſt rather of ſingle pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the higheſt ſtrain, are the Medea of Ovid, and Varius's Thyeſtes. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almoſt all the other kinds of poetry were in their greateſt excellence at Rome. *Spence.*

§ 51. *Of* Phædrus.

Under this period of the beſt writing, I ſhould be inclined to inſert Phædrus. For though he publiſhed after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flouriſhed and formed his ſtyle under Auguſtus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deſerves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Auguſtan age. Fabulæ Æſopeæ, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He profeſſedly follows Æſop in them; and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the ſubject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æſop's way of telling ſtories was very ſhort and plain; for the diſtinguiſhing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciſeneſs and ſimplicity. The taſte was ſo much fallen, at the time when he publiſhed them, that both theſe were objected to him as faults. He uſed thoſe critics as they deſerved. He tells a long, tedious ſtory to thoſe who objected againſt the conciſeneſs of his ſtyle; and anſwers ſome others, who condemned the plainneſs of it, with a run of bombaſt verſes, that have a great many noiſy elevated words in them, without any ſenſe at the bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 52. *Of* Manilius.

Manilius can ſcarce be allowed a place in this liſt of the Auguſtan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in theſe lower ages, ſo long ſince Latin has ceaſed to be a living language. There is at leaſt, I believe, no inſtance, in any one poet of the flouriſhing ages, of ſuch language, or ſuch verſification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that ſpeaks one word of any ſuch poet about thoſe times. I doubt not, there were bad poets enough in the Auguſtan age; but I queſtion whether Manilius may deſerve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What muſt be ſaid, then to the many paſſages in the poem, which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Auguſtan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not ſee how one can deny his being of that age: and if it be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it ſhould agree ſo exactly, in ſo many little particulars, with the ancient globe of the heavens, in the Farneſe palace. Allowing

lowing Manilius's poem to paſs for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Auguſtan age, beſides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Gratius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus. *Spence.*

§ 53. *Of the Poets whoſe Works have not come down to us.*

Theſe are but ſmall remains for an age in which poetry was ſo well cultivated and followed by very great numbers, taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, moſt of the beſt have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus; that Proculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a ſort of piſcatory eclogues; and Macer, a poem on the nature of birds, beaſts, and plants. That the ſame Macer, and Rabirius, and Marſus, and Ponticus, and Pedo Albinovanus, and ſeveral others, were epic writers in that time (which, by the way, ſeems to have ſignified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verſe): that Fundanius was the beſt comic poet then, and Meſſalla no bad one: that Varius was the moſt eſteemed for epic poetry, before the Æneid appeared; and one of the moſt eſteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (beſides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of ſtate) is much commended for tragedy; and Varius, either for tragedy or epic poetry; for it does not quite appear which of the two he was. Theſe laſt are great names; but there remain ſome of ſtill higher dignity, who are, or at leaſt deſired to be thought, poets in that time. In the former part of Auguſtus's reign, his firſt miniſter for home affairs, Mæcenas; and in the latter part, his grandſon Germanicus, were of this number. Germanicus in particular tranſlated Aratus; and there are ſome (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a conſiderable part of his tranſlation. The emperor himſelf ſeems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in proſe; but ſome things in verſe too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called Ajax.

It is no wonder, under ſuch encouragements, and ſo great examples, that poetry ſhould ariſe to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Auguſtus found a prince, whoſe own inclinations, the temper of whoſe reign, and whoſe very politics, led him to nurſe all the arts; and poetry, in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got ſo far toward perfection, that they ſhould fall as it were all at once; and from their greateſt purity and ſimplicity, ſhould degenerate ſo immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing, than had been ever known among them. *Ibid.*

§ 54. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are ſome who aſſert, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been ſpeaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Auguſtus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the fall of the Roman poetry. Auguſtus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at leaſt a mildneſs, that gave a calm to the ſtate during his time: the ſucceeding emperors flung off the maſk; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monſters than men. We need not go to their hiſtorians for proofs of their prodigious vileneſs: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under ſuch heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All diſcipline in war, all domeſtic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taſte for ſound eloquence and good poetry, ſunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flouriſhed, together. Inſtead of the ſenſible, chaſte, and manly way of writing, that had been in uſe in the former age, there now roſe up a deſire of writing ſmartly, and an affectation of ſhining in every thing they ſaid. A certain prettineſs, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what diſtinguiſhed their moſt applauded writers in proſe; and their poetry was quite loſt in high flights and obſcurity. Seneca, the favourite proſe writer of thoſe times; and Petronius Arbiter, ſo great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the proſe in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to ſay, that they had then Lucan and Perſius, inſtead of Virgil and Horace. *Ibid.*

§ 55. *Of* Lucan.

Perſius and Lucan, who were the moſt celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well ſerve for examples of the fa-

faults I juſt mentioned, one of the ſwelling, and the other of the obſcure ſtyle, then in faſhion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fuſtian and bombaſt. His muſe was a kind of dropſy, and looks like the ſoldier deſcribed in his own Pharſalia, who in paſſing the deſert ſands of Africa, was bit by a ſerpent, and ſwelled to ſuch an immoderate ſize, "that he was loſt (as he expreſſes it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haſte to make Quinctilian ſay ſome good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always for, and what he will ever deſerve to be admired for, are the ſeveral philoſophical paſſages that abound in his works; and his generous ſentiments, particularly on the love of liberty and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wiſe; but he is often in his rants, and never more ſo than when he is got into a battle, or a ſtorm at ſea: but it is remarkable, that even on thoſe occaſions, it is not ſo much a violence of rage, as a madneſs of affectation, that appears moſt ſtrongly in him. To give a few inſtances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's ſtorm, when Cæſar ventured to croſs the ſea in ſo ſmall a veſſel; "the fixt ſtars themſelves ſeem to be put in motion." Then "the waves riſe over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next ſtep is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I ſuppoſe, to increaſe their force. The ſea opens in ſeveral places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the univerſe are ſhaken; and nature is afraid of a ſecond chaos. His little ſkiff, in the mean time, ſometimes cuts along the clouds with her ſails; and ſometimes ſeems in danger of being ſtranded on the ſands at the bottom of the ſea; and muſt inevitably have been loſt, had not the ſtorm (by good fortune) been ſo ſtrong from every quarter, that ſhe did not know on which ſide to bulge firſt.

When the two armies are going to join battle in the plains of Pharſalia, we are told, that all the ſoldiers were incapable of any fear for themſelves, becauſe they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey and the commonwealth. On this great occaſion, the hills about them, according to his account, ſeem to be more afraid than the men; for ſome of the mountains looked as if they would thruſt their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themſelves under the vallies at their feet. And theſe diſturbances in nature were univerſal: for that day, every ſingle Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a ſtrange gloom ſpread all over his mind, on a ſudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore.

Spence.

§ 56. *His Deſcription of the Sea-fight off Marſeilles.*

The ſea-fight off Marſeilles, is a thing that might divert one, full as well as Eraſmus's Naufragium Joculare; and what is ſtill ſtranger, the poet chuſes to be moſt diverting in the wounds he gives the poor ſoldier. The firſt perſon killed in it, is pierced at the ſame inſtant by two ſpears; one in his back, and the other in his breaſt; ſo nicely, that both their points meet together in the middle of his body. They each, I ſuppoſe, had a right to kill him; and his ſoul was for ſome time doubtful which it ſhould obey. At laſt, it compounds the matter: drives out each of the ſpears before it, at the ſame inſtant; and whips out of his body, half at one wound, and half at the other.—A little after this, there is an honeſt Greek, who has his right hand cut off, and fights on with his left, till he can leap into the ſea to recover the former; but there (as misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle) he has his left arm chopt off too: after which, like the hero in one of our ancient ballads, he fights on with the trunk of his body, and performs actions greater than any Witherington that ever was.—When the battle grows warmer, there are many who have the ſame misfortune with this Greek. In endeavouring to climb up the enemies ſhips, ſeveral have their arms ſtruck off; fall into the ſea; leave their hands behind them! Some of theſe ſwimming combatants encounter their enemies in the water; ſome ſupply their friends ſhips with arms; ſome, that had no arms, entangle themſelves with their enemies; cling to them, and ſink together to the bottom of the ſea; others ſtick their bodies againſt the beaks of their enemies ſhips: and ſcarce a man of them flung away the uſe of his carcaſe, even when he ſhould be dead.

But among all the contrivances of theſe poſthumous warriors, the thing moſt to be admired, is the ſagacity of the great Tyrrhenus. Tyrrhenus was ſtanding at the head of one of the veſſels, when a ball of lead, flung by an artful ſlinger, ſtruck

out both his eyes. The violent dash of the blow, and the deep darkneſs that was to lead over him all at once, made him at firſt conclude that he was dead: but when he had recovered his ſenſes a little, and found he could advance one foot before the other, he deſired his fellow ſoldiers to plant him juſt as they did their ſtatilæ: he hopes he can ſtill fight as well as a machine: and ſeems mightily pleaſed to think how he ſhall cheat the enemy, who will fling away darts at him, that might have killed people who were alive.

Such ſtrange things as theſe, make me always wonder the more, how Lucan can be ſo wiſe as he is in ſome parts of his poem. Indeed his ſentences are more fulſil than one could otherwiſe expect from ſo young a writer, had he wanted ſuch an uncle as Seneca, and ſuch a maſter as Cornutus. The ſwellings in the other parts of his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being born in Spain, and in that part of it which was the fartheſt removed from Greece and Rome; nay, of that very city, which is marked by Cicero as particularly over-run with a bad taſte. After all, what I moſt diſlike him for, is a blot in his moral character. He was at firſt pretty high in the favour of Nero. On the diſcovery of his being concerned in a plot againſt him, this philoſopher (who had written ſo much, and ſo gallantly, about the pleaſure of dying) behaved himſelf in the moſt deſpicable manner. He named his own mother as guilty of the conſpiracy, in hopes of ſaving himſelf. After this, he added ſeveral of his friends to his former confeſſion; and thus continued labouring for a pardon, by making ſacrifices to the tyrant: of ſuch lives, as any one, much leſs of a philoſopher than he ſeems to have been, ought to think dearer than their own. All this baſeneſs was of no uſe to him: for, in the end, Nero ordered him to execution too. His veins were opened: and the laſt words he ſpoke, were ſome verſes of his own. *Spence.*

§ 57. *Of* Perſius.

Perſius is ſaid to have been Lucan's ſchool-fellow under Cornutus; and, like him, was bred up more a philoſopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but ſcarce deſerves that of a good writer, in any other than the moral ſenſe of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetical. His great fault is obſcurity. Several have endeavoured to excuſe or palliate this fault in him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the neceſſity a ſatirift then lay under, of writing ſo, for his own ſecurity. This may hold as to ſome paſſages in him, but to ſay the truth, he ſeems to have a tendency and love to obſcurity in himſelf; for it is not only to be found where he may ſpeak of the emperor or the ſtate, but in the general courſe of his ſtyle. In fine, in my conſcience, I muſt give him up for an obſcure writer; as I ſhould Lucan for a tumid and ſwelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero. The three emperors after him were ſuch in an hurry, and had ſhort tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Veſpaſian, the firſt emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover ſomething of the good taſte that had formerly flouriſhed at Rome; his ſon Titus, the delight of mankind, in his ſhort reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities; and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the muſes. After him, there was a ſucceſſion of good emperors from Nerva to the Antonines. And the extraordinary good fortune (for indeed if one conſiders the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been fatal to have had any two good ones together) gave a new ſpirit to the arts that had long been in ſo languiſhing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raiſe its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now: but they were better, at leaſt, than they had been under the reigns of Nero, &c.

§ 58. *Of* Silius, Statius, *and* Valerius Flaccus.

This period produced three epic poets, whoſe works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almoſt always on the ground, and ſcarce once attempts to ſoar throughout his whole work. It is plain, numerous though it is low; and if he has but little of the ſpirit of poetry, he is free at leaſt from the affectation, and obſcurity, and bombaſt, which prevailed ſo much among his immediate predeceſſors. Silius was honoured with the conſulate; and lived to ſee his ſon in the ſame high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and ſtatues; ſome of which he was poſſeſſed of, even

eſpecially one he had of Virgil. He uſed to offer ſacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his ſpirit in his writings: for he had ſcarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet.—Statius had more of ſpirit, with a leſs ſhare of prudence: for his Thebaid is certainly ill-conducted, and ſcarcely well written. By the little we have of his Achilleid, that would probably have been a much better poem, at leaſt as to the writing part, had he lived to finiſh it. As it is, his deſcription of Achilles's behaviour at the feaſt which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambaſſadors, and ſome other parts of it, read more pleaſingly to me than any part of the Thebaid. I cannot help thinking, that the paſſage quoted ſo often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a ſatire on him. Martial ſeems to ſtrike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finiſh his Achilleid, he may deſerve more reputation perhaps as a miſcellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verſes in his Sylvæ are not without their faults, they are not ſo faulty as his Thebaid. The chief faults of Statius, in his Sylvæ and Thebaid, are ſaid to have proceeded from very different cauſes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haſte; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greateſt fault of all, or rather the greateſt ſign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan ſo extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to ſee his ſon obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himſelf.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfiniſhed. We have but ſeven books of his Argonautics, and part of the eighth, in which the Argonauts are left on the ſea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been ſome way or other concerned in publiſhing Flaccus's works, make no ſcruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be ſeriouſly of their opinion; for he ſeems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius; and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the queſtion. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his ſtory, is certainly leſs embarraſſed and confuſed than the Thebaid. Some of the ancients themſelves ſpeak of Flaccus with a great deal of reſpect; and particularly Quinctilian; who ſays nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unleſs the latter is to be included in that general expreſſion of 'ſeveral others,' whom he leaves to be celebrated by poſterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all publiſhed under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by ſome bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or theſe are not their beſt. They have been attributed to authors as far diſtant as the reigns of Auguſtus and Trajan. It is true, the perſon who is ſo poſitive that one of them in particular muſt be of the Auguſtan age, ſays this of a piece that he ſeems reſolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one ſhould do no injury to any one of them, in ſuppoſing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whoſe works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flouriſhed under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian. *Stenc.*

§ 59. *Of* MARTIAL.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the loweſt ſtep of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himſelf there, in gathering flowers and playing with inſects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was ſure to ſend a diſtich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verſes to put on his tomb-ſtone: if a ſtatue was ſet up, they came to him for an inſcription. Theſe were the common offices of his muſe. If he ſtruck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to pleaſe a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his ſtyle was turned to panegyric; and theſe were his higheſt employments. He was, however, a good writer in his way; and there

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are inſtances even of his writing with ſome dignity on higher occaſions. *Spence.*

§ 60. *Of* JUVENAL.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater ſpirit of poetry than any of them. He has ſcarce any thing of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the ſatiriſts in ſeverity. To ſay the truth, he flaſhes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in faſhion, may often excuſe ſome degree of rage in him. It is ſaid he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much uſed to declaiming. However, his ſatires have a great deal of ſpirit in them; and ſhew a ſtrong hatred of vice, with ſome very fine and high ſentiments of virtue. They are indeed ſo animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near ſo much pleaſure as his ſatires.

Juvenal may very well be called the laſt of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Conſtantine; when all the arts were ſo far loſt and extinguiſhed among the Romans, that from that time they themſelves may very well be called by the name they uſed to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had ſcarce any thing to diſtinguiſh them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an enquiry of this nature. The firſt age, from the firſt Punic war to the time of Auguſtus, is more remarkable for ſtrength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The ſecond age, or the Auguſtan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and ſtrength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than ſtrength: when they loſt much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was ſtrong and nervous: in its middle age, it was manly and polite; in its latter days, it grew tawdry and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and ſtrength, in falſe ornaments of dreſs, and a borrowed fluſh on the face; which did not ſo much render it pleaſing, as it ſhewed that its natural complexion was faded and loſt. *Ibid.*

§ 61. *Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.*

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Thoſe old rough ſoldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to ſoften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged ſo much and ſo univerſally in the infancy of their ſtate. Their houſes were (what the name they gave them ſignified) only a covering for them, and a defence againſt bad weather. Theſe ſheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beaſts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular ſtreets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood ſtuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houſes were only covered with ſtraw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in ſetting off the temples of their gods; and when theſe began to be furniſhed with ſtatues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and ſeemed rather formed ſo as to be horrible enough to ſtrike an awe into thoſe who worſhipped them, than handſome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleaſure. Their deſign, I ſuppoſe, was anſwerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in thoſe times, both of the temples and private houſes, conſiſted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and ſo formed into a rough kind of poſts. Theſe were loaded with the arms they had taken in war, and you may eaſily conceive what ſort of ornaments theſe poſts muſt make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old ruſty arms, beſmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whoſe very ruins at this day are ſought after with ſo much pleaſure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people ſhudder, whenever they firſt entered within its gates. *Ibid.*

§ 62.

§ 62. *The Condition of the* ROMANS *in the Second* PUNIC *War.*

Such was the ſtate of this imperial city, when its citizens had made ſo great a progreſs in arms as to have conquered the better part of Italy, and to be able to engage in a war with the Carthaginians; the ſtrongeſt power then by land, and the abſolute maſters by ſea. The Romans, in the firſt Punic war, added Sicily to their dominions. In the ſecond, they greatly increaſed their ſtrength, both by ſea and land; and acquired a taſte of the arts and elegancies of life, with which till then they had been totally unacquainted. For tho' before this they were maſters of Sicily (which in the old Roman geography made a part of Greece) and of ſeveral cities in the eaſtern parts of Italy, which were inhabited by colonies from Greece, and were adorned with the pictures, and ſtatues and other works, in which that nation delighted, and excelled the reſt of the world ſo much; they had hitherto looked upon them with ſo careleſs an eye, that they had felt little or nothing of their beauty. This inſenſibility they preſerved ſo long, either from the groſſneſs of their minds, or perhaps from their ſuperſtition, and a dread of reverencing foreign deities as much as their own; or (which is the moſt likely of all) out of mere politics, and the deſire of keeping up their martial ſpirit and natural roughneſs, which they thought the arts and elegancies of the Grecians would be but too apt to deſtroy. However that was, they generally preſerved themſelves from even the leaſt ſuſpicion of taſte for the polite arts, pretty far into the ſecond Punic war; as appears by the behaviour of Fabius Maximus in that war, even after the Gauls were turned on their ſide. When that general took Tarentum, he found it full of riches, and extremely adorned with pictures and ſtatues. Among others, there were ſome very fine coloſſeal figures of the gods, repreſented as fighting againſt the rebel giants. Theſe were made by ſome of the moſt eminent maſters in Greece; and the Jupiter, not improbably, by Lyſippus. When Fabius was diſpoſing of the ſpoil, he ordered the money and plate to be ſent to the treaſury at Rome, but the ſtatues and pictures to be left behind. The ſecretary who attended him in his ſurvey, was ſomewhat ſtruck with the largeneſs and noble air of the figures juſt mentioned; and aſked, Whether they too muſt be left with the reſt? "Yes," replied Fabius, "leave their angry gods to the Tarentines; we will have nothing to do with "them." *Spence.*

§ 63. MARCELLUS *attacks* SYRACUSE, *and ſends all its Pictures and Statues to* ROME.

Marcellus had indeed behaved himſelf very differently in Sicily, a year or two before this happened. As he was to carry on the war in that province, he bent the whole force of it againſt Syracuſe. There was at that time no one city which belonged to the Greeks, more elegant, or better adorned, than the city of Syracuſe; it abounded in the works of the beſt maſters. Marcellus, when he took the city, cleared it entirely, and ſent all their ſtatues and pictures to Rome. When I ſay all, I uſe the language of the people of Syracuſe; who ſoon after laid a complaint againſt Marcellus before the Roman ſenate, in which they charged him with ſtripping all their houſes and temples, and leaving nothing but bare walls throughout the city. Marcellus himſelf did not at all diſown it, but fairly confeſſed what he had done: and uſed to declare, that he had done ſo, in order to adorn Rome, and to introduce a taſte for the fine arts among his countrymen.

Such a difference of behaviour in their two greateſt leaders, ſoon occaſioned two different parties in Rome. The old people in general joined in crying up Fabius. —Fabius was not rapacious, as ſome others were; but temperate in his conqueſts. In what he had done, he had acted, not only with that moderation which becomes a Roman general, but with much prudence and foreſight. "Theſe fineries," they cried, "are a pretty diverſion for an idle "effeminate people: let us leave them to "the Greeks. The Romans deſire no "other ornaments of life, than a ſimpli-"city of manners at home, and fortitude "againſt our enemies abroad. It is by "theſe arts that we have raiſed our name "ſo high, and ſpread our dominions ſo far; "and ſhall we ſuffer them now to be ex-"changed for a fine taſte, and what they "call elegance of living? No, great Ju-"piter, who preſideſt over the capitol! let "the Greeks keep their arts to themſelves, "and let the Romans learn only how to "conquer and to govern mankind."—Another ſet, and particularly the younger people, who were extremely delighted with

the noble works of the Grecian artists that had been set up for some time in the temples and porticos, and all the most public places of the city, and who used frequently to spend the greatest part of the day in contemplating the beauties of them, extolled Marcellus as much for the pleasure he had given them. "We shall now," said they, "no longer be reckoned among "the barbarians. That rust, which we "have been so long contracting, will soon "be worn off. Other generals have con-"quered our enemies, but Marcellus has "conquered our ignorance. We begin to "see with new eyes, and have a new world "of beauties opening before us. Let the "Romans be polite, as well as victorious; "and let us learn to excel the nations in "taste, as well as to conquer them with our "arms."

Whichever side was to the right, the party for Marcellus was the successful one; for, from this point of time we may date the introduction of the arts into Rome. The Romans by this means began to be fond of them; and the love of the arts is a passion, which grows very fast in any breast, wherever it is once entertained.

We may see how fast and how greedy it prevailed at Rome, by a speech which old Cato the censor made in the senate, not above seventeen years after the taking of Syracuse. He complains to it, that their people began to run into Greece and Asia; and to be infected with a desire of playing with their fine things: that as to such spoils, there was less honour in taking them, than there was danger of their being taken by them: that the gods brought from Syracuse, had revenged the cause of its citizens, in spreading this taste among the Romans: that he heard but too many daily crying up the ornaments of Corinth and Athens; and ridiculing the poor old Roman gods; who had hitherto been propitious to them; and who, he hoped, would still continue so, if they would but let their statues remain in peace upon their pedestals. *Spence.*

§ 64. *The* ROMAN *Generals, in their several Conquests, convey great Numbers of Pictures and Statues to* ROME.

It was in vain too that Cato spoke against it; for the love of the arts prevailed every day more and more; and from henceforward the Roman generals, in their several conquests, seem to have strove who should bring away the greatest number of statues and pictures, to set off their triumphs, and to adorn the city of Rome. It is surprising what numbers of this kind were made to the triumph of a little more than half a century after Marcellus had set the example. The two Scipio Africanus's triumphs for a great number of wrought vases from Syria and Africa, toward the end of the second Punic war; and the very year after that was finished, the Romans entered into a war with Greece, the great school of all the arts, and the chief repository of ancient excellent works that ever were produced by them. It would be endless to mention all their acquisitions from hence; I shall only put you in mind of some of the most considerable. Flaminius made a great figure both of statues and vases in his triumph over Philip king of Macedon; but he was much exceeded by Æmilius, who reduced that kingdom into a province. Æmilius's triumph lasted three days: the first of which was wholly taken up in bringing in the fine statues he had selected in his expedition; as the chief ornament of the second consisted of vases and sculptured vessels of all sorts, by the most eminent hands. These were all the most choice things, taken from the collection of that famous king Alexander the Great, for as to the inferior spoils of no less than five-and-forty Grecian cities, Æmilius had left them all to the soldiery, as not worthy to appear among the ornaments of his triumph. But some years after this, the young Scipio Africanus (the person who is most celebrated for his polite taste of all the Roman nobility, and who was scarce excelled by any one of them in all the succeeding ages) destroyed Carthage, and transferred many of the chief ornaments of that city, which had so long bid fair for being the first empire, to Rome, which soon became undoubtedly so. This must have been a great accession: though that great man, who was as just in his actions as he was elegant in his taste, did not bring all the riches of his spoils to Rome, but left a great part of them in Sicily, from whence they had formerly been taken by the Carthaginians. The very same year that Scipio had saved Rome from its most dangerous rival, Carthage, Mummius (who was as remarkable for his rusticity, as Scipio was for his politeness and taste) added Achaia to the Roman state; and looked, among several others, on the famous city of Corinth, which had so long looked upon as one of the principal

reſervoirs of the fineſt works of art. He cleared it of all its beauties, without knowing any thing of them: even without knowing, that an old Grecian ſtatue was better than a new Roman one. He uſed, however, the ſureſt method of not being miſtaken; for he took all indifferently as they came in his way; and brought them off in ſuch quantities, that he alone is ſaid to have filled Rome with ſtatues and pictures. Thus, partly from the taſte, and partly from the vanity of their generals, in leſs than ſeventy years time (reckoning from Marcellus's taking of Syracuſe to the year in which Carthage was deſtroyed) Italy was furniſhed with the nobleſt productions of the ancient artiſts, that before lay ſcattered all over Spain, Africa, Sicily, and the reſt of Greece. Sylla, beſide many others, added vaſtly to them afterwards; particularly by his taking of Athens, and by his conqueſts in Aſia; where, by his too great indulgence to his armies, he made taſte and rapine a general thing, even among the common ſoldiers, as it had been, for a long time, among their leaders.

In this manner, the firſt conſiderable acquiſitions were made by their conquering armies; and they were carried on by the perſons ſent out to govern their provinces, when conquered. As the behaviour of theſe in their governments, in general, was one of the greateſt blots on the Roman nation, we muſt not expect a full account of their tranſactions in the old hiſtorians, who treat particularly of the Roman affairs: for ſuch of theſe that remain to us, are either Romans themſelves, or elſe Greeks who were too much attached to the Roman intereſt, to ſpeak out the whole truth in this affair. But what we cannot have fully from their own hiſtorians, may be pretty well ſupplied from other hands. A poet of their own, who ſeems to have been a very honeſt man, has ſet the rapaciouſneſs of their governors in general in a very ſtrong light; as Cicero has ſet forth that of Verres in particular, as ſtrongly. If we may judge of their general behaviour by that of this governor of Sicily, they were more like monſters and harpies, than men. For that public robber (as Cicero calls him, more than once) hunted over every corner of his iſland, with a couple of finders (one a Greek painter, and the other a ſtatuary of the ſame nation) to get together his collection; and was ſo curious and ſo rapacious in that ſearch, that Cicero ſays, there was not a gem, or ſtatue, or relievo, or picture, in all Sicily, which he did not ſee; nor any one he liked, which he did not take away from its owner. What he thus got, he ſent into Italy. Rome was the centre both of their ſpoils in war, and of their rapines in peace: and if many of their prætors and proconſuls acted but in half ſo abandoned a manner as this Verres appears to have done, it is very probable that Rome was more enriched in all theſe ſort of things ſecretly by their governors, than it had been openly by their generals. *Spence.*

§ 65. *The Methods made uſe of in drawing the Works of the beſt ancient Artiſts into* ITALY.

There was another method of augmenting theſe treaſures at Rome, not ſo infamous as this, and not ſo glorious as the former. What I mean, was the cuſtom of the Ædiles, when they exhibited their public games, of adorning the theatres and other places where they were performed, with great numbers of ſtatues and pictures: which they bought up or borrowed, for that purpoſe, all over Greece, and ſometimes even from Aſia. Scaurus, in particular, in his ædileſhip, had no leſs than three thouſand ſtatues and relievos for the mere ornamenting of the ſtage, in a theatre built only for four or five days. This was the ſame Scaurus who (whilſt he was in the ſame office too) brought to Rome all the pictures of Sicyon, which had been ſo long one of the moſt eminent ſchools in Greece for painting; in lieu of debts owing, or pretended to be owed, from that city to the Roman people.

From theſe public methods of drawing the works of the beſt ancient artiſts into Italy, it grew at length to be a part of private luxury, affected by almoſt every body that could afford it, to adorn their houſes, their porticos, and their gardens, with the beſt ſtatues and pictures they could procure out of Greece or Aſia. None went earlier into this taſte, than the family of the Luculli, and particularly Lucius Lucullus, who carried on the war againſt Mithridates. He was remarkable for his love of the arts and polite learning even from a child; and in the latter part of his life gave himſelf up ſo much to collections of this kind, that Plutarch reckons it among his follies. "As I am ſpeaking of his faults (ſays that hiſtorian in his life) I ſhould not omit his vaſt baths, and piazzas for walking; or his gardens, which were much more magnificent than any in his time

at Rome, and equal to any in the luxurious ages that followed; nor his exceſſive fondneſs for ſtatues and pictures, which he got from all parts, to adorn his works and gardens, at an immenſe expence; and with the vaſt riches he had heaped together in the Mithridatic war." There were ſeveral other families which fell about that time into the ſame ſort of exceſs; and, among the reſt, the Julian. The firſt emperor, who was of that family, was a great collector; and, in particular, was as fond of old gems, as his ſucceſſor, Auguſtus, was of Corinthian vaſes.

This may be called the firſt age of the flouriſhing of the politer arts at Rome; or rather the age in which they were introduced there: for the people in this period were chiefly taken up in getting fine things, and bringing them together. There were perhaps ſome particular perſons in it of a very good taſte: but in general one may ſay, there was rather a love, than any great knowledge of their beauties, during this age, among the Romans. They were brought to Rome in the firſt part of it, in greater numbers than can be eaſily conceived; and in ſome time, every body began to look upon them with pleaſure. The collection was continually augmenting afterwards, from the ſeveral methods I have mentioned; and I doubt not but a good taſte would have been a general thing among them much earlier than it was, had it not been for the frequent convulſions in their ſtate, and the perpetual ſtruggles of ſome great man or other to get the reins of government into his hands. Theſe continued quite from Sylla's time to the eſtabliſhment of the ſtate under Auguſtus. The peaceful times that then ſucceeded, and the encouragement which was given by that emperor to all the arts, afforded the Romans full leiſure to contemplate the fine works that were got together at Rome in the age before, and to perfect their taſte in all the elegancies of life. The artiſts, who were then much invited to Rome, worked in a ſtyle greatly ſuperior to what they had done even in Julius Cæſar's time: ſo that it is under Auguſtus that we may begin the ſecond, and moſt perfect age of ſculpture and painting, as well as of poetry. Auguſtus changed the whole appearance of Rome itſelf; he found it ill built, and left it a city of marble. He adorned it with buildings, extremely finer than any it could boaſt before his time, and ſet off all thoſe buildings, and even the common ſtreets, with an addition of ſome of the fineſt ſtatues in the world. *Spence.*

§ 66. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Auguſtus.*

On the death of Auguſtus, though the arts, and the taſte for them, did not ſuffer ſo great a change, as appeared immediately in the taſte of eloquence and poetry, yet they muſt have ſuffered a good deal. There is a ſecret union, a certain kind of ſympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languiſh and flouriſh together. The ſame circumſtances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Auguſtus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable ſeaſon, that made them bud forth and flouriſh: and the four reign of Tiberius, was as a ſudden froſt that checked their growth, and at laſt killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and diſturbances of the times that followed, gave the finiſhing ſtroke to ſculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artiſts at Rome were not ſo ſoon or ſo much infected by the bad taſte of the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by ſlower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what elſe could be expected from ſuch a run of monſters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For theſe were the emperors under whoſe reigns the arts began to languiſh; and they ſuffered ſo much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers ſoon after them ſpeak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they repreſent it as in a moſt feeble and dying condition. The ſeries of ſo many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave ſome ſpirit again to the arts; but ſoon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, ſo as never to riſe again under any future Roman emperor.

You may ſee by theſe two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their riſe, their flouriſhing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their ſtyle was prepared, and a vaſt collection of the works laid in, under the firſt period, or in the times of the republic: In the ſecond,

or the Auguſtan age, their writers and artiſts were both in their higheſt perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languiſh; and then revived a little; and at laſt ſunk totally together.

In comparing the deſcriptions of their poets with the works of art, I ſhould therefore chuſe to omit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whoſe omiſſion need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be conſidered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taſte of poetry was ſtrangely corrupted and loſt; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's ſelf to the three great ages, than to run ſo far out of one's way for a ſingle poet or two; whoſe authorities, after all, muſt be very diſputable, and indeed ſcarce of any weight. *Spence.*

§ 67. *On* DEMOSTHENES.

I ſhall not ſpend any time upon the circumſtances of Demoſthenes's life; they are well known. The ſtrong ambition which he diſcovered to excel in the art of ſpeaking; the unſucceſsfulneſs of his firſt attempts; his unwearied perſeverance in ſurmounting all the diſadvantages that aroſe from his perſon and addreſs; his ſhutting himſelf up in a cave, that he might ſtudy with leſs diſtraction, his declaiming by the ſea-ſhore, that he might accuſtom himſelf to the noiſe of a tumultuous aſſembly, and with pebbles in his mouth, that he might correct a defect in his ſpeech; his practiſing at home with a naked ſword hanging over his ſhoulder, that he might check an ungraceful motion, to which he was ſubject; all thoſe circumſtances, which we learn from Plutarch, are very encouraging to ſuch as ſtudy Eloquence, as they ſhew how far art and application may avail, for acquiring an excellence which nature ſeemed unwilling to grant us. *Blair.*

§ 68. DEMOSTHENES *imitated the manly Eloquence of* PERICLES.

Deſpiſing the affected and florid manner which the rhetoricians of that age followed, Demoſthenes returned to the forcible and manly eloquence of Pericles; and ſtrength and vehemence form the principal characteriſtics of his Style. Never had orator a finer field than Demoſthenes in his Olynthiacs and Philippics, which are his capital orations; and, no doubt, to the nobleneſs of the ſubject, and to that integrity and public ſpirit which eminently breathe in them, they are indebted for much of their merit. The ſubject is, to rouze the indignation of his countrymen againſt Philip of Macedon, the public enemy of the liberties of Greece; and to guard them againſt the inſidious meaſures, by which that crafty prince endeavoured to lay them aſleep to danger. In the proſecution of this end, we ſee him taking every proper method to animate a people, renowned for juſtice, humanity and valour, but in many inſtances become corrupt and degenerate. He boldly taxes them with their venality, their indolence, and indifference to the public cauſe; while at the ſame time, with all the art of an orator, he recalls the glory of their anceſtors to their thoughts, ſhews them that they are ſtill a flouriſhing and a powerful people, the natural protectors of the liberty of Greece, and who wanted only the inclination to exert themſelves, in order to make Philip tremble. With his cotemporary orators, who were in Philip's intereſt, and who perſuaded the people to peace, he keeps no meaſures, but plainly reproaches them as the betrayers of their country. He not only prompts to vigorous conduct, but he lays down the plan of that conduct; he enters into particulars; and points out, with great exactneſs, the meaſures of execution. This is the ſtrain of theſe orations. They are ſtrongly animated; and full of the impetuoſity and fire of public ſpirit. They proceed in a continued train of inductions, conſequences, and demonſtrations, founded on ſound reaſon. The figures which he uſes, are never ſought after; but always riſe from the ſubject. He employs them ſparingly indeed; for ſplendour and ornament are not the diſtinctions of this orator's compoſition. It is an energy of thought, peculiar to himſelf, which forms his character, and ſets him above all others. He appears to attend much more to things than to words. We forget the orator, and think of the buſineſs. He warms the mind, and impels to action. He has no parade and oſtentation; no methods of inſinuation; no laboured introductions; but is like a man full of his ſubject, who, after preparing his audience, by a ſentence or two for hearing plain truths, enters directly on buſineſs. *Ibid.*

§ 69. DEMOSTHENES *contrasted with* ÆSCHINES.

Demosthenes appears to great advantage, when contrasted with Æschines, in the celebrated oration "pro Corona." Æschines was his rival in business, and personal enemy; and one of the most distinguished orators of that age. But when we read the two orations, Æschines is feeble in comparison of Demosthenes, and makes much less impression on the mind. His reasonings concerning the law that was in question, are indeed very subtile; but his invective against Demosthenes is general, and ill-supported. Whereas Demosthenes is a torrent, that nothing can resist. He bears down his antagonist with violence; he draws his character in the strongest colours; and the particular merit of that oration is, that all the descriptions in it are highly picturesque. There runs through it a strain of magnanimity and high honour: the orator speaks with that strength and ambitious dignity which great actions and public spirit alone inspire. Both orators use great liberties with one another; and, in general, that unrestrained licence which ancient manners permitted, even to the length of abusive names and downright scurrility, as appears both here and in Cicero's Philippics, hurts and offends a modern ear. What those ancient orators gained by such a manner in point of freedom and boldness, is more than compensated by want of dignity; which seems to give an advantage, in this respect, to the greater decency of modern speaking. *Blair.*

§ 70. *On the Style of* DEMOSTHENES.

The Style of Demosthenes is strong and concise, though sometimes, it must not be dissembled, harsh and abrupt. His words are very expressive; his arrangement is firm and manly; and, tho' far from being unmusical, yet it seems difficult to find in him that studied, but concealed number, and rhythmus, which some of the ancient critics are fond of attributing to him. Negligent of those lesser graces, one would rather conceive him to have aimed at that sublime which lies in sentiment. His actions and pronunciation are recorded to have been uncommonly vehement and ardent; which, from the manner of his composition, we are naturally led to believe. The character which one forms of him, from reading his works, is of the austere, rather than the gentle kind. He is, on every occasion, grave, serious, passionate; takes every thing on a high tone, never lets himself down, nor attempts any thing like pleasantry. If any fault can be found in his admirable eloquence, it is, that he sometimes borders on the hard and dry. He may be thought to want insinuation and grace; which Dionysius of Halicarnassus attributes to his imitating too closely the manner of Thucydides, who was his great model for Style, and whose history is said to have been eight times written with his own hand. But these defects are far more than compensated, by that commanding and masterly force of manly eloquence, which, as it overpowered all who heard it, cannot, at this day, be read without emotion.

After the days of Demosthenes, Greece lost her liberty, eloquence of course languished, and relapsed again into the florid manner introduced by the Rhetoricians and Sophists. Demetrius Phalereus, who lived in the next age to Demosthenes, aimed indeed some character, but he is represented to us as a flowery, rather than a persuasive speaker, who aimed at grace rather than substance. "Delectabat ille," "nitidus," says Cicero, "magis quam "inflammabat." "He amused the Athenians, rather than warmed them." And after this time, we hear of no more Grecian orators of any note. *Ibid.*

§ 71. *On* CICERO.

The object in this period most worthy to draw our attention, is Cicero himself, whose name alone suggests every thing that is splendid in oratory. With the history of his life, and with his character as a man and a politician, we have no present any direct concern. We consider him only as an eloquent speaker; and in this view, it is our business to remark both his virtues, and his defects, if he has any. His virtues are, beyond controversy, eminently great. In all his orations there is high art. He begins, generally, with a regular exordium; and with much propriety and insinuation prepossesses the hearers, and studies to gain their affections. His method is clear, and his arguments are arranged with great propriety. His manner is indeed more clear than that of Demosthenes; and this is one advantage which he has over him. We find every thing in its proper place; he never attempts more till he has endeavoured to convince

and in moving, eſpecially the ſofter paſſions, he is very ſucceſsful. No man, that ever wrote, knew the power and force of words better than Cicero. He rolls them along with the greateſt beauty and pomp; and in the ſtructure of his ſentences, is curious and exact to the higheſt degree. He is always full and flowing, never abrupt. He is a great amplifier of every ſubject; magnificent, and in his ſentiments highly moral. His manner is on the whole diffuſe, yet it is often happily varied, and ſuited to the ſubject. In his four orations, for inſtance, againſt Catiline, the tone and ſtyle of each of them, particularly the firſt and laſt, is very different, and accommodated with a great deal of judgment to the occaſion, and the ſituation in which they were ſpoken. When a great public object rouſed his mind, and demanded indignation and force, he departs conſiderably from that looſe and declamatory manner to which he inclines at other times, and becomes exceedingly cogent and vehement. This is the caſe in his orations againſt Anthony, and in thoſe too againſt Verres and Catiline. *Blair.*

§ 72. *Defects of* CICERO.

Together with thoſe high qualities which Cicero poſſeſſes, he is not exempt from certain defects, of which it is neceſſary to take notice. For the Ciceronian eloquence is a pattern ſo dazzling by its beauties, that, if not examined with accuracy and judgment, it is apt to betray the unwary into a faulty imitation; and I am of opinion, that it has ſometimes produced this effect. In moſt of his orations, eſpecially thoſe compoſed in the earlier part of his life, there is too much art; even carried the length of oſtentation. There is too viſible a parade of eloquence. He ſeems often to aim at obtaining admiration, rather than at operating conviction, by what he ſays. Hence, on ſome occaſions, he is ſhowy, rather than ſolid; and diffuſe, where he ought to have been preſſing. His ſentences are, at all times, round and ſonorous; they cannot be accuſed of monotony, for they poſſeſs variety of cadence; but, from too great a ſtudy of magnificence, he is ſometimes deficient in ſtrength. On all occaſions, where there is the leaſt room for it, he is full of himſelf. His great actions, and the real ſervices which he had performed to his country, apologize for this in part; ancient manners, too, impoſed fewer reſtraints from the ſide of decorum; but, even after theſe allowances made, Cicero's oſtentation of himſelf cannot be wholly palliated; and his orations, indeed all his works, leave on our minds the impreſſion of a good man, but withal, of a vain man.

The defects which we have now taken notice of in Cicero's eloquence, were not unobſerved by his own cotemporaries. This we learn from Quinctilian, and from the author of the dialogue, "de Cauſis "Corruptæ Eloquentiæ." Brutus we are informed called him, "fractum et "elumbem," broken and enervated. "Suorum temporum homines," ſays Quinctilian, "inceſſere audebant eum ut "tumidiorem & Aſianum, et redundantem, et in repetitionibus nimium, et in "ſalibus aliquandò frigidum, & in compoſitione fractum et exultantem, & penè viro molliorem *." Theſe cenſures were undoubtedly carried too far; and favour of malignity and perſonal enmity. They ſaw his defects, but they aggravated them; and the ſource of theſe aggravations can be traced to the difference which prevailed in Rome, in Cicero's days, between two great parties, with reſpect to eloquence, the "Attici," and the "Aſiani." The former, who called themſelves the Attics, were the patrons of what they conceived to be the chaſte, ſimple, and natural ſtyle of eloquence; from which they accuſed Cicero as having departed, and as leaning to the florid Aſiatic manner. In ſeveral of his rhetorical works, particularly in his "Orator ad Brutum," Cicero, in his turn, endeavours to expoſe this ſect, as ſubſtituting a frigid and jejune manner in place of the true Attic eloquence; and contends, that his own compoſition was formed upon the real Attic Style. In the tenth Chapter of the laſt Book of Quinctilian's Inſtitutions, a full account is given of the diſputes between theſe two parties; and of the Rhodian, or middle manner between the Attics and the Aſiatics. Quinctilian himſelf declares on Cicero's ſide; and, whether it be Attic or Aſiatic, prefers the full, the copious, and the amplifying ſtyle. He concludes with this very juſt obſervation: "Plures "ſunt eloquentiæ facies; ſed ſtultiſſimum

* "His cotemporaries ventured to reproach "him as ſwelling, redundant, and Aſiatic; too "frequent in repetititons; in his attempts to"wards wit ſometimes cold; and, in the ſtrain "of his compoſition, feeble, deſultory, and more "effeminate than became a man."

" ell quærere, ad quem referre se ipse vo-
" cet; cum omnis ipsius, quæ nimis redta
" sit, habeat vitia.—Uterne enim, ut res
" exigit, omittere; nec pro causa modò,
" sed pro partibus cadit*." *Blair.*

§ 33. *Comparison of* CICERO *and* DEMOSTHENES.

On the subject of comparing Cicero and Demosthenes, much has been said by critical writers. The different manners of the two perfect of eloquence, and the distinguishing characters of each, are so finely marked in their writings, that the comparison is in many respects obvious and easy. The character of Demosthenes is vigour and sublimity; that of Cicero is gentleness and insinuation. In the one, you find more manliness; in the other, more ornament. The one is more terse but more spirited and nervous; the other more agreeable, but verbal, loose and weaker.

To account for this difference, without any prejudice to Cicero, it has been said, that we must look to the nature of their different audiences; that the refined Athenians followed with ease the concise and condensing eloquence of Demosthenes; but that a manner more popular, more flowery, and declamatory, was requisite in speaking to the Romans, a people less acute, and less acquainted with the arts of speech. For this is not satisfactory. For we must observe, that the Greek orator spoke much oftener before a mixed multitude, than the Roman. Almost all the public business of Athens was transacted in popular assemblies. The common people were his hearers, and his judges. Whereas Cicero generally addressed himself to the "Patres Conscripti," or, in criminal trials, to the Prætor, and the select Judges; and it cannot be imagined, that the persons of highest rank and best education in Rome, required a more diffuse manner of pleading than the common citizens of Athens, in order to make them understand the cause, or relish the speaker. Perhaps we shall come nearer the truth, by observing, that to unite together all the qualities, without the least exception, that form a perfect orator, and to excel equally in each of those qualities, is not to be expected from the limited power of human genius. The highest degree of strength is, I suspect, never found united with the highest degree of embellishment and ornament; equal attentions to both are incompatible; and the genius that rises to ornament to its utmost length, is not of such a kind, as can excel as much in strength. Here there plainly lies the characteristical difference between these two celebrated orators.

It is a disadvantage to Demosthenes, that, besides his conciseness, which sometimes produces obscurity, the language in which he writes, is less familiar to us all of us than the Latin; and that we are less acquainted with the Greek antiquities than we are with the Roman. We read Cicero with more ease, and of course with more pleasure. Independent of true eloquence too, he is an author in himself a more agreeable writer than the other. But notwithstanding this advantage, I am of opinion, that were the fate in danger, or some great public interest at stake, which touched the serious attention of men, no orator of the spirit and genius of Demosthenes would have more weight, and produce greater effect, than one of the Ciceronian stamp. Were Demosthenes's Philippics spoken in a British assembly, in a similar conjuncture of affairs, they would convince and persuade at this day. The rapid flow of vehement reasoning, the address, energy, boldness, freedom, which perpetually animate them, would render their effects infallible over any modern assembly. I question whether the same can be said of Cicero's orations; whose eloquence, how ever beautiful, and however well suited to the Roman taste, yet borders often on declamation, and is more remote from the manner in which we now expect to find the real business and causes of importance treated*.

In comparing Demosthenes and Cicero, most of the French critics incline to give the preference to the latter. P. Rapin is peculiarly, in the parallels which he has drawn between some of the most eminent Greek

* "Eloquentiæ species sunt quasi diversi colores; "sed eorum non ea magis tenenda alia ac re- "jicienda, ex quibus oratio nostra ut varietate ni- "teat, ita corporis, id est, virium non egeat. "Tum autem, accommodata ut circumstantiæ requirent, aut severiore illa, aut remissiore, aut "utraque inter se mixta, utemur; cum ea ipsa "quæ in subjecta materia erunt, tum ea maxime "quæ in ipsius causæ parte tractabimus."

* In this judgment I cannot agree with Dr. Blair, in the first upon hearing. He puts it as the opinion, that, of all those possessed the Orations of Demosthenes seem to be the models which require the genius to be

fol-

and Roman writers, uniformly decides in favour of the Roman. For the preference which he gives to Cicero, he aſſigns, and lays ſtreſs on one reaſon of a pretty extraordinary nature; viz. that Demoſthenes could not poſſibly have ſo complete an inſight as Cicero into the manners and paſſions of men; Why?—Becauſe he had not the advantage of peruſing Ariſtotle's treatiſe of Rhetoric, wherein, ſays our critic, he has fully laid open that myſtery: and, to ſupport this weighty argument, he enters into a controverſy with A. Gellius, in order to prove that Ariſtotle's Rhetoric was not publiſhed till after Demoſthenes had ſpoken, at leaſt, his moſt conſiderable orations. Nothing can be more childiſh. Such orators as Cicero and Demoſthenes, derived their knowledge of the human paſſions and their power of moving them, from higher ſources than any treatiſe of rhetoric. One French critic has indeed departed from the common track; and, after beſtowing on Cicero thoſe juſt praiſes, to which the conſent of ſo many ages entitles him to be entitled, concludes, however, with giving the palm to Demoſthenes. This is Fenelon, the famous archbiſhop of Cambray, and author of Telemachus; himſelf, ſurely, no enemy to all the graces and flowers of compoſition. It is in his Reflections on Rhetoric and Poetry, that he gives this judgment; a ſmall tract, commonly publiſhed along with his Dialogues on Eloquence*. Theſe dialogues and reflections are particularly worthy of peruſal, as containing, I think, the juſteſt ideas on the ſubject, that are to be met with in any modern critical writer. *Blair.*

§ 74. *On the Means of improving in* ELOQUENCE.

Next to moral qualifications, what, in the ſecond place, is moſt neceſſary to an orator, is a fund of knowledge. Much is this inculcated by Cicero and Quinctilian: "Quod omnibus diſciplinis et artibus debet eſſe inſtructus Orator." By which they mean, that he ought to have what we call a Liberal Education; and to be formed by a regular ſtudy of philoſophy, and the polite arts. We muſt never forget that,

Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons,

Good ſenſe and knowledge are the foundation of all good ſpeaking. There is no art that can teach one to be eloquent, in any ſphere, without a ſufficient acquaintance with what belongs to that ſphere; or if there were an art that made ſuch pretenſions, it would be mere quackery, like the pretenſions of the ſophiſts of old, to teach their diſciples to ſpeak for and againſt every ſubject; and would be deſervedly exploded by all wiſe men. Attention to ſtyle, to compoſition, and all the arts of ſpeech, can only aſſiſt an orator in ſetting off, to advantage, the ſtock of materials which he poſſeſſes; but the ſtock, the materials themſelves, muſt be brought from other quarters than from rhetoric. He who is to plead at the bar, muſt make himſelf thoroughly maſter of the knowledge of the law; of all the learning and experience that can be uſeful in his profeſſion, for ſupporting a cauſe, or convincing a judge. He who is to ſpeak from the pulpit, muſt apply himſelf cloſely to the ſtudy of divinity, of practical religion, of morals, of human nature; that he may be rich in all the topics both of inſtruction and of perſuaſion. He who would fit himſelf for being a member of the ſupreme council of the nation, or of any public aſſembly, muſt be thoroughly acquainted with the buſineſs that belongs to ſuch aſſembly; he muſt

* As his expreſſions are remarkably happy and beautiful, the paſſage here referred to deſerves to be inſerted. "Je ne crains pas dire, "que Demoſthene me paroit ſupérieur a Cicé-"ron. Je proteſte que perſonne n'admire plus "Cicéron que je fais. Il embellit tout ce qu'il "touche. Il fait honneur à la parole. Il fait "des mots ce qu'un autre n'en ſauroit faire. Il "a je ne ſai combien de ſortes d'eſprits. Il eſt "tantôt court, & vehement, toutes les fois qu'il "veut l'eſtre; contre Catiline, contre Verres, "contre Antoine. Mais on remarque quelque "faute dans ſons diſcours. L'art y eſt merveil-"leux; mais on l'entrevoit. L'orateur en pen-"ſant au ſalut de la république, ne s'oublie pas, "et ne ſe laiſſe pas oublier. Demoſthene pa-"roit ſortir de ſoi, et ne voir que la patrie. Il "ne cherche point le beau; il le fait, ſans y "penſer. Il eſt au-deſſus de l'admiration. Il ſe "ſert de la parole, comme un homme modeſte "de ſon habit, pour ſe couvrir. Il tonne; il "foudroye. C'eſt un torrent qui entraine tout. "On ne peut le critiquer, parcequ'on eſt ſaiſi. "On penſe aux choſes qu'il dit, & non à ſes pa-"roles. On le perd de vue. On n'eſt occupé "que de Philippe qui envahit tout. Je ſuis "charme de ces deux orateurs: mais j'avoue que "je ſuis moins touché de l'art infini, & de la "magnifique éloquence de Cicéron, que de la "rapide ſimplicité de Demoſthene."

ſtudy

study the forms of court, the course of procedure; and must attend minutely to all the facts that may be the subject of question or deliberation.

Besides the knowledge that properly belongs to that profession to which he addicts himself, a public speaker, if ever he expects to be eminent, must make himself acquainted, as far as his necessary occupations allow, with the general circle of polite literature. The study of poetry may be useful to him on many occasions, for embellishing his style, for suggesting lively images, or agreeable allusions. The study of history may be still more useful to him; as the knowledge of facts, of eminent characters, and of the course of human affairs, finds place on many occasions *. There are few great occasions of public speaking, in which one will not derive assistance from cultivated taste, and extensive knowledge. They will often yield him materials for proper ornament; sometimes, for argument and real use. A deficiency of knowledge, even in subjects that being not directly to his own profession, will expose him to many disadvantages, and give better qualified rivals a great superiority over him. *Blair.*

§ 75. *A Habit of Industry recommended to the intended Speaker.*

Allow me to recommend, in the third place, not only the attainment of useful knowledge, but a habit of application and industry. Without this, it is impossible to excel in any thing. We must not imagine that it is by a sort of mushroom growth, that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years preparation of study afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry. This is the fixed law of our nature; and he must have a very high opinion of his own genius indeed, that can believe himself an exception to it. A very wise law of our nature it is; for industry is, in truth, the great "Condimentum," the seasoning of every pleasure; without which life is doomed to languish. Nothing is so great an enemy both to honourable attainments, and to the real, to the bold, and spirited enjoyment of life, as that relaxed state of mind which raises from indolence and dissipation. One that is destined to excel in any art, especially in the arts of speaking and writing, will be known by this more than by any other mark whatever, an enthusiasm for that art; an enthusiasm, which, bring his mind with the object he has in view, will dispose him to relish every labour which the means require. It was this that characterised the great men of antiquity; it is this, which must distinguish the moderns who would tread their steps. This honourable enthusiasm, it is highly necessary for such as are studying oratory to cultivate. If your wants it, manhood will flag miserably. *Ibid.*

§ 76. *Attention to the best Models recommended to the Student in Eloquence.*

Attention to the best models will contribute greatly towards improvement. Every one who speaks or writes should, indeed, endeavour to have somewhat that is his own, that is peculiar to himself, and that characterises his composition and style. Slavish imitation depresses genius, or rather betrays the want of it. But which there is no genius so original, but may be profited and assisted by the aid of proper examples, in style, composition, and delivery. They always open some new ideas; they serve to enlarge and correct our own. They quicken the current of thought, and excite emulation. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *Caution necessary in choosing Models.*

Much, indeed, will depend upon the right choice of models which we propose to imitate; and supposing them rightly chosen, a farther care is requisite, of not being seduced by a blind universal admiration. For, "decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile." Even in the most finished models we can select, it must not be supposed, that there are always some things improper for imitation. We should study to acquire a just conception of the peculiar characteristic beauties of any writer, in public speaker, and imitate these only. One

* "Imprimis verò, abundare debet Orator exemplorum copiâ, cum veterum, tum etiam novorum; adeò ut non modò quæ conscripta sunt historiis, aut sermonibus velut per manus tradita, quæque quotidie aguntur, debeat nosse; verùm ne ea quidem quæ a clarioribus poëtis sunt ficta negligere." QUINCT. L. xii. Cap. 4.

ought never to attach himſelf too cloſely o any ſingle model: for he who does ſo, s almoſt ſure of being ſeduced into a faul- y and affected imitation. His buſineſs ould be, to draw from ſeveral the proper deas of perfection. *Blair.*

§ 78. *On the Style of* BOLINGBROKE *and* SWIFT.

Some authors there are, whoſe manner f writing approaches nearer to the ſtyle f ſpeaking than others; and who, there- ore, can be imitated with more ſafety. n this claſs, among the Engliſh authors, re Dean Swift, and Lord Bolingbroke. The Dean, throughout all his writings, in he midſt of much correctneſs, maintains he eaſy natural manner of an unaffected peaker; and this is one of his chief ex- ellencies. Lord Bolingbroke's ſtyle is nore ſplendid, and more declamatory than Dean Swift's; but ſtill it is the ſtyle of ne who ſpeaks, or rather who harangues. ndeed, all his political writings (for it is o them only, and not to his philoſophical ones, that this obſervation can be applied) carry much more the appearance of one declaiming with warmth in a great aſſem- bly, than of one writing in a cloſet, in or- der to be read by others. They have all the copiouſneſs, the fervour, the inculcating method, that is allowable and graceful in an orator; perhaps too much of it for a writer: and it is to be regretted, as I have formerly obſerved, that the matter contain- ed in them ſhould have been ſo trivial or ſo falſe; for, from the manner and ſtyle, conſiderable advantage might be reaped. *Ibid.*

§ 79. *Frequent Exerciſe in compoſing and ſpeaking, neceſſary for Improvement in Eloquence.*

Beſides attention to the beſt models, frequent exerciſe, both in compoſing and ſpeaking, will be admitted to be a neceſ- ſary mean of improvement. That ſort of compoſition is, doubtleſs, moſt uſeful, which relates to the profeſſion, or kind of public ſpeaking, to which perſons addict themſelves. This they ſhould keep ever in their eye, and be gradually inuring themſelves to it. But let me alſo adviſe them, not to allow themſelves in negligent compoſition of any kind. He who has it for his aim to write, or to ſpeak correctly, ſhould, in the moſt trivial kind of compo- ſition, in writing a letter, nay, even in common diſcourſe, ſtudy to acquit himſelf with propriety. I do not at all mean, that he is never to write, or to ſpeak a word, but in elaborate and artificial language. This would form him to a ſtiffneſs and af- fectation, worſe, by ten thouſand degrees, than the greateſt negligence. But it is to be obſerved, that there is, in every thing, a manner which is becoming, and has pro- priety; and oppoſite to it, there is a clum- ſy and faulty performance of the ſame thing. The becoming manner is very of- ten the moſt light, and ſeemingly careleſs manner; but it requires taſte and attention to ſeize the juſt idea of it. That idea, when acquired, we ſhould keep in our eye, and form upon it whatever we write or ſay. *Ibid.*

§ 80. *Of what Uſe the Study of critical and rhetorical Writers may be.*

It now only remains to enquire, of what uſe may the ſtudy of critical and rhetorical writers be, for improving one in the prac- tice of eloquence? Theſe are certainly not to be neglected; and yet, I dare not ſay that much is to be expected from them. For profeſſed writers on public ſpeaking, we muſt look chiefly among the ancients. In modern times, for reaſons which were before given, popular eloquence, as an art, has never been very much the object of ſtudy; it has not the ſame powerful effect among us that it had in more democratical ſtates; and therefore has not been culti- vated with the ſame care. Among the moderns, though there has been a great deal of good criticiſm on the different kinds of writing, yet much has not been attempt- ed on the ſubject of eloquence, or public diſcourſe; and what has been given us of that kind has been drawn moſtly from the ancients. Such a writer as Joannes Gerar- dus Voſſius, who has gathered into one heap of pondrous lumber, all the trifling, as well as the uſeful things, that are to be found in the Greek and Roman writers, is enough to diſguſt one with the ſtudy of eloquence. Among the French, there has been more attempted, on this ſubject, than among the Engliſh. The Biſhop of Cambray's writings on eloquence, I before mentioned with honour. Rollin, Batteux, Crevier, Gibert, and ſeveral other French critics, have alſo written on oratory; but though ſome of them may be uſeful, none of them are ſo conſiderable as to deſerve particular recommendation. *Ibid.*

§ 81.

§ 81. *Recourse must chiefly be had to the original Writers.*

It is to the original ancient writers that we must chiefly have recourse; and it is a reproach to any one, whose profession calls him to speak in public, to be unacquainted with them. In all the ancient rhetorical writers, there is, indeed, this defect, that they are too systematical, as I formerly observed; they aim at dividing too much, at reducing rhetoric to a complete and perfect art, which may ever happily introduce with materials in every subject; insomuch that one would imagine they expected to form an orator by rule, in as mechanical a manner as one would form a carpenter. Whereas, all that can in truth be done is to give openings for assisting and enlightening nature, and for pointing out to genius the course it ought to hold.

Aristotle laid the foundation for all that was afterwards written on the subject. That amazing and comprehensive genius, which does honour to human nature, and which gave light into so many different sciences, has investigated the principles of rhetoric with great penetration. Aristotle appears to have been the first who took rhetoric out of the hands of the sophists, and introduced reasoning and good sense into the art. Some of the profoundest things which have been written on the passions and manners of men are to be found in his Treatise on Rhetoric; though in this, as in all his writings, his great brevity often renders him obscure. Succeeding Greek rhetoricians, most of whom are now lost, improved on the foundation which Aristotle had laid. Two of them still remain, Dionysius Halicarnassensis and Dionysius of Halicarnassus; both write on the construction of sentences, and deserve to be perused; especially Dionysius, who is a very accurate and judicious critic.

I need scarcely recommend the rhetorical writings of Cicero. Whatever, on the subject of eloquence, comes from so great an master, must be worthy of attention. His most considerable work on this subject is that *De Oratore*, in three books. None of Cicero's writings are more highly finished than this treatise. The dialogue is polite, the characters are well supported, and the conduct of the whole is beautiful and agreeable. It is, indeed, full as digressions, and his rules and observations may be thought sometimes too vague and general. Useful things, however, may be learned from it; and it is no small point to be made acquainted with Cicero's capital work on eloquence. The "Dialogus de Oratoribus," is also a considerable treatise, and, in general, throughout all Cicero's rhetorical works there are many high and sublime ideas of eloquence, which are well fitted for forming a full taste, and for creating that enthusiasm for the art, which is of the greatest consequence for excelling in it.

For, of all the ancient writers on the subject of oratory, the most instructive and most useful is Quintilian. I know no book which abound more with good sense, and discover a greater degree of just and accurate taste, than Quintilian's Institutions. Almost all the principles of good criticism are to be found in them. He has digested into excellent order all the ancient rules concerning rhetoric, and is at the same time himself an eloquent writer. Though some parts of his work contain too much of the technical and scholastic system then in vogue, and for us realities may be brought dry and unentertaining; yet I would not advise to omitting or passing any part of his Institutions. To pleaders at the bar, even these technical parts will prove of some use. Seldom has any person, of more sound and distinct judgment than Quintilian, applied himself to the study of the art of oratory. *Blair.*

§ 82. *On the Necessity of an Original Genius.*

The rarest diamonds are rough till they are polished, and the purest gold must be refined and washed, and lifted to the ore. We are naturally by nature; and the best qualities will grow wild and degenerate if the mind is not trained by discipline and cultivated with an early care. In those persons, who have run up to men without a liberal education, we may observe that great qualities dark-ground and eclipsed their minds are exalted over like mountains on the rock, they flash out sometimes into irregular greatness of thought, and notions in their actions so unguided [illegible] unmanaged virtues, something very great and very noble may be discerned, but it looks cumbersome and awkward, and is almost of all things the most unlike imitation. Nature is undoubtedly to be the materials and upon [illegible] but nature herself must be civilized, for she will look savage, as she appears in the Indian princes who are veiled with a native majesty, [illegible] paint

priſing greatneſs and generoſity of ſoul, and diſcover what we always regret, fine parts, and excellent natural endowments, without improvement. In thoſe countries, which we call barbarous, where art and politeneſs are not underſtood, nature hath the greater advantage in this, that ſimplicity of manners often ſecures the innocence of the mind; and as virtue is not, ſo neither is vice, civilized and refined: but in theſe politer parts of the world, where virtue excels by rules and diſcipline, vice alſo is more inſtructed, and with us good qualities will not ſpring up alone: many hurtful weeds will riſe with them, and choak them in their growth, unleſs removed by ſome ſkilful hand: nor will the mind be brought to a juſt perfection without cheriſhing every hopeful ſeed, and repreſſing every ſuperfluous humour: the mind is like the body in this regard, which cannot fall into a decent and eaſy carriage, unleſs it be faſhioned in time: an untaught behaviour is like the people that uſe it, truly ruſtic, forced and uncouth, and art muſt be applied to make it natural.

Felton.

§ 83. *On the Entrance to Knowledge.*

Knowledge will not be won without pains and application: ſome parts of it are eaſier, ſome more difficult of acceſs: we muſt proceed at once by ſap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to preſs boldly on, and enter: it is troubleſome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the ſpring, they riſe and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is ſometimes very narrow, dark and tireſome, but the rooms are ſpacious, and glorioufly furniſhed: the country is admirable, and every proſpect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have ſtrait avenues, when the regions of happineſs, like thoſe of knowledge, are impervious, and not to lazy travellers; and the way to heaven itſelf is narrow.

Common things are eaſily attained, and no body values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will eaſily be perſuaded to put forth your hand to the utmoſt ſtretch, and reach whatever you aſpire at.

Ibid.

§ 84. *Claſſics recommended.*

Many are the ſubjects which will invite and deſerve the ſteadieſt application from thoſe who would excel, and be diſtinguiſhed in them. Human learning in general; natural philoſophy, mathematics, and the whole circle of ſcience. But there is no neceſſity of leading you through theſe ſeveral fields of knowledge: it will be moſt commendable for you to gather ſome of the faireſt fruit from them all, and to lay up a ſtore of good ſenſe, and ſound reaſon, of great probity, and ſolid virtue. This is the true uſe of knowledge, to make it ſubſervient to the great duties of our moſt holy religion, that as you are daily grounded in the true and ſaving knowledge of a Chriſtian, you may uſe the helps of human learning, and direct them to their proper end. You will meet with great and wonderful examples of an irregular and miſtaken virtue in the Greeks and Romans, with many inſtances of greatneſs of mind, of unſhaken fidelity, contempt of human grandeur, a moſt paſſionate love of their country, prodigality of life, diſdain of ſervitude, inviolable truth, and the moſt public diſintereſted ſouls, that ever threw off all regards in compariſon with their country's good: you will diſcern the flaws and blemiſhes of their faireſt actions, ſee the wrong apprehenſions they had of virtue, and be able to point them right, and keep them within their proper bounds. Under this correction you may extract a generous and noble ſpirit from the writings and hiſtories of the ancients. And I would in a particular manner recommend the claſſic authors to your favour, and they will recommend themſelves to your approbation.

If you would reſolve to maſter the Greek as well as the Latin tongue, you will find that the one is the ſource and original of all that is moſt excellent in the other: I do not mean ſo much for expreſſion, as thought, though ſome of the moſt beautiful ſtrokes of the Latin tongue are drawn from the lines of the Grecian orators and poets; but for thought and fancy, for the very foundation and embelliſhment of their works, you will ſee, the Latins have ranſacked the Grecian ſtore, and, as Horace adviſes all who would ſucceed in writing well, had their authors night and morning in their hands.

And they have been ſuch happy imitatators, that the copies have proved more exact than the originals; and Rome has triumphed over Athens, as well in wit as arms; for though Greece may have the honour of invention, yet it is eaſier to ſtrike out a new courſe of thought than

than to equal old originals; and therefore it is more honour to surpass, than to invent anew. Vertot is a great man from his own designs; but if he had attempted upon the Cartoons, and outlines Raphael Urbin in life and colours, he had been acknowledged greater than that celebrated master, but now we shall think him less. *Felton.*

§ 84. *A Comparifon of the Greek and Roman Writers.*

If I may detain you with a short comparifon of the Greek and Roman authors, I muft own the laft have the preference in my thoughts; and I am not fingular in my opinion. It muft be confeffed, the Romans have left no tragedies behind them, that may compare with the majefty of the Grecian ftage; the beft comedies of Rome were written on the Grecian plan, but Menander is too far loft to be compared with Terence; only if we may judge by the method Terence ufed in forming two Greek plays into one, we fhall naturally conclude, fince his are perfect upon that model, that they are more perfect than Menander's were. I fhall make no great difficulty in preferring Plautus to Ariftophanes, for wit and humour, variety of characters, plot and contrivance in his plays, though Horace has cenfured him for low wit.

Virgil has been fo often compared with Homer, and the merits of thofe poets fo often canvaffed, that I fhall only fay, that if the Roman falls not in the Grecian's flame and fire, it is the coolnefs of his judgment, rather than the want of heat. You will generally find the force of a poet's genius, and the ftrength of his fancy, difplay themfelves in the defcriptions they give of battles, ftorms, prodigies, &c. and Homer's fire breaks out on thefe occafions in more dread and terror; but Virgil mixes compaffion with his terror, and, by throwing water on the flame, makes it burn the brighter; fo in the ftorm; fo in his battles as the fall of Pallas and Camilla; and that fcene of horror, which his hero opens in the fecond book; the burning of Troy; the ghoft of Hector; the murder of the king; the miferies of the people; the fudden furprife, and the dead of night, are fo relieved by the pity and pity that is every where intermixed, that we forget our fears, and join in the lamentation. All the world acknowledges the Æneid to be moft perfect in its kind; and confidering the difadvantage of the language, and the feverity of the Roman mufe, the poem is ftill more wonderful, fmooth, without the flame of the Grecian poets, the diction is yet grand and noble, fo clear, fo ftrikes and expreffive, fo chafte and pure, that even all the ftrength and compafs of the Greek tongue joined to Homer's fire, cannot give a ftronger and clearer idea, than we get Virgil has fet before our eyes; fome few inftances excepted, in which Homer has the force of genius, has excelled.

I have argued hitherto for Virgil; but it will be no wonder that his poem fhould be more correct in the rules of writing, than ftrange opinions prevail, that Homer wrote without any view or defign at all, that his poems are only lodgings of detached fragments, and were originally no more than fo many fingle ballads upon the feveral heroes, and the ftage of Troy. If all be true, they are the compleateft ftring of ballads I ever met with, and whoever put them, and put them in the method we now read them in, whether it were Pififtratus, or any other, has placed them in the beft order, that the Iliad and the Odyffey can be fuppofed to have been compofed with one view or defign, one fcheme and intention, which are carried on from the beginning to the end, all along uniform and reconcilable with themfelves. Some have argued, the world was made by a wife Being, and was not blind together by chance. From the very abfurdity of fuch a fuppofition, I fhall have illuftrated their argument. From the impoffibility that fuch a poem as Homer's and Virgil's fhould rife in fuch beautiful order out of millions of heroic ballads fhaken together: but this argument will be fpoiled, if we allow, that the poems of Homer, in each of which appears one continued formal defign from one end to the other, were written by fome Greek poet of fettled premeditated fcheme. Horace, we are fure, was of another opinion, as well as Virgil too, who built his Æneid upon the model of the Iliad and the Odyffey. After all, Tully, whofe opinion of the Grecian ftage has given fome colour to the fuppofition, fays no more, than that Pififtratus (whom he commends for his learning, and condemns for his tyranny) collecting the books of Homer in fo confufed a manner of order, placed them in the method the great author, no doubt, had defigned them in: but all this Tully gives as only as report. And it would be very hard that Ariftotle fhould form his rules on Homer's poems; that Horace fhould form

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his example, and propoſe Homer for the ſtandard of epic writing, with this bright teſtimony, that he "never undertook any thing inconſiderately, nor ever made any fooliſh attempts;" if indeed this celebrated poet did not intend to form his poems in the order and deſign we ſee them in. If we look upon the fabric and conſtruction of thoſe great works, we ſhall find an admirable proportion in all the parts, a perpetual coincidence, and dependence of one upon another; I will venture an appeal to any learned critic in this cauſe; and if it be a ſufficient reaſon to alter the common readings in a letter, a word, or a phraſe, from the conſideration of the context, or propriety of the language, and call it the reſtoring of the text, is it not a demonſtration that theſe poems were made in the ſame courſe of lines, and upon the ſame plan we read them in at preſent, from all the arguments that connexion, dependence, and regularity can give us? If thoſe critics, who maintain this odd fancy of Homer's writings, had found them looſe and undigeſted, and reſtored them to the order they ſtand in now, I believe they would have gloried in their art, and maintained it with more unconteſted reaſons, than they are able to bring for the diſcovery of a word or a ſyllable hitherto falſely printed in the text of any author. But, if any learned men of ſingular fancies and opinions will not allow theſe buildings to have been originally deſigned after the preſent model, let them at leaſt allow us one poetical ſuppoſition on our ſide, That Homer's harp was as powerful to command his ſcattered incoherent pieces into the beautiful ſtructure of a poem, as Amphion's was to ſummon the ſtones into a wall, or Orpheus's to lead the trees a dance. For certainly, however it happens, the parts are ſo juſtly diſpoſed, that you cannot change any book into the place of another, without ſpoiling the proportion, and confounding the order of the whole.

The Georgics are above all controverſy with Heſiod; but the Idylliums of Theocritus have ſomething ſo inimitably ſweet in the verſe and thoughts, ſuch a native ſimplicity, and are ſo genuine, ſo natural a reſult of the rural life, that I muſt, in my poor judgment, allow him the honour of the paſtoral.

In Lyrics the Grecians may ſeem to have excelled, as undoubtedly they are ſuperior in the number of their poets, and variety of their verſe. Orpheus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, and Steſichorus are almoſt entirely loſt. Here and there a fragment of ſome of them is remaining, which, like ſome broken parts of ancient ſtatues, preſerve an imperfect monument of the delicacy, ſtrength, and ſkill of the great maſter's hand.

Pindar is ſublime, but obſcure, impetuous in his courſe, and unfathomable in the depth and loftineſs of his thoughts. Anacreon flows ſoft and eaſy, every where diffuſing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verſe, and tuning his harp to the ſmooth and pleaſant temper of his ſoul. Horace alone may be compared to both; in whom are reconciled the loftineſs and majeſty of Pindar, and the gay, careleſs, jovial temper of Anacreon: and, I ſuppoſe, however Pindar may be admired for greatneſs, and Anacreon for delicateneſs of thought; Horace, who rivals one in his triumphs, and the other in his mirth and love, ſurpaſſes them both in juſtneſs, elegance, and happineſs of expreſſion. Anacreon has another follower among the choiceſt wits of Rome, and that is Catullus, whom, though his lines be rough, and his numbers inharmonious, I could recommend for the ſoftneſs and delicacy, but muſt decline for the looſeneſs of his thoughts, too immodeſt for chaſte ears to bear.

I will go no farther in the poets; only, for the honour of our country, let me obſerve to you, that while Rome has been contented to produce ſome ſingle rivals to the Grecian poetry, England hath brought forth the wonderful Cowley's wit, who was beloved by every muſe he courted, and has rivalled the Greek and Latin poets in every kind but tragedy.

I will not trouble you with the hiſtorians any further, than to inform you, that the conteſt lies chiefly between Thucydides and Salluſt, Herodotus and Livy; though I think Thucydides and Livy may on many accounts more juſtly be compared: the critics have been very free in their cenſures, but I ſhall be glad to ſuſpend any farther judgment, till you ſhall be able to read them, and give me your opinion.

Oratory and philoſophy are the next diſputed prizes; and whatever praiſes may be juſtly given to Ariſtotle, Plato, Xenophon and Demoſthenes, I will venture to ſay, that the divine Tully is all the Grecian orators and philoſophers in one. *Felton.*

§ 86.

§ 86. A short Commendation of the Latin Language.

And now, having possibly given you some prejudice in favour of the Romans, I must beg leave to assure you, that if you have not leisure to master both, you will find your pains well rewarded in the Latin tongue, when once you enter into the elegancies and beauties of it. It is the peculiar felicity of that language to speak good sense in suitable expressions; to give the finest thoughts in the happiest words, and in an easy majesty of style, to rise up to the subject. "And in this lies the great "secret of writing well. It is that elegant "simplicity, that consummate plainness of "speech, which every common genius "thinks so plain, that any body may reach "it, and finds to every elegant, that all "his invent, and polite, and lively, fall him "in the attempt."

In reading the excellent authors of the Roman tongue, whether you converse with poets, orators, or historians, you will meet with all that is admirable in human composure. And though life and spirit, propriety and force of style, be common to them all, you will see that nevertheless every writer shines in his peculiar excellencies: and that wit, like beauty, is diversified into a thousand graces of feature and complexion.

I need not trouble you with a particular character of these celebrated writers. What I have said already, and what I shall say farther of them as I go along, renders it less necessary at present, and I would not pre-engage your opinion implicitly to my side. It will be a pleasant exercise of your judgment to distinguish them yourself; and when you and I shall be able to depart from the common received opinions of the critics and commentators, I may take some other occasion of laying them before you, and submitting what I shall then say of them to your approbation. *Felton.*

§ 87. Directions in reading the Classics.

In the mean time, I shall only give you two or three cautions and directions for your reading them, which to some people will look a little odd, but with me they are of great moment, and very necessary to be observed.

The first is, that you would never be persuaded into what they call Common-places; which is a way of taking an author to pieces, and ranging his sentences under heads, that you may readily find what he has said upon any point, by turning to his alphabet. This practice is of no use in consultations of state and war, councils and surgery, and in such manner where facts are to be remembered, or where the brain is to be exercised. In these cases it is of great use to the memory, and forces to keep them right in a sort of order and dependence. But common-placing the sense of an author is such a stupid undertaking, that, if I might be indulged in saying so, they must be more fools that practise it. What can this result to have I long! O the pains of labour to record what every person can find, that is taken by those who never thing to say themselves! You may depend upon it, the writings of these men are not worth the reading (the learned, I mean, Grammarian spoiled, their composition every thing are perverted, if they read at all, but it is too peculiar happiness of these collectors to read, that they can do without thinking.

I do not readily agree, that all the brightest sparkling thoughts of the ancients, the finest expressions, and noblest sentiments are to be met with in their commonplaces: but how wretchedly are they brought! how miserably put together! I desire you to compare such productions to nothing but rich pieces of patch-work, sewed together with packthread.

When I see a beautiful building of just order and proportion taken down, and the different materials laid together by themselves, it puts me in mind of these common-place men. The materials are perhaps very good, but they understand nothing of architecture so well, as ever to raise it to just and masterly proportions any more: and yet how beautiful would they build another model upon another plan!

For, we must confess the truth: We can say nothing new, at least we can say nothing better than has been said before. Yet we may nevertheless make what we say our own. And this is done when we do not trouble ourselves to remember every page or what book we have read such a passage; but it falls in naturally with a couple of our own thoughts, and we express it in our writings with as much life and truth with as good a grace, as it appeared in two thousand years ago.

This is the best way of remembering the ancient authors, when you make use of

way of writing, enter into their thoughts, and imbibe their ſenſe. There is no need of tying ourſelves up to an imitation of any of them; much leſs to copy or tranſcribe them. For there is room for vaſt variety of thought and ſtyle; as nature is various in her works, and is nature ſtill. Good authors, like the celebrated maſters in the ſeveral ſchools of painting, are originals in their way, and different in their manner. And when we can make the ſame uſe of the Romans as they did of the Grecians, and habituate ourſelves to their way of thinking and writing, we may be equal in ink, though different from them all, and be eſteemed originals as well as they.

And this is what I would have you do. Mix and incorporate with thoſe ancient ſtreams; and though your own wit will be improved and heightened by ſuch a ſtrong infuſion, yet the ſpirit, the thought, the fancy, the expreſſion, which ſhall flow from your pen, will be entirely your own.

Felton.

§ 88. *The Method of Schools vindicated.*

It has been a long complaint in this polite and excellent age of learning, that we loſe our time in words; that the memory of youth is charged and overloaded without improvement; and all they learn is mere cant and jargon for three or four years together. Now, the complaint is in ſome meaſure true, but not eaſily remedied; and perhaps, after all the exclamation of ſo much time loſt in mere words and terms, the hopeful youths, whoſe loſs of time is ſo much lamented, were capable of learning nothing but words at thoſe years. I do not mind what ſome quacks in the art of teaching ſay; they pretend to work wonders, and to make young gentlemen maſters of the languages, before they can be maſters of common ſenſe; but this to me is a demonſtration, that we are capable of little elſe than words, till twelve or thirteen, if you will obſerve, that a boy ſhall be able to repeat his grammar over, two or three years before his underſtanding opens enough to let him into the reaſon and clear apprehenſion of the rules; and when this is done, ſooner or later, it ceaſeth to be cant and jargon: ſo that all this clamour is wrong founded, and the cauſe of complaint lies rather againſt the backwardneſs of our judgment, than the method of our ſchools. And therefore I am for the old way in ſchools ſtill, and children will be furniſhed there with a ſtock of words at leaſt, when they come to know how to uſe them.

Ibid.

§ 89. *Commendation of Schools.*

I am very far from having any mean thoughts of thoſe great men who preſide in our chiefeſt and moſt celebrated ſchools; it is my happineſs to be known to the moſt eminent of them in a particular manner, and they will acquit me of any diſreſpect, where they know I have the greateſt veneration; for with them the genius of claſſic learning dwells, and from them it is derived. And I think myſelf honoured in the acquaintance of ſome maſters in the country, who are not leſs polite than they are learned, and to the exact knowledge of the Greek and Roman tongues, have joined a true taſte, and delicate reliſh of the claſſic authors. But ſhould you ever light into ſome formal hands, though your ſenſe is too fine to reliſh thoſe pedantries I have been remonſtrating againſt, when you come to underſtand them, yet for the preſent they may impoſe upon you with a grave appearance; and, as learning is commonly managed by ſuch perſons, you may think them very learned, becauſe they are very dull: and if you ſhould receive the tincture while you are young, it may ſink too deep for all the waters of Helicon to take out. You may be ſenſible of it, as we are of ill habits, which we regret, but cannot break, and ſo it may mix with your ſtudies for ever, and give bad colours to every thing you deſign, whether in ſpeech or writing.

For theſe meaner critics dreſs up their entertainments ſo very ill, that they will ſpoil your palate, and bring you to a vicious taſte. With them, as with diſtempered ſtomachs, the fineſt food and nobleſt juices turn to nothing but crudities and indigeſtion. You will have no notion of delicacies, if you table with them; they are all for rank and foul feeding; and ſpoil the beſt proviſions in the cooking; you muſt be content to be taught parſimony in ſenſe, and for your moſt inoffenſive food to live upon dry meat and inſipid ſtuff, without any poignancy or reliſh.

So then theſe gentlemen will never be able to form your taſte or your ſtyle; and thoſe who cannot give you a true reliſh of the beſt writers in the world, can never inſtruct you to write like them.

Ibid.

§ 90. *On forming a Style.*

Give me leave to touch this subject, and draw out, for your use, some of the chief strokes, some of the principal lineaments, and fairest features of a just and beautiful style. There is no necessity of being methodical, and I will not entertain you with a dry system upon the matter, but with what you will read with more pleasure, and, I hope, with equal profit, some desultory thoughts in their native order, as they rise in my mind, without being reduced to rules, and marshalled according to art.

To assist you, therefore, as far as art may be an help to nature, I shall proceed to say something of what is required in a finished piece, to make it complete in all its parts, and masterly in the whole.

I would not lay down any impracticable schemes, nor trouble you with a dry formal method; the rule of writing, like that of our duty, is perfect in its kind; but we must make allowances for the infirmities of nature; and since none is without his faults, the most that can be said is, That he is the best writer, against whom the fewest can be alledged.

"A composition is then perfect, when "the matter rises out of the subject; "when the thoughts are agreeable to the "matter, and the expressions suitable to the "thoughts; where there is no inconsistency "from the beginning to the end; when "the whole is perspicuous in the beautiful "order of its parts, and formed in due "symmetry and proportion."

Felton.

§ 91. *Expression suited to the Thought.*

In every sprightly genius, the expression will be ever lively as the thoughts. All the danger is, that a wit too fruitful should run out into unnecessary branches; but when it is matured by age, and corrected by judgment, the writer will prune the luxuriant boughs, and cut off the superfluous shoots of fancy, thereby giving both strength and beauty to his work.

Perhaps this piece of discipline is to young writers the greatest self-denial in the world: to confine the fancy, to stifle the birth, much more to shrow away the beautiful offspring of the brain, is a trial, that none but the most delicate and lively wits can be put to. It is their praise, that they are obliged to retrench more wit than others have to lavish: the chippings and filings of these jewels could they be preserved, are of more value than the whole mass of ordinary authors: and it is a maxim with me, that he has not wit enough, who has not a great deal to spare.

It is by no means necessary for me to run out into the several sorts of writing: we have general rules to judge of all, without being particular upon any, though the style of an orator be different from that of an historian, and a poet's from both.

Bos.

§ 92. *On Embellishments of Style.*

The design of expression is to convey our thoughts truly and clearly to the world, in such a manner as is most probable to attain the end we propose, in communicating what we have conceived to the public; and therefore men have not thought it enough to write plainly, unless they wrote agreeably, so as to engage the attention, and work upon the affections, as well as inform the understanding of their readers: for which reason, all arts have been invented to make their writings pleasing as well as profitable; and those arts are very commendable and honest; they are no [illegible], no delusion, or imposition on the faults and understanding of mankind; for they are founded in nature, and formed upon observing her operations in all the various passions and workings of our minds.

To this we owe all the beauties and embellishments of style; all figures and schemes of speech, and those several decorations that are used in writings to convey and adorn the work. The flourishes of fancy resemble the flourishes of the pen in mechanic writers; and the illuminations of manuscripts, and of the press, [illegible] their title perhaps from the distinction which a bright genius every where [illegible] to his work, and disperses through the composition.

The commendation of this art is [illegible] lightening and adorning a subject, [illegible] a right distribution of the shades and [illegible]. It is in writing, as in picture, in which the art is to observe where the lights will [illegible] to produce the most beautiful parts to the day, and cast in shades when we [illegible] hope will shine to advantage.

It were endless to pursue this subject through all the ornaments and [illegible] of speech; and yet I would not [illegible] miss it, without pointing at the [illegible] rules and necessary qualifications required in those who would attempt to [illegible] productions of their pen. And therefore

you muſt pardon me if I ſeem to go back, for we cannot raiſe any regular and durable pile of building without laying a firm foundation. *Felton.*

§ 93. *On the firſt Requiſite, a Maſtery of Language.*

The firſt thing requiſite to a juſt ſtyle, is a perfect maſtery in the language we write in; this is not ſo eaſily attained as is commonly imagined, and depends upon a competent knowledge of the force and propriety of words, a good natural taſte of ſtrength and delicacy, and all the beauties of expreſſion. It is my own opinion, that all the rules and critical obſervations in the world will never bring a man to a juſt ſtyle, who has not of himſelf a natural eaſy way of writing; but they will improve a good genius, where nature leads the way, provided he is not too ſcrupulous, and does not make himſelf a ſlave to his rules; for that will introduce a ſtiffneſs and affectation, which are utterly abhorrent from all good writing.

By a perfect maſtery in any language, I underſtand not only a ready command of words, upon every occaſion, not only the force and propriety of words as to their ſenſe and ſignification, but more eſpecially the purity and idiom of the language; for in this a perfect maſtery does conſiſt. It is to know what is Engliſh, and what is Latin, what is French, Spaniſh, or Italian, to be able to mark the bounds of each language we write in, to point out the diſtinguiſhing characters, and the peculiar phraſes of each tongue; what expreſſions or manner of expreſſing is common to any language beſides our own, and what is properly and peculiarly our phraſe, and way of ſpeaking. For this is to ſpeak or write Engliſh, in purity and perfection, to let the ſtreams run clear and unmixed, without taking in other languages in the courſe: in Engliſh, therefore, I would have all Galliciſms (for inſtance) avoided, that our tongue may be ſincere, that we may keep to our own language, and not follow the French mode in our ſpeech, as we do in our cloaths. It is convenient and profitable ſometimes to import a foreign word, and naturalize the phraſe of another nation, but this is very ſparingly to be allowed; and every ſyllable of foreign growth ought immediately to be diſcarded, if its uſe and ornament to our language be not very evident.

Ibid.

§ 94. *On the Purity and Idiom of Language.*

While the Romans ſtudied and uſed the Greek tongue, only to improve and adorn their own, the Latin flouriſhed, and grew every year more copious, more elegant, and expreſſive: but in a few years after the ladies and beaux of Rome affected to ſpeak Greek, and regarding nothing but the ſoftneſs and effeminacy of that noble language, they weakened and corrupted their native tongue: and the monſtrous affectation of our travelled ladies and gentlemen to ſpeak in the French air, French tone, French terms, to dreſs, to cook, to write, to court in French, corrupted at once our language and our manners, and introduced an abominable gallimaufry of French and Engliſh mixed together, that made the innovators ridiculous to all men of ſenſe. The French tongue hath undoubtedly its graces and beauties, and I am not againſt any real improvement of our own language from that or any other: but we are always ſo fooliſh, or unfortunate, as never to make any advantage of our neighbours. We affect nothing of theirs, but what is ſilly and ridiculous; and by neglecting the ſubſtantial uſe of their language, we only enervate and ſpoil our own.

Languages, like our bodies, are in a perpetual flux, and ſtand in need of recruits to ſupply the place of thoſe words that are continually falling off through diſuſe: and ſince it is ſo, I think 'tis better to raiſe them at home than abroad. We had better rely on our own troops than foreign forces, and I believe we have ſufficient ſtrength and numbers within ourſelves: there is a vaſt treaſure, an inexhauſtible fund in the old Engliſh, from whence authors may draw conſtant ſupplies, as our officers make their ſureſt recruits from the coal-works, and the mines. The weight, the ſtrength, and ſignificancy of many antiquated words, ſhould recommend them to uſe again. 'Tis only wiping off the ruſt they have contracted, and ſeparating them from the droſs they lie mingled with, and both in value and beauty they will riſe above the ſtandard, rather than fall below it.

Perhaps our tongue is not ſo muſical to the ear, nor ſo abundant in multiplicity of words; but its ſtrength is real, and its words are therefore the more expreſſive: the peculiar character of our language is, that it is cloſe, compact, and full: and

our writings (if you will excuse two Latin words) come nearest to what Tully means by his *Proprie Ornate*. They are all weight and ſubſtance, good meaſure preſſed together, and running over in a redundancy of ſenſe, and not of words. And therefore the purity of our language conſiſts in preſerving this character, in writing with the Engliſh ſtrength and ſpirit: let us not envy others, that they are more ſoft, and diffuſe and rarified; be it our commendation to write as we pay, in true Sterling; if we want ſupplies, we had better revive old words, than create new ones. I look upon our language as good bullion, if we do not debaſe it with too much alloy; and let me leave this cenſure with you, That he who corrupteth the purity of the Engliſh tongue with the moſt ſpecious foreign words and phraſes, is juſt as wiſe as thoſe modiſh ladies that change their plain for chints; for which I think the laudable trollie of old cloaths is much the faireſt barter. *Felton.*

§ 95. *On Plainneſs and Perſpicuity.*

After this regard to the purity of our language, the next quality of a juſt ſtyle, is its plainneſs and perſpicuity. This is the greateſt commendation we can give an author, and the beſt argument that he is maſter of the language he writes in, and the ſubject he writes upon, when we underſtand him, and ſee into the ſcope and tendency of his thoughts, as we read him. All obſcurity of expreſſion, and darkneſs of ſenſe, do ariſe from the confuſion of the writer's thoughts, and his want of proper words. If a man hath not a clear perception of the matter he undertakes to treat of, let his ſtyle never ſo plain as to the words he ules, it never can be clear; and if his thoughts upon this ſubject be never ſo juſt and diſtinct, unleſs he has a ready command of words, and a faculty of eaſy writing in plain obvious expreſſions, the words will perplex the ſenſe, and cloud the clearneſs of his thoughts.

It is the unhappineſs of ſome, that they are not able to expreſs themſelves clearly: their heads are crowded with a multiplicity of undigeſted knowledge, which lies confuſed in the brain, without any order or diſtinction. It is the vice of others, to affect obſcurity in their thoughts and language, to write in a difficult crabbed ſtyle, and perplex the reader with an intricate meaning in more intricate words.

The common way of affecting a falſe plainneſs and perſpicuity of ſtyle, is a affectation of low unuſual words, and indiſcreet controlled periods: the faults of poliſh and ſententious writers, (that are ſtrong repreſentations of their learning, or their wiſdom. Hard words and quaint expreſſions are abominable; whenever you meet with a writer, throw him aſide for a coxcomb. Some authors of reputation have affected this and conciſe way of expreſſion, I own, and if they are not ſo clear, as obſcurity is a fault is to be laid on the deceaſed: they have afters for while we ſtudy to be conciſe, we can hardly avoid being obſcure. Would our thoughts into ſo little a compaſs, and are ſo fearing of our words, that we can afford room to expreſs our meaning.

There is another extreme in ſome writers, not much taken notice of, when ſome empty conceited heads are apt to run into out of a prodigality of words, and want of ſenſe. This is the extravagance of your copious writers, who loſe themſelves in the multitude of words and lay their ſenſe under heaps of plunder. The underſtanding is rather ſtifled than aſſiſted: their meaning, we cannot ſay is dark and thick; it is too light and ſubtle to be diſcerned: it is ſpread ſo thin, and ſo fafed ſo wide, that it is hard to be collected. Two lines would expreſs all they ſay in ten pages: 'tis nothing but whipt ſyllabub froth, a little windy and guſting, without any ſolidity or ſubſtance. *Ibid.*

§ 96. *On the Decorations and Ornaments of Style.*

The deepeſt rivers have the plaineſt face, and the purer waters are always ſhalloweſt. Chryſtal is not the leſs ſolid for being transparent: the value of a ſtyle exceeds the value of precious ſtones. It is to be dull and cloudy. It is in vain to polish it: it bears its worth in its native luſtre, and the ſame art which enhances its price, ſpoils it, is clear, only ſtriving it if it is to dull.

You ſee I have borrowed ſome metaphors to explain my thoughts; and I believe, impoſſible to underſtand the plainneſs and clearneſs of ſtyle, without ſuch expreſſions clearer than the things I am otherwiſe forced up to.

You muſt give me leave to go on and tell you of the decorations and ornaments of ſtyle: there is no inconſiſtency between the plainneſs and perſpicuity, and the ornament of writing. A ſtyle adorned [with]

beauty, where the face is clear and plain as to ſymmetry and proportion, but is capable of wonderful improvements, as to features and complexion. If I may tranſgreſs in too frequent alluſions, becauſe I would make every thing plain to you, I would paſs on from painters to ſtatuaries, whoſe excellence it is at firſt to form true and juſt proportions, and afterwards to give them that ſoftneſs, that expreſſion, that ſtrength and delicacy, which make them almoſt breathe and live.

The decorations of ſtyle are formed out of thoſe ſeveral ſchemes and figures, which are contrived to expreſs the paſſions and motions of our minds in our ſpeech; to give life and ornament, grace and beauty, to our expreſſions. I ſhall not undertake the rhetorician's province, in giving you an account of all the figures they have invented, and thoſe ſeveral ornaments of writing, whoſe grace and commendation lie in being uſed with judgment and propriety. It were endleſs to purſue this ſubject through all the ſchemes and illuſtrations of ſpeech: but there are ſome common forms, which every writer upon every ſubject may uſe, to enliven and adorn his work.

Theſe are metaphor and ſimilitude; and thoſe images and repreſentations, that are drawn in the ſtrongeſt and moſt lively colours, to imprint what the writer would have his readers conceive, more deeply on their minds. In the choice, and in the uſe of theſe, your ordinary writers are moſt apt to offend. Images are very ſparingly to be introduced: their proper place is in poems and orations; and their uſe is to move pity or terror, admiration, compaſſion, anger and reſentment, by repreſenting ſomething very affectionate or very dreadful, very aſtoniſhing, very miſerable, or very provoking, to our thoughts. They give a wonderful force and beauty to the ſubject, where they are painted by a maſterly hand; but if they are either weakly drawn, or unſkilfully placed, they raiſe no paſſion but indignation in the reader.

Felton.

§ 97. *On Metaphors and Similitudes.*

The moſt common ornaments are Metaphor and Similitude. One is an alluſion to words, the other to things; and both have their beauties, if properly applied.

Similitudes ought to be drawn from the moſt familiar and beſt known particulars in the world: if any thing is dark and obſcure in them, the purpoſe of uſing them is defeated; and that which is not clear itſelf, can never give light to any thing that wants it. It is the idle fancy of ſome poor brains, to run out perpetually into a courſe of ſimilitudes, confounding their ſubject by the multitude of likeneſſes; and making it like ſo many things, that it is like nothing at all. This trifling humour is good for nothing, but to convince us, that the author is in the dark himſelf; and while he is likening his ſubject to every thing, he knoweth not what it is like.

There is another tedious fault in ſome ſimile men; which is, drawing their compariſons into a great length and minute particulars, where it is of no importance whether the reſemblance holds or not. But the true art of illuſtrating any ſubject by ſimilitude, is, firſt to pitch on ſuch a reſemblance as all the world will agree in: and then, without being careful to have it run on all four, to touch it only in the ſtrongeſt lines and the neareſt likeneſs. And this will ſecure us from all ſtiffneſs and formality in ſimilitude, and deliver us from the nauſeous repetition of *as* and *ſo*, which ſome ſo-ſo writers, if I may beg leave to call them ſo, are continually ſounding in our ears.

I have nothing to ſay to thoſe gentlemen who bring ſimilitudes and forget the reſemblance. All the pleaſure we can take when we meet theſe promiſing ſparks, is in the diſappointment, where we find their fancy is ſo like their ſubject, that it is not like at all.

Ibid.

§ 98. *On Metaphors.*

Metaphors require great judgment and conſideration in the uſe of them. They are a ſhorter ſimilitude, where the likeneſs is rather implied than expreſſed. The ſignification of one word, in metaphors, is transferred to another, and we talk of one thing in the terms and propriety of another. But there muſt be a common reſemblance, ſome original likeneſs in nature, ſome correſpondence and eaſy tranſition, or metaphors are ſhocking and confuſed.

The beauty of them diſplays itſelf in their eaſineſs and propriety, where they are naturally introduced; but where they are forced and crowded, too frequent and various, and do not riſe out of the courſe of thought, but are conſtrained and preſſed into the ſervice, inſtead of making the dit-

coarse more lively and chearful, they make it fuller, dull, and gloomy.

You muſt form your judgment upon the beſt models and the moſt celebrated pens, where you will find the metaphor in all its grace and ſtrength, ſhedding a luſtre and beauty on the work. For it ought never to be uſed but when it gives greater force to the ſentence, an illuſtration to the thought, and inſinuates a ſilent argument in the alluſion. The uſe of metaphors is not only to convey the thought in a more pleaſing manner, but to give it a ſtronger impreſſion, and enforce it on the mind. Where this is not regarded, they are vain and trifling trath; and in a due obſervance of this, in a pure, chaſte, natural expreſſion, conſiſt the juſtneſs, beauty, and delicacy of ſtyle. *Felton.*

§ 99. *On Epithets.*

I have ſaid nothing of Epithets. Their buſineſs is to expreſs the nature of the things they are applied to; and the choice of them depends upon a good judgment, to diſtinguiſh what are the moſt proper titles to be given on all occaſions, and a complete knowledge in the accidents, qualities, and affections of every thing in the world. They are of moſt ornament when they are of uſe: they are to determine the character of every perſon, and decide the merits of every cauſe; conſcience and juſtice are to be regarded, and great ſkill and exactneſs are required in the uſe of them. For it is of great importance to call things by their right names: the points of ſatire, and ſtrains of encomiaſtic depend upon it: otherwiſe we may make an aſs of a lion, commend a man in ſatire, and lampoon him in panegyric. Here alſo there is room for genius: common juſtice and judgment ſhould direct us to ſay what is proper at leaſt; but it is parts and fire that will prompt us to the moſt lively and moſt forcible epithets that can be applied; and 'tis in their energy and propriety their beauty lies. *Ibid.*

§ 100. *On Allegories.*

Allegories I need not mention, becauſe they are not ſo much any ornament of ſtyle, as an artful way of recommending truth to the world in a borrowed ſhape, and a dreſs more agreeably to the fancy, than naked truth herſelf can be. Truth is ever moſt beautiful and evident in her native dreſs; and the arts that are uſed to convey her to our minds, are no argument that ſhe is deficient, but ſo many reſemblances of the corruption of our nature, that truth, of all things the plaineſt and ſincereſt, is forced to gain admittance as it were in diſguiſe, and comes to us in maſquerade. *Ibid.*

§ 101. *On the Sublime.*

There is one ingredient more required to the *perfection* of ſtyle, which I have partly mentioned already, in ſpeaking of the ſuitableneſs of the thoughts to the ſubject, and of the words to the thoughts; but you will give me leave to conſider it in another light, with regard to the majeſty and dignity of the ſubject.

It is fit, as we have ſaid already, that the thoughts and expreſſions ſhould be ſuited to the matter on all occaſions; but in nobler and greater ſubjects, eſpecially where the theme is ſacred and divine, it muſt be our care to think and write with the dignity and majeſty of the things we preſume to treat of: nothing ſtiff, mean or low, no childiſh thoughts, or low expreſſions, will be endured: all muſt be awful and grave, and great and ſolemn. The nobleſt ſentiments muſt be conveyed in the weighteſt words: all ornaments and illuſtrations muſt be borrowed from the richeſt parts of univerſal nature; and in divine ſubjects, eſpecially when we attempt to ſpeak of God, of his wiſdom, goodneſs, and power, of his mercy and juſtice, of his diſpenſations and providence (by all which he is pleaſed to manifeſt himſelf to the ſons of men) we muſt raiſe our thoughts, and enlarge our minds, and ſearch all the treaſures of knowledge for every thing that is great, wonderful, and magnificent: we can only expreſs our thoughts of the Creator in the order of his creation; and the brighteſt of men can only give us ſome faint ſhadows of his greateſt and his glory. The ſtrongeſt figures are too weak, the moſt auguſt language too low, to expreſs his infinite excellence. No hyperbole can be bold to heighten our thoughts; for in ſo ſublime a theme, nothing can be hyperbolical.

The riches of imagination are poor, all the rivers of eloquence are dry, in ſupplying thoughts on an infinite ſubject. How poor and mean, how bare and groveling, are the Heathen conceptions of the Deity! ſomething ſublime and noble muſt needs be ſaid on ſo great an occaſion; but in this great article, the moſt celebrated of the Heathen poets have fallen

and ſink; they bear up in no proportion to the dignity of the theme, as if they were depreſſed by the weight, and dazzled with the ſplendour of the ſubject.

We have no inſtances to produce of any writers that riſe at all to the majeſty and dignity of the Divine Attributes except the ſacred penmen. No leſs than Divine Inſpiration could enable men to write worthily of God, and none but the Spirit of God knew how to expreſs his greatneſs, and diſplay his glory: in compariſon of theſe divine writers, the greateſt geniuſes, the nobleſt wits of the Heathen world, are low and dull. The ſublime majeſty and royal magnificence of the ſcripture poems are above the reach, and beyond the power of all moral wit. Take the beſt and livelieſt poems of antiquity, and read them as we do the ſcriptures, in a proſe tranſlation, and they are flat and poor. Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, loſe their ſpirits and their ſtrength in the transfuſion, to that degree, that we have hardly patience to read them. But the ſacred writings, even in our tranſlation, preſerve their majeſty and their glory, and very far ſurpaſs the brighteſt and nobleſt compoſitions of Greece and Rome. And this is not owing to the richneſs and ſolemnity of the eaſtern eloquence (for it holds in no other inſtance) but to the divine direction and aſſiſtance of the holy writers. For, let me only make this remark, that the moſt literal tranſlation of the ſcriptures, in the moſt natural ſignification of the words, is generally the beſt; and the ſame punctualneſs, which debaſes other writings, preſerves the ſpirit and majeſty of the ſacred text: it can ſuffer no improvement from human wit; and we may obſerve that thoſe who have preſumed to heighten the expreſſions by a poetical tranſlation or paraphraſe, have ſunk in the attempt; and all the decorations of their verſe, whether Greek or Latin, have not been able to reach the dignity, the majeſty, and ſolemnity of our proſe: ſo that the proſe of ſcripture cannot be improved by verſe, and even the divine poetry is moſt like itſelf in proſe. One obſervation more I would leave with you: Milton himſelf, as great a genius as he was, owes his ſuperiority over Homer and Virgil, in majeſty of thought and ſplendour of expreſſion, to the ſcriptures: they are the fountain from which he derived his light; the ſacred treaſure that enriched his fancy, and furniſhed him with all the truth and wonders of God and his creation, of angels and men, which no mortal brain was able either to diſcover or conceive: and in him, of all human writers, you will meet all his ſentiments and words raiſed and ſuited to the greatneſs and dignity of the ſubject.

I have detained you the longer on this majeſty of ſtyle, being perhaps myſelf carried away with the greatneſs and pleaſure of the contemplation. What I have dwelt ſo much on with reſpect to divine ſubjects, is more eaſily to be obſerved with reference to human: for in all things below divinity, we are rather able to exceed than fall ſhort; and in adorning all other ſubjects, our words and ſentiments may riſe in a juſt proportion to them: nothing is above the reach of man, but heaven; and the ſame wit can raiſe a human ſubject, that only debaſes a divine. *Felton.*

§ 102. *Rules of Order and Proportion.*

After all theſe excellencies of ſtyle, in purity, in plainneſs and perſpicuity, in ornament and majeſty, are conſidered, a finiſhed piece of what kind ſoever muſt ſhine in the order and proportion of the whole; for light riſes out of order, and beauty from proportion. In architecture and painting, theſe fill and relieve the eye. A juſt diſpoſition gives us a clear view of the whole at once; and the due ſymmetry and proportion of every part in itſelf, and of all together, leave no vacancy in our thoughts or eyes; nothing is wanting, every thing is complete, and we are ſatisfied in beholding.

But when I ſpeak of order and proportion, I do not intend any ſtiff and formal method, but only a proper diſtribution of the parts in general, where they follow in a natural courſe, and are not confounded with one another. Laying down a ſcheme, and marking out the diviſions and ſubdiviſions of a diſcourſe, are only neceſſary in ſyſtems, and ſome pieces of controverſy and argumentation: you ſee, however, that I have ventured to write without any declared order; and this is allowable, where the method opens as you read, and the order diſcovers itſelf in the progreſs of the ſubject; but certainly, of all pieces that were ever written in a profeſſed and ſtated method, and diſtinguiſhed by the number and ſucceſſion of their parts, our Engliſh ſermons are the completeſt in order and proportion; the method is ſo eaſy and natural, the parts bear ſo juſt a proportion to one another, that among many

others, this may pass for a peculiar commendation of them; for those divisions and particulars which obscure and perplex other writings, give a clearer light to ours. All that I would insinuate, therefore, is only this, that it is not necessary to lay the method we use before the reader, only to write and then he will read, in order.

But it requires a full command of the subject, a distinct view, to keep it always in sight, or else, without some method first designed, we should be in danger of losing it, and wandering after it, till we have lost ourselves, and bewildered the reader.

A prescribed method is necessary for weaker heads, but the beauty of order is its freedom and unconstraint: it must be dispersed and shine in all the parts through the whole performance; but there is no necessity of writing in trammels, when we can move more at ease without them: neither is the proportion of writing to be measured out like the proportions of a horse, where every part must be drawn in the minutest respect to the size and bigness of the rest; but it is to be taken by the mind, and formed upon a general view and consideration of the whole. The statuary that carves Hercules in stone, or casts him in brass, may be obliged to take his dimensions from his foot; but the poet that describes him is not bound up to the geometer's rule: nor is an author under any obligation to write by the scale.

These hints will serve to give you some notion of order and proportion: and I must not dwell too long upon them, lest I transgress the rules I am laying down.

Felton.

§ 103. *A Recapitulation.*

I shall make no formal recapitulation of what I have delivered. Out of all these rules together, rises a just style, and a perfect composition. All the latitude that can be admitted, is in the ornament of writing; we do not require every author to shine in gold and jewels: there is a moderation to be used in the pomp and trappings of a discourse: it is not necessary that every part should be embellished and adorned; but the decoration should be skilfully distributed through the whole: too full and glaring a light is offensive, and confounds the eyes: in heaven itself there are vacancies and spaces between the stars; and the day is not less beautiful for being interspersed with clouds; they only moderate the brightness of the sun, and, without diminishing from his splendour, gild and adorn themselves with his rays. But to descend from the skies. It is in writing as in dress; the richest habits are not always the completest, and a gentleman may make a better figure in a plain shirt, than in an embroidered coat; the dress depends upon the imagination, but must be adjusted by the judgment, contrary to the opinion of the ladies, who value nothing but a good fancy in the choice of their cloaths. The first excellence is to write to purity, plainly, and clearly; there is no dispensation from these: but afterwards you have your choice of colours, and may enliven, adorn, and paint your subject as you please.

In writing, the rules have a relation and dependance on one another. They are held in one social bond, and [illegible] like the moral virtues, and liberal arts, in a [illegible] of harmony and concord. He that cannot write pure, plain English, must never pretend to write at all: It is in vain for him to dress and adorn his discourse; for [illegible] he endeavours to make it, he [illegible] only the more ridiculous. And on the other side, let a man write in the [illegible] purity and propriety of language, if he has not life and fire, to give his work [illegible] force and spirit, it is nothing but a [illegible] corpse, and a lumpish, unwieldy [illegible] matter. But every true genius, who is perfect master of the language he [illegible] in, will let no fitting ornaments and [illegible] rations be wanting. His fancy [illegible] the richest vein, and gives his [illegible] lively colours, and so beautiful a [illegible] plexion, that you would almost say his [illegible] blood and spirits were transfused into the work.

[illegible]

§ 104. *How to form a right Taste.*

A perfect mastery and elegance of [illegible] is to be learned from the common [illegible] but must be improved by reading [illegible] tors, and poets, and the celebrated [illegible] in every kind; this will give you a right taste, and a true relish; and when you [illegible] distinguish the beauties of every [illegible] piece, you will write yourself with [illegible] commendation.

I do not assert that every good [illegible] must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception; but I will venture to assert, that a [illegible] not moved with poetry, and [illegible] that way, is too dull and lumpish [illegible] write with any prospect of being [illegible] is a fatal mistake, and simple [illegible]

to diſcourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them againſt it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no reſtraining them: Ovid, you know, was deaf to his father's frequent admonitions. But if they are not quite ſmitten and bewitched with love of verſe, they ſhould be trained to it, to make them maſters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception, and a true taſte of their authors: and being able to write in verſe upon occaſion, I can aſſure you, is no diſadvantage to proſe; for without reliſhing the one, a man muſt never pretend to any taſte of the other.

Taſte is a metaphor, borrowed from the palate, by which we approve or diſlike what we eat and drink, from the agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of the reliſh in our mouth. Nature directs us in the common uſe, and every body can tell ſweet from bitter, what is ſharp, or ſour, or vapid, or nauſeous; but it requires ſenſes more refined and exerciſed, to diſcover every taſte that is moſt perfect in its kind; every palate is not a judge of that, and yet drinking is more uſed than reading. All that I pretend to know of the matter, is, that wine ſhould be, like a ſtyle, clear, deep, bright, and ſtrong, ſincere and pure, ſound and dry (as our advertiſements do well expreſs it) which laſt is a commendable term, that contains the juice of the richeſt ſpirits, and only keeps out all cold and dampneſs.

It is common to commend a man for an ear to muſic, and a taſte of painting; which are nothing but a juſt diſcernment of what is excellent and moſt perfect in them. The firſt depends entirely on the ear; a man can never expect to be a maſter, that has not an ear tuned and ſet to muſic; and you can no more ſing an ode without an ear, than without a genius you can write one. Painting, we ſhould think, requires ſome underſtanding in the art, and exact knowledge of the beſt maſter's manner, to be a judge of it; but this faculty, like the reſt, is founded in nature: knowledge in the art, and frequent converſation with the beſt originals, will certainly perfect a man's judgment; but if there is not a natural ſagacity and aptneſs, experience will be of no great ſervice. A good taſte is an argument of a great ſoul, as well as a lively wit. It is the infirmity of poor ſpirits to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled by every thing that ſparkles: but to paſs by what the generality of the world admires, and to be detained with nothing but what is moſt perfect and excellent in its kind, ſpeaks a ſuperior genius, and a true diſcernment: a new picture by ſome meaner hand, where the colours are freſh and lively, will engage the eye, but the pleaſure goes off with looking, and what we ran to at firſt with eagerneſs, we preſently leave with indifference: but the old pieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Tintoret, and Titian, though not ſo inviting at firſt, open to the eye by degrees; and the longer and oftener we look, we ſtill diſcover new beauties, and find new pleaſure. I am not a man of ſo much ſeverity in my temper, as to allow you to be pleaſed with nothing but what is in the laſt perfection; for then, poſſibly, ſo many are the infirmities of writing, beyond other arts, you could never be pleaſed. There is a wide difference in being nice to judge of every degree of perfection, and rigid in refuſing whatever is deficient in any point. This would only be weakneſs of ſtomach, not any commendation of a good palate; a true taſte judges of defects as well as perfections, and the beſt judges are always the perſons of the greateſt candour. They will find none but real faults, and whatever they commend, the praiſe is juſtly due.

I have intimated already, that a good taſte is to be formed by reading the beſt authors; and when you ſhall be able to point out their beauties, to diſcern the brighteſt paſſages, the ſtrength and elegance of their language, you will always write yourſelf, and read others by that ſtandard, and muſt therefore neceſſarily excel. *Felton.*

§ 105. *Taſte to be improved by Imitation.*

In Rome there were ſome popular orators, who, with a falſe eloquence and violent action, carried away the applauſe of the people: and with us we have ſome popular men, who are followed and admired for the loudneſs of their voice, and a falſe pathos both in utterance and writing. I have been ſometimes in ſome confuſion to hear ſuch perſons commended by thoſe of ſuperior ſenſe, who could diſtinguiſh, one would think, between empty, pompous, ſpecious harangues, and thoſe pieces in which all the beauties of writing are combined. A natural taſte muſt therefore be improved, like fine parts, and a great genius; it muſt be aſſiſted by art, or

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it will be eaſily vitiated and corrupted. Falſe eloquence paſſes only where true is not underſtood; and nobody will commend bad writers, that is acquainted with good.

Theſe are only ſome curſory thoughts on a ſubject that will not be reduced to rules. To treat of a true taſte in a formal method, would be very inſipid; it is beſt collected from the beauties and laws of writing, and muſt riſe from every man's own apprehenſion and notion of what he hears and reads.

It may be therefore of farther uſe, and moſt advantage to you, as well as a relief and entertainment to refreſh your ſpirits in the end of a tedious diſcourſe, if beſides mentioning the claſſic authors as they fall in my way, I lay before you ſome of the correcteſt writers of this age and the laſt, in ſeveral faculties, upon different ſubjects: Not that you ſhould be drawn into a ſervile imitation of any of them: but that you may ſee into the ſpirit, force, and beauty of them all, and form your pen from thoſe general notions of life and delicacy, of fine thoughts and happy words, which riſe to your mind upon reading the great maſters of ſtyle in their ſeveral ways, and manner of excelling.

I muſt beg leave, therefore, to defer a little the entertainment I promiſed, while I endeavour to lead you into the true way of imitation, if ever you ſhall propoſe any original for your copy; or, which is infinitely preferable, into a perfect maſtery of the ſpirit and perfections of every celebrated writer, whether ancient or modern.

Felton.

§ 106. *On the Hiſtorical Style.*

Hiſtory will not admit thoſe decorations other ſubjects are capable of; the paſſions and affections are not to be moved with any thing, but the truth of the narration. All the force and beauty muſt lie in the order and expreſſion. To relate every event with clearneſs and perſpicuity, in ſuch words as beſt expreſs the nature of the ſubject, is the chief commendation of an hiſtorian's ſtyle. Hiſtory gives us a draught of facts and tranſactions in the world. The colours theſe are painted in; the ſtrength and ſignificancy of the ſeveral faces; the regular confuſion of a battle; the diſtractions of tumult ſenſibly depicted; every object and every occurrence ſo preſented to your view, that while you read, you ſeem indeed to ſee them: this is the art and perfection of an hiſtorical ſtyle. And you will obſerve, that thoſe who have excelled in hiſtory, have excelled in it eſpecially; and what has made them the ſtandards of that ſtyle, is the clearneſs of life and vigour of their expreſſion, every where properly varied, according to the variety of the ſubjects they wrote on. For hiſtory and narration are nothing but full and lively deſcriptions of remarkable events and accidents. *Ibid.*

§ 107. *Of* Herodotus *and* Thucydides.

For this reaſon we praiſe Herodotus and Thucydides among the Greeks, for I will mention no more of them; and upon the account we commend Salluſt and Livy among the Romans. For though they differ in their ſtyle, yet they all agree in their common excellencies. Herodotus diſplays a natural oratory in the ſweetneſs and clearneſs of a numerous and eaſy diction; he flows with a ſedate and majeſtic pace, with an eaſy current, and a pleaſing ſtream. Thucydides does ſometimes write in a ſtyle ſo cloſe, that almoſt every word is a ſentence, and every ſentence almoſt acquaints us with ſomething new; ſo full from the multitude of matter crowded together; we muſt ſuſpect him to be obſcure: but ſo happy, ſo admirable a maſter is he in the art of expreſſion, ſo proper and ſo full that we cannot ſay whether his diction does more illuſtrate the things he ſpeaks of, or whether his words themſelves are not illuſtrated by his matter, ſo mutual a light do his expreſſions and ſubject reflect on each other. His diction, though it be cloſe and cloſe, is nevertheleſs great and magnificent, equal to the dignity and importance of his ſubject. He firſt, after Herodotus, ventured to adorn the hiſtorical ſtyle, to make the narration more pleaſing, by leaving the plainneſs and ſimplicity of former ages. This is moſt obſervable in his battles, where he does not only relate the mere fight, but writes with a martial ſpirit, as if he ſtood in the battle of the engagement; and what is moſt excellent as well as remarkable in ſo cloſe a ſtyle, is that it is numerous and harmonious: that his words are not laboured nor forced, but fall into their places in a natural manner, and into their moſt proper ſituations. *Ibid.*

§ 108. *Of* Salluſt *and* Livy.

Salluſt and Livy, you will read, I hope,

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with ſo much pleaſure, as to make a thorough and intimate acquaintance with them. Thucydides and Salluſt are generally compared, as Livy is with Herodotus; and, ſince I am fallen upon their characters, I cannot help touching the compariſons. Salluſt is repreſented as a conciſe, a ſtrong, and nervous writer; and ſo far he agrees with Thucydides's manner: but he is alſo charged with being obſcure, as conciſe writers very often are, without any reaſon. For, if I may judge by my own apprehenſions, as I read him, no writer can be more clear, more obvious and intelligible. He has not, indeed, as far as I can obſerve, one redundant expreſſion; but his words are all weighed and choſen, ſo expreſſive and ſignificant, that I will challenge any critic to take a ſentence of his, and expreſs it clearer or better; his contraction ſeems wrought and laboured. To me he appears as a man that conſidered and ſtudied perſpicuity and brevity to that degree, that he would not retrench a word which might help him to expreſs his meaning, nor ſuffer one to ſtand, if his ſenſe was clear without it. Being more diffuſe, would have weakened his language, and have made it obſcurer rather than clearer: for a multitude of words only ſerve to cloud or diſſipate the ſenſe; and though a copious ſtyle in a maſter's hand is clear and beautiful, yet where conciſeneſs and perſpicuity are once reconciled, any attempt to enlarge the expreſſions, if it does not darken, does certainly make the light much feebler. Salluſt is all life and ſpirit, yet grave and majeſtic in his diction: his uſe of old words is perfectly right: there is no affectation, but more weight and ſignificancy in them: the boldneſs of his metaphors are among his greateſt beauties; they are choſen with great judgment, and ſhew the force of his genius; the colouring is ſtrong, and the ſtrokes are bold: and in my opinion he choſe them for the ſake of the brevity he loved, to expreſs more clearly and more forcibly, what otherwiſe he muſt have written in looſer characters with leſs ſtrength and beauty. And no fault can be objected to the juſteſt and exacteſt of the Roman writers.

Livy is the moſt conſiderable of the Roman hiſtorians, if to the perfection of his ſtyle we join the compaſs of his ſubject; in which he has the advantage over all that wrote before him, in any nation but the Jewiſh, eſpecially over Thucydides; whoſe hiſtory, however drawn out into length, is confined to the ſhorteſt period of any, except what remains of Salluſt. No hiſtorian could be happier in the greatneſs and dignity of his ſubject, and none was better qualified to adorn it; for his genius was equal to the majeſty of the Roman empire, and every way capable of the mighty undertaking. He is not ſo copious in words, as abundant in matter, rich in his expreſſion, grave, majeſtic, and lively; and if I may have liberty to enlarge on the old commendation, I would ſay his ſtyle flows with milk and honey, in ſuch abundance, ſuch pleaſure and ſweetneſs, that when once you are proficient enough to read him readily, you will go on with unwearied delight, and never lay him out of your hands without impatience to reſume him. We may reſemble him to Herodotus, in the manner of his diction; but he is more like Thucydides in the grandeur and majeſty of expreſſion; and if we obſerve the multitude of clauſes in the length of the periods, perhaps Thucydides himſelf is not more crowded; only the length of his periods is apt to deceive us; and great men among the ancients, as well as moderns, have been induced to think this writer was copious, becauſe his ſentences were long. Copious he is indeed, and forcible in his deſcriptions, not laviſh in the number, but exuberant in the richneſs and ſignificancy of his words. You will obſerve, for I ſpeak upon my own obſervation, that Livy is not ſo eaſy and obvious to be underſtood as Salluſt; the experiment is made every where in reading five or ſix pages of each author together. The ſhortneſs of Salluſt's ſentences, as long as they are clear, ſhews his ſenſe and meaning all the way in an inſtant: the progreſs is quick and plain, and every three lines gives us a new and complete idea; we are carried from one thing to another with ſo ſwift a pace, that we run as we read, and yet cannot, if we read diſtinctly, run faſter than we underſtand him. This is the brighteſt teſtimony that can be given of a clear and obvious ſtyle. In Livy we cannot paſs on ſo readily; we are forced to wait for his meaning till we come to the end of the ſentence, and have ſo many clauſes to ſort and refer to their proper places in the way, that I muſt own I cannot read him ſo readily at ſight as I can Salluſt; though with attention and conſideration I underſtand him as well. He is not ſo eaſy, nor ſo well adapted to young

young proficients, as the other: and is ever plainest, when his sentences are shortest; which I think is a demonstration. Some perhaps, will be apt to conclude, that in this I differ from Quinctilian; but I do not conceive so myself; for Quinctilian recommends Livy before Sallust, rather for his candour, and the larger compass of his history; for he owns a good proficiency is required to understand him; and I can only refer to the experience of young proficients, which of them is more open to their apprehension. Distinction of sentences, in few words, provided the words be plain and expressive, ever gives light to the author, and carries his meaning uppermost; but long periods, and a multiplicity of clauses, however they abound with the most obvious and significant words, do necessarily make the meaning more retired, less forward and obvious to the view; and in this Livy may seem as crowded as Thucydides, if not in the number of periods, certainly in the multitude of clauses, which, so disposed, do rather obscure than illuminate his writings. But in so rich, so majestic, so flowing a writer, we may wait with patience to the end of the sentence, for the pleasure still increases as we read. The elegance and purity, the greatness, the nobleness of his diction, his happiness in narration, and his wonderful eloquence, are above all commendation; and his style, if we were to decide, is certainly the standard of Roman history. For Sallust, I must own, is too impetuous in his course; he hurries his reader on too fast, and hardly ever allows him the pleasure of expectation, which in reading history, where it is justly raised on important events, is the greatest of all others. *Felton.*

§ 109. *Their Use in Style.*

Reading these celebrated authors will give you a true taste of good writing, and form you to a just and correct style upon every occasion that shall demand your pen. I would not recommend any of them to a strict imitation; that is servile and mean; and you cannot propose an exact copy of a pattern, without falling short of the original: but if you once read them with a true relish and discernment of their beauties, you may lay them aside, and be secure of writing with all the graces of them all, without owing your perfection to any. Your style and manner will be your own, and even your letters upon the most ordinary subjects, will have a native beauty and elegance in the composition, which will equal them with the best original, and set them far above the common standard.

Upon this occasion, I cannot put by your favourite author, the grave and facetious Tatler, who has drawn mankind in every dress, and every disguise of nature, in a style ever varying with the humour, fancies, and follies he describes. He has shewed himself a master in every turn of his pen, whether his subject be sight or serious, and has laid down the rules of common life with so much judgment, in such agreeable, such lively and elegant language, that from him you at once may form your manners and your style. *Ibid.*

§ 110. *On* Spenser *and* Shakespear.

I may add some poets of more ancient date: and though their style is not of the standard now, there are in them still some lines so extremely beautiful, that our modern language cannot reach them. Chaucer is too old, I fear; but Spenser, though he be antiquated too, hath still charms remaining to make you enamoured of him. His antique verse has music in it to reach any ears, that can be sensible of the lofty, sweetest numbers, that ever flowed from a poet's pen.

Shakespear is a wonderful genius, a single instance of the force of nature and the strength of wit. Nothing can be greater and more lively than his thoughts; nothing nobler and more forcible than his expression. The fire of his fancy breaks out into his words, and sets his reader on a flame: he makes the blood run cold or warm; and is so admirable a master of the passions, that he raises your courage, your pity, and your fear, at his pleasure, but he delights most in terror. *Ibid.*

§ 111. *On* Milton *and* Philips.

Milton is the assertor of poetic liberty, and would have freed us from the bondage of rhyme, but, like sinners, and like lovers, we hug our chain, and are pleased in being slaves. Some indeed have made some faint attempts to break in but their verse had all the softness and affectionary of rhyme without the music; and Dryden himself, who sometimes struggled to get loose, always relapsed, and was still bound than ever: but rhyme was his province, and he could make the tinkling of his chains harmonious. Mr. Philips has trod the nearest in his great master's steps,

and has equalled him in his verſe more than he falls below him in the compaſs and dignity of his ſubject. The Shilling is truly ſplendid in his lines, and his poems will live longer than the unfiniſhed caſtle, as long as Blenheim is remembered, or Cyder drank in England. But I have digreſſed from Milton; and that I may return, and ſay all in a word; his ſtyle, his thoughts, his verſe, are as ſuperior to the generality of other poets, as his ſubject.

Felton.

§ 112. *Great Men have uſually appeared at the ſame time.*

It is a remarkable phænomenon, and one which has often employed the ſpeculations of curious men, that writers and artiſts, moſt diſtinguiſhed for their parts and genius, have generally appeared in conſiderable numbers at a time. Some ages have been remarkably barren in them; while, at other periods, Nature ſeems to have exerted herſelf with a more than ordinary effort, and to have poured them forth with a profuſe fertility. Various reaſons have been aſſigned for this. Some of the moral cauſes lie obvious; ſuch as favourable circumſtances of government and of manners; encouragement from great men; emulation excited among the men of genius. But as theſe have been thought inadequate to the whole effect, phyſical cauſes have been alſo aſſigned; and the Abbé du Bos, in his reflections on Poetry and Painting, has collected a great many obſervations on the influence which the air, the climate, and other ſuch natural cauſes, may be ſuppoſed to have upon genius. But whatever the cauſes be, the fact is certain, that there have been certain periods or ages of the world much more diſtinguiſhed than others, for the extraordinary productions of genius. *Blair.*

§ 113. *Four of theſe Ages marked out by the Learned.*

Learned men have marked out four of theſe happy ages. The firſt is the Grecian age, which commenced near the time of the Peloponneſian war, and extended till the time of Alexander the Great; within which period, we have Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Socrates, Plato, Ariſtotle, Demoſthenes, Æſchynes, Lyſias, Iſocrates, Pindar, Æſchylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, Menander, Anacreon, Theocritus, Lyſippas, Apelles, Phidias, Praxiteles. The ſecond is the Roman age, included nearly within the days of Julius Cæſar and Auguſtus; affording us, Catullus, Lucretius, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid, Phædrus, Cæſar, Cicero, Livy, Salluſt, Varro, and Vitruvius. The third age is, that of the reſtoration of learning, under the Popes Julius II. and Leo X.; when flouriſhed Arioſto, Taſſo, Sannazarius, Vida, Machiavel, Guicciardini, Davila, Eraſmus, Paul Jovius, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian. The fourth, comprehends the age of Louis XIV. and Queen Anne; when flouriſhed, in France, Corneille, Racine, De Retz, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, Baptiſte, Rouſſeau, Boſſuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Paſcall, Malebranche, Maſſillon, Bruyere, Bayle, Fontenelle, Vertot; and in England, Dryden, Pope, Addiſon, Prior, Swift, Parnell, Congreve, Otway, Young, Rowe, Atterbury, Shaftſbury, Bolingbroke, Tillotſon, Temple, Boyle, Locke, Newton, Clarke. *Ibid.*

§ 114. *The Reputation of the Ancients eſtabliſhed too firmly to be ſhaken.*

If any one, at this day, in the eighteenth century, takes upon him to decry the ancient Claſſics; if he pretends to have diſcovered that Homer and Virgil are poets of inconſiderable merit, and that Demoſthenes and Cicero are not great Orators, we may boldly venture to tell ſuch a man, that he is come too late with his diſcovery. The reputation of ſuch writers is eſtabliſhed upon a foundation too ſolid to be now ſhaken by any arguments whatever; for it is eſtabliſhed upon the almoſt univerſal taſte of mankind, proved and tried throughout the ſucceſſion of ſo many ages. Imperfections in their works he may indeed point out; paſſages that are faulty he may ſhew; for where is the human work that is perfect? But if he attempts to diſcredit their works in general, or to prove that the reputation which they have gained is on the whole unjuſt, there is an argument againſt him, which is equal to full demonſtration. He muſt be in the wrong; for human nature is againſt him. In matters of taſte, ſuch as poetry and oratory, to whom does the appeal lie? where is the ſtandard? and where the authority of the laſt deciſion? where is it to be looked for, but as I formerly ſhewed, in thoſe feelings and ſentiments that are found, on the moſt extenſive examination, to be the common ſentiments and feelings of men? Theſe have been fully conſulted on this head,

head. The Public, the unprejudiced Public, has been tried and appealed to for many centuries, and throughout almoſt all civilized nations. It has pronounced its verdict; it has given its ſanction to theſe writers; and from this tribunal there lies no farther appeal.

In matters of mere reaſoning, the world may be long in an error; and may be convinced of the error by ſtronger reaſonings, when produced. Poſitions that depend upon ſcience, upon knowledge, and matters of fact, may be overturned according as ſcience and knowledge are enlarged, and new matters of fact are brought to light. For this reaſon, a ſyſtem of philoſophy receives no ſufficient ſanction from its antiquity, or long currency. The world, as it grows older, may be juſtly expected to become, if not wiſer, at leaſt more knowing; and ſuppoſing it doubtful whether Ariſtotle, or Newton, were the greater genius, yet Newton's philoſophy may prevail over Ariſtotle's, by means of later diſcoveries, to which Ariſtotle was a ſtranger. But nothing of this kind holds as to matters of Taſte; which depend not on the progreſs of knowledge and ſcience, but upon ſentiment and feeling. It is in vain to think of undeceiving mankind, with reſpect to errors committed here, as in Philoſophy. For the univerſal feeling of mankind is the natural feeling; and becauſe it is the natural, it is, for that reaſon, the right feeling. The reputation of the Iliad and the Æneid muſt therefore ſtand upon ſure ground, becauſe it has ſtood ſo long; though that of the Ariſtotelian or Platonic philoſophy, every one is at liberty to call in queſtion. *Blair.*

§ 115. *The Reputation of the Ancients not owing to Pedantry.*

It is in vain alſo to alledge, that the reputation of the ancient poets and orators, is owing to authority, to pedantry, and to the prejudices of education, tranſmitted from age to age. Theſe, it is true, are the authors put into our hands at ſchools and colleges, and by that means we have now an early prepoſſeſſion in their favour; but how came they to gain the poſſeſſion of colleges and ſchools? Plainly, by the high fame which thoſe authors had among their own contemporaries. For the Greek and Latin were not always dead languages. There was a time, when Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, were viewed in the ſame light as we now view Dryden, Pope, and Addiſon. It is not as commentators and univerſities, that the claſſics are indebted for their fame. They became claſſics and ſchool-books in conſequence of the high admiration which was paid them by the beſt judges in their own country and time. As early as the days of Juvenal, who wrote under the reign of Domitian, we find Virgil and Horace become the claſſical books in the education of youth.

Quod ſuaſerit puer, cum Tullius deſuper olim
Platoni, & bonnet nigro ſuffigat Maroni.
Sat. 7. l.

From this general principle, then, of the reputation of great ancient Claſſics being ſo early, ſo laſting, ſo extenſive among all the moſt poliſhed nations, we may juſtly and boldly infer, that their reputation is not be wholly unjuſt, but muſt have a juſt foundation in the merit of their writings.

Id.

§ 116. *In what Reſpects the Moderns and the Ancients.*

Let us guard, however, againſt a blind and implicit veneration for the Ancients in every thing. I have opened the general principle, which muſt go far in influencing a fair compariſon between them and the Moderns. Whatever ſuperiority the Ancients may have had in point of genius, yet in all arts, where the natural progreſs of knowledge has had room to produce any conſiderable efforts, the Moderns muſt not but have ſome advantage. The world may, in certain reſpects, be conſidered as a perſon, who muſt needs gain knowledge by advancing in years. Its improvements have not, I confeſs, been always in proportion to the centuries that have paſſed over it; for, during the courſe of ſome ages, it has ſunk as into a total lethargy. Yet when rouſed from that lethargy, it has generally been able to avail itſelf, more or leſs, of former diſcoveries. At intervals there aroſe ſome happy genius, who muſt both improve on what had gone before, and invent ſomething new. With the advantage of a proper ſtock of materials, an inferior genius can make greater progreſs

* "Thus thou art heard in fields, or ſtill
"Sand;
"As many ſhaking lamps as Aleſtan
"ſtand;
"When Homer ſwells our ſoul in Iliads
"fully'd loud,
"And Virgil, Tiber pent, roars all
"with Dardan." Dryden.

than a much ſuperior one, to whom theſe materials are wanting.

Hence, in Natural Philoſophy, Aſtronomy, Chemiſtry, and other ſciences that depend on an extenſive knowledge and obſervation of facts, modern philoſophers have an unqueſtionable ſuperiority over the ancient. I am inclined alſo to think, that in matters of pure reaſoning, there is more preciſion among the moderns, than in ſome inſtances there was among the ancients; owing perhaps to a more extenſive literary intercourſe, which has improved and ſharpened the faculties of men. In ſome ſtudies too, that relate to taſte and fine writing, which is our object, the progreſs of ſociety muſt, in equity, be admitted to have given us ſome advantages. For inſtance, in hiſtory; there is certainly more political knowledge in ſeveral European nations at preſent, than there was in ancient Greece and Rome. We are better acquainted with the nature of government, becauſe we have ſeen it under a greater variety of forms and revolutions. The world is more laid open than it was in former times; commerce is greatly enlarged; more countries are civilized; poſts are every where eſtabliſhed; intercourſe is become more eaſy; and the knowledge of facts, by conſequence, more attainable. All theſe are great advantages to hiſtorians; of which, in ſome meaſure, as I ſhall afterwards ſhew, they have availed themſelves. In the more complex kinds of poetry, likewiſe, we may have gained ſomewhat, perhaps, in point of regularity and accuracy. In dramatic performances, having the advantage of the ancient models, we may be allowed to have made ſome improvements in the variety of the characters, the conduct of the plot, attentions to probability, and to decorums.

Blair.

§ 117. *We muſt look to the Ancients for elegant Compoſition, and to the Moderns for accurate Philoſophy.*

From whatever cauſe it happens, ſo it is, that among ſome of the ancient writers, we muſt look for the higheſt models in moſt of the kinds of elegant compoſition. For accurate thinking and enlarged ideas, in ſeveral parts of philoſophy, to the moderns we ought chiefly to have recourſe. Of correct and finiſhed writing in ſome works of taſte, they may afford uſeful patterns; but for all that belongs to original genius, to ſpirited, maſterly, and high execution, our beſt and moſt happy ideas are, generally ſpeaking, drawn from the ancients. In epic poetry, for inſtance, Homer and Virgil, to this day, ſtand not within many degrees of any rival. Orators, ſuch as Cicero and Demoſthenes, we have none. In hiſtory, notwithſtanding ſome defects, which I am afterwards to mention in the ancient hiſtorical plans, it may be ſafely aſſerted, that we have no ſuch hiſtorical narration, ſo elegant, ſo pictureſque, ſo animated, and intereſting as that of Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Tacitus, and Salluſt. Although the conduct of the drama may be admitted to have received ſome improvements, yet for poetry and ſentiment, we have nothing to equal Sophocles and Euripides; nor any dialogue in comedy, that comes up to the correct, graceful, and elegant ſimplicity of Terence. We have no ſuch love-elegies as thoſe of Tibullus; no ſuch paſtorals as ſome of Theocritus's: and for Lyric poetry, Horace ſtands quite unrivalled. The name of Horace cannot be mentioned without a particular encomium. That "curioſa felicitas," which Petronius has remarked in his expreſſion; the ſweetneſs, elegance, and ſpirit of many of his odes, the thorough knowledge of the world, the excellent ſentiments, and natural eaſy manner which diſtinguiſh his Satires and Epiſtles, all contribute to render him one of thoſe very few authors whom one never tires of reading; and from whom alone, were every other monument deſtroyed, we ſhould be led to form a very high idea of the taſte and genius of the Auguſtan age. *Ibid.*

§ 118. *The aſſiduous Study of the Greek and Roman Claſſics recommended.*

To all ſuch then, as wiſh to form their taſte, and nouriſh their genius, let me warmly recommend the aſſiduous ſtudy of the ancient claſſics, both Greek and Roman.

Nocturnâ verſate manu, verſate diurna *.

Without a conſiderable acquaintance with them, no man can be reckoned a polite ſcholar; and he will want many aſſiſtances for writing and ſpeaking well, which the knowledge of ſuch authors would afford him. Any one has great reaſon to ſuſpect his own taſte, who receives little or no pleaſure from the peruſal of writings, which ſo many ages and nations have conſented

* "Read them by day, and ſtudy them by night."
FRANCIS.

in

in holding up as ſubjects of admiration. And I am perſuaded, it will be found, that in proportion as the ancients are generally ſtudied and admired, or are unknown and disregarded in any country, good taſte and good compoſition will flouriſh, or decline. They are commonly none but the ignorant or ſuperficial, who undervalue them.

Ibid.

§ 119. *The ancient Hiſtorians excel in picturesque Narration.*

In all the virtues of narration, particularly in that of pictureſque deſcriptive narration, ſeveral of the ancient hiſtorians eminently excel. Hence the pleaſure that is found in reading Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Salluſt, and Tacitus. They are all conſpicuous for the art of narration. Herodotus is, at all times, an agreeable writer, and relates every thing with that *naiveté* and ſimplicity of manner, which never fails to intereſt the reader. Though the manner of Thucydides be more dry and harſh, yet, on great occaſions, as when he is giving an account of the plague of Athens, the ſiege of Platæa, the ſedition in Corcyra, the defeat of the Athenians in Sicily, he diſplays a very ſtrong and maſterly power of deſcription. Xenophon's Cyropædia, and his Anabaſis, or retreat of the ten thouſand, are extremely beautiful. The circumſtances are finely ſelected, and the narration is eaſy and engaging; but his Hellenics, or continuation of the hiſtory of Thucydides, is a much inferior work. Salluſt's art of hiſtorical painting in his Catiliniarian, but, more eſpecially, in his Jugurthine war, is well known; though his ſtyle is liable to cenſure, as too ſtudied and affected.

Ibid.

§ 120. Livy *remarkable for Hiſtorical Painting.*

Livy is more unexceptionable in his manner; and is excelled by no hiſtorian whatever in the art of narration: ſeveral remarkable examples might be given from him. His account, for inſtance, of the famous defeat of the Roman army by the Samnites, at the Furcæ Caudinæ, in the beginning of the ninth book, affords one of the moſt beautiful exemplifications of hiſtorical painting, that is any where to be met with. We have firſt, an exact deſcription of the narrow paſs between two mountains, into which the enemy had decoyed the Romans. When they find themſelves caught, and no hope of eſcape left, we are made to ſee, firſt, their aſtoniſhment, next, their indignation, and then their dejection, painted in the moſt lively manner, by ſuch circumſtances and ſtrokes as were natural to perſons in this ſituation. The reſtleſs and unquiet manner in which they paſs the night; the conſultations of the Samnites; the various meaſures propoſed to be taken; the meſſage between the two armies, all heighten the ſcene. At length, in the morning, the conſuls return to the camp, and inform them that they could receive no other terms but that of ſurrendering their arms, and paſſing under the yoke, which was conſidered as the laſt mark of ignominy for a conquered army.

Ibid.

§ 121. Tacitus *remarkable for Hiſtorical Painting.*

Tacitus is another author eminent for hiſtorical painting, though in a manner altogether different from that of Livy. Livy's deſcriptions are more full, more plain, and natural; thoſe of Tacitus conſiſt in a few bold ſtrokes. He ſelects only two remarkable circumſtances, and places them before us in a ſtrong, and, generally, in a new and uncommon light. Such is the following picture of the ſoldiers of Rome, and of the Emperor Galba, when Otho was advancing againſt him: "Ipſe "ſatur haud illæc Galba, varia rarbe "tuarum impulſu, completis undique "ſilicis et templis, lugubri propere "Neque populi aut plebis ulla vox, ad "attoniti vultus, et converſi ad omne "aurea. Non tumultus, non quies, ſed "quale magni metus, et maximæ cu "ſentium eſt *."

No image, in any poet, is more ſtrong and expreſſive than this laſt ſtroke of the deſcription; "Non tumultus, "non quies, ſed quale," &c. This is a conception of the ſublime kind, and diſcovers high genius. Indeed throughout all his work, Tacitus ſhews the hand of a maſter. As he is profound in reflection, ſo he is ſtriking in deſcription, and pathetic in ſentiment. The philoſopher, the poet, and

* "Galba was driven to and fro by the fluctuating "multitude, flowing from temples to public "ſtreets and ſolid buildings were filled with "crowds, of a diſtant appearance. No clamour "heard, either from the ſeaſons, or from "Their countenances were fixed with "their eyes ſometimes "It was not a tumult; it was "of the horror of terror, and of ſilence."

the hiſtorian, all meet in him. Though the period of which he writes may be reckoned unfortunate for an hiſtorian, he has made it afford us many intereſting exhibitions of human nature. The relations which he gives of the deaths of ſeveral eminent perſonages, are as affecting as the deepeſt tragedies. He paints with a glowing pencil; and poſſeſſes, beyond all writers, the talent of painting, not to the imagination merely, but to the heart. With many of the moſt diſtinguiſhed beauties, he is, at the ſame time, not a perfect model for hiſtory; and ſuch as have formed themſelves upon him, have ſeldom been ſucceſsful. He is to be admired, rather than imitated. In his reflections he is too refined; in his ſtyle too conciſe, ſometimes quaint and affected, often abrupt and obſcure. Hiſtory ſeems to require a more natural, flowing, and popular manner.

Blair.

§ 122. *On the Beauty of Epiſtolatory Writing.*

Its firſt and fundamental requiſite is, to be natural and ſimple; for a ſtiff and laboured manner is as bad in a letter, as it is in converſation. This does not baniſh brightneſs and wit. Theſe are graceful in letters, juſt as they are in converſation: when they flow eaſily, and without being ſtudied; when employed ſo as to ſeaſon, but not to cloy. One who, either in converſation or in letters, affects to ſhine and to ſparkle always, will not pleaſe long. The ſtyle of letters ſhould not be too highly poliſhed. It ought to be neat and correct, but no more. All nicety about words, betrays ſtudy; and hence muſical periods, and appearances of number and harmony in arrangment, ſhould be carefully avoided in letters. The beſt letters are commonly ſuch as the authors have written with moſt facility. What the heart or the imagination dictates, always flows readily; but where there is no ſubject to warm or intereſt theſe, conſtraint appears; and hence, thoſe letters of mere compliment, congratulation, or affected condolance, which have coſt the authors moſt labour in compoſing, and which, for that reaſon, they perhaps conſider as their maſter-pieces, never fail of being the moſt diſagreeable and inſipid to the readers. *Ibid.*

123. *Eaſe in writing Letters muſt not degenerate to careleſſneſs.*

It ought, at the ſame time, to be remembered, that the eaſe and ſimplicity which I have recommended in epiſtolary correſpondence, are not to be underſtood as importing entire careleſſneſs. In writing to the moſt intimate friend, a certain degree of attention, both to the ſubject and the ſtyle, is requiſite and becoming. It is no more than what we owe both to ourſelves, and to the friend with whom we correſpond. A ſlovenly and negligent manner of writing, is a diſobliging mark of want of reſpect. The liberty, beſides, of writing letters with too careleſs a hand, is apt to betray perſons into imprudence in what they write. The firſt requiſite, both in converſation and correſpondence, is to attend to all the proper decorums which our own character, and that of others, demand. An imprudent expreſſion in converſation may be forgotten and paſs away; but when we take the pen into our hand, we muſt remember, that "Litera ſcripta manet." *Ibid.*

§ 124. *On* PLINY's *Letters.*

Pliny's letters are one of the moſt celebrated collections which the ancients have given us, in the epiſtolary way. They are elegant and polite; and exhibit a very pleaſing and amiable view of the author. But, according to the vulgar phraſe, they ſmell too much of the lamp. They are too elegant and fine; and it is not eaſy to avoid thinking, that the author is caſting an eye towards the Public, when he is appearing to write only for his friends. Nothing indeed is more difficult, than for an author, who publiſhes his own letters, to diveſt himſelf altogether of attention to the opinion of the world in what he ſays; by which means, he becomes much leſs agreeable than a man of parts would be, if, without any conſtraint of this ſort, he were writing to his intimate friend. *Ibid.*

§ 125. *On* CICERO's *Letters.*

Cicero's Epiſtles, though not ſo ſhowy as thoſe of Pliny, are, on ſeveral accounts, a far more valuable collection; indeed, the moſt valuable collection of letters extant in any language. They are letters of real buſineſs, written to the wiſeſt men of the age, compoſed with purity and elegance, but without the leaſt affectation; and, what adds greatly to their merit, written without any intention of being publiſhed to the world. For it appears that Cicero never kept copies of his own letters; and we are wholly indebted to the care of his freedman Tyro, for the large collection that was

made, after his death, of thoſe which are now extant, amounting to near a thouſand *. They contain the moſt authentic materials of the hiſtory of that age; and are the laſt monuments which remain of Rome in its free ſtate; the greateſt part of them being written during that important criſis, when the republic was on the point of ruin; the moſt intereſting ſituation, perhaps, which is to be found in the affairs of mankind. To his intimate friends, eſpecially to Atticus, Cicero lays open himſelf and his heart, with entire freedom. In the courſe of his correſpondence with others, we are introduced into acquaintance with ſeveral of the principal perſonages of Rome; and it is remarkable that moſt of Cicero's correſpondents, as well as himſelf, are elegant and polite writers; which ſerves to heighten our idea of the taſte and manners of that age. *Blair.*

§ 126. *On* POPE's *and* SWIFT's *Letters.*

The moſt diſtinguiſhed collection of letters in the Engliſh language, is that of Mr. Pope, Dean Swift, and their friends; partly publiſhed in Mr. Pope's works, and partly in thoſe of Dean Swift. This collection is, on the whole, an entertaining and agreeable one; and contains much wit and ingenuity. It is not, however, altogether free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epiſtles, of too much ſtudy and refinement. In the variety of letters from different perſons, contained in that collection, we find many that are written with eaſe, and a beautiful ſimplicity. Thoſe of Dr. Arbuthnot, in particular, always deſerve that praiſe. Dean Swift's alſo are unaffected; and as a proof of their being ſo, they exhibit his character fully, with all its defects; though it were to be wiſhed, for the honour of his memory, that his epiſtolary correſpondence had not been drained to the dregs, by ſo many ſucceſſive publications, as have been given to the world. Several of Lord Bolingbroke's, and of Biſhop Atterbury's Letters, are maſterly. The cenſure of writing letters in too artificial a manner, falls heavieſt on Mr. Pope himſelf. There is viſibly more ſtudy, and leſs of nature and the heart in his letters, than in thoſe of ſome of his correſpondents. He had formed himſelf on the manner of Voiture, and is too fond of writing like a wit. His letters to ladies are full of affectation. Even in writing to his friends, how forced an introduction is the following, of a letter to Mr. Addiſon: "I am more joyed at "your return, than I ſhould be at that of "the Sun, as much as I wiſh for him in "this melancholy wet ſeaſon; but it is his "fate too, like yours, to be diſpleaſing to "owls and obſcene animals, who cannot "bear his luſtre." How ſtiff a compliment is it, which he pays to Biſhop Atterbury: "Though the noiſe and daily "buſtle for the Public be now over, I dare "ſay, you are ſtill tendering its welfare; "as the Sun in winter, when ſeeming to "retire from the world, is preparing "warmth and benedictions for a better "ſeaſon." This ſentence might be tolerated in an harangue; but is very unſuitable to the ſtyle of one friend correſponding with another. *Ibid.*

§ 127. *On the Letters of* BALZAC, VOITURE, SEVIGNE; *and Lady* MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

The gaiety and vivacity of the French genius appear to much advantage in their letters, and have given birth to ſeveral agreeable publications. In the laſt age, Balzac and Voiture were the two moſt celebrated epiſtolary writers. Balzac's reputation indeed ſoon declined, on account of his ſwelling periods and pompous ſtyle. But Voiture continued long a favourite author. His compoſition is extremely ſparkling; he ſhows a great deal of wit, and can trifle in the moſt entertaining manner. His only fault is, that he is too open and profeſſed a wit, to be thoroughly agreeable as a letter-writer. The letters of Madame de Sevigné are now eſteemed the moſt accompliſhed model of a familiar correſpondence. They turn indeed very much upon trifles, the incidents of the day, and the news of the town; and they are overloaded with extravagant compliments, and expreſſions of fondneſs, to her favourite daughter; but withal, they ſhew ſuch perpetual ſprightlineſs, they contain ſuch eaſy and varied narration, and ſo many ſtrokes of the moſt lively and beautiful painting, perfectly free from any affectation, that they are juſtly entitled to high praiſe. The Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are not unworthy of being named after thoſe of Mad. de Sevigné. They have much of the French eaſe and vivacity, and retain more the character of agreeable epiſtolary

* See his Letter to Atticus, which was written a year or two before his death, in which he tells him, in anſwer to ſome enquiries concerning his epiſtles, that he had no collection of them, and that Tyro had only about ſeventy of them.

Ad ATT. 16. 5.

iſtolary ſtyle, than perhaps any letters
ich have appeared in the Engliſh lan-
age. *Blair.*

§ 128. *Lyric Poetry. On* PINDAR.

Pindar, the great father of lyric poetry,
been the occaſion of leading his imita-
into ſome defects. His genius was
lime; his expreſſions are beautiful and
by; his deſcriptions pictureſque. But
ing it a very barren ſubject to ſing the
les of thoſe who had gained the prize
ne public games, he is perpetually di-
ſive, and fills up his poems with fables
he gods and heroes, that have little
nection either with his ſubject, or with
another. The ancients admired him
tly; but as many of the hiſtories of
icular families and cities, to which he
les, are now unknown to us, he is ſo
ure, partly from his ſubjects, and partly
his rapid, abrupt manner of treating
n, that, notwithſtanding the beauty of
expreſſion, our pleaſure in reading him
uch diminiſhed. One would ima-
, that many of his modern imitators
ght the beſt way to catch his ſpirit,
to imitate his diſorder and obſcurity.
veral of the choruſes of Euripides and
ocles, we have the ſame kind of lyric
ry as in Pindar, carried on with more
neſs and connection, and at the ſame
with much ſublimity. *Ibid.*

129. *On* HORACE, *as a Lyric Poet.*

f all the writers of odes, ancient or
ern, there is none that, in point of
ctneſs, harmony, and happy expreſ-
can vie with Horace. He has de-
ded from the Pindaric rapture to a
moderate degree of elevation; and
connected thought, and good ſenſe,
the higheſt beauties of poetry. He
not often aſpire beyond that middle
on, which I mentioned as belonging
he ode; and thoſe odes, in which he
npts the ſublime, are perhaps not al-
his beſt *. The peculiar character,
hich he excels, is grace and elegance;
and in this ſtyle of compoſition, no poet has ever attained to a greater perfection than Horace. No poet ſupports a moral ſentiment with more dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or poſſeſſes the art of trifling more agreeably, when he chuſes to trifle. His language is ſo fortunate, that with a ſingle word or epithet, he often conveys a whole deſcription to the fancy. Hence he ever has been, and ever will continue to be, a favourite author with all perſons of taſte. *Ibid.*

§ 130. *On* CASIMIR, *and other modern Lyric Poets.*

Among the Latin poets of later ages, there have been many imitators of Horace. One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed is Caſimir, a Poliſh poet of the laſt century, who wrote four books of odes. In graceful eaſe of expreſſion, he is far inferior to the Roman. He oftener affects the ſublime; and in the attempt, like other lyric writers, frequently becomes harſh and unnatural. But, on ſeveral occaſions, he diſcovers a conſiderable degree of original genius, and poetical fire. Buchanan, in ſome of his lyric compoſitions, is very elegant and claſſical.

Among the French, the odes of Jean Baptiſte Rouſſeau have been much and juſtly celebrated. They poſſeſs great beauty, both of ſentiment and expreſſion. They are animated, without being rhapſodical; and are not inferior to any poetical productions in the French language.

In our own language, we have ſeveral lyric compoſitions of conſiderable merit. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia, is well known. Mr. Grey is diſtinguiſhed in ſome of his odes, both for tenderneſs and ſublimity; and in Dodſley's Miſcellanies, ſeveral very beautiful lyric poems are to be found. As to profeſſed Pindaric odes, they are, with a few exceptions, ſo incoherent, as ſeldom to be intelligible. Cowley, at all times harſh, is doubly ſo in his Pindaric compoſitions. In his Anacreontic odes, he is much happier. They are ſmooth and elegant; and, indeed, the moſt agreeable and the moſt perfect, in their kind, of all Mr. Cowley's poems. *Ibid.*

§ 131. *On the different Kinds of Poetical Compoſition in the Sacred Books; and of the diſtinguiſhing Characters of the chief Writers. 1ſt. Of the Didactic.*

The ſeveral kinds of poetical compoſition which we find in ſcripture, are chiefly the

* There is no ode whatever of Horace's, without great beauties. But though I may be ſingular in my opinion, I cannot help thinking that in the number of thoſe odes which have been much admired for ſublimity (ſuch as Ode iv. Lib. iv. "Quem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c.") the ſublime appears ſomewhat of a ſtrained and forced kind, and to be lofty. The genius of this amiable poet ſhews itſelf, according to my judgment, to much advantage, in themes of a more temperate

didactic, elegiac, pastoral, and lyric. Of the didactic species of poetry, the Book of Proverbs is the principal instance. The nine first chapters of that book are highly poetical, adorned with many distinguished graces, and figures of expression. As the 10th chapter, the style is sensibly altered, and descends into a lower strain, which is continued to the end, retaining however that sententious, pointed manner, and that artful construction of period, which distinguishes all the Hebrew poetry. The Book of Ecclesiastes comes likewise under this head; and some of the Psalms, as the 119th in particular. *Blair.*

§ 132. *Of the Elegiac and Pastoral Poetry of Scripture.*

Of elegiac poetry, many very beautiful specimens occur in Scripture; such as the lamentation of David over his friend Jonathan; several passages in the prophetical books; and several of David's Psalms, composed on occasions of distress and mourning. The 42d Psalm, in particular, is, in the highest degree, tender and plaintive. But the most regular and perfect elegiac composition in the Scripture, perhaps in the whole world, is the book, entitled the Lamentations of Jeremiah. As the prophet mourns in that book over the destruction of the Temple, and the Holy City, and the overthrow of the whole state, he assembles all the affecting images which a subject so melancholy could suggest. The composition is uncommonly artificial. By turns the prophet, and the city of Jerusalem, are introduced, as pouring forth their sorrows; and in the end, a chorus of the people lend up the most earnest and plaintive supplications to God. The lines of the original too, as may, in part, appear from our translation, are longer than is usual in the other kinds of Hebrew poetry; and the melody is rendered thereby more flowing, and better adapted to the querimonious strain of elegy.

The Song of Solomon affords us a high exemplification of pastoral poetry. Considered with respect to its spiritual meaning, it is undoubtedly a mystical allegory; in its form, it is a dramatic pastoral, or a perpetual dialogue between personages in the character of shepherds: and, suitably to that form, it is full of rural and pastoral images, from beginning to end. *Ibid.*

§ 133. *On the Lyric Poetry of Scripture.*

Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. Besides a great number of hymns and songs, which we find scattered in the historical and prophetical books, such as the song of Moses, song of Deborah, and many others of the same nature, the whole book of Psalms is entirely considered as a collection of sacred odes. In these, we find the rule exhibited with the varieties of its form, and supported with the highest spirit of lyric poetry; sometimes sprightly, cheerful, and triumphant; sometimes solemn and magnificent; sometimes tender and soft. From these instances, it clearly appears, that there are contained in the holy Scripture full exemplifications of several of the great kinds of poetical writing. *Ibid.*

§ 134. *A Description of the Style and Manner of the different Compilers of the Sacred Books. Of Job, David, and Isaiah.*

Among the different compilers of the sacred books, there is an evident diversity of style and manner; and to trace the different characters in this view, will contribute not a little towards our reading their writings with greater advantage. The most eminent of the sacred poets are the author of the Book of Job, David, and Isaiah. As the compositions of David are of the lyric kind, there is a greater variety of style and manner in his works, than in those of the other two. The manner in which, considered merely as a poet, David chiefly excels, is the pleasing, the soft, and the tender. In his Psalms, there are many lofty and sublime passages; but, in strength of description, he yields to Job; in sublimity, he yields to Isaiah. He is apt to be more tedious in his descriptions of temperate grandeur, for which David is chiefly distinguished, and to which he always soon returns, when, upon some occasions, he rises above it. The passages in which he touches us most, are those in which he describes the happiness of the righteous, or the greatness of God; he paints the tender breathings of a devout mind, or feels its fervour and its humble supplications to heaven. With a very few exceptions, the most sublime of all poets. This is abundantly visible in our translation; and, what is a material circumstance, none of the books of Scripture appear to have been more happily rendered than the writings of this prophet. Isaiah, in his reigning character, is majestic and commanding, and more universally equal, than is to be found among the rest of

he Old Teſtament poets. He poſſeſſes, ndeed, a dignity and grandeur; both in is conceptions and expreſſions, which are ltogether unparalleled, and peculiar to imſelf. There is more clearneſs and order o, and a more viſible diſtribution of parts, his book, than in any other of the pro- hetical writings. *Blair.*

§ 135. *On* JEREMIAH.

When we compare him with the reſt of e poetical prophets, we immediately ſee Jeremiah a very different genius. Iſaiah nploys himſelf generally on magnificent bjects. Jeremiah ſeldom diſcovers any ſpoſition to be ſublime, and inclines al- ays to the tender and elegiac. Ezekiel, poetical grace and elegance, is much ferior to them both; but he is diſtin- iſhed by a character of uncommon force d ardour. To uſe the elegant expreſ- ns of Biſhop Lowth, with regard to this ophet: "Eſt atrox, vehemens, tragi- cus; in ſenſibus, fervidus, acerbus, in- dignabundus; in imaginibus, fecundus, truculentus, et nonnunquam penè deſor- mis; in dictione, grandiloquus, gravis, auſterus, et interdùm incultus; frequens in repetitionibus, non decoris aut gratiæ cauſa, ſed ex indignatione et violentia. Quicquid ſuſceperit tractandum, id ſe- dulò perſequitur; in eo unicè hæret de- fixus; a propoſito rarò deflectens. In cæteris, a pleriſque vatibus fortaſſe ſu- peratus; ſed in eo genere. ad quod vi- detur a natura unicè comparatus, nimi- rum, vi, pondere, impetu, granditate, nemo unquam eum ſuperavit." The me learned writer compares Iſaiah to mer, Jeremiah to Simonides, and Eze- el to Æſchylus. Moſt of the book of iah is ſtrictly poetical; of Jeremiah and ekiel, not above one half can be held belong to poetry. Among the minor ophets, Hoſea, Joel, Micah, Habakkuk, d eſpecially Nahum, are diſtinguiſhed r poetical ſpirit. In the prophecies of aniel and Jonah, there is no poetry. *Ibid.*

§ 136. *On the Book of* JOB.

It only now remains to ſpeak of the ook of Job. It is known to be extremely ncient; generally reputed the moſt an- ient of all the poetical books; the au- hor uncertain. It is remarkable, that this ook has no connection with the affairs or manners of the Jews, or Hebrews. The cene is laid in the land of Uz, or Idumæa, which is a part of Arabia; and the imagery employed is generally of a different kind, from what I before ſhowed to be peculiar to the Hebrew poets. We meet with no alluſions to the great events of ſacred hiſtory, to the religious rites of the Jews, to Lebanon or to Carmel, or any of the peculiarities of the climate of Judæa. We find few compariſons founded on rivers or torrents; theſe were not familiar objects in Arabia. But the longeſt compariſon that occurs in the book, is to an object frequent and well known in that region, a brook that fails in the ſeaſon of heat, and diſappoints the expectation of the traveller.

The poetry, however, of the book of Job, is not only equal to that of any other of the ſacred writings, but is ſuperior to them all, except thoſe of Iſaiah alone. As Iſaiah is the moſt ſublime, David the moſt pleaſing and tender, ſo Job is the moſt deſcriptive, of all the inſpired poets. A peculiar glow of fancy, and ſtrength of deſcription, characteriſe the author. No writer whatever abounds ſo much in metaphors. He may be ſaid, not to deſcribe, but to render viſible, whatever he treats of. A variety of inſtances might be given. Let us remark only thoſe ſtrong and lively colours, with which, in the following paſſages, taken from the 18th and 20th chapters of his book, he paints the condition of the wicked; obſerve how rapidly his figures riſe before us; and what a deep impreſſion, at the ſame time, they leave on the imagination. "Knoweſt thou not this "of old, ſince man was placed upon the "earth, that the triumphing of the wicked "is ſhort, and the joy of the hypocrite, "but for a moment? Though his excel- "lency mount up to the heavens, and his "head reach the clouds, yet he ſhall periſh "for ever. He ſhall fly away as a dream, "and ſhall not be found; yea, he ſhall be "chaſed away, as a viſion of the night. "The eye alſo which ſaw him, ſhall ſee "him no more; they which have ſeen "him, ſhall ſay, where is he?—He ſhall "ſuck the poiſon of aſps, the viper's "tongue ſhall ſlay him. In the fulneſs of "his ſufficiency, he ſhall be in ſtraits; "every hand ſhall come upon him. He "ſhall flee from the iron weapon, and the "bow of ſteel ſhall ſtrike him through. "All darkneſs ſhall be hid in his ſecret "places. A fire not blown ſhall conſume "him. The heaven ſhall reveal his ini- "quity, and the earth ſhall riſe up againſt "him. The increaſe of his houſe ſhall

" depart. His goods shall flow away in
" the day of wrath. The light of the
" wicked shall be put out; the light shall
" be dark to his tabernacle. The steps
" of his strength shall be straitened, and
" his own counsel shall cast him down.
" For he is cast into a net, by his own
" feet. He walketh upon a snare. Ter-
" rors shall make him afraid on every side;
" and shall drive him to his feet. Destruction shall be ready at his
" halting. His remembrance shall pe-
" rish from the earth, and he shall have
" no name in the street. He shall be dri-
" ven from light into darkness. They
" that come after him shall be astonished
" at his day. He shall drink of the wrath
" of the Almighty." *Elihu.*

§ 135. *On the Iliad of* Homer.

The subject of the Iliad must unquestionably be admitted to be, in the main, happily chosen. In the days of Homer, no object could be more splendid and dignified than the Trojan war. So great a confederacy of the Grecian states, under one leader, and the ten years siege which they carried on against Troy, must have spread far abroad the renown of many military exploits, and interested all Greece in the traditions concerning the heroes who had most eminently signalized themselves. Upon these traditions, Homer grounded his poem; and though he lived, as is generally believed, only two or three centuries after the Trojan war, yet, through the want of written records, tradition must, by his time, have fallen into the degree of obscurity most proper for poetry; and have left him at full liberty to mix as much fable as he pleased, with the remains of true history. He has not chosen, for his subject, the whole Trojan war; but, with great judgment, he has selected one part of it, the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, and the events to which that quarrel gave rise; which, though they take up forty-seven days only, yet include the most interesting, and most critical period of the war. By this management, he has given greater unity to what would have otherwise been an unconnected history of battles. He has gained one hero, or principal character, Achilles, who reigns throughout the work; and he has shewn the pernicious effects of discord among confederated princes. At the same time, I grant that Homer is less fortunate in his subject than Virgil. The plan of the Æneid includes a greater compass and a more agreeable diversity of events, than the Iliad is almost entirely filled with battles.

The praise of high invention has in every age been given to Homer, with the greatest reason. The prodigious number of incidents, of speeches, of characters drawn to the life, with which he abounds; the surprising variety with which he has diversified his battles, in the wounds and deaths and little history-pieces of almost all the persons slain, discover an inventive mind in boundless. But the praise of judgment is, in my opinion, no less due to Homer, than that of invention. His story is every where conducted with great art. He rises upon us gradually; his heroes are brought forward one after another, to be objects of our attention. The different characters of the persons engaged, and every thing in the conduct of the Achilles, and to fulfil him, as the part intended he should sustain, are copied figure.

But that wherein Homer excels all writers, is the characteristical part. Here he is without a rival. His lively and varied exhibition of characters, is, in a great measure, owing to his being so dramatic a writer, abounding every where with dialogue and conversation. There is much more dialogue in Homer than in Virgil or, indeed, than in any other poet.

Ibid.

§ 136. *On the Odyssey of* Homer.

My observations, hitherto, have been made upon the Iliad only. It is necessary to take some notice of the Odyssey. Longinus's criticism upon it is not without foundation, that Homer may, in this poem, be compared to the setting sun, whose greatness still remains, without the heat of his meridian beams. It wants the vigour and sublimity of the Iliad; yet, at the same time, possesses so many beauties as justly entitled to high praise. It is an entertaining poem, and has much greater variety than the Iliad; it contains many interesting stories, and beautiful descriptions. We see every where the same fruitful and dramatic genius, and the same boundless of invention, that appears in the Iliad. It descends indeed from the dignity of gods, and heroes, and warlike achievements; but in recompense, we have many pleasing pictures of ancient manners. Instead of that ferocity which reigns in the Iliad, the Odyssey presents us with an

moſt amiable images of hoſpitality and humanity; entertains us with many a wonderful adventure, and many a landſcape of nature; and inſtructs us by a conſtant vein of morality and virtue, which runs through the poem. *Blair.*

§ 139. *On the Beauties of* VIRGIL.

Virgil poſſeſſes beauties which have juſtly drawn the admiration of ages, and which, to this day, hold the balance in equilibrium between his fame and that of Homer. The principal and diſtinguiſhing excellency of Virgil, and which, in my opinion he poſſeſſes beyond all poets, is tenderneſs. Nature had endowed him with exquiſite ſenſibility; he felt every affecting circumſtance in the ſcenes he deſcribes; and, by a ſingle ſtroke, he knows how to reach the heart. This, in an epic poem, is the merit next to ſublimity; and gives it in an author's power to render his compoſition extremely intereſting to all readers.

The chief beauty of this kind, in the Iliad, is the interview of Hector with Andromache. But, in the Æneid, there are many ſuch. The ſecond book is one of the greateſt maſter-pieces that ever was executed by any hand; and Virgil ſeems to have put forth there the whole ſtrength of his genius, as the ſubject afforded a variety of ſcenes, both of the awful and tender kind. The images of horror, preſented by a city burned and ſacked in the night, are finely mixed with pathetic and affecting incidents. Nothing, in any poet, is more beautifully deſcribed than the death of old Priam; and the family-pieces of Æneas, Anchiſes, and Creuſa, are as tender as can be conceived. In many paſſages of the Æneid, the ſame pathetic ſpirit ſhines; and they have been always the favourite paſſages in that work. The fourth book, for inſtance, relating the unhappy paſſion and death of Dido, has been always moſt juſtly admired, and abounds with beauties of the higheſt kind. The interview of Æneas with Andromache and Helenus, in the third book; the epiſodes of Pallas and Evander, of Niſus and Euryalus, of Lauſus and Mezentius, in the Italian wars, are all ſtriking inſtances of the poet's power of raiſing the tender emotions. For we muſt obſerve, that though the Æneid be an unequal poem, and, in ſome places, languid, yet there are beauties ſcattered through it all; and not a few, even in the laſt ſix books. The beſt and moſt finiſhed books, upon the whole, are the firſt, the ſecond, the fourth, the ſixth, the ſeventh, the eighth, and the twelfth. *Ibid.*

§ 140. *On the comparative Merit of* HOMER *and* VIRGIL.

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of thoſe two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil; the former muſt undoubtedly be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and diſcovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with thoſe who ſucceed him; more boldneſs, more nature and eaſe, more ſublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in compoſition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places he has not ſo much imitated, as he has literally tranſlated him. The deſcription of the ſtorm, for inſtance, in the firſt Æneid, and Æneas's ſpeech upon that occaſion, are tranſlations from the fifth book of the Odyſſey; not to mention almoſt all the ſimiles of Virgil, which are no other than copies of thoſe of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, muſt, beyond doubt, be aſcribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are diſpoſed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we diſcern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman ſtatelineſs. Homer's imagination is by much the moſt rich and copious; Virgil's the moſt chaſte and correct. The ſtrength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's ſtyle is more ſimple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The firſt has, on many occaſions, a ſublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in return, never ſinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot ſo clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both theſe great poets, moſt of Homer's defects may reaſonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble paſſages of the Æneid, this excuſe ought to be admitted, that the Æneid was left an unfiniſhed work. *Ibid.*

To the admirers of polite learning, *the Lectures of Dr. Blair*, at large, are ſtrongly recommended,

needed. The Extracts in this book are designed only as Specimens of that correct and useful style, and for the use of Schools. It would be vain, and indeed impossible, to give any more Extracts, consistently with the excellent limits prescribed in this work.

§ 141. *On the Ancient Writers; and on the Labour with which the Ancients compiled.*

The Ancients (of whom we speak) had good natural parts, and applied them right; they understood their own strength, and were masters of the subject they undertook; they had a rich genius carefully cultivated; to their writings you have nature without wildness, and art without affectation. For it is vain to talk of nature and genius, without care and diligent application to refine and improve them. The best paradise will run wild, and lose both its pleasure and usefulness, without a skilful hand constantly to tend and prune it. Though these generous spirits were inspired with the love of true praise, and had a modest assurance of their own abilities; yet they were not so self-sufficient, as to imagine their first thoughts were above their own review and correction, or their last above the judgment of their friends. They submitted their compositions to the censure of private persons and public assemblies. They reviewed, altered, and polished, till they had good hopes they could present the world with a finished piece. And so great and happy was their judgment, that they understood when they had done well, and knew the critical season of laying aside the file.

For, as these excellent masters, Pliny and Quintilian, observe, there may be an intemperance in correcting; so will an ingenuous man have such an excess of modesty and manly distrust of himself, that he wears off some of the necessary and ornamental parts of his discourse, instead of polishing the rough, and taking off the superfluous.

These immortal wits did not preposterously resolve first to be authors, and then immediately fall to writing without study and experience; but took care to furnish themselves with knowledge by close thought, select conversation, and reading; and to gain all the information and light that was necessary to qualify them to do justice to their subject. Then, after they had begun to write, they did not hurry on their pen with speed and impatience to appear in the view of the world; but they took time and pains to give every part of their discourse all possible strength and ornament, and to make the whole consistent uniform and beautiful. They seem considered, that productions which come late their due time into the world, are commonly perfect or long lived; and that an author who designs to write for posterity, ought to write as the present generation cannot read; work with too deep care and reflection for slavery.

Varro tells us of his incomparable friend Virgil, that he composed but very few verses in a day. That conscientious philosopher, critic, and poet, regarded not so much the number of his lines, and was thought too much pains could be bestowed on a poem, that he might reasonably expect would be the wonder of all ages to come. All the whole duration of time. Quintilian assures us, that Sallust wrote with abundance of deliberation and great caution; and indeed that fully appears from his compleat and exquisite works. Demosthenes laboured night and day, and watched the poor mechanic to Athens (who was forced to perpetual drudgery to support himself and his family) till he had acquired such a mastery in his noble profession, such a rational and over-ruling vehemence, such a perfect habit of correct and convincing eloquence, as enabled him to defy the strongest opposition, and to triumph over envy and time.

Plato, when he was eighty years old, was busily employed in the review and amendment of his divine dialogues; and some people are aware upon Cicero and his imitation of Plato, he was so long in doubt whether he ought to write *ad Pisonem* or *ad Piscem Pisonem*, or *ad Piscem*, that was in the sixtieth year of his age. In the last of the civil wars, when he knew not how to dispose of his family, and leave it in safety, he earnestly intreated his learned friend Atticus to resolve that difficulty, and ease him of the perplexity that it created him. Whatever pains or reflection some humourists may bestow upon that great man's studies and care in that respect, and at such a time; it is a plain proof of his wonderful care and exactness in his composition, and the true regard he had to the purity and propriety of his language. The ancients so thoroughly understood, and so exactly studied their subject, that they knew

fail to finish and adorn every part with ſtrong ſenſe, and lively expreſſion.

Blackwall.

§ 142. *On* Homer.

'Tis no romantic commendation of Homer, to ſay, that no man underſtood perſons and things better than he; or had a deeper inſight into the humours and paſſions of human nature. He repreſents great things with ſuch ſublimity, and little ones with ſuch propriety, that he always makes the one admirable, and the other pleaſant.

He is a perfect maſter of all the lofty graces of the figurative ſtyle, and all the purity and eaſineſs of the plain. Strabo, the excellent geographer and hiſtorian, aſſures us, that Homer has deſcribed the places and countries of which he gives account, with that accuracy, that no man can imagine who has not ſeen them; and no man but muſt admire and be aſtoniſhed who has. His poems may juſtly be compared with that ſhield of divine workmanſhip ſo inimitably repreſented in the eighteenth book of the Iliad. You have there exact images of all the actions of war, and employments of peace; and are entertained with the delightful view of the univerſe. Homer has all the beauties of every dialect and ſtyle ſcattered through his writings; he is ſcarce inferior to any other poet, in the poet's own way and excellency; but excels all others in force and comprehenſion of genius, elevation of fancy, and immenſe copiouſneſs of invention. Such a ſovereignty of genius reigns all over his works, that the ancients eſteemed and admired him as the great High Prieſt of nature, who was admitted into her inmoſt choir, and acquainted with her moſt ſolemn myſteries.

The great men of former ages, with one voice, celebrate the praiſes of Homer; and old Zoilus has only a few followers in theſe later times, who detract from him either for want of Greek, or from a ſpirit of conceit and contradiction.

Theſe gentlemen tell us, that the divine Plato himſelf baniſhed him out of his commonwealth; which, ſay they, muſt be granted to be a blemiſh upon the poet's reputation. The reaſon why Plato would not let Homer's poems be in the hands of the ſubjects of that government, was becauſe he did not eſteem ordinary men capable readers of them. They would be apt to pervert his meaning, and have wrong notions of God and religion, by taking his bold and beautiful allegories in too literal a ſenſe. Plato frequently declares that he loves and admires him as the beſt, the moſt pleaſant, and the divineſt of all the poets; and ſtudiouſly imitates his figurative and myſtical way of writing. Though he forbad his works to be read in public, yet he would never be without them in his own cloſet. Though the philoſopher pretends, that for reaſons of ſtate he muſt remove him out of his city; yet he declares he would treat him with all poſſible reſpect while he ſtaid; and diſmiſs him laden with preſents, and adorned with garlands (as the prieſts and ſupplicants of their gods uſed to be); by which marks of honour, all people wherever he came might be warned and induced to eſteem his perſon ſacred, and receive him with due veneration.

Ibid.

§ 143. *On* Theocritus.

If we mention Theocritus, he will be another bright inſtance of the happy abilities and various accompliſhments of the ancients. He has writ in ſeveral ſorts of poetry, and ſucceeded in all. It ſeems unneceſſary to praiſe the native ſimplicity and eaſy freedom of his paſtorals; when Virgil himſelf ſometimes invokes the muſe of Syracuſe; when he imitates him through all his own poems of that kind, and in ſeveral paſſages tranſlates him. Quinctilian ſays of our Sicilian bard, that he is admirable in his kind; but when he adds, that his muſe is not only ſhy of appearing at the bar, but in the city too, 'tis evident this remark muſt be confined to his paſtorals. In ſeveral of his other poems, he ſhews ſuch ſtrength of reaſon and politeneſs, as would qualify him to plead among the orators, and make him acceptable in the courts of princes. In his ſmaller poems of Cupid ſtung, Adonis killed by the Boar, &c. you have the vigour and delicacy of Anacreon; in his Hylas, and Combat of Pollux and Amycus, he is much more pathetical, clear and pleaſant, than Apollonius on the ſame, or any other ſubject. In his converſation of Alcmena and Tireſias, of Hercules and the old ſervant of Augeas, in Cynicea and Thyonichus, and the women going to the ceremonies of Adonis, there is all the eaſineſs and engaging familiarity of humour and dialogue, which reign in the Odyſſeis; and in Hercules deſtroying the lion of Nemæa, the ſpirit and majeſty of the Iliad. The panegyric upon king Ptolemy is juſtly eſteemed

teemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble hymn upon Caſtor and Pollux, he has praiſed his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of addreſs, with theſe ſublime and graceful expreſſions of devotion and reſpect, that in politeneſs, ſmoothneſs of turn, and a refined art of praiſing without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus: and in loftineſs and flight of thought, ſcarce yields to Pindar or Homer. *Blackwall.*

§ 144. *On* Herodotus.

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace and Scythia; he travelled likewiſe to Arabia, Paleſtine, and Egypt; where he carefully viewed the chief curioſities and moſt remarkable places, and converſed with the Egyptian prieſts, who informed him of their ancient hiſtory, and acquainted him with their cuſtoms, ſacred and civil. Indeed he ſpeaks of their religious rites with ſuch plainneſs and clearneſs in ſome caſes, and ſuch reſerve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and conſecrated a prieſt of ſome of their orders *.

Thus, being acquainted with the moſt famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the moſt conſiderable perſons of the age, he applied himſelf to write the hiſtory of the Greeks and Barbarians: and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulneſs, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applauſe of the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

His hiſtory opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives light to all her authors. *Ibid.*

§ 145. *On* Livy.

We do not find that Livy had travelled much, or been employed in military affairs; yet what he might want in experience, was happily ſupplied by wonderful parts and eloquence, by ſevere ſtudy, and unwearied endeavours after knowledge and information; ſo that he deſcribes all the countries, towns, ſeas, and ports, whither the Roman legions and navies came, with near the ſame accuracy and perfection (if poſſible) which he could any place in Italy; lays a ſiege, draws up an army, with ſkill and conduct ſcarce inferior to Cæſar himſelf. Was there as much charm in the converſation of this extraordinary man, as there is in his writings, the gentleman of Cales would not repent of his long journey, who came from thence only to ſee Livy, upon the fame of his incomparable eloquence, and other celebrated abilities; and we have reaſon to believe he received ſatisfaction, becauſe, after he had ſeen Livy, and converſed with him, he had no curioſity to ſee Rome, to which he was ſo near; and which at that time was, for its magnificence and glories, one of the greateſt wonders of the whole earth.

Theſe two princes of Greek and Roman hiſtory tell a ſtory, and make up a deſcription, with inexpreſſible grace; and ſo delicately mix the great and little circumſtances, that there is both the utmoſt dignity and pleaſure in it. *Ibid.*

§ 146. *Much of their Beauty ariſes from Variety.*

The reader is always entertained with an agreeable variety, both of matter and ſtyle, in Herodotus and Livy. And indeed every author that expects to pleaſe, muſt gratify the reader with variety: that is the univerſal charm, which takes with people of all taſtes and complexions. 'Tis an appetite planted in us by the Author of our being; and is natural to an human ſoul, whoſe immenſe deſires nothing but an infinite good, and unexhauſted pleaſure, can fully gratify. The moſt palatable diſh becomes nauſeous, if it be always ſet before a man: the moſt muſical and harmonious notes, too often and unſeaſonably ſtruck, grate the ear like the jarring of the moſt harſh and hateful diſcord.

Theſe authors, and the reſt of their ſpirit and elevation, were ſenſible of this; and therefore you find a continual change, and judicious variation, in their ſtyle and numbers.

One paſſage appears to be learned, and carefully laboured; an unſtudied eaſineſs and becoming negligence, runs through the next. One ſentence turns quick and ſhort; and another, immediately following, runs into longer meaſures, and ſpreads itſelf with a ſort of elegant and beautiful luxuriancy. They ſeldom uſe many periods together, conſiſting of the ſame number of members; nor are the members of their pe-

* See Herodot. Gale's Edition, lib. ii. ſect. 3. p. 91. ſect. 65. p. 114. ſect. 171. p. 156.

Iſo-

of it set right both the sense and the connection, without altering a letter; Τίς ἂν ὐ ῥέα Φοῖβον ἀείδοι; "Phœbus is an unexhausted subject of praise;"—among all his glorious qualifications and exploits, what poet can be so dull, what wit so barren, as to want materials for an hymn to his honour?—In the fourth verse of the eleventh epigram of Theocritus, there wanted a little point in the word ὑμνοθέτης, which took off all the sprightliness and turn of the thought; which Daniel Heinsius luckily restored, by changing the nom. sing. ὑμνοθέτης, into the dat. plur. ὑμνοθέτῃς. "The friends of Eusthenes the poet, gave him, though a stranger, an honourable burial in a foreign country; and the poet was extremely beloved by 'em." How flat and insipid! According to the amendment it runs thus: "The acquaintance of Eusthenes buried him honourably, though in a foreign country, and he was extremely beloved by his brother poets themselves." For a man to be mightily honoured by strangers, and extremely beloved by people of the same profession, who are apt to malign and envy one another, is a very high commendation of his candour, and excellent temper. That very valuable amendment in the sixth line of Horace's preface to his odes, has cleared a difficulty, which none of the critics could handsomely acquit themselves of before the admirable Dr. Bentley; and has rescued the poet, eminent for the clearness of his style, from the imputation of harshness and obscurity in the very beginning, and first address to his reader; where peculiar care aad accuracy are expected. It would be endless to mention the numerous places in the ancients happily restored and illustrated by that great man; who is not only a sound and discerning critic, but a clean and vigorous writer, excellently skilled in all divine and human literature; to whom all scholars are obliged for his learned performances upon the classics; and all mankind for his noble and glorious defence of religion. The learned Meursius was strangely puzzled with a passage in Minutius Felix*; and altered the text with such intolerable boldness, as, if allowed, would soon pervert and destroy all good authors; which the ingenious editor of that father has cleared, by putting the points of distinction in their proper places. *Reges tantum regni sui, per officia ministrorum, universa novêre.* Meursius had disguised and deformed the passage thus: *Reges statum regni sui per officia ministrorum diversa novêre.* Dr. Bentley has made a certain emendation in Horace's Art of Poetry, only by altering the places of two lines, making that which was the forty-sixth in the common books, the forty-fifth in his own beautiful editions. *Blackwall.*

* Min. Felix, Camb. edit. by Davis. § 33. p. 163. not. 7.

§ 150. *On several Advantages which the Classics enjoyed.*

It was among the advantages which the chief classics enjoyed, that most of them were placed in prosperous and plentiful circumstances of life, raised above anxious cares, want, and abject dependance. They were persons of quality and fortune, courtiers and statesmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, possessed of the highest dignities and posts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furnished them with leisure and means of study; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively must they describe those countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of those councils, in which they presided; of those actions in which they were present and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of history, besides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was so considerable in power and interest, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had usurped upon the liberties of his native country.

Thucydides and Xenophon were of distinguished eminence and abilities, both in civil and military affairs; were rich and noble; had strong parts, and a careful education in their youth, completed by severe study in their advanced years: in short, they had all the advantages and accomplishments both of the retired and active life.

Sophocles bore great offices in Athens, led their armies and in strength of parts and nobleness of thought and expression was not unequal to his colleague Pericles, who, by his commanding wisdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was able to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic style, and his power in moving the passions, especially the softer ones of grief and pity, was invited to, and generously entertained in, the court of Archelaus

teemed an original and model of perfection in that way of writing. Both in that excellent poem, and the noble hymn upon Caſtor and Pollux, he has praiſed his gods and his hero with that delicacy and dexterity of addreſs, with theſe ſublime and graceful expreſſions of devotion and reſpect, that in politeneſs, ſmoothneſs of turn, and a refined art of praiſing without offence, or appearance of flattery, he has equalled Callimachus: and in loftineſs and flight of thought, ſcarce yields to Pindar or Homer. *Blackwall.*

§ 144. *On* Herodotus.

Herodotus had gained experience by travelling over all his own country, Thrace and Scythia; he travelled likewiſe to Arabia, Paleſtine, and Egypt; where he carefully viewed the chief curioſities and moſt remarkable places, and converſed with the Egyptian prieſts, who informed him of their ancient hiſtory, and acquainted him with their cuſtoms, ſacred and civil. Indeed he ſpeaks of their religious rites with ſuch plainneſs and clearneſs in ſome caſes, and ſuch reſerve and reverence in others, that I am apt to believe he was initiated into their ceremonies, and conſecrated a prieſt of ſome of their orders *.

Thus, being acquainted with the moſt famous countries, and valuable things, and knowing the moſt conſiderable perſons of the age, he applied himſelf to write the hiſtory of the Greeks and Barbarians: and performed the noble work with that judgment, faithfulneſs, and eloquence, that gained him the approbation and applauſe of the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world at that time, the flower of all Greece, met together at the Olympic games.

His hiſtory opens to the reader all the antiquities of Greece, and gives light to all her authors. *Ibid.*

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* See Herodot. Gale's Edition, lib. ii. ſect. 3. p. 91. ſect. 65. p. 114. ſect. 171. p. 156.

riods of equal length, and exact measure, one with another.

The reflections that are made by these noble writers, upon the conduct and humours of mankind, the interests of courts, and the intrigues of parties, are so curious and instructive, so true in their substance, and so taking and lively in the manner of their expression, that they satisfy the soundest judgement, and please the most sprightly imagination. From these glorious authors we have instruction without the common formality and dryness of precept; and receive the most edifying advice in the pleasing way of insinuation and surprize.

Blackwall.

§ 147. *Perspicuity a principal Beauty of the Classics.*

Another excellency of the true classics is, perspicuity, and clear style; which will excuse and cover several faults in an author; but the want of it is never to be atoned by any pretence of loftiness, caution, or any consideration whatever.

And this is the effect of a clear head, and vigorous understanding; of close and regular thinking, and the diligence of select reading. A man should write with the same design as he speaks, to be understood with ease, and to communicate his mind with pleasure and instruction. If we select Xenophon out of the other Greek classics, whether he writes of the management of family affairs, or the more arduous matters of state and policy; whether he gives an account of the wars of the Grecians, or the morals of Socrates; the style, though so far varied as to be suitable to every subject, yet is always clear and significant, sweet without lusciousness, and elegantly easy.

In this genteel author we have all the politeness of a studied composition; and yet all the freedom and winning familiarity of elegant conversation.

Here I cannot but particularly mention Xenophon's Symposium, wherein he has given us an easy and beautiful description of a very lively and beautiful conversation. The pleasant and serious are there so happily mixed and tempered, that the discourse is neither too light for the grave, nor too solemn for the gay. There is mirth with dignity and decorum; and philosophy attended and enlivened by all the graces.

Ibid.

§ 148. *On* Cicero.

If among the Latin Classics we name Tully, upon every subject he equally shews the strength of his reason, and the brightness of his style. Whether he addresses his friend in the most graceful negligence of a familiar letter, or moves his auditors with laboured periods, and passionate strains of manly oratory; whether he proves the majesty of God, and immortality of human souls, in a more sublime and pompous eloquence; or lays down the rules of prudence and virtue, in a more calm and even way of writing; he always expresses good sense in pure and proper language: he is learned and easy, richly plain, and neat without affectation. He is always copious, but never runs into a faulty luxuriance, nor tires his reader: and though he says almost every thing that can be said upon his subject, yet you will scarce ever think he says too much. *Ibid.*

§ 149. *On the Obscurities in the Classics.*

Those few obscurities which are in the best authors, do not proceed from haste and confusion of thought, or ambiguous expressions, from a long crowd of parentheses, or perplexed periods; but either the places continue the same as they were in the original, and are not intelligible to us only by reason of our ignorance of some customs of those times and countries; or the passages are altered and spoiled by the presumption and busy impertinence of foolish transcribers and conceited critics. Which plainly appears from this, that since we have had more accurate accounts of the Greek and Roman antiquities, and old manuscripts have been searched and compared by able and diligent hands, innumerable errors have been rectified, and corruptions which have crept into the text, purged out: a various reading happily discovered, the removal of a verse, or a point of distinction out of the wrong into the right place, or the adding a small mark where it was left out, has given clear light to many passages, which for ages had lain overspread with an error, that had obscured the sense of the author, and quite confounded all the commentators. The latter part of the thirty-second verse of the hymn of Callimachus on Apollo was in the first editions thus, Τὶς ἂν ἄειτα Φοῖβον ἀείδοι; "who can sing of Phœbus in the mountains?" which was neither sense of itself, nor had any connection with what went before. But Stephens's amendment

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of it ſet right both the ſenſe and the connection, without altering a letter; Τίς ἂν ὑ βία Φοῖβον ἀείδοι; "Phœbus is an unexhauſted ſubject of praiſe;"—among all his glorious qualifications and exploits, what poet can be ſo dull, what wit ſo barren, as to want materials for an hymn to his honour?—In the fourth verſe of the eleventh epigram of Theocritus, there wanted a little point in the word ὑμνοθέτης, which took off all the ſprightlineſs and turn of the thought; which Daniel Heinſius luckily reſtored, by changing the nom. ſing. ὑμνοθέτης, into the dat. plur. ὑμνοθέτῃς. "The friends of Euſthenes the poet, gave him, though a ſtranger, an honourable burial in a foreign country; and the poet was extremely beloved by 'em." How flat and inſipid! According to the amendment it runs thus: "The acquaintance of Euſthenes buried him honourably, though in a foreign country, and he was extremely beloved by his brother poets themſelves." For a man to be mightily honoured by ſtrangers, and extremely beloved by people of the ſame profeſſion, who are apt to malign and envy one another, is a very high commendation of his candour, and excellent temper. That very valuable amendment in the ſixth line of Horace's preface to his odes, has cleared a difficulty, which none of the critics could handſomely acquit themſelves of before the admirable Dr. Bentley; and has reſcued the poet, eminent for the clearneſs of his ſtyle, from the imputation of harſhneſs and obſcurity in the very beginning, and firſt addreſs to his reader; where peculiar care and accuracy are expected. It would be endleſs to mention the numerous places in the ancients happily reſtored and illuſtrated by that great man; who is not only a ſound and diſcerning critic, but a clean and vigorous writer, excellently ſkilled in all divine and human literature; to whom all ſcholars are obliged for his learned performances upon the claſſics; and all mankind for his noble and glorious defence of religion. The learned Meurſius was ſtrangely puzzled with a paſſage in Minutius Felix*; and altered the text with ſuch intolerable boldneſs, as, if allowed, would ſoon pervert and deſtroy all good authors; which the ingenious editor of that father has cleared, by putting the points of diſtinction in their proper places. *Reges tantum regni ſui, per officia miniſtrorum, univerſa novêre.* Meurſius had diſguiſed and deformed the paſſage thus: *Reges ſatum regni ſui per officia miniſtrorum diverſa novêre.* Dr. Bentley has made a certain emendation in Horace's Art of Poetry, only by altering the places of two lines, making that which was the forty-ſixth in the common books, the forty-fifth in his own beautiful editions. *Blackwall.*

* Min. Felix, Camb. edit. by Davis. § 33. p. 163. not. 7.

§ 150. *On ſeveral Advantages which the Claſſics enjoyed.*

It was among the advantages which the chief claſſics enjoyed, that moſt of them were placed in proſperous and plentiful circumſtances of life, raiſed above anxious cares, want, and abject dependance. They were perſons of quality and fortune, courtiers and ſtateſmen, great travellers, and generals of armies, poſſeſſed of the higheſt dignities and poſts of peace and war. Their riches and plenty furniſhed them with leiſure and means of ſtudy; and their employments improved them in knowledge and experience. How lively muſt they deſcribe thoſe countries, and remarkable places, which they had attentively viewed with their own eyes! What faithful and emphatical relations were they enabled to make of thoſe councils, in which they preſided; of thoſe actions in which they were preſent and commanded!

Herodotus, the father of hiſtory, beſides the advantages of his travels and general knowledge, was ſo conſiderable in power and intereſt, that he bore a chief part in expelling the tyrant Lygdamis, who had uſurped upon the liberties of his native country.

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Sophocles bore great offices in Athens; led their armies and in ſtrength of parts, and nobleneſs of thought and expreſſion was not unequal to his colleague Pericles; who, by his commanding wiſdom and eloquence, influenced all Greece, and was ſaid to thunder and lighten in his harangues.

Euripides, famous for the purity of the Attic ſtyle, and his power in moving the paſſions, eſpecially the ſofter ones of love and pity, was invited to, and generouſly entertained in, the court of Archelaus

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king of Macedon. The ſmoothneſs of his compoſition, his excellency in dramatic poetry, the ſoundneſs of his morals, conveyed in the ſweeteſt numbers, were ſo univerſally admired, and his glory ſo far ſpread, that the Athenians, who were taken priſoners in the fatal overthrow under Nicias, were preſerved from perpetual exile and ruin, by the aſtoniſhing reſpect that the Sicilians, enemies and ſtrangers, paid to the wit and fame of their illuſtrious countryman. As many as could repeat any of Euripides's verſes, were rewarded with their liberty, and generouſly ſent home with marks of honour.

Plato, by his father's ſide, ſprung from Codrus, the celebrated king of Athens; and by his mother's from Solon, their no leſs celebrated law-giver. To gain experience, and enlarge his knowledge, he travelled into Italy, Sicily, and Egypt. He was courted and honoured by the greateſt men of the age wherein he lived; and will be ſtudied and admired by men of taſte and judgment in all ſucceeding ages. In his works, are ineſtimable treaſures of the beſt learning. In ſhort, as a learned gentleman ſays, he writ with all the ſtrength of human reaſon, and all the charm of human eloquence.

Anacreon lived familiarly with Polycrates king of Samos: and his ſprightly muſe, naturally flowing with innumerable pleaſures and graces, muſt improve in delicacy and ſweetneſs by the gaiety and refined converſation of that flouriſhing court.

The bold and exalted genius of Pindar was encouraged and heightened by the honours he received from the champions and princes of his age; and his converſation with the heroes qualified him to ſing their praiſes with more advantage. The conquerors at the Olympic games ſcarce valued their garlands of honour, and wreaths of victory, if they were not crowned with his never-fading laurels, and immortalized by his celeſtial ſong. The noble Hiero of Syracuſe was his generous friend and patron; and the moſt powerful and polite state of all Greece eſteemed a line of his in praiſe of their glorious city, worth public acknowledgments, and a ſtatue. Moſt of the genuine and valuable Latin Claſſics had the ſame advantages of fortune, and improving converſation, the ſame encouragements with theſe and the other celebrated Grecians.

Terence gained ſuch a wonderful inſight into the characters and manners of mankind, ſuch an elegant choice of words, and fluency of ſtyle, ſuch judgment in the conduct of his plot, and ſuch delicate and charming turns, chiefly by the converſation of Scipio and Lælius, the greateſt men, and moſt refined wits, of their age. So much did this judicious writer, and clean ſcholar, improve by his diligent application to ſtudy, and their genteel and learned converſation; that it was charged upon him by thoſe who envied his ſuperior excellencies, that he publiſhed their compoſitions under his own name. His enemies had a mind that the world ſhould believe thoſe noblemen wrote his plays, but ſcarce believed it themſelves; and the poet very prudently and genteely ſlighted their malice, and made his great patrons the fineſt compliment in the world, by eſteeming the accuſation as an honour, rather than making any formal defence againſt it *.

Salluſt, ſo famous for his neat expreſſive brevity and quick turns, for truth of fact and clearneſs of ſtyle, for the accuracy of his characters, and his piercing view into the myſteries of policy and motives of action, cultivated his rich abitities, and made his acquired learning ſo uſeful to the world, and ſo honourable to himſelf, by bearing the chief offices in the Roman government, and ſharing in the important councils and debates of the ſenate.

Cæſar had a prodigious wit, and univerſal learning; was noble by birth, a conſummate ſtateſman, a brave and wiſe general, and a moſt heroic prince. His prudence and modeſty in ſpeaking of himſelf, the truth and clearneſs of his deſcriptions, the inimitable purity and perſpicuity of his ſtyle, diſtinguiſh him with advantage from all other writers. None bears a nearer reſemblance to him in more inſtances than the admirable Xenophon. What uſeful and entertaining accounts might reaſonably be expected from ſuch a writer, who gives you the geography and hiſtory of thoſe countries and nations, which he himſelf conquered, and the deſcription of thoſe military engines, bridges, and encampments, which he himſelf contrived and marked out!

The beſt authors in the reign of Auguſtus, as Horace, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, &c. enjoyed happy times, and plentiful circumſtances. That was the golden age of learning. They flouriſhed under the favours and bounty of the richeſt and moſt generous court in the world; and the

* See Prologue to Adelphi, v. 15—22.

beam,

beams of majeſty ſhone bright and propitious on them.

What could be too great to expect from ſuch pens as Horace and Virgil, beloved and munificently encouraged by ſuch patrons as *Mecænas* and *Auguſtus*?

A chief reaſon why Tacitus writes with ſuch ſkill and authority, that he makes ſuch deep ſearches into the nature of things, and deſigns of men, that he ſo exquiſitely underſtands the ſecret and ſpringes of courts, was, that he himſelf was admitted into the higheſt places of truſt, and employed in the moſt public and important affairs. The ſtateſman brightens the hiſtorian, and the courtier improves and elevates the hiſtorian. *Blackwall.*

§ 151. *On the Care of the Ancients in ſelecting Numbers.*

The Ancients are preciſely to be admired for their care and happy exactneſs in ſelecting out the nobleſt and moſt valuable numbers, upon which the force and pleaſantneſs of ſtyle principally depend. A diſcourſe, conſiſting moſt of the ſtrongeſt numbers, and beſt ſort of feet, ſuch as the Dactyl, Spondee, Anapeſt, Moloſs, Cretic, &c. regularly compoſed, ſtands firm and ſteady, and ſounds magnificent and agreeable to a judicious ear. But a diſcourſe made up of the weakeſt numbers, and the worſt ſort of feet, ſuch as the Pyrrichius, Choree, Trochee, &c. is looſe and languid, and not capable with ſuch advantage to expreſs manly ſenſe. It cannot be pronounced with eaſe, nor heard with patience. The periods of the ſtateſmen are generally compoſed of the major part of the nobleſt numbers; and when they are forced to uſe weaker and worſt-ſounding feet and meaſures, they ſo carefully repair and ſtrengthen them with firm and nervous ſyllables on both ſides, that the imperfection is covered, and the dignity of the ſentence preſerved and ſupported. *Ibid.*

§ 152. *On their making the Sound an Echo to the Senſe.*

Another excellency, nearly allied to this, in theſe glorious writers, is their ſuiting the contexture of their diſcourſe, and the ſound of their ſyllables, to the nature and character of their ſubjects. That is, they ſo contrive and work their compoſition, that the ſound ſhall be a reſemblance, or, as Longinus ſays, an echo of the ſenſe, and words lively pictures of things. In deſcribing the loveſickneſs of Ixion, and the charms of joy and gaiety, they avoid diſagreeable eliſions; do not make the concluſion harſh by joining vowels and conſonants between two long, but make a ſmooth and flowing ſound. But by the claſh of the beſt vowels, and the ſtrongeſt conſonants, the ſwift compoſition is made rough and deſigned; and under a diſguiſe of roughneſs and pleaſure diſcovers its art.

In deſcribing of a thing or perſon full of terror, ruggedneſs, or deformity, they ſtuff the words with ſtrong vowels and conſonants, and compoſe the ſyllables with all manner of the roughneſt and moſt difficult pronunciation. The noiſe of land *Scrobs*, the roaring of huge waves, and the daſhing of waves againſt the ſhore, is imitated by words that make a noiſe like boiſterous ſound, and really ſtun the ear.

The great Plato, who had a genius for all manner of learning, was diſcovered from poetry by reading that verſe in Homer, which ſo wonderfully expreſſes the roaring of the billows:

Βόμβεε δ' ἀμφὶ γύαλα μέγα ῥόθιον ἁλὸς ἀτρυγέτοιο *.

Haſte and ſwiftneſs are figured by feet of few ſyllables, by quick and rapid numbers; dowpeſs, gravity, &c. by long ſyllables and numbers ſtrong and ſolemn. I ſhall produce ſome inſtances, and ſome in verſe just as they come into my thoughts, without any nicety of method. Virgil, in his account of the puniſhments of wicked ſouls in the regions of puniſhment, fills the reader with dread and amazement, even the baſeſt impreſs terror; and the verſe itſelf ſeems to keep time with the ſenſe:

——— Tum ſeva ſonare
Verbera, tum ſtridor ferri tractæque catenæ †.

The hiſſing letters ſtrewed with ſtrengthening vowels immediately following the harſh and rough ſound of the ſeptuple letter *r* often uſed; and almoſt ſtrong ſyllables in the ſecond, third, and fourth places, emphatically expreſs thoſe dreadful ſounds. A man of any ear will, upon the repetition of them, be apt to fancy he hears the ſmack of the ſcorpion whips, and the rattling clank of infernal chains. Theſe harſh ſounds, and heavy ſolemn ſyllables in the deſcription of the hideous Cyclops, *Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, moſt expreſs the ever-rous look and ſtrong

* Iliad xv. v. 284.
† Æneid vi. v. 557, &c.

proceſs

fierceness, of that mis-shapen and horrid monster.

Our Spenser, one of the best poets this nation has bred, and whose faults are not to be imputed either to want of genius or care, but to the age he lived in, was very happy and judicious in the choice of his numbers; of which take this example, not altogether foreign or unparallel to that of Virgil just mentioned.

——— He heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud-bellowing did rebound.

And then,

——— His monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and high *.

Those verses in the first Georgic,

Ter sunt conati imponere Pelio Ossam
Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympum †

are contrived with great art to represent the prodigious pains the giants took in heaping mountains upon mountains to scale heaven, and the slowness of their progress in that unwieldy work.

For a vowel open before a vowel, makes a chasm, and requires a strong and full breath, therefore a pause must follow, which naturally expresses difficulty and opposition.

But when swiftness and speed are to be described, see how the same wonderful man varies his numbers, and still suits his verse to his subject!

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here the rapid numbers, and short syllables, sustained with strong vowels, admirably represent both the vigour and speed of a horse at full stretch scouring over the plain.

When Horace sings of mirth, beauty, and other subjects that require delicacy and sweetness of composition, he smooths his lines with soft syllables, and flows in gay and melting numbers. Scarce any reader is so much a stoic, but good-humour steals upon him; and he reads with something of the temper which the author was in when he wrote. How inexpressibly sweet are those neat lines!

Uritime Glyceræ nitor,
Splendentis Pario marmore purius:
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.

* Fairy Queen.
† Georg. 1. v. 281.

Innumerable beauties of this nature are scattered through his lyric poetry. But when he undertakes lofty and noble subjects, he raises his style, and strengthens his expression. For example, when he proposes to do honour to Pindar, and sing the glories of Augustus, he reaches the Grecian's noblest flights, has all his magnificence of thought, his strength of fancy, and daring liberty of figures.

The Roman swan soars as high as the Theban: he equals that commanding spirit, those awful and vigorous beauties, which he generously pronounces inimitable; and praises both his immortal predecessor in lyric poetry, and his royal benefactor, with as much grandeur, and exalted eloquence, as ever Pindar praised any of his heroes.

It is a just observation of Longinus, that though Homer and Virgil are chiefly confined to the Dactyl and Spondee, and rarely use any equivalent feet, yet they temper them together with such astonishing skill and diligence, so carefully vary their syllables, and adapt their sounds to the nature of the thing described, that in their poems there is all the harmonious change and variety of numbers, which can be composed by all the possible turns, and different positions of all the feet in the languages. *Blackwall.*

§ 153. *Translations cannot be sufficient Substitutes for such Originals.*

A reader of such authors can scarce ever be weary; he has the advantage of a traveller for many miles round Damascus; he never removes out of Paradise, but is regaled with a constant succession of pleasures, and enjoys in a small compass the bounty and gaiety of universal nature. From hence may be seen the injustice and folly of those people, who would have translations of the classics: and then, to save the trouble of learning Greek and Latin, throw away the great originals to dust and oblivion. I would indeed have all the classics turned into our language by the most masterly hands, (as we already have some) among other reasons, for this, that ingenious and inquisitive people, who have the misfortune not to be well acquainted with the learned tongues, may have some taste of their excellencies. Ignorant persons, who know nothing of their language, would soon be persuaded to believe; and shallow pretenders, who know nothing of their beauties, would boldly pronounce, that some

some translations we have go beyond the originals; while scholars of clear and sound judgment are well satisfied, that it is impossible any version should come up to them. A translation of the noble classics out of their native tongue, so much in many respects inferior to them, always more or less flattens their sense, and tarnishes their beauties. It is something like transplanting a precious tree out of the warm and fruitful climes in which it was produced, into a cold and barren country: with much care and tenderness it may live, blossom and bear; but it can never so chearfully flourish, as in its native soil; it will degenerate and lose much of its delicious flavour, and original richness. And besides the weakening of the sense (though that be by far the most important consideration) Greek and Latin have such a noble harmony of sound, such force and dignity of numbers, and such delicacy of turn in the periods, that cannot entirely be preserved in any language of the world. These two languages are so peculiarly susceptive of all the graces of wit and elocution, that they are read with more pleasure and lively gust, and consequently with more advantage, than the most perfect translation that the ablest genius can compose, or the strongest modern language can bear. The pleasure a man takes in reading, engages a close attention; raises and cheers the spirits; and impresses the author's sentiments and expressions deeper on the memory. A gentleman travels through the finest countries in the world, is in all respects qualified to make observations, and then writes a faithful and curious history of his travels. I can read his relations with pleasure and improvement, and will pay him the praise due to his merits; but most believe, that if I myself travelled through those countries, and attentively viewed and considered all those curiosities of art and nature which he describes, I should have a more satisfactory idea, and higher pleasure, than it is possible to receive from the exactest accounts. Authors of such distinguished parts and perfections, cannot be studied by a rational and discerning reader without very valuable advantages. Their strong sense and manly thought, cloathed in the most significant and beautiful language, will improve his reason and judgment; and enable him to acquire the art of genteel and sensible writing. For it is a most absurd objection, that the Classics do not improve your reason, nor enlarge your knowledge of useful things, but only amuse and divert you with artificial turns of words, and flourishes of rhetoric. Let but a man of capacity read a few lines in Plato, Demosthenes, Tully, Sallust, Juvenal, &c. and he will immediately discover all such objections either to proceed from ignorance, a depraved taste, or insolvable conceit. The classics are instituted, and quainted with those things they undertake to treat of; and explain and adorn their subject with sound reasoning, exact disposition, and beautiful propriety of language. No man in his right mind would have people to study them with [illegible] and exclusion of other parts of [illegible] knowledge, and good learning. Nor is a man furnish himself with all the arts and sciences, that he has either capacity or opportunity to learn; and he will still find that readiness and skill in these correct and rational authors is not the least [illegible] tal or serviceable part of his [illegible]. The neatness and delicacy of their compositions will be refreshment and [illegible] after the toils of severes and [illegible] dies. The brightness of their [illegible], and the purity and elegance of their [illegible] will qualify most people, what [illegible] and study their excellencies, to [illegible] cate their thoughts with energy and [illegible] ness. Some gentlemen, deeply [illegible] old systems of philosophy, and the [illegible] part of learning, for want of a [illegible] acquaintance with these great [illegible] style and politeness, have not been [illegible] in to express their notions, as to [illegible] their labours fully intelligible and [illegible] to mankind. Irregular broken [illegible] long and frequent parentheses, and [illegible] tropes, have perplexed their [illegible] much of their sense has lain buried [illegible] the confusion and rubbish of an [illegible] and horrid style. The brightest and [illegible] rational thoughts are obscured, and [illegible] great measure spoiled, if they be [illegible] with obsolete and coarse words [illegible] placed, and ungracefully turned. The matchless graces of some few odes in Anacreon or Horace, do chiefly [illegible] the judicious choice of the [illegible] and the delicacy and harmonisation of the structure. *Blackwell.*

§ 155. *The peculiar Excellence of the Spirit of the* GREEKS *and* ROMANS.

Besides the other advantages of [illegible] ing the classical historians, [illegible]

which gentlemen of birth and fortune, qualified to manage public buſineſs, and fit as members in the moſt auguſt aſſemblies, have a more conſiderable ſhare in, than people of meaner condition. The ſpeeches of the great men among the Greeks and Romans deſerve their peculiar ſtudy and imitation, as being maſter-pieces of clear reaſoning and genuine eloquence: the orators in the Claſſics fairly ſtate their caſe, and ſtrongly argue it: their remarks are ſurpriſing and pertinent, their repartees quick, and their raillery clear and diverting. They are bold without raſhneſs or inſolence; and ſevere with good manners and decency. They do juſtice to their ſubject, in ſpeak agreeably to the nature of things, and characters of perſons. Their ſentences are ſprightly, and their morals ſound. In ſhort, no part of the compoſitions of the ancients is more finiſhed, more inſtructive and pleaſing, than their orations. Here they ſeem to exert their choiceſt abilities, and collect the utmoſt force of their genius. Their whole hiſtories may be compared to a noble and delicious country, that lies under the favourable eye and perpetual ſmiles of the heavens, and is every where crowned with pleaſure and plenty: but their choice deſcriptions and ſpeeches ſeem like ſome peculiarly fertile and happy ſpots of ground in that country, on which nature has poured out her riches with a more liberal hand, and art has made the utmoſt improvements of her bounty. They have taken ſo much pains, and uſed ſuch accuracy in the ſpeeches, that the greater pleaſure they have given the reader, the more they have expoſed themſelves to the cenſure of the critic. The orations are too ſublime and elaborate; and thoſe perſons to whom they are aſcribed, could not at thoſe times compoſe or ſpeak them. 'Tis allowed, that they might not deliver themſelves in that exact number and collection of words, which the hiſtorians have ſo curiouſly laid together; but it can ſcarce be denied, but the great men in hiſtory had frequent occaſions of ſpeaking in public; and 'tis probable, that many times they did actually ſpeak to the ſame purpoſe. Fabius Maximus and Scipio, Cæſar and Cato, were capable of making as good ſpeeches as Livy or Salluſt; and Pericles was an orator no ways inferior to Thucydides. When the reaſon of the thing will allow that there was time and room for premeditation, there is no queſtion but many of thoſe admirable men in hiſtory ſpoke as well as they are repreſented by thoſe able and eloquent writers. But then the hiſtorians putting the ſpeeches into their own ſtyle, and giving us thoſe harangues in form, which we cannot tell how they cou'd come at, treſpaſs againſt probability, and the ſtrict rules of writing hiſtory. It has always been allowed to great wits ſometimes to ſtep out of the beaten road, and to ſoar out of the view of a heavy ſcholiaſt. To grant all that is in the objection: the greateſt Claſſics were liable to human infirmities and errors; and whenever their forward cenſures ſhall fall into ſuch irregularities, and commit ſuch faults joined to ſuch excellencies, the learned world will not only pardon, but admire them. We may ſay of that celebrated ſpeech of Marius in Salluſt, and others that are moſt attacked upon this foot, as the friends of Virgil do in excuſe of his offending againſt chronology in the ſtory of Æneas and Dido; that had there been no room for ſuch little objections, the world had wanted ſome of the moſt charming and conſummate productions of human wit. Whoever made thoſe noble ſpeeches and debates, they ſo naturally ariſe from the poſture of affairs, and circumſtances of the times which the authors then deſcribe, and are ſo rational, ſo pathetic, and becoming, that the pleaſure and inſtruction of the reader is the ſame. A complete diſſertation upon the uſes and beauties of the chief ſpeeches in the claſſical hiſtorians, would be a work of curioſity, that would require an able genius and fine pen. I ſhall juſt make ſome ſhort ſtrictures upon two; one out of Thucydides, and the other out of Tacitus.

Blackwall.

§ 155. *On the Funeral Oration of* PERICLES.

The funeral oration made by Pericles upon his brave countrymen who died in battle, is full of prudence and manly eloquence; of hearty zeal for the honour of his country, and wiſe remarks. He does not laviſh away his commendations, but renders the honour of the ſtate truly deſirable, by ſhewing they are always conferred with judgment and warineſs. He praiſes the dead, in order to encourage the living to follow their example; to which he propoſes the ſtrongeſt inducements in the moſt moving and lively manner; from the conſideration of the immortal honours paid to the memory of the deceaſed; and,

the generous proviſions made by the government for the dear perſons left behind by thoſe who fell in their country's cauſe. He imputes the greateſt ſhare of the merits of thoſe gallant men, to the excellency of the Athenian conſtitution; which trained them up in ſuch regular diſcipline, and ſecured to them and their deſcendants ſuch invaluable privileges, that no man of ſenſe and gratitude, of public ſpirit, and a lover of his children, would ſcruple to venture his life to preſerve them inviolable, and tranſmit them to late poſterity. The noble orator in his ſpeech gives an admirable character of his countrymen the Athenians. He repreſents them as brave, with conſideration and coolneſs; and polite and genteel, without effeminacy. They are, ſays he, eaſy to their fellow-citizens, and kind and communicative to ſtrangers: they cultivate and improve all the arts, and enjoy all the pleaſures of peace; and yet are never ſurpriſed at the alarms, nor impatient of the toils and fatigues of war. They are generous to their friends, and terrible to their enemies. They uſe all the liberty that can be deſired without inſolence or licentiouſneſs; and fear nothing but tranſgreſſing the laws *. *Blackwall.*

§ 156. *On* MUCIAN's *Speech in* TACITUS.

Mucian's ſpeech in Tacitus † contains many important matters in a ſmall compaſs; and in a few clean and emphatical words goes through the principal topics of perſuaſion. He preſſes and conjures Veſpaſian to diſpute the empire with Vitellius, by the duty he owes his bleeding country; by the love he has for his hopeful ſons; by the faireſt proſpect of ſucceſs that could be hoped for, if he once vigorouſly ſet upon that glorious buſineſs; but, if he neglected the preſent opportunity, by the diſmal appearance of the worſt evils that could be feared: he encourages him by the number and goodneſs of his forces; by the intereſt and ſteadineſs of his friends; by the vices of his rival, and his own virtues. Yet all the while this great man compliments Veſpaſian, and pays him honour, he is cautious not in the leaſt to diminiſh his own glory: if he readily allows him the firſt rank of merit, he briſkly claims the ſecond to himſelf. Never were liberty and complaiſance of ſpeech more happily mixed; he conveys ſound exhortation in praiſe; and at the ſame time ſays very bold and very obliging things. In ſhort, he ſpeaks with the bravery of a ſoldier, and the freedom of a friend: in his addreſs, there is the air and the gracefulneſs of an accompliſhed courtier; in his advice, the ſagacity and caution of a conſummate ſtateſman. *Ibid.*

§ 157. *The Claſſics exhibit a beautiful Syſtem of Morals.*

Another great advantage of ſtudying the Claſſics is, that from a few of the beſt of them may be drawn a good ſyſtem and beautiful collection of ſound morals. There the precepts of a virtuous and happy life are ſet off in the light and gracefulneſs of clear and moving expreſſion; and eloquence is meritoriouſly employed in vindicating and adorning religion. This makes deep impreſſions on the minds of young gentlemen, and charms them with the love of goodneſs ſo engagingly dreſſed, and ſo beautifully commended. The Offices, Cato Major, Tuſculan Queſtions, &c. of Tully, want not much of Epictetus and Antonine in morality, and are much ſuperior in language. Pindar writes in an excellent ſtrain of piety as well as poetry; he carefully wipes off the aſperſions that old fables had thrown upon the deities; and never ſpeaks of things or perſons ſacred, but with the tendereſt caution and reverence. He praiſes virtue and religion with a generous warmth; and ſpeaks of its eternal rewards with a pious aſſurance. A notable critic has obſerved, to the perpetual ſcandal of this poet, that his chief, if not only excellency, lies in his moral ſentences. Indeed Pindar is a great maſter of this excellency, for which all men of ſenſe will admire him; and at the ſame time be aſtoniſhed at that man's honeſty who ſlights ſuch an excellency; and that man's underſtanding, who cannot diſcover many more excellencies in him. I remember, in one of his Olympic Odes, in a noble confidence of his own genius, and a juſt contempt of his vile and malicious adverſaries, he compares himſelf to an eagle, and them to crows: and indeed he ſoars far above the reach and out of the view of thoſe flattering cavillers. The famous Greek profeſſor, Duport, has made an entertaining and uſeful collection of Homer's divine and moral ſayings, and has with great dexterity compared them with parallel paſ-

* See Thucyd. Oxon. Tab. 2. p. 103.

† Tacit. Elzevir. Ed. 1634. Hiſt. 2. p. 581, &c.

ſa-

ges out of the inſpired writers*: By which it appears, that there is no book in the world ſo like the ſtyle of the Holy Bible, as Homer. The noble hiſtorians abound with moral reflections upon the conduct of human life; and powerfully inſtruct both by precepts and examples. They paint vice and villainy in horrid colours; and employ all their reaſon and eloquence to pay due honours to virtue, and render undiſſembled goodneſs amiable in the eye of mankind. They expreſs a true reverence for the eſtabliſhed religion, and a hearty concern for the proſperous ſtate of their native country. *Blackwall.*

§ 158. *On* XENOPHON's *Memoirs of* SOCRATES.

Xenophon's memorable things of Socrates, is a very inſtructive and refined ſyſtem of morality: it goes through all points of duty to God and man, with great clearneſs of ſenſe and ſound notion, and with inexpreſſible ſimplicity and purity of language. The great Socrates there diſcourſes in ſuch a manner, as is moſt proper to engage and perſuade all ſorts of readers: he argues with the reaſon of a philoſopher, directs with the authority of a lawgiver, and addreſſes with the familiarities and endearments of a friend.

He made as many improvements in true morality, as could be made by the unaſſiſted ſtrength of human reaſon; nay, he delivers himſelf in ſome places, as if he was enlightened by a ray from heaven. In one of Plato's divine dialogues †, Socrates utters a ſurpriſing prophecy of a divine perſon, a true friend and lover of human nature, who was to come into the world to inſtruct them in the moſt acceptable way of addreſſing their prayers to the majeſty of God. *Ibid.*

§ 159. *On the Morality of* JUVENAL.

I do not wonder when I hear that ſome prelates of the church have recommended the ſerious ſtudy of Juvenal's moral parts to their clergy. That manly and vigorous author, ſo perfect a maſter in the ſerious and ſublime way of ſatire, is not unacquainted with any of the excellencies of good writing; but is eſpecially to be admired and valued for his exalted morals. He diſſuades from wickedneſs, and exhorts to goodneſs, with vehemence of zeal that can ſcarce be diſſembled, and ſtrength of reaſon that cannot eaſily be reſiſted. He does not praiſe virtue and condemn vice, as one has a favourable, and the other a malignant aſpect upon a man's fortune in this world only; but he eſtabliſhes the unalterable diſtinctions of good and evil; and builds his doctrine upon the immoveable foundations of God and infinite Providence.

His morals are ſuited to the nature and dignity of an immortal ſoul: and, like it, derive their original from heaven.

How ſound and ſerviceable is that wonderful notion in the thirteenth ſatire ‡, That an inward inclination to do an ill thing is criminal: that a wicked thought ſtains the mind with guilt, and expoſes the offender to the puniſhment of heaven, though it never ripen into action! A ſuitable practice would effectually cruſh the ſerpent's head, and baniſh a long and black train of miſchiefs and miſeries out of the world. What a ſcene of horror does he diſcloſe, when in the ſame ſatire § he opens to our view the wounds and gaſhes of a wicked conſcience! The guilty reader is not only terrified at dreadful cracks and flaſhes of the heavens, but looks pale and trembles at the thunder and lightning of the poet's awful verſe. The notion of true fortitude cannot be better ſtated than it is in the eighth ſatire ‖, where he preſſingly exhorts his reader always to prefer his conſcience and principles before his life; and not be reſtrained from doing his duty, or be awed into a compliance with a villainous propoſal, even by the preſence and command of a barbarous tyrant, or the neareſt proſpect of death in all the circumſtances of cruelty and terror. Muſt not a profeſſor of Chriſtianity be aſhamed of himſelf for harbouring uncharitable and bloody reſentments in his breaſt, when he reads and conſiders that invaluable paſſage againſt revenge in the above-mentioned thirteenth ſatire §? where he argues againſt that fierce and fatal paſſion, from the ignorance and littleneſs of that mind which is poſſeſſed with it; from the honour and generoſity of paſſing by and forgiving injuries; from the example of thoſe wiſe and mild men, of Chryſippus and Thales, and

* Gnomologia Homerica, Cantab. 1660.

† Dialog. Select. Cantab. 1683. ad Alcibiad. p. 255.

* V. 208, &c.

† V. 192, &c. 210, &c.

‡ V. 79—85.

§ V. 181, &c.

eſpecially that of Socrates, that undaunted champion and martyr of natural religion; who was ſo great a proficient in the beſt philoſophy, that he was aſſured his malicious proſecutors and murderers could do him no hurt; and had not himſelf the leaſt inclination or riſing wiſh to do them any; who diſcourſed with that chearful gravity, and graceful compoſure, a few moments before he was going to die, as if he had been going to take poſſeſſion of a kingdom; and drank off the poiſonous bowl, as a potion of Immortality. *Blackwall.*

§ 160. *The beſt Claſſics lay down excellent Rules for Converſation.*

The beſt Claſſics lay down very valuable rules for the management of converſation, for graceful and proper addreſs to thoſe perſons with whom we converſe. They inſtruct their readers in the methods of engaging and preſerving friends; and reveal to them the true ſecret of pleaſing mankind. This is a large and agreeable field; but I ſhall confine myſelf to a ſmall compaſs.

While Tully, under the perſon of Craſſus, gives an account of the word *ineptus*, or impertinent, he inſinuates excellent caution to prevent a man from rendering himſelf ridiculous and diſtaſteful to company. Theſe are his words: "He that "either does not obſerve the proper time "of a thing, or ſpeaks too much, or vain-"gloriouſly ſets himſelf off, or has not a "regard to the dignity or intereſt of thoſe "he converſes with, or, in a word, is in "any kind indecent or exceſſive, is called "impertinent." That is admirable advice in the third book of his Offices, for the prudent and graceful regulation of a man's diſcourſe (which has ſo powerful an influence upon the misfortune or happineſs of life) that we ſhould always ſpeak with that prudence, candour, and undiſſembled complaiſance, that the perſons we addreſs may be perſuaded that we both love and reverence them.

For this perſuaſion ſettled in their minds, will ſecure their friendſhip, and create us the pleaſure of their mutual love and reſpect. Every judicious reader of Horace will allow the juſtneſs of Sir William Temple's character of him, That he was the greateſt maſter of life, and of true ſenſe in the conduct of it. Is it poſſible to comprize better advice in fewer lines, than thoſe of his to his friend Lollius, which I ſhall give you in the original?

Arcanum neque tu ſcrutaberis ullius unquam:
Commiſſumque teges, & vino tortus & ira:
Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena reprendes:
Nec, cum venari volet ille, poemata panges*.

Horace had an intimate friendſhip and intereſt with men of the chief quality and diſtinction in the empire; who then was fitter to lay down rules how to approach the great, and gain their countenance and patronage?

This great man has a peculiar talent of handſomely expreſſing his gratitude to his noble benefactors: he juſt puts a due value upon every favour; and, in ſhort, manages that nice ſubject of praiſe with a manly grace, and irreproachable decency. How clean is that addreſs to Auguſtus about from Rome, in the fifth ode of the fourth book!

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;
Inſtar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus
Affulſit populo, gratior it dies,
Et ſoles melius nitent.

Here are no forced figures or unnatural rants; 'tis all ſeaſonable and beautiful, poetical and literally true. *Ibid.*

§ 161. *Directions for reading the Claſſics.*

Thoſe excellencies of the Ancients, which I have accounted for, ſeem to be ſufficient to recommend them to the eſteem and ſtudy of all lovers of good and polite learning: and that the young ſcholar may ſtudy them with ſuitable ſucceſs and improvement, a few directions may be proper to be obſerved; which I ſhall lay down in this chapter. 'Tis in my opinion a right method to begin with the beſt and moſt approved Claſſics; and to read thoſe authors firſt, which muſt often be read over. Beſides, that the beſt authors are eaſieſt to be underſtood, their noble ſenſe and animated expreſſion will make ſtrong impreſſions upon the young ſcholar's mind, and train him up to the early love and imitation of their excellencies.

Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Tibullus, Propertius, cannot be ſtudied too much, or gone over too often. One reading may ſuffice for Lucan, Statius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus, Claudian; though there will be frequent occaſions to conſult ſome of their particular paſſages. The ſame may be ſaid with reſpect to the Greek poets: Homer, Pindar, Anacreon, Ariſtophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Theocritus, Callimachus, muſt never be entirely laid aſide;

* Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 37.

and

and will recompence as many repetitions as a man's time and affairs will allow. Heſiod, Orpheus, Theogonis, Æſchylus, Lycophron, Apollonius Rhodius, Nicander Aratus, Oppian, Quintus Calaber, Dionyſius, Periegetes, and Nonnus, will amply reward the labour of one careful peruſal. Sallust, Livy, Cicero, Cæſar, and Tacitus, deſerve to be read ſeveral times; and read them as oft as you pleaſe, they will always afford freſh pleaſure and improvement. I cannot but place the two Plinys after theſe illuſtrious writers, who flouriſhed, indeed, when the Roman language was a little upon the declenſion: but by the vigour of a great genius, and wondrous induſtry, raiſed themſelves in a great meaſure above the diſcouragements and diſadvantages of the age they lived in. In quality and learning, in experience of the world, and employments of importance in the government, they were equal to the greateſt of the Latin writers, though excelled by none of them in language.

The elder Pliny's natural hiſtory is a work learned and copious, that entertains you with all the variety of nature itſelf, and is one of the greateſt monuments of univerſal knowledge, and unwearied application, now extant in the world. His geography, and deſcription of herbs, trees and animals, are of great uſe to the underſtanding of all the authors of Rome and Greece.

Pliny the younger is one of the fineſt wits that Italy has produced; he is correct and elegant, has a florid and gay fancy, tempered with maturity and ſoundneſs of judgment. Every thing in him is exquiſitely ſtudied; and yet, in general ſpeaking, every thing is natural and eaſy. In his incomparable oration in honour of Trajan, he has frequent and ſurpriſing turns of true wit, without playing and tinkling upon ſounds. He has exhauſted the ſubject of panegyric, uſing every topic, and every delicacy of praiſe. Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plato, Demoſthenes, are of the ſame merit among the Greeks: to which, I think, I may add Polybius, Lucian, and Plutarch. Polybius was nobly born, a man of deep thought, and perfect maſter of his ſubject: he diſcovers all the myſteries of policy, and preſents to your view the inmoſt ſprings of thoſe actions which he deſcribes: his remarks and maxims have been regarded, by the greateſt men both in civil and military affairs, as oracles of prudence: Scipio was his friend and admirer; Cicero, Strabo, and Plutarch, have honoured him with high commendations; Conſtantine the Great was his diligent reader; and Brutus abridged him for his own conſtant uſe. Lucian is an univerſal ſcholar, and a prodigious wit: he is Attic and neat in his ſtyle, clear in his narration, and wonderfully facetious in his repartees: he furniſhes you with almoſt all the poetical hiſtory in ſuch a diverting manner, that you will not eaſily forget it; and ſupplies the moſt dry and barren wit with a rich plenty of materials. Plutarch is an author of deep ſenſe, and vaſt learning; though he does not reach his illuſtrious predeceſſors in the graces of his language, his morals are ſound and noble, illuſtrated with a perpetual variety of beautiful metaphors and compariſons, and enforced with very remarkable ſtories, and pertinent examples: in his Lives there is a complete account of all the Roman and Grecian antiquities, or their cuſtoms, and affairs of peace and war: thoſe writings will furniſh a capable and inquiſitive reader with a curious variety of characters, with a very valuable ſtore of wiſe remarks and ſound politics. The ſurface is a little rough, but under lie vaſt quantities of precious ore. *Blackwall.*

§ 162. *The ſubordinate Claſſics not to be neglected.*

Every repetition of theſe authors will bring the reader freſh profit and ſatisfaction. The reſt of the Claſſics muſt by no means be neglected; but ought once to be carefully read over, and may ever after be occaſionally conſulted with much advantage. The Grecian Claſſics next in value to thoſe we have named, are, Diodorus Siculus, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis, Strabo, Ælian, Arrian's Expedition of Alexander the Great, Polyænus, Herodian; the Latin are, Hirtius, Juſtin, Quintus Curtius, Florus, Nepos, and Suetonius. We may, with a little allowance, admit that obſervation to be juſt, that he who would completely underſtand one Claſſic, muſt diligently read all. When a young gentleman is entered upon a courſe of theſe ſtudies, I would not have him to be diſcouraged at the checks and difficulties he will ſometimes meet with: if upon cloſe and due conſideration he cannot entirely maſter any paſſage, let him proceed by conſtant and regular reading, he will either find in that author he is upon, or ſome other on the ſame ſubject, a parrallel place that will clear the doubt.

The Greek authors wonderfully explain

and illuſtrate the Roman. Learning came late to Rome, and all the Latin writers follow the plans that were laid out before them by the great maſters of Greece.

They every where imitate the Greeks, and in many places tranſlate 'em. Compare 'em together, and they will be a comment to one another; you will by this means be enabled to paſs a more certain judgment upon the humour and idiom of both languages; and both the pleaſure and advantage of your reading will be double.

Blackwall.

§ 163. *The Greek and Latin Writers to be compared.*

By a careful compariſon of the Greek and Latin writers, you will ſee how judiciouſly the latter imitated the former; and will yourſelf be qualified, with greater pleaſure and ſucceſs, to read and imitate both. By obſerving what advantages Virgil has made of Homer in his Æneid, and of Theocritus in his Paſtorals; how cleanly Horace has applied ſeveral places, out of Anacreon and other lyrics, to his own purpoſe; you will learn to collect precious flores out of the Ancients; to tranſfuſe their ſpirits into your language with as little loſs as poſſible; and to borrow with ſo much modeſty and diſcretion, as to make their riches your own, without the ſcandal of unfair dealing. It will be convenient and pleaſant to compare authors together, that were countrymen and fellow-citizens; as Euripides, Thucydides, and Xenophon: that were contemporaries; as Theocritus and Callimachus: that writ in the ſame dialect; as Anacreon and Herodotus, in the Ionic; Theocritus, Pindar, and Callimachus, upon Ceres and the Bath of Pallas, in the Doric: that writ upon the ſame ſubject; as Apollonius, Valerius Flaccus, and Theocritus, on the combat of Pollux and Amycus, and the death of Hylas. Salluſt's polite and curious hiſtory of Cataline's conſpiracy, and Tully's four glorious orations upon the ſame ſubject, are the brighteſt commentaries upon each other. The hiſtorian and the orator ſcarce diſagree in one particular; and Salluſt has left behind him an everlaſting monument of his candour and impartiality, by owning and commending the conſul's vigilance, and meritorious ſervices; though theſe two great men had the misfortune to be violent enemies. He that praiſes and honours an adverſary, ſhews his own generoſity and juſtice, by proclaiming his adverſary's eminent merits.

By comparing authors after this method, what ſeems difficult in one will be eaſy in another; what one expreſſes ſhort, another will enlarge upon; and if ſome of them do not furniſh us with all the variety of the dialect and idioms of the language, the reſt will ſupply thoſe defects. It will likewiſe be neceſſary for the young ſcholar diligently to remark and commit to memory the religious and civil cuſtoms of the Ancients: an accurate knowledge of them will make him capable to diſcern and reliſh the propriety of an author's words, and the elegance and graces of his alluſions. When St. Paul ſpeaks of his ſpeedy approaching martyrdom, he uſes this expreſſion, Ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη σπένδομαι*; which is an alluſion to that univerſal cuſtom of the world, of pouring wine or oil on the head of the victim immediately before it was ſlain. The apoſtle's emphatical word ſignifies——wine is juſt now pouring on my head, I am juſt going to be ſacrificed to Pagan rage and ſuperſtition. That paſſage of St. Paul, "For I think that God hath "ſet forth us the apoſtles laſt, as it were "appointed to death: for we are made a "ſpectacle unto the world, and to angels, "and to men †;" is all expreſſed in Agoniſtical terms, and cannot be underſtood, without taking the alluſion that it manifeſtly bears to the Roman gladiators, which came laſt upon the ſtage at noon, and were marked out for certain ſlaughter and deſtruction; being naked, with a ſword in one hand, and tearing one another in pieces with the other; whereas, thoſe who fought the wild beaſts in the morning were allowed weapons offenſive and defenſive, and had a chance to come off with life. The moſt ancient way of giving ſentence among the Greeks, and particularly the Athenians, was by black and white pebbles, called ψῆφοι. Thoſe judges who put the black ones into an urn, paſſed ſentence of condemnation upon the perſon tried; and thoſe who put in the white, acquitted and ſaved. Hence we may learn the ſignificancy and beauty of our Saviour's words in St. John, "to him that overcometh I will give a "white ſtone ‡." I, who am the only judge of the whole world, will paſs the ſentence of abſolution upon my faithful ſervants, and the champions of my croſs, and crown them with the ineſtimable rewards of immortality and glory. There are innumerable places, both in the Sacred Claſſics and the others, which are not to

* 2 Tim. iv. 6.
† 1 Cor. iv. 9.
‡ Rev. ii.

be

e underſtood without a competent knowledge of antiquities. I call the writers of the New Teſtament the Sacred Claſſics; and ſhall, in a proper place, endeavour fully to prove, that they deſerve the higheſt character for the purity of their language, as well as the vigour of their ſenſe, againſt the ignorance of ſome, and the inſolence of others, who have fallen very rudely upon them with reſpect to their ſtyle. Every ſcholar, and every Chriſtian, is obliged to the utmoſt of his abilities, to defend thoſe venerable authors againſt all exceptions, that may in any reſpect tend to diminiſh their value. I cannot but be of the opinion of thoſe gentlemen, who think there is propriety in the expreſſion, as well as ſublimity in the ſentiments of the New Teſtament; and eſteem that man as bad a critic, who undervalues its language, as he is a Chriſtian, who denies its doctrines.

Blackwall.

164. *On the Study of the New Teſtament.*

The claſſic ſcholar muſt by no means be ſo much wanting to his own duty, pleaſure and improvement, as to neglect the ſtudy of the New Teſtament, but muſt be perpetually converſant in thoſe ineſtimable writings, which have all the treaſures of divine wiſdom, and the words of eternal life in them. The beſt way will be to make them the firſt and laſt of all your actions, to open and cloſe the day with that excellent book, wherein you have a faithful and moſt entertaining hiſtory of that bleſſed and miraculous work of the redemption of the world; and ſure directions how to qualify and entitle yourſelf for the great ſalvation purchaſed by Jeſus.

This exerciſe will compoſe your thoughts into the ſweeteſt ſerenity and chearfulneſs; and happily conſecrate all your time and ſtudies to God. After you have read the Greek Teſtament once over with care and deliberation, I humbly recommend to your frequent and attentive peruſal, theſe following chapters:

St. Matthew 5. 6. 7. 25. 26. 27. 28.—St. Mark 1. 13.——St. Luke 2. 9. 15. 16. 24.——St. John 1. 11. 14. 15. 16. 17. 19. 20.——Acts 26. 27.——Romans 2. 8. 12.——1 Cor. 3. 9. 13. 15.——2 Cor. 4. 5. 11.——Epheſ. 4. 5. 6.——Philipp. 1. 2. 3.——Coloſſ. 1. 3.——1 Theſſ. 2. 5.——1 Tim. 1. 6.——2 Tim. 2. 3.——Philemon.——Heb. 1. 4. 6. 11. 12.——1 St. Peter all.——2 St. Peter all.——St. Jude.——1 St. John 1. 3.——Revel. 1. 18. 19. 20.

In this collection you will find the Book of God, written by the evangeliſts, and apoſtles, compriſed in a moſt admirable and comprehenſive epitome. A true critic will diſcover numerous inſtances of every ſtyle in perfection; every grace and ornament of ſpeech more chaſte and beautiful than the moſt admired and ſhining paſſages of the ſecular writers.

In particular, the deſcription of God, and the future ſtate of heavenly glory, in St. Paul and St. Peter, St. James and St. John, as far tranſcend the deſcriptions of Jupiter and Olympus, which Homer, and Pindar, and Virgil, give us, as the thunder and lightning of the heavens do the rattling and naſhes of a Salmoneus: or the eternal Jehovah is ſuperior to the Pagan deities. In all the New Teſtament, eſpecially theſe ſelect paſſages, God delivers to mankind laws of mercy, myſteries of wiſdom, and rules of happineſs, which fools and madmen ſtupidly neglect, or impiouſly ſcorn; while all the beſt and brighteſt beings in the univerſe regard them with ſacred attention, and contemplate them with wonder and tranſporting delight. Theſe ſtudies, with a ſuitable Chriſtian practice (which they ſo loudly call for, and ſo pathetically preſs) will raiſe you above all vexatious fears, and deluding hopes; and keep you from putting an undue value upon either the eloquence or enjoyments of this world. *Ibid.*

§ 165. *The old Critics to be ſtudied.*

That we may ſtill qualify ourſelves the better to read and reliſh the Claſſics, we muſt ſeriouſly ſtudy the old Greek and Latin critics. Of the firſt are Ariſtotle, Dionyſius Longinus, and Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus: of the latter are Tully, Horace, and Quinctilian. Theſe are excellent authors, which lead their readers to the fountain-head of true ſenſe and ſublimity; teach them the firſt and infallible principles of convincing and moving eloquence; and reveal all the myſtery and delicacy of good writing. While they judiciouſly diſcover the excellencies of other authors, they ſucceſsfully ſhew their own; and are glorious examples of that ſublime they praiſe. They take off the general diſtaſtefulneſs of precepts; and rules, by their dexterous management, have beauty as well as uſefulneſs. They were, what every true critic muſt be, perſons of great reading

and happy memory, of a piercing ſagacity and elegant taſte. They praiſe without flattery or partial favour; and cenſure without pride or envy. We ſhall ſtill have a completer notion of the perfections and beauties of the ancients, if we read the choiceſt authors in our own tongue, and ſome of the beſt writers of our neighbour nations, who always have the Ancients in view, and write with their ſpirit and judgment. We have a glorious ſet of poets, of whom I ſhall only mention a few, which are the chief; Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Milton, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Addiſon, Pope; who are inſpired with the true ſpirit of their predeceſſors of Greece and Rome; and by whoſe immortal works the reputation of the Engliſh poetry is raiſed much above that of any language in Europe. Then we have proſe writers of all profeſſions and degrees, and upon a great variety of ſubjects, true admirers and great maſters of the old Claſſics and Critics; who obſerve their rules, and write after their models. We have Raleigh, Clarendon, Temple, Taylor, Tillotſon, Sharp, Sprat, South—with a great many others, both dead and living, that I have not time to name, though I eſteem them not inferior to the illuſtrious few I have mentioned; who are in high eſteem with all readers of taſte and diſtinction, and will be long quoted as bright examples of good ſenſe and fine writing. Horace and Ariſtotle will be read with greater delight and improvement, if we join with them, the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay on Poetry, Roſcommon's Tranſlation of Horace's Art of Poetry, and Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, Mr. Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, and Diſcourſes before Homer, Dryden's Critical Prefaces and Diſcourſes, all the Spectators that treat upon Claſſical Learning, particularly the juſtly admired and celebrated critique upon Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Dacier upon Ariſtotle's Poetics, Boſſu on Epic Poetry, Boileau's Art of Poetry, and Reflections on Longinus, Dr. Felton's Diſſertation on the Claſſics, and Mr. Trapp's Poetical Prelections. Theſe gentlemen make a true judgment and uſe of the Ancients: they eſteem it a reputation to own they admire them, and borrow from them; and make a grateful return, by doing honour to their memories, and defending them againſt the attacks of ſome over-forward wits, who furiouſly envy their fame, and infinitely fall ſhort of their merit. *Blackwall.*

§ 166. *The beſt Authors to be read ſeveral Times over.*

I cannot but here repeat what I ſaid before, of the advantage of reading the beſt authors ſeveral times over. There muſt needs be pleaſure and improvement in a repetition of ſuch writers as have freſh beauties in every ſection, and new wonders ariſing in every new page.

One ſuperficial reading exhauſts the ſmall ſtores of a ſuperficial writer, but the genuine Ancients, and thoſe who write with their ſpirit and after their pattern, are deep and full. An ill written looſe book is like a formal common-place ſop, who has a ſet of phraſes and ſtories, which in a converſation or two are all run over; the man quickly impoveriſhes himſelf, and in a few hours becomes perfectly dry and inſipid. But the old Claſſics, and their genuine followers among the moderns, are like a rich natural genius, who has an unfailing ſupply of good ſenſe on all occaſions; and gratifies his company with a perpetual and charming variety.

Ibid.

§ 167. *The Riſe and Progreſs of Philoſophical Criticiſm.*

Ancient Greece, in its happy days, was the ſeat of Liberty, of Sciences, and of Arts. In this fair region, fertile of wit, the Epic writers came firſt; then the Lyric; then the Tragic; and, laſtly, the Hiſtorians, the Comic Writers, and the Orators, each in their turns delighting whole multitudes, and commanding the attention and admiration of all. Now, when wiſe and thinking men, the ſubtil inveſtigators of principles and cauſes, obſerved the wonderful effect of theſe works upon the human mind, they were prompted to enquire whence this ſhould proceed; for that it ſhould happen merely from Chance, they could not well believe.

Here therefore we have the riſe and origin of Criticiſm, which in its beginning was "a deep and philoſophical ſearch into "the primary laws and elements of good "writing, as far as they could be collected from the moſt approved performances."

In this contemplation of authors, the firſt critics not only attended to the powers and different ſpecies of words; the force of numerous compoſition, whether in proſe or verſe; the aptitude of its various kinds to different ſubjects; but they farther conſidered

ſidered that, which is the baſis of all, that is to ſay, in other words, the meaning of the ſenſe. This led them at once into the moſt curious of ſubjects; the nature of man in general; the different characters of men, as they differ in rank or age; their reaſon and their paſſions; how the one was to be perſuaded, the others to be raiſed or calmed; the places or repoſitories to which we may recur, when we want proper matter for any of theſe purpoſes. Beſides all this, they ſtudied ſentiments and manners; what conſtitutes a work; what, a whole and parts; what, the eſſence of probable, and even of natural fiction, as contributing to conſtitute a juſt dramatic fable. *Harris.*

§ 168. PLATO, ARISTOTLE, THEOPHRASTUS, *and other* GREEK *Authors of Philoſophical Criticiſm.*

Much of this kind may be found in different parts of Plato. But Ariſtotle, his diſciple, who may be called the ſyſtematiſer of his maſter's doctrines, has, in his two treatiſes of poetry and rhetoric, with ſuch wonderful penetration developed every part of the ſubject, that he may be juſtly called the Father of Criticiſm, both from the age when he lived, and from his truly tranſcendent genius. The criticiſm which this capital writer taught, has ſo intimate a correſpondence and alliance with philoſophy, that we can call it by no other name, than that of Philoſophical Criticiſm.

To Ariſtotle ſucceeded his diſciple Theophraſtus, who followed his maſter's example in the ſtudy of criticiſm, as may be ſeen in the catalogue of his writings, preſerved by Diogenes Laertius. But all the critical works of Theophraſtus, as well as of many others, are now loſt. The principal authors of the kind now remaining in Greek, are Demetrius of Phalera, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, Dionyſius Longinus, together with Hermogenes, Aphthonius, and a few others.

Of theſe the moſt maſterly ſeems to be Demetrius, who was the earlieſt, and who appears to follow the precepts, and even the text of Ariſtotle, with far greater attention than any of the reſt. His examples, it muſt be confeſſed, are ſometimes obſcure, but this we rather impute to the deſtructive hand of time, which has prevented us from ſeeing many of the original authors.

Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, the next in order, may be ſaid to have written with judgment upon the force of numerous compoſition, not to mention other tracts on the ſubject of oratory, and thoſe alſo critical as well as hiſtorical. Longinus, who was in time far later than theſe, ſeems principally to have had in view the paſſions and the imagination, in the treating of which he has acquired a juſt applauſe, and expreſſed himſelf with a dignity ſuitable to the ſubject. The reſt of the Greek critics, though they have ſaid many uſeful things, have yet ſo minutely multiplied the rules of art, and ſo much confined themſelves to the oratory of the tribunal, that they appear of no great ſervice, as to good writing in general. *Ibid.*

§ 169. *Philoſophical Critics among the* ROMANS.

Among the Romans, the firſt critic of note was Cicero; who, though far below Ariſtotle in depth of philoſophy, may be ſaid, like him, to have exceeded all his countrymen. As his celebrated treatiſe concerning the Orator is written in dialogue, where the ſpeakers introduced are the greateſt men of his nation, we have incidentally an elegant ſample of thoſe manners, and that politeneſs, which were peculiar to the leading characters during the Roman commonwealth. There we may ſee the behaviour of free and accompliſhed men, before a baſer addreſs had ſet that ſtandard, which has been too often taken for good breeding ever ſince.

Next to Cicero came Horace; who often, in other parts of his writings, acts the critic and ſcholar, but whoſe Art of Poetry is a ſtandard of its kind, and too well known to need any encomium. After Horace aroſe Quinctilian, Cicero's admirer and follower, who appears, by his works, not only learned and ingenious, but, what is ſtill more, an honeſt and a worthy man. He likewiſe dwells too much upon the oratory of the tribunal, a fact no way ſurpriſing, when we conſider the age in which he lived: an age when tyrannic government being the faſhion of the times, that nobler ſpecies of eloquence, I mean the popular and deliberative, was, with all things truly liberal, degenerated and ſunk. The later Latin rhetoricians there is no need to mention, as they little help to illuſtrate the ſubject in hand. I would only repeat, that the ſpecies of criticiſm here mentioned,

mentioned, as far at leaſt as handled by the more able maſters, is that which we have denominated Criticiſm Philoſophical.

Harris.

§ 170. *Concerning the Progreſs of Criticiſm in its ſecond Species, the Hiſtorical—*GREEK *and* ROMAN *Critics, by whom this Species of Criticiſm was cultivated.*

As to the Criticiſm already treated, we find it not confined to any one particular author, but containing general rules of art, either for judging or writing, confirmed by the example not of one author, but of many. But we know from experience, that, in proceſs of time, languages, cuſtoms, manners, laws, governments, and religions, inſenſibly change. The Macedonian tyranny, after the fatal battle of Chæronea, wrought much of this kind in Greece: and the Roman tyranny, after the fatal battles of Pharſalia and Philippi, carried it throughout the known world. Hence, therefore, of things obſolete the names became obſolete alſo; and authors, who in their own age were intelligible and eaſy, in after days grew difficult and obſcure. Here then we behold the riſe of a ſecond race of critics, the tribe of ſcholiaſts, commentators, and explainers.

Theſe naturally attached themſelves to particular authors. Ariſtarchus, Didymus, Euſtathius, and many others, beſtowed their labours upon Homer; Proclus and Tzetzes upon Heſiod; the ſame Proclus and Olympiodorus upon Plato; Simplicius, Ammonius, and Philoponus, upon Ariſtotle; Ulpian upon Demoſthenes; Macrobius and Aſconius upon Cicero; Callierges upon Theocritus; Donatus upon Terence; Servius upon Virgil; Acro and Porphyrio upon Horace; and ſo with reſpect to others, as well philoſophers as poets and orators. To theſe ſcholiaſts may be added the ſeveral compoſers of Lexicons; ſuch as Heſychius, Philoxenus, Suidas, &c. alſo the writers upon Grammar, ſuch as Apollonius, Priſcian, Soſipater, Chariſius, &c. Now all theſe pains-taking men, conſidered together, may be ſaid to have completed another ſpecies of criticiſm, a ſpecies which, in diſtinction to the former, we call Criticiſm Hiſtorical.

And thus things continued, though in a declining way, till, after many a ſevere and unſucceſsful plunge, the Roman empire ſunk through the weſt of Europe. Latin then ſoon loſt its purity; Greek they hardly knew; Claſſics, and their Scholiaſts, were no longer ſtudied; and an age ſucceeded of legends and cruſades.

Ibid.

§ 171. *Moderns eminent in the two Species of Criticiſm before mentioned, the Philoſophical and the Hiſtorical—the laſt Sort of Critics more numerous—thoſe, mentioned in this Section, confined to the* GREEK *and* LATIN *Languages.*

At length, after a long and barbarous period, when the ſhades of monkery began to retire, and the light of humanity once again to dawn, the arts alſo of criticiſm inſenſibly revived. 'Tis true, indeed, the authors of the philoſophical ſort (I mean that which reſpects the cauſes and principles of good writing in general) were not many in number. However, of this rank, among the Italians, were Vida, and the elder Scaliger; among the French were Rapin, Bouhours, Boileau, together with Boſſu, the moſt methodic and accurate of them all. In our own country, our nobility may be ſaid to have diſtinguiſhed themſelves; Lord Roſcommon, in his Eſſay upon Tranſlated Verſe; the Duke of Buckingham, in his Eſſay on Poetry; and Lord Shaftſbury, in his treatiſe called Advice to an Author: to whom may be added, our late admired genius, Pope, in his truly elegant poem, the Eſſay upon Criticiſm.

The Diſcourſes of Sir Joſhua Reynolds upon painting have, after a philoſophical manner, inveſtigated the principles of an art, which no one in practice has better verified than himſelf.

We have mentioned theſe diſcourſes, not only from their merit, but as they incidentally teach us, that to write well upon a liberal art, we muſt write philoſophically—that all the liberal arts in their principles are congenial—and that theſe principles, when traced to their common ſource, are found all to terminate in the firſt philoſophy.

But to purſue our ſubject—However ſmall among moderns may be the number of theſe Philoſophical Critics, the writers of hiſtorical or explanatory criticiſm have been in a manner innumerable. To name, out of many, only a few—of Italy were Beroaldus, Ficinus, Victorius, and Robortellus; of the Higher and Lower Germany were Eraſmus, Sylburgius, Le Clerc, and Fabricius; of France were Lambin, Du Vall, Harduin, Capperonerius; of England were Stanley (editor of Æſchylus, Gataker,

...ker, Davies, Clark (editor of Homer) ...gether with multitudes more from every ...gion and quarter,

Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks
In Vallombroſa.——

But I fear I have given a ſtrange cata...gue, where we ſeek in vain for ſuch il...ious perſonages, as Seſoſtris, Cyrus, ...exander, Cæſar, Attila, Tortila, Ta...erlane, &c. The heroes of this work (I may be pardoned for calling them ſo) have only aimed in retirement to pre...nt us with knowledge. Knowledge only ...s their object, not havock, nor devaſta...on. *Harris.*

172. *Compilers of Lexicons and Dictionaries, and Authors upon Grammars.*

After Commentators and Editors, we ...ſt not forget the compilers of Lexicons ...d Dictionaries, ſuch as Charles and ...ry Stevens, Favorinus, Conſtantine, ...læus, Cooper, Faber, Voſſius, and ...hers. To theſe alſo we may add the ...hors upon Grammar; in which ſub...ct the learned Greeks, when they quitted ...e Laſt, led the way, Moſchopulus, Chry...oras, Laſcaris, Theodore Gaza; then ...Italy, Laurentius Valla; in England, ...rocin and Linacer; in Spain, Sanctius; ...the Low Countries, Voſſius; in France, ...ſar Scaliger by his reſidence, though ...y birth an Italian, together with thoſe ...ble writers Meſſ. de Port Roial. Nor ...ught we to omit the writers of Philolo...ical Epiſtles, ſuch as Emanuel Martin; ...or the writers of Literary Catalogues (in ...rench called Catalogues Raiſonnées) ſuch ...s the account of the manuſcripts in the ...perial library at Vienna, by Lambecius; ...of the Arabic manuſcripts in the Eſcu...al library, by Michael Caſiri. *Ibid.*

§ 173. *Modern Critics of the Explanatory Kind, commenting modern Writers—Lexicographers—Grammarians—Tranſlators.*

Though much hiſtorical explanation has been beſtowed on the ancient Claſſics, yet have the authors of our own country by no means been forgotten, having exercised many critics of learning and inge...uity.

Mr. Thomas Warton (beſides his fine ...ition of Theocritus) has given a curious hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry during the mid...le centuries; Mr. Tyrwhit, much accurate and diverſified erudition upon Chaucer; Mr. Upton, a learned Comment on the Fairy Queen of Spenſer; Mr. Addiſon, many polite and elegant Spectators on the Conduct and Beauties of the Paradiſe Loſt; Dr. Warton, an Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, a work filled with ſpeculations, in a taſte perfectly pure. The lovers of literature would not forgive me, were I to omit that ornament of her ſex and country, the critic and patroneſs of our illuſtrious Shakeſpeare, Mrs. Montague. For the honour of criticiſm, not only the divines already mentioned, but others alſo, of rank ſtill ſuperior, have beſtowed their labours upon our capital poets (Shakeſpeare, Milton, Cowley, Pope) ſuſpending for a while their ſeverer ſtudies, to relax in theſe regions of genius and imagination.

The Dictionaries of Minſhew, Skinner, Spelman, Sumner, Junius, and Johnſon, are all well known, and juſtly eſteemed. Such is the merit of the laſt, that our language does not poſſeſs a more copious, learned, and valuable work. For grammatical knowledge we ought to mention with diſtinction the learned prelate, Dr. Lowth, biſhop of London; whoſe admirable tract on the Grammar of the Engliſh language, every lover of that language ought to ſtudy and underſtand, if he would write, or even ſpeak it, with purity and preciſion.

Let my countrymen too reflect, that in ſtudying a work upon this ſubject, they are not only ſtudying a language in which it becomes them to be knowing, but a language which can boaſt of as many good books as any among the living or modern languages of Europe. The writers, born and educated in a free country, have been left for years to their native freedom. Their pages have been never defiled with an index expurgatorius, nor their genius ever ſhackled with the terrors of an inquiſition.

May this invaluable privilege never be impaired either by the hand of power, or by licentious abuſe! *Ibid.*

§ 174. *On Tranſlators.*

Perhaps with the critics juſt deſcribed I ought to arrange Tranſlators, if it be true that tranſlation is a ſpecies of explanation, which differs no otherwiſe from explanatory comments, than that theſe attend to parts, while tranſlation goes to the whole.

Now as tranſlators are infinite, and many of them (to borrow a phraſe from ſportſmen)

men) unqualified perſons, I ſhall enumerate only a few, and thoſe ſuch as for their merits have been deſervedly eſteemed.

Of this number I may very truly reckon Meric Caſaubon, the tranſlator of Marcus Antoninus; Mrs. Carter, the tranſlator of Epictetus; and Mr. Sydenham, the tranſlator of many of Plato's Dialogues. All theſe ſeem to have accurately underſtood the original language from which they tranſlated. But that is not all. The authors tranſlated being philoſophers, the tranſlators appear to have ſtudied the ſtyle of their philoſophy, well knowing that in ancient Greece every ſect of philoſophy, like every ſcience and art, had a language of its own *.

To theſe may be added the reſpectable names of Melmoth and of Hampton, of Franklin and of Potter; nor ſhould I omit a few others, whoſe labours have been ſimilar, did I not recollect the trite, though elegant admonition:

——fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumveſtamur amore. VIRG.
Harris.

§ 175. *Riſe of the third Species of Criticiſm, the Corrective—practiſed by the Ancients, but much more by the Moderns; and why.*

But we are now to enquire after another ſpecies of Criticiſm. All ancient books, having been preſerved by tranſcription, were liable, through ignorance, negligence, or fraud, to be corrupted in three different ways, that is to ſay, by retrenchings, by additions, and by alterations.

To remedy theſe evils, a third ſort of criticiſm aroſe, and that was Criticiſm Corrective. The buſineſs of this at firſt was painfully to collate all the various copies of authority, and then, from amidſt the variety of readings thus collected, to eſtabliſh, by good reaſons, either the true, or the moſt probable. In this ſenſe we may call ſuch criticiſm not only corrective but authoritative.

As the number of theſe corruptions muſt needs have increaſed by length of time, hence it has happened that corrective criticiſm has become much more neceſſary in theſe later ages, than it was in others more ancient. Not but that even in ancient days various readings have been noted. Of this kind there are a multitude in the text of Homer; a fact not ſingular, when we conſider his great antiquity. In the Comments of Ammonius and Philoponus upon Ariſtotle, there is mention made of ſeveral in the text of that philoſopher, which theſe his commentators compare and examine.

We find the ſame in Aulus Gellius, as to the Roman authors; where it is withal remarkable, that, even in that early period, much ſtreſs is laid upon the authority of ancient manuſcripts, a reading in Cicero being juſtified from a copy made by his learned freed-man, Tiro: and a reading in Virgil's Georgics, from a book which had once belonged to Virgil's family.

But ſince the revival of literature, to correct has been a buſineſs of much more latitude, having continually employed, for two centuries and a half, both the pains of the moſt laborious, and the wits of the moſt acute. Many of the learned men before enumerated were not only famous as hiſtorical critics, but as corrective alſo. Such were the two Scaligers (of whom one has been already mentioned, § 171.) the two Caſaubons, Salmoſius, the Heinſii, Grævius, the Gronovii, Burman, Kuſter, Wall, Bentley, Pearce, and Markland. In the ſame claſs, and in a rank highly eminent, I place Mr. Toupe of Cornwall, who, in his Emendations upon Suidas, and his edition of Longinus, has ſhewn a critical acumen, and a compaſs of learning, that may juſtly arrange him with the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars. Nor muſt I forget Dr. Taylor, reſidentiary of St. Paul's, nor Mr. Upton, prebendary of Rocheſter. The former, by his edition of Demoſthenes, (as far as he lived to carry it) by his Lyſias, by his Comment on the Marmor Sandvicenſe, and other critical pieces; the latter, by his correct and elegant edition, in Greek and Latin, of Arrian's Epictetus (the firſt of the kind that had any pretenſions to be called complete) have rendered themſelves, as Scholars, laſting ornaments of their country. Theſe two valuable men were the friends of my youth; the companions of my ſocial, as well as my literary hours. I admired them for their erudition; I loved them for their virtues; they are now no more—

His ſaltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere—— VIRG.

Id.

* See Hermes, p. 269, 270.

§ 175

§ 175. *Criticiſm may have been abuſed—yet defended, as of the laſt Importance to the Cauſe of Literature.*

But here was the misfortune of this laſt ages of criticiſm. The beſt of things may paſs into abuſe. There were numerous corruptions in many of the fineſt authors, which neither ancient editions, nor manuſcripts, could heal. What then was to be done?—Were forms ſo fair to remain disfigured, and be ſeen for ever under ſuch apparent blemiſhes?—"No (ſays a critic,) Conjecture can cure all—Conjecture, whoſe performances are for the moſt part more certain than any thing that we can exhibit from the authority of manuſcripts."—We will not aſk, upon this wonderful aſſertion, how, if ſo certain, can it be called conjecture?—'Tis enough to obſerve (be it called as it may) that this ſpirit of conjecture has too often paſſed into an intemperate exceſs: and then, whatever it may have boaſted, has done more miſchief by far than good. Authors have been taken in hand, like anatomical ſubjects, only to diſplay the ſkill and abilities of the artiſt; ſo that the end of many an edition ſeems often to have been no more than to exhibit the great ſagacity and erudition of an editor. The joy of the taſk was the honour of mending, while corruptions were ſought with a more than common attention, as each of them afforded a teſtimony to the editor and his art.

And here I beg leave, by way of digreſſion, to relate a ſhort ſtory concerning a noted empiric. "Being once in a ball-room crowded with company, he was aſked by a gentleman, what he thought of ſuch a lady? was it not pity that ſhe ſquinted?"—"Squint! Sir!" replied the doctor, "I wiſh every lady in the room ſquinted; there is not a man in Europe can cure ſquinting but myſelf."—

But to return to our ſubject—well indeed would it be for the cauſe of letters, were this bold conjectural ſpirit confined to works of ſecond rate, where, let it change, expunge, or add, as happens, it may be tolerably ſure to leave matters, as they were; or if not much better, at leaſt not much worſe: but when the divine geniuſes of higher rank, whom we not only applaud, but in a manner revere, when theſe come to be attempted by petulant correctors, and to be made the ſubject of their wanton caprice, how can we but exclaim, with a kind of religious abhorrence—

—procul! O! procul eſte profani!

Theſe ſentiments may be applied even to the celebrated Bentley. It would have become that able writer, though in literature and natural abilities among the firſt of his age, had he been more temperate in his criticiſm upon the Paradiſe Loſt; had he not ſo repeatedly and injuriouſly offered violence to its author, from an affected ſuperiority, to which he had no pretence. But the rage of conjecture ſeems to have ſeized him, as that of jealouſy did Medea: a rage which ſhe confeſt herſelf unable to reſiſt, although ſhe knew the miſchiefs it would prompt her to perpetrate.

And now to obviate an unmerited cenſure, (as if I were an enemy to the thing, from being an enemy to its abuſe) I would have it remembered, it is not either with criticiſm or critics that I preſume to find fault. The arts, and its profeſſors, while they practiſe it with temper, I truly honour; and think, that were it not for their acute and learned labours, we ſhould be in danger of degenerating into an age of dunces.

Indeed critics (if I may be allowed the metaphor) are a ſort of maſters of the ceremony in the court of letters, through whoſe aſſiſtance we are introduced into ſome of the firſt and beſt company. Should we ever, therefore, by idle prejudices againſt pedantry, verbal accuracies, and we know not what, come to ſlight their art, and reject them from our favour, it is well if we do not ſlight alſo thoſe Claſſics with whom criticiſm converſes, becoming content to read them in tranſlations, or (what is ſtill worſe) in tranſlations of tranſlations, or (what is worſe even than that) not to read them at all. And I will be bold to aſſert, if that ſhould ever happen, we ſhall ſpeedily return into thoſe days of darkneſs, out of which we happily emerged upon the revival of ancient literature. *Harris.*

§ 177. *The Epic Writers came firſt.*

It appears, that not only in Greece, but in other countries more barbarous, the firſt writings were in metre, and of an epic caſt, recording wars, battles, heroes, ghoſts; the marvellous always, and often the incredible. Men ſeemed to have thought, that the higher they ſoared the more important they ſhould appear; and that the common life, which they then lived, was a thing too contemptible to merit imitation.

Hence it followed, that it was not till this common life was rendered reſpectable by more refined and poliſhed manners, that men

men thought it might be copied, ſo as to gain them applauſe.

Even in Greece itſelf, tragedy had attained its maturity many years before comedy, as may be ſeen by comparing the age of Sophocles and Euripides with that of Philemon and Menander.

For ourſelves, we ſhall find moſt of our firſt poets prone to a turgid bombaſt, and moſt of our firſt proſaïc writers to a pedantic ſtiffneſs; which rude ſtyles gradually improved, but reached not a claſſical purity ſooner than Tillotſon, Dryden, Addiſon, Shaftſbury, Prior, Pope, Atterbury, &c. &c. *Harris.*

§ 178. *Nothing excellent in literary Performances happens from Chance.*

As to what is aſſerted ſoon after upon the efficacy of cauſes in works of ingenuity and art, we think in general, that the effect muſt always be proportioned to its cauſe. It is hard for him, who reaſons attentively, to refer to chance any ſuperlative production.

Effects indeed ſtrike us, when we are not thinking about the cauſe; yet may we be aſſured, if we reflect, that a cauſe there is, and that too a cauſe intelligent and rational. Nothing would perhaps more contribute to give us a taſte truly critical, than on every occaſion to inveſtigate this cauſe, and to aſk ourſelves, upon feeling any uncommon effect, why we are thus delighted; why thus affected; why melted into pity; why made to ſhudder with horror?

Till this *why* is well anſwered, all is darkneſs; and our admiration, like that of the vulgar, founded upon ignorance.

Ibid.

§ 179. *The Cauſes or Reaſons of ſuch Excellence.*

To explain, by a few examples, that are known to all, and for that reaſon here alledged, becauſe they are known.

I am ſtruck with the night ſcene in Virgil's fourth Æneid—"The univerſal ſilence "throughout the globe—the ſweet reſt of "its various inhabitants, ſoothing their "cares and forgetting their labours—the "unhappy Dido alone reſtleſs; reſtleſs, "agitated with impetuous paſſions."—Æn. iv. 522.

I am affected with the ſtory of Regulus, as painted by Weſt—"The crowd of "anxious friends, perſuading him not to "return—his wife fainting through ſenſi-"bility and fear—perſons the leaſt con-"nected appearing to feel for him, yet "himſelf unmoved, inexorable, and ſtern."

Horat. Carm. L. iii. Od. 5.

Without referring to theſe deeply tragic ſcenes, what charms has muſic, when a maſterly band paſs unexpectedly from loud to ſoft, or from ſoft to loud!—When the ſyſtem changes from the greater third to the leſs; or reciprocally, when it changes from this laſt to the former.

All theſe effects have a ſimilar and well known cauſe, the amazing force which contraries acquire, either by juxta-poſition, or by quick ſucceſſion. *Ibid.*

§ 180. *Why Contraries have this Effect.*

But we aſk ſtill farther, Why have contraries this force?—We anſwer, Becauſe, of all things which differ, none differ ſo widely. Sound differs from darkneſs, but not ſo much as from ſilence; darkneſs differs from ſound, but not ſo much as from light. In the ſame intenſe manner differ repoſe and reſtleſſneſs; felicity and miſery; dubious ſolicitude and firm reſolution: the epic and the comic; the ſublime and the ludicrous.

And why differ contraries thus widely?—Becauſe while attributes, ſimply different, may co-exiſt in the ſame ſubject, contraries cannot co-exiſt, but always deſtroy one another. Thus the ſame marble may be both white and hard: but the ſame marble cannot be both white and black. And hence it follows, that as their difference is more intenſe, ſo is our recognition of them more vivid, and our impreſſion more permanent.

This effect of contraries is evident even in objects of ſenſe, where imagination and intellect are not in the leaſt concerned. When we paſs (for example) from a hot houſe, we feel the common air more intenſely cool; when we paſs from a dark cavern, we feel the common light of the day more intenſely glaring.

But to proceed to inſtances of another and a very different kind.

Few ſcenes are more affecting than the taking of Troy, as deſcribed in the ſecond Eneid—"The apparition of Hector to "Eneas, when aſleep, announcing to him "the commencement of that direful event "—the diſtant lamentations, heard by "Eneas as he awakes—his aſcending the "houſe-top, and viewing the city in flames "—his friend Pentheus, eſcaped from de-"ſtruction, and relating to him their wretch-"ed and deplorable condition—Eneas "with

with a few friends, rushing in to the thickeſt danger—their various ſucceſs till they all periſh, but himſelf and two more—the affecting ſcenes of horror and pity and Priam's palace—a ſon ſlain at his father's feet; and the immediate maſſacre of the old monarch himſelf—Æneas, on ſeeing this, inſpired with the memory of his own father—his reſolving to return home, having now left all his companions—his ſeeing Helen in the way, and his deſign to diſpatch ſo wicked a woman—Venus interpoſing, and ſhewing him (by removing the film from his eyes) the moſt ſublime, though moſt direful, of all ſights; the Gods themſelves buſied in Troy's deſtruction; Neptune at one employ, Juno at another, Pallas at a third—It is not Helen (ſays Venus) but the gods, that are the authors of your country's ruin—it is their inclemency," &c.

Not leſs ſolemn and awful, though leſs tending to pity, is the commencement of the ſixth Eneid—"The Sibyl's cavern—her frantic geſtures, and prophecy—the requeſt of Æneas to deſcend to the ſhades—her anſwer, and information about the loſs of one of his friends—the fate of poor Miſenus—his funeral—the golden bough diſcovered, a preparatory circumſtance for the deſcent—the ſacrifice—the ground bellowing under their feet—the woods in motion—the dogs of Hecate howling—the actual deſcent, in all its particulars of the marvellous, and the terrible."

If we paſs from an ancient author to a modern, what ſcene more ſtriking than the firſt ſcene in Hamlet?—"The ſolemnity of the time, a ſevere and pinching night—the ſolemnity of the place, a platform for a guard—the guards themſelves; and their appoſite diſcourſe—yonder ſtar in ſuch a poſition; the bell then beating one—when deſcription is exhauſted, the thing itſelf appears, the Ghoſt enters."

From Shakeſpeare the tranſition to Milton is natural. What pieces have ever met a more juſt, as well as univerſal applauſe, than his L'Allegro and Il Penſeroſo?—The firſt, a combination of every accident that is lively and chearful; the ſecond, of every incident that is melancholy and ſerious: the materials of each collected, according to their character, from rural life, from city life, from muſic, from poetry; in a word, from every part of nature, and every part of art.

To paſs from poetry to painting—the Crucifixion of Polycrates by Salvator Roſa, is "a moſt affecting repreſentation of "various human figures, ſeen under diffe-"rent modes of horror and pity, as they "contemplate a dreadful ſpectacle, the "crucifixion above-mentioned." The Aurora of Guido, on the other ſide, is "one of thoſe joyous exhibitions, where "nothing is ſeen but youth and beauty, in "every attitude of elegance and grace." The former picture in poetry would have been a deep Penſeroſo; the latter, a moſt pleaſing and animated Allegro.

And to what cauſe are we to refer theſe laſt enumerations of ſtriking effects?

To a very different one from the former—not to an oppoſition of contrary incidents, but to a concatenation or accumulation of many that are ſimilar and congenial.

And why have concatenation and accumulation ſuch a force?—From theſe moſt ſimple and obvious truths, that many things ſimilar, when added together will be more in quantity than any of them taken ſingly;—conſequently, that the more things are thus added, the greater will be their effect.

We have mentioned, at the ſame time, both accumulation and concatenation; becauſe in painting, the objects, by exiſting at once, are accumulated; in poetry, as they exiſt by ſucceſſion, they are not accumulated but concatenated. Yet, through memory and imagination, even theſe alſo derive an accumulative force, being preſerved from paſſing away by thoſe admirable faculties, till, like many pieces of metal melted together, they collectively form one common magnitude.

It muſt be farther remembered, there is an accumulation of things analogous, even when thoſe things are the objects of different faculties. For example—As are paſſionate geſtures to the eye, ſo are paſſionate tones to the ear; ſo are paſſionate ideas to the imagination. To feel the amazing force of an accumulation like this, we muſt ſee ſome capital actor, acting the drama of ſome capital poet, where all the powers of both are aſſembled at the ſame inſtant.

And thus have we endeavoured, by a few obvious and eaſy examples, to explain what we mean by the words, "ſeeking the cauſe "or reaſon, as often as we feel works of "art and ingenuity to affect us."—See § 167. 178. *Harris*

§ 181. *Advice to a Beginner in the Art of Criticism.*

If I might adviſe a beginner in this elegant purſuit, it ſhould be, as far as poſſible, to recur for principles to the moſt plain and ſimple truths, and to extend every theorem, as he advances, to its utmoſt latitude, ſo as to make it ſuit, and include, the greateſt number of poſſible caſes.

I would adviſe him farther, to avoid ſubtle and far-fetched refinement, which, as it is for the moſt part adverſe to perſpicuity and truth, may ſerve to make an able Sophiſt, but never an able Critic.

A word more—I would adviſe a young Critic, in his contemplations, to turn his eye rather to the praiſe-worthy than the blameable; that is, to inveſtigate the cauſes of praiſe, rather than the cauſes of blame. For though an uninformed beginner may, in a ſingle inſtance, happen to blame properly, it is more than probable, that in the next he may fail, and incur the cenſure paſſed upon the criticiſing cobler, *Ne ſutor ultra crepidam.* *Harris.*

§ 182. *On numerous Compoſition.*

As Numerous Compoſition ariſes from a juſt arrangement of words, ſo is that arrangement juſt, when formed upon their verbal quantity.

Now if we ſeek for this verbal quantity in Greek and Latin, we ſhall find that, while thoſe two languages were in purity, their verbal quantity was in purity alſo. Every ſyllable had a meaſure of time, either long or ſhort, defined with preciſion either by its conſtituent vowel, or by the relation of that vowel to other letters adjoining. Syllables thus characterized, when combined, made a foot; and feet thus characterized, when combined, made a verſe: ſo that while a particular harmony exiſted in every part, a general harmony was diffuſed through the whole.

Pronunciation at this period being, like other things, perfect, accent and quantity were accurately diſtinguiſhed; of which diſtinction, familiar then, though now obſcure, we venture to ſuggeſt the following explanation. We compare quantity to muſical tones differing in long and ſhort, as upon whatever line they ſtand, a ſemibrief differs from a minim. We compare accent to muſical tones differing in high and low, as D upon the third line differs from G upon the firſt, be its length the ſame, or be it longer or ſhorter.

And thus things continued for a ſucceſſion of centuries, from Homer and Heſiod to Virgil and Horace, during which interval, if we add a trifle to its end, all the truly claſſical poets, both Greek and Latin, flouriſhed.

Nor was proſe at the ſame time neglected. Penetrating wits diſcovered this alſo to be capable of numerous compoſition, and founded their ideas upon the following reaſonings:

Though they allowed that proſe ſhould not be ſtrictly metrical (for then it would be no longer proſe, but poetry); yet at the ſame time they aſſerted, if it had no Rhythm at all, ſuch a vague effuſion would of courſe fatigue, and the reader would ſeek in vain for thoſe returning pauſes, ſo helpful to his reading, and ſo grateful to his ear. *Ibid.*

§ 183. *On other Decorations of Proſe beſides Proſaic Feet; as Alliteration.*

Beſides the decoration of Proſaic Feet, there are other decorations, admiſſible into Engliſh compoſition, ſuch as Alliteration, and Sentences, eſpecially the Period.

Firſt therefore for the firſt; I mean Alliteration.

Among the claſſics of old, there is no finer illuſtration of this figure, than Lucretius's deſcription of thoſe bleſt abodes, where his gods, detached from providential cares, ever lived in the fruition of divine ſerenity:

Apparet divum numen, ſedeſque quietæ,
Quas neque concutiunt venti, neque nubila nimbis
Aſpergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruinâ
Cana cadens violat, ſemperque innubilus æther
Integit, et large diffuſo lumine ridet.
Lucret. III. 18.

The ſublime and accurate Virgil did not contemn this decoration, though he uſed it with ſuch pure, unaffected ſimplicity, that we often feel its force without contemplating the cauſe. Take one inſtance out of infinite, with which his works abound:

Aurora interea miſeris mortalibus almam
Extulerat lucem, referens opera atque labores.
Æn. XI. v. 182.

To Virgil we may add the ſuperior authority of Homer:

Ἠτοι ὁ καπετδιον τὸ Ἀλκίνοος Ἄλτο,
Ὄν ῥα Διὸς κατέδων πάτου Ἀθηναίη Ἀθήνη.
Il. ζ. 271.

Hermogenes, the rhetorician, when he quotes theſe lines, quotes them as an ex-
ample

le of the figure here mentioned, but it by a Greek name, ΠΑΡΗΧΗΣΙΣ. Cicero has translated the above verses gantly, and given us too Alliteration; igh not under the same letters:

i miser in campis errabat solus Alæis,
le suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans.
Cic.

ristotle knew this figure, and called it ΡΟΜΟΙΩΣΙΣ, a name perhaps not so ise as the other, because it rather exles resemblance in general, than that ch arises from sound in particular. His mple is—ΑΓΡΟΝ γὰρ ἔλαβεν, ΑΡΓΟΝ αὐτῷ.

e Latin rhetoricians styled it Annotio, and give us examples of similar racter.

ut the most singular fact is, that so y in our own history, as the reign of ry the second, this decoration was em d and cultivated both by the Engand the Welsh. So we are informed Giraldus Cambrensis, a contemporary ter, who, having first given the Welsh ance, subjoins the English in the folng verse——

God is together Gammen and Wisedóme.

hat is, God is at once both joy and dom.

le calls the figure by the Latin name nominatio, and adds, "that the two ations were so attached to this verbal rnament in every high-finished composition, that nothing was by them steemed elegantly delivered, no diction considered but as rude and rustic, if it were not first amply refined with the polishing art of this figure."

'Tis perhaps from this national taste of rs, that we derive many proverbial simi-, which, if we except the sound, seem to ve no other merit—Fine as five-pence Round as a Robin—&c.

Even Spenser and Shakespeare adopted practice, but then it was in a manner table to such geniuses.

Spenser says—

For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake
Could save the son of Thetis from to die;
But that blind bard did him immortal make
With verses dipt in dew of Castilie.

Shakespeare says—

I! my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
ave talked, &c.—Hen. IVth, Part 2d, Act. 2d.

Milton followed them.

For eloquence, the soul; song charms the sense.
P. L. II. 556.

and again,

Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheav'd
His vastness— P. L. VII. 471.

From Dryden we select one example out of many, for no one appears to have employed this figure more frequently, or, like Virgil, with greater simplicity and strength.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
Dryd. Fables.

Pope sings in his Dunciad——

'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all;
And noise, and Norton; brangling, and Brevall;
Dennis, and dissonance——

Which lines, though truly poetical and humorous, may be suspected by some to shew their art too conspicuously, and too nearly to resemble that verse of old Ennius——

O! tite, tute, tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti.
Script. ad. Herenn. l. iv. s. 18.

Gray begins a sublime Ode,

Ruin seize thee, ruthless king, &c.

We might quote also Alliterations from prose writers, but those we have alledged we think sufficient. *Harris.*

§ 184. *On the Period.*

Nor is elegance only to be found in single words, or in single feet; it may be found, when we put them together, in our peculiar mode of putting them. 'Tis out of words and feet thus compounded, that we form sentences, and among sentences none so striking, none so pleasing as the Period. The reason is, that, while other sentences are indefinite, and (like a geometrical right line) may be produced indefinitely, the Period (like a circular line) is always circumscribed, returns, and terminates at a given point. In other words, while other sentences, by the help of common copulatives, have a sort of boundless effusion; the constituent parts of a Period have a sort of reflex union, in which union the sentence is so far complete, as neither to require, nor even to admit, a farther extension. Readers find a pleasure in this

 grateful

grateful circuit, which leads them ſo agreeably to an acquiſition of knowledge.

The author, if he may be permitted, would refer by way of illuſtration, to the beginnings of his Hermes, and his philoſophical arrangements, where ſome attempts have been made in this periodical ſtyle. He would refer alſo, for much more illuſtrious examples, to the opening of Cicero's Offices; to that of the capital Oration of Demoſthenes concerning the Crown; and to that of the celebrated Panegyric, made (if he may be ſo called) by the father of Periods, Iſocrates.

Again—every compound ſentence is compounded of other ſentences more ſimple, which compared to one another, have a certain proportion of length. Now it is in general a good rule, that among theſe conſtituent ſentences, the laſt (if poſſible) ſhould be equal to the firſt; or if not equal, then rather longer than ſhorter. The reaſon is, that without a ſpecial cauſe, abrupt concluſions are offenſive, and the reader, like a traveller quietly purſuing his journey, finds an unexpected precipice, where he is diſagreeably ſtopt.

Harris.

§ 185. *On Monoſyllables.*

It has been called a fault in our language, that it abounds in Monoſyllables. As theſe, in too lengthened a ſuite, diſgrace a compoſition, Lord Shafteſbury, (who ſtudied purity of ſtyle with great attention) limited their number to nine; and was careful in his characteriſtics, to conform to his own law. Even in Latin too many of them were condemned by Quinctilian.

Above all, care ſhould be had, that a ſentence end not with a crowd of them, thoſe eſpecially of the vulgar, untunable ſort, ſuch as, "to ſet it up," to "get by and by at it," &c. for theſe diſgrace a ſentence that may be otherwiſe laudable, and are like the rabble at the cloſe of ſome pompous cavalcade. *Ibid.*

§ 186. *Authorities alledged.*

'Twas by theſe and other arts of ſimilar ſort, that authors in diſtant ages have cultivated their ſtyle. Looking upon knowledge (if I may be allowed the alluſion) to paſs into the manſions of the mind through language, they were careful (if I may purſue the metaphor) not to offend in the veſtibule. They did not eſteem it pardonable to deſpiſe the public ear, when they ſaw the love of numbers ſo univerſally diffuſed.

Nor were they diſcouraged, as if they thought their labour would be loſt. In theſe more refined but yet popular arts, they knew the amazing difference between the power to execute, and the power to judge:—that to execute was the joint effect of genius and of habit; a painful acquiſition, only attainable by the few;—to judge, the ſimple effort of that plain but common ſenſe, imparted by Providence in ſome degree to every one. *Ibid.*

§ 187. *Objectors anſwered.*

But here methinks an objector demands —"And are authors then to compoſe, and "form their treatiſes by rule?—Are they "to balance periods?—To ſcan paeans "and cretics?—To affect alliterations?— "To enumerate monoſyllables?" &c.

If, in anſwer to this objector, it ſhould be ſaid, They ought; the permiſſion muſt at leaſt be tempered with much caution. Theſe arts are to be ſo blended with a pure but common ſtyle, that the reader as he proceeds, may only feel their harmonious force. If ever they become glaring, they degenerate into affectation; an extreme more diſguſting, becauſe leſs natural, than even the vulgar language of an unpoliſhed clown. 'Tis in writing, as in acting—The beſt writers are like our late admirable Garrick—And how did that able genius employ his art?—Not by a vain oſtentation of any one of his powers, but by a conſtant uſe of them all in ſuch an exhibition of nature, that while we were preſent at the theatre, and only beholding an actor, we could not help thinking ourſelves in Denmark with Hamlet, or in Boſworth field with Richard. *Ibid.*

§ 188. *When the Habit is once gained, nothing ſo eaſy as Practice.*

There is another objection ſtill.—Theſe ſpeculations may be called minutiæ; they partaking at beſt more of the elegant than of the ſolid; and attended with diſcuſſion beyond the value of the labour.

To anſwer this, it may be obſerved, that when habit is once gained, nothing ſo eaſy as practice. When the ear is once attuated to theſe verbal rhythms, it runs them ſpontaneouſly, without attention or labour. If we call for inſtances, they are more eaſy to every ſmith, to every carpenter, to every common mechanic,

the ſeveral energies of their proper arts? How little do even the rigid laws of verſe conſtruct a genius truly poetic? How little can they cramp a Milton, a Dryden, or a Pope? Cicero writes that Antipater the Sidonian could pour forth Hexameters extemporè, and that, whenever he choſe to write, words followed him of courſe. We may add to Antipater the ancient Rhapſodiſts of the Greeks, and the modern Improviſatori of the Italians. If this then be practicable in verſe, how much more ſo in proſe? In proſe, the laws of which ſo far diſtant from thoſe of poetry, that we can at all time relax them as we find expedient? Nay more, where to relax them is not only expedient, but even neceſſary, becauſe, though numerous compoſition may be a requiſite, yet regularly returning rhythm is a thing we ſhould avoid.

Harris.

§ 189. *In every Whole, the conſtituent Parts, and the Facility of their Coincidence, merit our Regard.*

In every whole, whether natural or artificial, the conſtituent parts well merit our regard, and in nothing more than in the facility of their coincidence. If we view a landſkip, how pleaſing the harmony between hills and woods, between rivers, and lawns! If we ſelect from this landſkip a tree, how well does the trunk correſpond with its branches, and the whole of its form, with its beautiful verdure! If we take an animal, for example a fine horſe what a union in his colour, his figure and his motions! If one of human race, what more pleaſingly congenial, than when virtue and genius appear to animate a graceful figure?

—— pulchro veniens e corpore virtus?

The charm increaſes, if to a graceful figure we add a graceful elocution. Elocution too is heightened ſtill, if it convey elegant ſentiments; and theſe again are heightened, if cloathed with graceful diction, that is, with words which are pure, preciſe, and well arranged. *Ibid.*

§ 190. *Verbal Decorations not to be called Minutiæ.*

We muſt not call theſe verbal decorations, minutiæ. They are eſſential to the beauty, nay, to the completion of the whole. Without them the compoſition, though its ſentiments may be juſt, is like a picture with good drawing, but with bad and defective colouring.

Theſe we are aſſured were the ſentiments of Cicero, whom we muſt allow to have been a maſter in his art, and who has amply and accurately treated verbal decoration and numerous compoſition, in no leſs than two capital treatiſes, (his Orator, and his De Oratore) ſtrengthening withal his own authority with that of Ariſtotle and Theophraſtus; to whom, if more were wanting, we might add the names of Demetrius Phalereus, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, Dionyſius Longinus, and Quinctilian. *Ibid.*

§ 191. *Advice to Readers.*

Whoever reads a perfect or finiſhed compoſition, whatever be the language, whatever the ſubject, ſhould read it, even if alone, both audibly and diſtinctly.

In a compoſition of this character, not only preciſe words are admitted, but words metaphorical and ornamental. And farther—as every ſentence contains a latent harmony, ſo is that harmony derived from the rhythm of its conſtituent parts.

A compoſition then like this, ſhould (as I ſaid before) be read both diſtinctly and audibly; with due regard to ſtops and pauſes; with occaſional elevations and depreſſions of the voice, and whatever elſe conſtitutes juſt and accurate pronunciation. He who, deſpiſing or neglecting, or knowing nothing of all this, reads a work of ſuch character as he would read a ſeſſions-paper, will not only miſs many beauties of the ſtyle, but will probably miſs which (is worſe) a large proportion of the ſenſe.

Ibid.

§ 192. *Every Whole ſhould have a Beginning, a Middle, and an End. The Theory exemplified in the Georgics of Virgil.*

Let us take for an example the moſt highly finiſhed performance among the Romans, and that in their moſt poliſhed period, I mean the Georgics of Virgil:

Quid faciat lætas ſegetes, quo ſidere terram
Vertere, Mæcenas, (II) ulmiſque adjungere vites
Conveniat; (III) quæ cura boum, qui cultus habendo
Sit pecori; [IV] apibus quanta experientia parcis,
Hinc canere incipiam, &c.—Virg. Georg. I.

In theſe lines, and ſo on (if we conſult the original) for forty-two lines incluſive, we have the beginning; which beginning includes two things, the plan, and the invocation.

In the four firſt verſes we have the plan, which plan gradually opens and becomes

the whole work, as an acorn, when developed, becomes a perfect oak. After this comes the invocation, which extends to the laſt of the forty-two verſes above-mentioned. The two together give us the true character of a beginning, which, as above deſcribed, nothing can precede, and which it is neceſſary that ſomething ſhould follow.

The remaining part of the firſt book, together with the three books following, to verſe the 458th of book the fourth, make the middle, which alſo has its true character, that of ſucceeding the beginning, where we expect ſomething farther; and that of preceding the end, where we expect nothing more.

The eight laſt verſes of the poem make the end, which, like the beginning, is ſhort, and which preſerves its real character, by ſatisfying the reader that all is complete, and that nothing is to follow. The performance is even dated. It finiſhes like an epiſtle, giving us the place and time of writing; but then giving them in ſuch a manner, as they ought to come from Virgil.

But to open our thoughts into a farther detail.

As the poem, from its very name, reſpects various matters relative to land, (Georgica) and which are either immediately or mediately connected with it; among the variety of theſe matters the poem begins from the loweſt, and thence advances gradually from higher to higher, till, having reached the higheſt, it there properly ſtops.

The firſt book begins from the ſimple culture of the earth, and from its humbleſt progeny, corn, legumes, flowers, &c.

It is a nobler ſpecies of vegetables which employs the ſecond book, where we are taught the culture of trees, and, among others, of that important pair, the olive and the vine. Yet it muſt be remembered, that all this is nothing more than the culture of mere vegetable and inanimate nature.

It is in the third book that the poet riſes to nature ſenſitive and animated, when he gives us precepts about cattle, horſes, ſheep, &c.

At length, in the fourth book, when matters draw to a concluſion, then it is he treats his ſubject in a moral and political way. He no longer purſues the culture of the mere brute nature; he then deſcribes, as he tells us

— Mores, et ſtudia, et populos, et prælia, &c.

for ſuch is the character of his bees, thoſe truly ſocial and political animals. It is here he firſt mentions arts, and memory, and laws, and families. It is here (their great ſagacity conſidered) he ſuppoſes a portion imparted of a ſublimer principle. It is here that every thing vegetable or merely brutal ſeems forgotten, while all appears at leaſt human, and ſometimes, even divine:

His quidam ſignis, atque hæc exempla ſecuti,
Eſſe apibus partem divinæ mentis, et haustus
Ætherios dixere; deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque tractuique maris, &c.
Georg. IV. 219.

When the ſubject will not permit him to proceed farther, he ſuddenly conveys his reader, by the fable of Ariſtæus, among nymphs, heroes, demi-gods, and gods, and thus leaves him in company ſuppoſed more than mortal.

This is not only a ſublime concluſion to the fourth book, but naturally leads to the concluſion of the whole work; for he does no more after this than ſhortly recapitulate, and elegantly blend his recapitulating with a compliment to Auguſtus.

But even this is not all.

The dry, didactic character of the Georgics, made it neceſſary they ſhould be enlivened by epiſodes and digreſſions. It has been the art of the poet, that these epiſodes and digreſſions ſhould be homogeneous: that is, ſhould ſo connect with the ſubject, as to become, as it were, parts of it. On theſe principles every book has, in its end, what I call an epilogue; for its beginning, an invocation; and for its middle, the ſeveral precepts relative to its ſubject, I mean huſbandry. Having a beginning, a middle, and an end, every part itſelf becomes a ſmaller whole, though with reſpect to the general plan, it is nothing more than a part. Thus the human arm, with a view to its elbow, its hands, its fingers, &c. is as clearly a whole, as it is ſimply but a part with a view to the entire body.

The ſmaller wholes of this divine poem may merit ſome attention; by theſe I mean each particular book.

Each book has an invocation. The firſt invokes the ſun, the moon, the various rural deities, and laſtly Auguſtus: the ſecond invokes Bacchus; the third, Pan and Apollo; the fourth his patron Mecænas. I do not dwell on theſe invocations, much leſs on the parts which follow, for this in fact would be writing a comment upon the poem. But the Epilogues, be-

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heir own intrinſic beauty, are too much o our purpoſe to be paſſed in ſilence.

In the arrangement of them the poet ems to have purſued ſuch an order, as at alternate affections ſhould be alter-tely excited; and this he has done, well owing the importance of that generally cknowledged truth, "the force deriv.d contraries by their juxta-poſition or ceſſion *." The firſt book ends with oſe portents and prodigies, both upon rth and in the heavens, which preceded e death of the dictator Cæſar. To theſe ll ſcenes the epilogue of the ſecond k oppoſes the tranquillity and felicity of e rural life, which (as he informs us) ither civil diſcord do not uſually npair—

Non res Romanæ, perituraque regna—

the ending of the third book we read a peſtilence, and of nature in devaſta-on; in the fourth, of nature reſtored, and, help of the gods, repleniſhed.

As this concluding epilogue (I mean e fable of Ariſtæus) occupies the moſt portant place; ſo is it decorated ac-ingly with language, events, places, perſonages.

No language was ever more poliſhed and monious. The deſcent of Ariſtæus to mother, and of Orpheus to the ſhades, e events; the watery palace of the Ne-ids, the cavern of Proteus, and the ne of the infernal regions, are places; ſtæus, old Proteus, Orpheus, Eurydice, llene, and her nymphs, are perſonages; great, all ſtriking, all ſublime.

Let us view theſe epilogues in the poet's der.

I. Civil Horrors.
II. Rural Tranquillity.
III. Nature laid waſte.
IV. Nature reſtored.

ere, as we have ſaid already, different ffions are, by the ſubjects being alter-te, alternately excited; and yet withal ited ſo judiciouſly, that when the poem cludes, and all is at an end, the reader ves off with tranquillity and joy.

Harris.

193. *Exemplified again in the Menexenus of* PLATO.

From the Georgics of Virgil we pro-ed to the Menexenus of Plato; the firſt ing the moſt finiſhed form of a didatic poem, the latter the moſt conſummate model of a panegyric oration.

The Menexenus is a funeral oration in praiſe of thoſe brave Athenians, who had fallen in battle by generouſly aſſerting the cauſe of their country. Like the Georgics, and every other juſt compoſition, this oration has a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The beginning is a ſolemn account of the deceaſed having received all the legitimate rights of burial, and of the propriety of doing them honour not only by deeds but by words; that is, not only by funeral ceremonies, but by a ſpeech, to perpetuate the memory of their magnanimity, and to recommend it to their poſterity, as an object of imitation.

As the deceaſed were brave and gallant men, we are ſhewn by what means they came to poſſeſs their character, and what noble exploits they perform in conſequence.

Hence the middle of the oration contains firſt their origin; next their education and form of government; and laſt of all, the conſequence of ſuch an origin and education; their heroic atchievements from the earlieſt days to the time then preſent.

The middle part being thus complete, we come to the concluſion, which is perhaps the moſt ſublime piece of oratory, both for the plan and execution, which is extant, of any age, or in any language.

By an awful proſopopeia, the deceaſed are called up to addreſs the living; and fathers ſlain in battle, to exhort their living children; the children ſlain in battle, to conſole their living fathers; and this with every idea of manly conſolation, with every generous incentive to a contempt of death, and a love of their country, that the powers of nature or of art could ſuggeſt.

'Tis here this oration concludes, being (as we have ſhewn) a perfect whole, executed with all the ſtrength of a ſublime language, under the management of a great and a ſublime genius.

If theſe ſpeculations appear too dry, they may be rendered more pleaſing, if the reader would peruſe the two pieces criticized. His labour, he might be aſſured, would not be loſt, as he would peruſe two of the fineſt pieces which the two fineſt ages of antiquity produced. *Ibid.*

* See before, § 179.

§ 194. *The Theory of Whole and Parts concerns ſmall Works as well as great.*

We cannot however quit this theory concerning whole and parts, without obſerving that it regards alike both ſmall works and great; and that it deſcends even to an eſſay, to a ſonnet, to an ode. Theſe minuter efforts of genius, unleſs they poſſeſs (if I may be pardoned the expreſſion) a certain character of Totality, loſe a capital pleaſure derived from their union; from a union which, collected in a few pertinent ideas, combines them all happily under one amicable form. Without this union, the production is no better than a ſort of vague effuſion, where ſentences follow ſentences, and ſtanzas follow ſtanzas, with no apparent reaſon why they ſhould be two rather than twenty, or twenty rather than two.

If we want another argument for this minuter Totality, we may refer to nature, which art is ſaid to imitate. Not only this univerſe is one ſtupendous whole, but ſuch alſo is a tree, a ſhrub, a flower; ſuch theſe beings which, without the aid of glaſſes, even eſcape our perception. And ſo much for Totality (I venture to familiarize the term) that common and eſſential character to every legitimate compoſition. *Harris.*

§ 195. *On Accuracy.*

There is another character left, which, though foreign to the preſent purpoſe, I venture to mention; and that is the character of Accuracy. Every work ought to be as accurate as poſſible. And yet, though this apply to works of every kind, there is a difference whether the work be great or ſmall. In greater works (ſuch as hiſtories, epic poems, and the like) their very magnitude excuſes incidental defects; and their authors, according to Horace, may be allowed to ſlumber. It is otherwiſe in ſmaller works, for the very reaſon that they are ſmaller. Such, through every part, both in ſentiment and diction, ſhould be perſpicuous, pure, ſimple, and preciſe. *Ibid.*

§ 196. *On Diction.*

As every ſentiment muſt be expreſt by words; the theory of ſentiment naturally leads to that of Diction. Indeed, the connection between them is ſo intimate, that the ſame ſentiment, where the diction differs, is as different in appearance, as the ſame perſon, dreſt like a peaſant, or dreſt like a gentleman. And hence we ſee how much diction merits a ſerious attention.

But this perhaps will be better underſtood by an example. Take then the following—"Don't let a lucky hit ſlip; if you do, be-like you mayn't any more get at it." The ſentiment (we muſt confeſs) is expreſt clearly, but the diction ſurely is rather vulgar and low. Take it another way—"Opportune moments are few and fleeting; ſeize them with avidity, or your progreſſion will be impeded." Here the diction, though not low, is rather obſcure. The words are unuſual, pedantic, and affected.——But what ſays Shakeſpeare?—

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in ſhallows——

Here the diction is elegant, without being vulgar or affected; the words, though common, being taken under a metaphor, are ſo far eſtranged by this metaphorical uſe, that they acquire, through the change, a competent dignity, and yet, without becoming vulgar, remain intelligible and clear. *Ibid.*

§ 197. *On the Metaphor.*

Knowing the ſtreſs laid by the ancient critics on the Metaphor, and viewing its admirable effects in the decorating of Diction, we think it may merit a farther regard.

There is not perhaps any figure of ſpeech ſo pleaſing as the Metaphor. It is at once the language of every individual, but above all, is peculiar to the man of genius. His ſagacity diſcerns not only common analogies, but thoſe others more remote, which eſcape the vulgar, and which, though they ſeldom invent, they ſeldom fail to recognize, when they hear them from perſons more ingenious than themſelves.

It has been ingeniouſly obſerved, that the Metaphor took its riſe from the poverty of language. Men, not finding upon every occaſion words ready made for their ideas, were compelled to have recourſe to words analogous, and transfer them from their original meaning to the meaning then required. But though the Metaphor began in poverty, it did not end there. When the analogy was juſt (and this often happened) there was ſomething peculiarly pleaſing in what was both new, and yet familiar; ſo that the Metaphor was even cultivated, not out of neceſſity, but for ornament.

ament. It is thus that cloaths were firſt aſſumed to defend us againſt the cold, but came afterwards to be worn for diſtinction and decoration.

It muſt be obſerved, there is a force in the united words, *new* and *familiar*. What is new, but not familiar, is often unintelligible; what is familiar, but not new, is no better than common-place. It is in the union of the two, that the obſcure and the vulgar are happily removed; and it is in this union, that we view the character of a juſt Metaphor.

But after we have ſo praiſed the Metaphor, it is fit at length we ſhould explain what it is; and this we ſhall attempt, as well by a deſcription, as by examples.

"A Metaphor is the transferring of a word from its uſual meaning to an analogous meaning, and then the employing it agreeably to ſuch transfer." For example, the uſual meaning of evening is the concluſion of the day. But age too is a concluſion; the concluſion of human life. Now there being an analogy in all concluſions, we arrange in order the two we have alledged, and ſay, that, as evening is to the day, ſo is age to human life. Hence, by an eaſy permutation, (which furniſhes at once two metaphors) we ſay alternately, that evening is the age of the day; and that age is the evening of life.

There are other metaphors equally pleaſing, but which we only mention, as their analogy cannot be miſtaken. It is thus that old men have been called ſtubble; and the ſtage, or theatre, the mirror of human life.

In language of this ſort there is a double gratification: it is ſtrikingly clear; and yet raiſed, though clear, above the low and vulgar idiom. It is a praiſe too of ſuch metaphors, to be quickly comprehended. The ſimilitude and the thing illuſtrated are commonly diſpatched in a ſingle word, and comprehended by an immediate and inſtantaneous intuition.

Thus a perſon of wit, being dangerouſly ill, was told by his friends, two more phyſicians were called in. So many! ſays he —do they fire then in platoons?——

Harris.

§ 198. *What Metaphors the beſt.*

Theſe inſtances may aſſiſt us to diſcover what metaphors may be called the beſt.

They ought not, in an elegant and polite ſtyle (the ſtyle of which we are ſpeaking; to be derived from meanings too ſublime) for then the diction would be turgid and bombaſt. Such was the language of that poet who, deſcribing the footman's flambeaux at the end of an opera, ſung or ſaid,

Now blaz'd a thouſand flaming ſuns, and bade
Grim night retire——

Nor ought a metaphor to be far-fetched, for then it becomes an enigma. It was thus a gentleman once puzzled his country friend, in telling him, by way of compliment, that he was become a perfect centaur. His honeſt friend knew nothing of centaurs, but being fond of riding, was hardly ever off his horſe.

Another extreme remains, the reverſe of the too ſublime, and that is, the transferring from ſubjects too contemptible. Such was the caſe of that poet quoted by Horace, who to deſcribe winter, wrote——

Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conſpuit Alpes.
(Hor. L. II. Sat. 5.)
O'er the cold Alps Jove ſpits his hoary ſnow.

Nor was that modern poet more fortunate, whom Dryden quotes, and who, trying his genius upon the ſame ſubject, ſuppoſed winter——

To periwig with ſnow the baldpate woods.

With the ſame claſs of wits we may arrange that pleaſant fellow, who, ſpeaking of an old lady whom he had affronted, gave us in one ſhort ſentence no leſs than three choice metaphors. I perceive (ſaid he) her back is up;—I muſt curry favour —or the fat will be in the fire.

Nor can we omit that the ſame word, when transferred to the ſame ſubjects, produces metaphors very different, as to propriety or impropriety.

It is with propriety that we transfer the words *to embrace*, from human beings to things purely ideal. The metaphor appears juſt, when we ſay, to embrace a propoſition; to embrace an offer; to embrace an opportunity. Its application perhaps was not quite ſo elegant, when the old ſteward wrote to his lord, upon the ſubject of his farm, that, "if he met any oxen, he "would not fail to embrace them."

If then we are to avoid the turgid, the enigmatic, and the baſe or ridiculous, no other metaphors are left, but ſuch as may be deſcribed by negatives; ſuch as are neither turgid, nor enigmatic, nor baſe and ridiculous.

Such is the character of many metaphors already alledged; among others that of Shakeſpeare's, where titles are tranſferred to ſpeedy and determined conduct.

Nor does his Wolſey with leſs propriety moralize upon his fall, in the following beautiful metaphor, taken from vegetable nature:

This is the ſtate of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And——nips his root———

In ſuch metaphors (beſides their intrinſic elegance) we may ſay the reader is flattered; I mean flattered by being left to diſcover ſomething for himſelf.

There is one obſervation, which will at the ſame time ſhew both the extent of this figure, and how natural it is to all men.

There are metaphors ſo obvious, and of courſe ſo naturalized, that, ceaſing to be metaphors, they become (as it were) the proper words. It is after this manner we ſay, a ſharp fellow; a great orator; the foot of a mountain; the eye of a needle; the bed of a river; to ruminate, to ponder, to edify, &c. &c.

Theſe we by no means reject, and yet the metaphors we require we wiſh to be ſomething more, that is, to be formed under the reſpectable conditions here eſtabliſhed.

We obſerve too, that a ſingular uſe may be made of metaphors either to exalt or to depreciate, according to the ſources from which we derive them. In ancient ſtory, Oreſtes was by ſome called the murtherer of his mother; by others, the avenger of his father. The reaſons will appear, by referring to the fact. The poet Simonides was offered money to celebrate certain mules, that had won a race. The ſum being pitiful, he ſaid, with diſdain, he ſhould not write upon demi-aſſes—A more competent ſum was offered, he then began,

Hail! Daughters of the generous horſe,
That ſkim, like wind, along the courſe.

There are times, when, in order to exalt, we may call beggars, petitioners; and pick-pockets, collectors: other times, when, in order, to depreciate, we may call petitioners, beggars; and collectors, pick-pockets.—But enough of this.

We ſay no more of metaphors, but that it is a general caution with regard to every ſpecies, not to mix them, and that more particularly, if taken from ſubjects which are contrary.

Such was the caſe of that orator, who once aſſerted in his oration, that—"If cold "water were thrown upon a certain mea- "ſure, it would kindle a flame, that would "obſcure the luſtre." &c. &c. *Harris.*

§ 199. *On Enigmas and Puns.*

A word remains upon Enigmas and Puns. It ſhall indeed be ſhort, becauſe, though they reſemble the metaphor, it is as braſs and copper reſemble gold.

A pun ſeldom regards meaning, being chiefly confined to ſound.

Horace gives a ſad example of this ſpurious wit, where (as Dryden humorouſly tranſlates it) he makes Perſius the buffoon exhort the patriot Brutus to kill Mr. King, that is, Rupilius Rex, becauſe Brutus, when he ſlew Cæſar, had been accuſtomed to king-killing:

Hunc Regem occide; operum hoc mihi crede tuorum eſt. Horat. Sat. Lib. I. VII.

We have a worſe attempt in Homer, where Ulyſſes makes Polypheme believe his name was ΟΥΤΙΣ, and where the dull Cyclops, after he had loſt his eye, upon being aſked by his brethren, who had done him ſo much miſchief, replies it was done by ΟΥΤΙΣ, that is, by nobody.

Enigmas are of a more complicated nature, being involved either in pun, or metaphor, or ſometimes in both:

Ἀνδρὰ ἰδὼν πυρὶ χαλκὸν ἐπ' ἀνέρι κολλήσαντα.

I ſaw a man, who, unprovok'd with ire,
Struck braſs upon another's back by fire.

This enigma is ingenious, and means the operation of cupping, performed in ancient days by a machine of braſs.

In ſuch fancies, contrary to the principles of good metaphor and good writing, a perplexity is cauſed, not by accident but by deſign, and the pleaſure lies in the being able to reſolve it. *Ib.*

§ 200. *Rules defended.*

Having mentioned Rules, and indeed this whole theory having been little more than rules developed, we cannot but remark upon a common opinion, which ſeems to have ariſen either from prejudice or miſtake.

"Do not rules," ſay they, "cramp "genius? Do they not abridge it of cer- "tain privileges?"

'Tis anſwered, If the obeying of rules were to induce a tyranny like this; to defend them would be abſurd, and againſt the liberty of genius. But the truth is, rules, ſuppoſing them good, like good government, take away no privi-

They do no more, than ſave genius from error, by ſhewing it, that a right to err is no privilege at all.

'Tis ſurely no privilege to violate in grammar the rules of ſyntax; in poetry, thoſe of metre; in muſic, thoſe of harmony; in logic, thoſe of ſyllogiſm; in painting, thoſe of perſpective; in dramatic poetry, thoſe of probable imitation.

Harris.

§ 201. *The flattering Doctrine that Genius will ſuffice, fallacious.*

It muſt be confeſſed, 'tis a flattering doctrine, to tell a young beginner, that he has nothing more to do than to truſt his own genius, and to contemn all rules, as the tyranny of pedants. The painful toils of accuracy by this expedient are eluded, for geniuſes, like Milton's Harps, (Par. Loſt, Book III. v. 365, 366.) are ſuppoſed to be ever tuned.

But the misfortune is, that genius is ſomething rare; nor can he who poſſeſſes it, even then, by neglecting rules, produce what is accurate. Thoſe, on the contrary, who, though they want genius, think rules worthy their attention, if they cannot become good authors, may ſtill make tolerable critics; may be able to ſhew the difference between the creeping and the ſimple; the pert and the pleaſing; the turgid and the ſublime; in ſhort, to ſharpen, like the whetſtone, that genius in others, which nature in her frugality has not given to themſelves. *Ibid.*

§ 202. *No Genius ever acted without Rules.*

Indeed I have never known, during a life of many years, and ſome ſmall attention paid to letters, and literary men, that genius in any art had been ever crampt by rules. On the contrary, I have ſeen great geniuſes, miſerably err by tranſgreſſing them, and, like vigorous travellers, who loſe their way, only wander the wider on account of their own ſtrength.

And yet 'tis ſomewhat ſingular in literary compoſitions, and perhaps more ſo in poetry than elſewhere, that many things have been done in the beſt and pureſt taſte, long before rules were eſtabliſhed and ſyſtematized in form. This we are certain was true with reſpect to Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and other Greeks. In modern times it appears as true of our admired Shakeſpeare; for who can believe that Shakeſpeare ſtudied rules, or was ever verſed in critical ſyſtems? *Ibid.*

§ 203. *There never was a time when Rules did not exiſt.*

A ſpecious objection then occurs. "If "theſe great writers were ſo excellent "before rules were eſtabliſhed, or at leaſt "were known to them, what had they to "direct their genius, when rules (to them "at leaſt) did not exiſt?"

To this queſtion 'tis hoped the anſwer will not be deemed too hardy, ſhould we aſſert, that there never was a time when rules did not exiſt; that they always made a part of that immutable truth, the natural object of every penetrating genius; and that if, at that early Greek period, ſyſtems of rules were not eſtabliſhed, thoſe great and ſublime authors were a rule to themſelves. They may be ſaid indeed to have excelled, not by art, but by nature; yet by a nature which gave birth to the perfection of art.

The caſe is nearly the ſame with reſpect to our Shakeſpeare. There is hardly any thing we applaud, among his innumerable beauties, which will not be found ſtrictly conformable to the rules of ſound and ancient criticiſm.

That this is true with reſpect to his characters and his ſentiment, is evident hence, that in explaining theſe rules, we have ſo often recurred to him for illuſtrations.

Beſides quotations already alledged, we ſubjoin the following as to character.

When Falſtaff and his ſuit are ſo ignominiouſly routed, and the ſcuffle is by Falſtaff ſo humorouſly exaggerated; what can be more natural than ſuch a narrative to ſuch a character, diſtinguiſhed for his humour, and withal for his want of veracity and courage?

The ſagacity of common poets might not perhaps have ſuggeſted ſo good a narrative, but it certainly would have ſuggeſted ſomething of the kind, and 'tis in this we view the eſſence of dramatic character, which is, when we conjecture what any one will do or ſay, from what he has done or ſaid already.

If we paſs from characters (that is to ſay manners) to ſentiment, we have already given inſtances, and yet we ſhall ſtill give another.

When Roſincroſſe and Guildernſtern wait upon Hamlet, he offers them a recorder or pipe,

pipe, and deſires them to play—they reply, they cannot—He repeats his requeſt—they anſwer, they have never learnt—He aſſures them nothing was ſo eaſy—they ſtill decline.—'Tis then he tells them, with diſdain, "There is much muſic in this "little organ; and yet you cannot make "it ſpeak—Do you think I am eaſier to "be played on than a pipe?" Hamlet, Act III.

This I call an elegant ſample of ſentiment, taken under its comprehenſive ſenſe. But we ſtop not here—We conſider it as a complete inſtance of Socratic reaſoning, though 'tis probable the author knew nothing how Socrates uſed to argue.

To explain—Xenophon makes Socrates reaſon as follows with an ambitious youth, by name Euthydemus.

"'Tis ſtrange (ſays he) that thoſe who "deſire to play upon the harp, or upon "the flute, or to ride the managed horſe, "ſhould not think themſelves worth notice, "without having practiſed under the beſt "maſters—while there are thoſe who aſ"pire to the governing of a ſtate, and can "think themſelves completely qualified, "though it be without preparation or "labour." Xenoph. Mem. IV. c. 2. ſ. 6.

Ariſtotle's Illuſtration is ſimilar, in his reaſoning againſt men choſen by lot for magiſtrates. "'Tis (ſays he) as if wreſtlers were to be appointed by lot, and not thoſe that are able to wreſtle; or, as if from among ſailors we were to chuſe a pilot by lot, and that the man ſo elected was to navigate, and not the man who knew the buſineſs." Rhetor. L. II. c. 20. p. 94. Edit. Sylb.

Nothing can be more ingenious than this mode of reaſoning. The premiſes are obvious and undeniable; the concluſion cogent and yet unexpected. It is a ſpecies of that argumentation, called in dialectic Ἐπαγωγὴ, or induction.

Ariſtotle in his Rhetoric (as above quoted) calls ſuch reaſonings τὰ Σωκρατικὰ, the Socratics; in the beginning of his Poetics, he calls them the Σωκρατικοὶ λόγοι, the Socratic diſcourſes; and Horace, in his Art of Poetry, calls them the Socraticæ chartæ. *Harris.*

§ 204. *The Connection between Rules and Genius.*

If truth be always the ſame, no wonder geniuſes ſhould coincide, and that too in philoſophy, as well as in criticiſm.

We venture to add, returning to rules, that if there be any things in Shakeſpeare objectionable (and who is hardy enough to deny it?) the very objections, as well as the beauties, are to be tried by the ſame rules; as the ſame plummet alike ſhews both what is out of the perpendicular, and in it; the ſame rules alike prove both what is crooked and what is ſtraight.

We cannot admit that geniuſes, though prior to ſyſtems, were prior alſo to rules, becauſe rules from the beginning exiſted in their own minds, and were a part of that immutable truth, which is eternal and every where. Ariſtotle, we know, did not form Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides; 'twas Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides, that formed Ariſtotle.

And this ſurely ſhould teach us to pay attention to rules, in as much as they and genius are ſo reciprocally connected, that 'tis genius which diſcovers rules; and then rules which govern genius.

'Tis by this amicable concurrence, and by this alone, that every work of art juſtly merits admiration, and is rendered as highly perfect as, by human power, it can be made. *Ibid.*

§ 205. *We ought not to be content with knowing what we like, but what is really worth liking.*

'Tis not however improbable, that ſome intrepid ſpirit may demand again, What avail theſe ſubtleties?—Without ſo much trouble, I can be full enough pleaſed—I know what I like.—We anſwer, And ſo does the carrion-crow, that feeds upon a careaſe. The difficulty lies not in knowing what we like, but in knowing how to like, and what is worth liking. Till theſe ends are obtained, we may admire Durfey before Milton; a ſmoking boor of Hemſkirk, before an apoſtle of Raphael.

Now as to the knowing how to like, and then what is worth liking; the firſt of theſe, being the object of critical diſquiſition, has been attempted to be ſhewn through the courſe of theſe inquiries.

As to the ſecond, what is worth our liking, this is beſt known by ſtudying the beſt authors, beginning from the Greeks; then paſſing to the Latins; nor on any account excluding thoſe who have excelled among the moderns.

And here, if, while we purſue ſome author of high rank, we perceive we don't inſtantly reliſh him, let us not be diſheartened—let us even feign a reliſh, till we

find a reliſh come. A morſel perhaps pleaſes us—let us cheriſh it—Another morſel ſtrikes us—let us cheriſh this alſo.—Let us thus proceed, and ſteadily perſevere, till we find we can reliſh, not morſels, but wholes; and feel, that what began in fiction terminates in reality. The vain being in this manner removed, we ſhall diſcover beauties which we never imagined; and contemn for puerilities, what we once fooliſhly admired.

One thing however in this proceſs is indiſpenſably required: we are on no account to expect that fine things ſhould deſcend to us; our taſte, if poſſible, muſt be made to aſcend to them.

This is the labour, this the work; there is pleaſure in the ſucceſs, and praiſe even in the attempt.

This ſpeculation applies not to literature only: it applies to muſic, to painting, and, as they are all congenial, to all the liberal arts. We ſhould in each of them endeavour to inveſtigate what is beſt, and there (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) fix our abode.

By only ſeeking and peruſing what is truly excellent, and by contemplating always this and this alone, the mind inſenſibly becomes accuſtomed to it, and finds reſt in this alone it can acquieſce with content. It happens indeed here, as in a ſubject far more important, I mean in a moral and a virtuous conduct: if we chuſe the beſt life, uſe will make it pleaſant.

Harris.

§ 206. *Character of the* ENGLISH, *the* ORIENTAL, *the* LATIN, *and the* GREEK *Languages.*

We Britons in our time have been remarkable borrowers, as our multiform language may ſufficiently ſhew. Our terms in polite literature prove, that this came from Greece; our terms in muſic and painting, that theſe came from Italy; our phraſes in cookery and war, that we learnt theſe from the French; and our phraſes in navigation, that we were taught by the Flemings and Low Dutch. Theſe many and very different ſources of our language may be the cauſe why it is ſo deficient in regularity and analogy. Yet we have this advantage to compenſate the defect, that what we want in elegance, we gain in copiouſneſs, in which laſt reſpect few languages will be found ſuperior to our own.

Let us paſs from ourſelves to the nations of the Eaſt. The Eaſtern world, from the earlieſt days, has been at all times the ſeat of enormous monarchy *: on its natives fair liberty never ſhed its genial influence. If at any time civil diſcords aroſe among them, (and ariſe there did innumerable) the conteſt was never about the form of their government (for this was an object of which the combatants had no conception;) it was all from the poor motive of, who ſhould be their maſter; whether a Cyrus or an Artaxerxes, a Mahomet or a Muſtapha.

Such was their condition; and what was the conſequence?—Their ideas became conſonant to their ſervile ſtate, and their words became conſonant to their ſervile ideas. The great diſtinction for ever in their ſight, was that of tyrant and ſlave; the moſt unnatural one conceivable, and the moſt ſuſceptible of pomp and empty exaggeration. Hence they talked of kings as gods; and of themſelves as the meaneſt and moſt abject reptiles. Nothing was either great or little in moderation, but every ſentiment was heightened by incredible hyperbole. Thus, though they ſometimes aſcended into the great and magnificent †, they as frequently degenerated into the turgid and bombaſt. The Greeks too of Aſia became infected by their neighbours, who were often, at times, not only their neighbours, but their maſters; and hence that luxuriance of the Aſiatic ſtyle, unknown to the chaſte eloquence and purity of Athens. But of the Greeks we forbear to ſpeak now, as we ſhall ſpeak of them more fully, when we have firſt conſidered the nature or genius of the Romans.

And what ſort of people may we pronounce the Romans?—A nation engaged in wars and commotions, ſome foreign, ſome domeſtic, which for ſeven hundred years wholly engroſſed their thoughts. Hence therefore their language became, like their ideas, copious in all terms expreſſive of things political, and well adapted to the purpoſes both of hiſtory and popular eloquence.——But what was their philoſophy?—As a nation it was none, if we may credit their ableſt writers. And hence

* For the Barbarians, by being more ſlaviſh in their manners than the Greeks, and thoſe of Aſia than thoſe of Europe, ſubmit to deſpotic government without murmuring or diſcontent, Ariſt. Polit. III. 4.

† The trueſt ſublime of the Eaſt may be found in the ſcriptures, of which perhaps the principal cauſe is the intrinſic greatneſs of the ſubject there treated; the creation of the univerſe, the diſpenſations of divine Providence, &c.

the

the uniform of their language in this subject; a defect which even Cicero is compelled to confess, and more fully makes appear, when he writes philosophy himself. From the number of terms which he is obliged to invent *. Virgil seems to have judged the most truly of his countrymen, when, admiring their inferiority in the more elegant arts, he concludes it all with his usual modesty:

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

From confessing the Romans, let us pass to the Greeks. The Greeks are unrewarding while they maintain the

* See Dio. et Fin. I. 1, 2, 3. II. 5, 6, 7, 8, &c. but in particular Tusc. Disp. I. 3, where he says, "Philosophia inest ubique ad hanc etiam, quæ nobis latent, inveniendam latissimus campus: quem quoniam & exercendo colendoque ditavimus, &c." See also Tusc. Disp. IV. 3, and Acad. I. where it appears that with diligence applied similar to the sowing of ploughing, the Romans had nothing of the kind to their language except some small performances of Accius the Tragedian, and some of the new Poets. How far the Romans were indebted to Greece for philosophy, and with what propriety as well as elegance he pursued the subject, may be seen not only from the titles of those works that are now lost, but much more from the many which most fortunately preserved.

The Epicurean poet Lucretius, who flourished about the time when Sylla by his power so awed mankind, that Latin poetry at its own will, seeming at his approach as well as Cicero, from finding no word ready, was hindered in knowledge the difficulty of writing philosophy in Latin, both from the poverty of the tongue, and from the novelty of the subject.

Nec me animi fallit, Graiorum obscura reperta
Difficile inlustrare Latinis versibus esse,
(Multa novare rebus præsertim quum sit agendum,)
Propter egestatem linguæ, et rerum inopiam hanc:
Sed tua me virtus tamen, et sperata voluptas
Suavis amicitiæ quemvis perferre laborem
Suadet—— Lucr. I. 135.

In the time of Varro, among his numerous works, were four in the way of philosophy as did the earlier Romans a treatise concerning virtue, much applauded by Cicero but their works are now lost.

Some after the writers above mentioned, came Horace, four of whose Epistles may be justly ranked among the most valuable pieces of Latin philosophy, whether we consider the purity of their style, or the great address with which they treat the subject.

After Horace, though with as long an interval as there is between Augustus and those of Nero, came the moral Persius, the friend and disciple of the first Cornutus; to which preceptor, as he did honour by his virtuous life, so by his works, though small, does he every where testify the fulness of reason. Of him it may be said, that he is almost the single Roman writer among the Latin authors, who seemed very sufficient wholly to make it worth while to draw towards his philosophies.

In the time succeeding the tyrannic period lived Aulus Gellius; which (possibly both as a man and a writer) is unjustly with great severity by the noble author of the Characteristics to be worse than

Under a milder dominion, that of Philip the Arabian, lived Sextus Empiricus, of whom little is known; figuring as a sovereign remedy to all the calamities and ills of scepticism and obstinacy, why therefore do we hesitate to believe it the effect of a providence, that so many of the monuments have come down to us of the ancient dogmata of philosophy, investigated to be worse.

With these Greeks we range Athenæus, as being a contemporary, for as to accounts as we have under Hadrian and Theodosius, he was in our estimation, in the character of a Poet. His works, like the rest, are voluminous, filled with mythology and poetical fragments, but philosophy being foreign.

In the same age with Aulus Gellius, flourished Apuleius of Madaura in Africa, a Platonic poet, whose manner in general is remarkably perplexed and affected style, an unfavourable to the true spirit in the age when he lived.

Of the same country, but of a later age, was a further style, was Martianus Capella, of whom he believe on the conversion of a philologist, but of a philosopher.

After Capella we may rank Chalcidius the Platonist, though both his age and country are doubtful. His manner of writing is rather more agreeable than that of the two preceding, nor does he appear to be their inferior in the knowledge of philosophy, his work being a learned commentary upon the Timæus of Plato.

The last Latin philosopher was Boethius, of whom we have spoken from some of the publish of the former Latinists, and was useful in the beginning of the dark century. His writings many philosophical works, the greater part of the logical kind. Of his other pieces, "On the Consolations of Philosophy," and which he justly prizes and gives the deserved great encomiums both for the matter of For the Apley to which all he appendages the philosophy of a to active age that the great, and as to the subjects preferable to their reading. Above all, every monument. By attempts of Theodoric, king of the Goths, to was the last king of the country sent to Italy under, were what of Latin tongue, and the last remains of Latin eloquence may be said to have sunk in the world.

There were other Romans, who by [illegible] writings such as Mallonius Naso, [illegible] two emperors, Marcus Antoninus, and Julian the as their patronage the use of the Latin tongue [illegible] their own, they can hardly be considered among the number of Latin writers.

And so much by way of hasty [illegible] to the writers of philosophy; a [illegible] to which an enquiry, if not unnecessary, may yet be the proof of time or [illegible] attention.

Hurd.

liberty, were the most heroic confederacy that ever existed. They were the politest, the bravest, and the wisest of men. In the short space of little more than a century they became such statesmen, warriors, orators, historians, physicians, poets, critics, painters, sculptors, architects, and (last of all) philosophers, that one can hardly help considering that golden period, as a providential event in honour of human nature, to shew to what perfection the species might ascend *.

Now the language of these Greeks was truly like themselves; it was conformable to their transcendant and universal genius. Where matter so abounded, words followed of course, and those exquisite in every kind, as the ideas for which they stood. And hence it followed, there was not a subject to be found which could not with propriety be expressed in Greek.

Here were words and numbers for the humour of an Aristophanes; for the native elegance of a Philemon or Menander; for the amorous strains of a Mimnermus or Sappho; for the rural lays of a Theocritus or Bion; and for the sublime conceptions of a Sophocles or Homer. The same in prose. Here Isocrates was enabled to display his art, in all the accuracy of periods and the nice counterpoise of diction. Here Demosthenes found materials for that nervous composition, that manly force of unaffected eloquence, which rushed like a torrent, too impetuous to be withstood.

Who were more different in exhibiting their philosophy, than Xenophon, Plato, and his disciple Aristotle? Different, I say, in their character of composition; for, as to their philosophy itself, it was in reality the same. Aristotle, strict, methodic, and orderly; subtle in thought; sparing in ornament; with little address to the passions or imagination; but exhibiting the

* If we except Homer, Hesiod, and the Lyric poets, we hear of few Grecian writers before the expedition of Xerxes. After that monarch had been defeated, and the dread of the Persian power was at an end, the effulgence of Grecian genius (if I may use the expression) broke forth, and shone till the time of Alexander the Macedonian, after whom it disappeared, and never rose again. This is that golden period spoken of above. I do not mean that Greece had not many writers of great merit subsequent to that period, and especially of the philosophic kind; but the great, the striking, the sublime (call it as you please) attained at that time to a height, to which it never could ascend in any after age.

The same kind of fortune befel the people of Rome. When the Punic wars were ended, and Carthage, their dreaded rival, was no more, then, as Horace informs us, they began to cultivate the politer arts. It was soon after their great orators, and historians, and poets arose, and Rome, like Greece, had her golden period, which lasted to the death of Octavius Cæsar.

I call these two periods, from the two greatest geniuses that flourished in each, one the Socratic period, the other the Ciceronian.

There are still farther analogies subsisting between them. Neither period commenced, as long as solicitude for the common welfare engaged men's attentions, and such wars impended as threatened their destruction by foreigners and barbarians. But when once these fears were over, a general security soon ensued, and instead of attending to the arts of defence and self-preservation, they began to cultivate those of elegance and pleasure. Now, as these naturally produced a kind of wanton insolence, not unlike the vicious temper of high-fed animals; so by this the bands of union were insensibly dissolved. Hence then, among the Greeks, that fatal Peloponnesian war, which, together with other wars, its immediate consequence, broke the confederacy of their commonwealths; wasted their strength; made them jealous of each other; and thus paved a way for the contemptible kingdom of Macedon to enslave them all, and ascend in a few years to universal monarchy.

A like luxuriance of prosperity sowed discord among the Romans; raised those unhappy contests between the senate and the Gracchi; between Sylla and Marius; between Pompey and Cæsar; till at length, after the last struggle for liberty by those brave patriots, Brutus and Cassius at Philippi, and the subsequent defeat of Antony at Actium, the Romans became subject to the dominion of a fellow citizen.

It must indeed be confessed, that after Alexander and Octavius had established their monarchies, there were many bright geniuses, who were eminent under their government. Aristotle maintained a friendship and epistolary correspondence with Alexander. In the time of the same monarch lived Theophrastus, and the cynic Diogenes. Then also Demosthenes and Æschines spoke their two celebrated orations. So likewise, in the time of Octavius, Virgil wrote his Æneid, and with Horace, Varius, and many other fine writers, partook of his protection and royal munificence. But then it must be remembered, that these men were bred and educated in the principles of a free government. It was hence they derived that high and manly spirit which made them the admiration of after-ages. The successors and forms of government left by Alexander and Octavius, soon stopt the growth of any thing farther in the kind. So true is that noble saying of Longinus—Θρέψαι τε γὰρ ἱκανὴ τὰ φρονήματα τῶν μεγαλοφρόνων ἡ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ, καὶ ἐπελπίσαι, καὶ ἅμα διπθεῖν τὸ πρόθυμον τῆς πρὸς ἀλλήλους, ἐριδος, καὶ τῆς περὶ τὰ πρωτεῖα φιλοτιμίας. "It is liberty that is formed to nurse the sentiments of great geniuses; to inspire them with hope; to push forward the propensity of contest one with another, and the generous emulation of being the first in rank." De Subl. Sect. 44.

whole

whole with ſuch a pregnant brevity, that in every ſentence we ſeem to read a page. How exquiſitely is this all performed in Greek! Let thoſe, who imagine it may be done as well in another language, ſatisfy themſelves, either by attempting to tranſlate him, or by peruſing his tranſlations already made by men of learning. On the contrary, when we read either Xenophon or Plato, nothing of this method and ſtrict order appears. The formal and didactic is wholly dropt. Whatever they may teach, it is without profeſſing to be teachers; a train of dialogue and truly polite addreſs, in which, as in a mirror, we behold human life adorned in all its colours of ſentiment and manners.

And yet, though theſe differ in this manner from the Stagyrite, how different are they likewiſe in character from each other!—Plato, copious, figurative, and majeſtic; intermixing at times the facetious and ſatiric; enriching his works with tales and fables, and the myſtic theology of ancient times. Xenophon, the pattern of perfect ſimplicity; every where ſmooth, harmonious, and pure; declining the figurative, the marvellous, and the myſtic; aſcending but rarely into the ſublime; nor then ſo much truſting to the colours of ſtyle, as to the intrinſic dignity of the ſentiment itſelf.

The language, in the mean time in which he and Plato wrote, appears to ſuit ſo accurately with the ſtyle of both, that when we read either of the two, we cannot help thinking, that it is he alone who has hit its character, and that it could not have appeared ſo elegant in any other manner.

And thus is the Greek tongue, from its propriety and univerſality, made for all that is great and all that is beautiful, in every ſubject and under every form of writing:

Græcia ingeniam, Græcis dedit ore rotundo
Muſa loqui.

It were to be wiſhed, that thoſe amongſt us, who either write or read with a view to employ their liberal leiſure (for as to ſuch as do either from views more ſordid, we leave them, like ſlaves, to their deſtined drudgery) it were to be wiſhed, I ſay, that the liberal (if they have a reliſh for letters) would inſpect the finiſhed models of Grecian literature; that they would not waſte thoſe hours, which they cannot recal, upon the meaner productions of the French and Engliſh preſs; upon that ſurprizing growth of novels and of pamphlets, where it is to be feared, they rarely find any rational pleaſure, and more rarely ſtill any ſolid improvement.

To be competently ſkilled in ancient learning is by no means a work of ſuch inſuperable pains. The very progreſs itſelf is attended with delight, and reſembles a journey through ſome pleaſant country, where, every mile we advance, new charms ariſe. It is certainly as eaſy to be a ſcholar, as a gameſter, or many other characters equally illiberal and low. The ſame application, the ſame quantity of habit, will fit us for one as completely as for the other. And as to thoſe who tell us, with an air of ſeeming wiſdom, that it is men and not books, we muſt ſtudy to become knowing; this I have always remarked from repeated experience, to be the common conſolation and language of dunce. They ſhelter their ignorance under a few bright examples, whoſe tranſcendent abilities, without the common helps, have been ſufficient of themſelves to great and important ends. But alas!

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile—

In truth, each man's underſtanding, when ripened and mature, is a compoſite of natural capacity, and of ſuperinduced habit. Hence the greateſt men will be neceſſarily thoſe who poſſeſs the beſt capacities, cultivated with the beſt habits. Hence alſo moderate capacities, when adorned with valuable ſcience, will far tranſcend others the moſt acute by nature, when either neglected, or applied to low and baſe purpoſes. And thus, for the honour of culture and good learning, they are able to render a man, if he will take the pains, intrinſically more excellent than his natural ſuperiors. *Harris.*

§ 207. *Hiſtory of the Limits and Extent of the Middle Age.*

When the magnitude of the Roman empire grew enormous, and there were two imperial cities, Rome and Conſtantinople, then that happened which was natural; out of one empire it became two, diſtinguiſhed by the different names of the Weſtern, and the Eaſtern.

The Weſtern empire ſoon ſunk. So early as in the fifth century, Rome, once the miſtreſs of nations, beheld herſelf at the feet of a Gothic ſovereign. The Eaſtern empire laſted many centuries longer.

longer, and, though often impaired by external enemies, and weakened as often by internal factions, yet ſtill it retained traces of its ancient ſplendor, reſembling, in the language of Virgil, ſome fair but faded flower:

Cui neque fulgor adhuc, necdum, ſua forma receſſit. VIRG.

At length, after various plunges and various eſcapes, it was totally annihilated in the fifteenth century by the victorious arms of Mahomet the Great.

The interval between the fall of theſe two empires (the Weſtern or Latin in the fifth century, the Eaſtern or Grecian in the fifteenth) making a ſpace of near a thouſand years, conſtitutes what we call the Middle Age.

Dominion paſſed during this interval into the hands of rude, illiterate men: men who conquered more by multitude than by military ſkill; and who, having little or no taſte either for ſciences or arts, naturally deſpiſed thoſe things from which they had reaped no advantage.

This was the age of Monkery and Legends; of Leonine verſes, (that is, of bad Latin put into rhime;) of projects, to decide truth by ploughſhares and battoons; of cruſades, to conquer infidels, and extirpate heretics; of princes depoſed, not as Croeſus was by Cyrus, but one who had no armies, and who did not even wear a ſword.

Different portions of this age have been diſtinguiſhed by different deſcriptions: ſuch as Sæculum Monotheleticum, Sæculum Eiconoclaſticum, Sæculum Obſcurum, Sæculum Ferreum, Sæculum Hildibrandinum, &c.; ſtrange names it muſt be confeſt, ſome more obvious, others leſs ſo, yet none tending to furniſh us with any high or promiſing ideas.

And yet we muſt acknowledge, for the honour of humanity and of its great and divine Author, who never forſakes it, that ſome ſparks of intellect were at all times viſible, through the whole of this dark and dreary period. It is here we muſt look for the taſte and literature of the times.

The few who were enlightened, when arts and ſciences were thus obſcured, may be ſaid to have happily maintained the continuity of knowledge; to have been (if I may uſe the expreſſion) like the twilight of a ſummer's night; that auſpicious gleam between the ſetting and the riſing ſun, which, though it cannot retain the luſtre of the day, helps at leaſt to ſave us from the totality of darkneſs. *Harris.*

§ 208. *An Account of the Deſtruction of the Alexandrian Library.*

"When Alexandria was taken by the "Mahometans, Amrus, their commander, "found there Philoponus, whoſe converſation highly pleaſed him, as Amrus was "a lover of letters, and Philoponus a "learned man. On a certain day Philoponus ſaid to him: 'You have viſited "all the repoſitories or public warehouſes "in Alexandria, and you have ſealed up "things of every ſort that are found there. "As to thoſe things that may be uſeful to "you, I preſume to ſay nothing; but as "to things of no ſervice to you, ſome of "them perhaps may be more ſuitable to "me.' Amrus ſaid to him: 'And what "is it you want?' 'The philoſophical "books (replied he) preſerved in the royal "libraries.' 'This (ſaid Amrus) is a re"queſt upon which I cannot decide. You "deſire a thing where I can iſſue no or"ders till I have leave from Omar, the "commander of the faithful.'—Letters "were accordingly written to Omar, in"forming him of what Philoponus had "ſaid; and an anſwer was returned by "Omar, to the following purport: 'As "to the books of which you have made "mention, if there be contained in them "what accords with the book of God "(meaning the Alcoran) there is without "them, in the book of God, all that is "ſufficient. But if there be any thing in "them repugnant to that book, we in no "reſpect want them. Order them there"fore to be all deſtroyed.' Amrus, upon "this ordered them to be diſperſed through "the baths of Alexandria, and to be there "burnt in making the baths warm. After "this manner, in the ſpace of ſix months, "they were all conſumed."

The hiſtorian, having related the ſtory, adds from his own feelings, "Hear what "was done, and wonder!"

Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin ſooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance. *Ibid.*

§ 209. *A ſhort Hiſtorical Account of* ATHENS, *from the Time of her* PERSIAN *Triumphs to that of her becoming ſubject to the* TURKS.—*Sketch, during this long Interval, of her Political and Literary State; of her Philoſophers; of her Gymnaſia; of her good and bad Fortune,*

tune, &c. &c.—Manners of the preſent Inhabitants.—Olives and Honey.

When the Athenians had delivered themſelves from the tyranny of Piſiſtratus, and after this had defeated the vaſt efforts of the Perſians, and that againſt two ſucceſſive invaders, Darius and Xerxes, they may be conſidered as at the ſummit of their national glory. For more than half a century afterwards they maintained, without controul, the ſovereignty of Greece *.

As their taſte was naturally good, arts of every kind ſoon roſe among them, and flouriſhed. Valour had given them reputation; reputation gave them an aſcendant; and that aſcendant produced a ſecurity, which left their minds at eaſe, and gave them leiſure to cultivate every thing liberal or elegant.

It was then that Pericles adorned the city with temples, theatres, and other beautiful public buildings. Phidias, the great ſculptor, was employed as his architect; who, when he had erected edifices, adorned them himſelf, and added ſtatues and baſſo-relievos, the admiration of every beholder. It was then that Polygnotus and Myro painted; that Sophocles and Euripides wrote; and, not long after, that they ſaw the divine Socrates.

Human affairs are by nature prone to change; and ſtates, as well as individuals, are born to decay. Jealouſy and ambition inſenſibly fomented wars: and ſucceſs in theſe wars, as in others, was often various. The military ſtrength of the Athenians was firſt impaired by the Lacedemonians; after that, it was again humiliated, under Epaminondas, by the Thebans; and, laſt of all, it was wholly cruſhed by the Macedonian Philip.

But though their political ſovereignty was loſt, yet, happily for mankind, their love of literature and arts did not ſink along with it.

Juſt at the cloſe of their golden days of empire, flouriſhed Xenophon and Plato, the diſciples of Socrates; and from Plato deſcended that race of philoſophers called the Old Academy.

Ariſtotle, who was Plato's diſciple, may be ſaid not to have invented a new philoſophy, but rather to have tempered the ſublime and rapturous myſteries of his maſter with method, order, and a ſtricter mode of reaſoning.

Zeno, who was himſelf alſo educated in the principles of Platoniſm, only differed from Plato in the comparative eſtimate of things, allowing nothing to be intrinſically good but virtue, nothing intrinſically bad but vice, and conſidering all other things to be in themſelves indifferent.

He too, and Ariſtotle, accurately cultivated logic, but in different ways: for Ariſtotle chiefly dwelt upon the ſimple ſyllogiſm; Zeno upon that which is derived out of it, the compound or hypothetic. Both too, as well as other philoſophers, cultivated rhetoric along with logic; holding a knowledge in both to be requiſite for thoſe who think of addreſſing mankind with all the efficacy of perſuaſion. Zeno elegantly illuſtrated the force of theſe two powers by a ſimile, taken from the hand: the cloſe power of logic he compared to the fiſt, or hand compreſt; the diffuſe power of logic, to the palm, or hand open.

I ſhall mention but two ſects more, the New Academy, and the Epicurean.

The New Academy, ſo called from the Old Academy (the name given to the ſchool of Plato) was founded by Arceſilas, and ably maintained by Carneades. From a miſtaken imitation of the great parent of philoſophy, Socrates, (particularly as he appears in the dialogues of Plato) becauſe Socrates doubted ſome things, therefore Arceſilas and Carneades doubted all.

Epicurus drew from another ſource: Democritus had taught him atoms and a void. By the fortuitous concourſe of atoms he fancied he could form a world, while by a feigned veneration he complimented away his gods, and totally denied their providential care, leſt the trouble of it ſhould impair their uninterrupted ſtate of bliſs. Virtue he recommended, though not for the ſake of virtue, but pleaſure; pleaſure, according to him, being our chief and ſovereign good. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that though his principles were erroneous, and even bad, never was a man more temperate and humane; never was a man more beloved by his friends, or more cordially attached to them in affectionate eſteem.

We have already mentioned the alliance between philoſophy and rhetorick. This cannot be thought wonderful, if rhetorick be the art by which men are perſuaded, and if men cannot be perſuaded without a knowledge of human nature: for what

* For theſe hiſtorical facts, conſult the ancient and modern authors of Grecian hiſtory.

ut philoſophy, can procure us this know-ge?

It was for this reaſon the ableſt Greek hiloſophers not only taught (as we hinted efore) but wrote alſo treatiſes upon rhe-oric. They had a farther inducement, nd that was the intrinſic beauty of their nguage, as it was then ſpoken among the arned and polite. They would have een aſhamed to have delivered philoſo-hy, as it has been too often delivered nce, in compoſitions as clumſy as the com-ion dialect of the mere vulgar.

The ſame love of elegance, which made em attend to their ſtyle, made them at-nd even to the places where their philo-ophy was taught.

Plato delivered his lectures in a place aded with groves; on the banks of the iver Iliſſus; and which, as it once be-onged to a perſon called Academus, was alled after his name, the Academy. Ari-otle choſe another ſpot of a ſimilar cha-acter, where there were trees and ſhade; ſpot called the Lycæum. Zeno taught a portico or colonnade, diſtinguiſhed rom other buildings of that ſort (of which he Athenians had many) by the name of he Variegated Portico, the walls being ecorated with various paintings of Poly-gnotus and Myro, two capital maſters of hat tranſcendent period. Epicurus ad-reſſed his hearers in thoſe well-known gardens called, after his own name, the gardens of Epicurus.

Some of theſe places gave names to the doctrines which were taught there. Pla-o's philoſophy took its name of Acade-mic, from the Academy; that of Zeno was alled the Stoic, from a Greek word ſigni-fying a portico.

The ſyſtem indeed of Ariſtotle was not denominated from the place, but was call-d Peripatetic, from the manner in which he taught; from his walking about at the ime when he diſſerted. The term Epicu-ean philoſophy needs no explanation.

Open air, ſhade, water, and pleaſant walks, ſeem above all things to favour that exerciſe the beſt ſuited to contemplation, I mean gentle walking, without inducing fa-tigue. The many agreeable walks in and about Oxford may teach my own country-men the truth of this aſſertion, and beſt explain how Horace lived, while the ſtu-dent at Athens, employed (as he tells us)

—— inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum.

Theſe places of public inſtitution were called among the Greeks by the name of Gymnaſia, in which, whatever that word might have originally meant, were taught all thoſe exerciſes, and all thoſe arts, which tended to cultivate not only the body but the mind. As man was a being conſiſting of both, the Greeks could not conſider that education as complete in which both were not regarded, and both properly formed. Hence their Gymnaſia, with reference to this double end, were adorned with two ſtatues, thoſe of Mercury and of Hercules; the corporeal accompliſhments being patronized (as they ſuppoſed) by the God of ſtrength, the mental accompliſhments, by the God of ingenuity.

It is to be feared, that many places, now called Academies, ſcarce deſerve the name upon this extenſive plan, if the profeſſors teach no more than how to dance, fence, and ride upon horſes.

It was for the cultivation of every libe-ral accompliſhment that Athens was cele-brated (as we have ſaid) during many cen-turies, long after her political influence was loſt, and at an end.

When Alexander the Great died, many tyrants, like many hydras, immediately ſprung up. Athens then, though ſhe ſtill maintained the form of her ancient go-vernment, was perpetually checked and humiliated by their inſolence. Antipater deſtroyed her orators; and ſhe was ſacked by Demetrius. At length ſhe became ſub-ject to the all-powerful Romans, and found the cruel Sylla her ſevereſt enemy.

His face (which perhaps indicated his manners, was of a purple red, intermixed with white. This circumſtance could not eſcape the witty Athenians: they deſcribed him in a verſe, and ridiculouſly ſaid,

Sylla's face is a mulberry, ſprinkled with meal.

The devaſtations and carnage which he cauſed ſoon after, gave them too much rea-ſon to repent their ſarcaſm.

The civil war between Cæſar and Pom-pey ſoon followed, and their natural love of liberty made them ſide with Pompey. Here again they were unfortunate, for Cæſar con-quered. But Cæſar did not treat them like Sylla. With that clemency, which made ſo amiable a part of his character, he diſ-miſſed them, by a fine alluſion to their il-luſtrious anceſtors, ſaying, 'that he ſpared 'the living for the ſake of the dead.'

Another ſtorm followed ſoon after this, the wars of Brutus and Caſſius with Augu-ſtus and Antony. Their partiality for li-

berry did not here forsake them; they took part in the contest with the two patriot Romans, and erected their statues near their own ancient deliverers, Harmodius and Aristogiton, who had slain Hipparchus. But they were still unhappy, for their enemies triumphed.

They made their peace however with Augustus; and, having met afterwards with different treatment under different emperors, sometimes favourable, sometimes harsh, and never more severe than under Vespasian, their oppressions were at length relieved by the virtuous Nerva and Trajan.

Mankind, during the interval which began from Nerva, and which extended to the death of that best of emperors, Marcus Antoninus, felt a respite from those evils which they had so severely felt before, and which they felt so severely revived under Commodus, and his wretched successors.

Athens, during the above golden period, enjoyed more than all others the general felicity, for she found in Adrian so generous a benefactor, that her citizens could hardly help esteeming him a second founder. He restored their old privileges, gave them new; repaired their ancient buildings, and added others of his own. Marcus Antoninus, although he did not do so much, still continued to shew them his benevolent attention.

If from this period we turn our eyes back, we shall find, for centuries before, that Athens was the place of education, not only for Greeks, but for Romans. 'Twas hither that Horace was sent by his father; 'twas here that Cicero put his son Marcus under Cratippus, one of the ablest philosophers then belonging to that city.

The sects of philosophers which we have already described, were still existing when St. Paul came thither. We cannot enough admire the superior eloquence of that apostle, in his manner of addressing so intelligent an audience. We cannot enough admire the sublimity of his exordium; the propriety of his mentioning an altar which he had found there; and his quotation from Aratus, one of their well-known poets. Acts xvii. 22.

Nor was Athens only celebrated for the residence of philosophers, and the institution of youth: Men of rank and fortune found pleasure in a retreat which contributed so much to their liberal enjoyment.

The friend and correspondent of Cicero, T. Pomponius, from his long attachment to this city and country, had attained such a perfection to its arts and language, that he acquired to himself the additional name of Atticus. This great man may be said to have lived during times of the world and cruellest factions. His youth was spent under Sylla and Marius; the middle of his life during all the sanguinary scenes that followed; and when he was old, he lost the proscriptions of Antony and Octavius. Yet though Cicero and a multitude more of the best men perished, he had the good fortune to survive every danger. Nor did he seek a safety for himself alone: his virtue so recommended him to the leaders of every side, that he was able to save his himself alone, but the lives and fortunes of many of his friends.

When we look to this amiable character, we may well suppose, that it was not merely for amusement that he chose to live at Athens; but rather that, by residing there, he might so far realize philosophy, as to employ it for the conduct of life, and not merely for ostentation.

Another person, during a better period (that I mean between Nerva and Marcus Antoninus) was equally celebrated for an affection to this city. By this person I mean Herodes Atticus, who acquired the last name from the same reasons for which it had formerly been given to Pomponius.

We have remarked already, that worldly redes befal both men and cities, and that pro too often happen from prosperous to adverse. Such was the state of Athens, under the successors of Alexander, and from Sylla down to the time of Augustus. It shared the same hard fate with the Roman empire in general, upon the accession of Commodus.

At length, after a certain period, the Barbarians of the North began to pour in to the South. Rome was taken by Alaric, and Athens was besieged by the same. Yet here we are informed (at least we have it from history) that it was miraculously saved by Minerva and Achilles. The goddess it seems, and the hero, both of them appeared, compelling the invader to raise the siege. *Hurd.*

§ 210. *The Account given by Synesius of Athens, and its subsequent History.*

Synesius, who lived in the 4th century, visited Athens, and gives, in his epistles, an account of his visit. Its lustre appears at that time to have been greatly done from

Among other things he informs us, that he celebrated portico or colonnade, the Greek name of which gave name to the ect of Stoics, had, by an oppreſſive proonſul, been deſpoiled of its fine pictures; nd that, on this devaſtation, it had been erſaken by theſe philoſophers.

In the thirteenth century, when the Grecian empire was cruelly oppreſſed by ie cruſaders, and all things in confuſion, Athens was beſieged by one Segurus Leo, ho was unable to take it; and, after at, by a Marquis of Montſerrat, to whom ſurrendered.

Its fortune after this was various; and it as ſometimes under the Venetians, ſometimes under the Catalonians, till Mahomet ie Great made himſelf maſter of Conſtanople. This fatal cataſtrophe (which appened near two thouſand years after ie time of Piſiſtratus) brought Athens, nd with it all Greece, into the hands of ie Turks, under whoſe deſpotic yoke it as continued ever ſince.

The city from this time has been occaonally viſited, and deſcriptions of it pubſhed by different travellers. Wheeler as there along with Spon, in the time of ur Charles the Second, and both of them ave publiſhed curious and valuable narraives. Others, as well natives of this land as foreigners, have been there ſince, nd ſome have given (as Monſr. Le Roy) recious publications of what we are to uppoſe they ſaw. None however have qualled the truth, the accuracy, and the legance of Mr. Stuart, who, after having reſided there between three and four years, as given ſuch plans and elevations of the apital buildings now ſtanding, together vith learned comments to elucidate every art, that he ſeems, as far as was poſſible or the power of deſcription, to have reſtored the city to its ancient ſplendour.

He has not only given us the greater outlines and their meaſures, but ſeparate meaſures and drawings of the minuter decorations; ſo that a Britiſh artiſt may (if he pleaſe) follow Phidias, and build in Britain as Phidias did at Athens.

Spon, ſpeaking of Attica, ſays, 'that the road near Athens was pleaſing, and the very peaſants poliſhed.' Speaking of the Athenians in general, he ſays of them —"ils ont une politeſſe d'eſprit naturelle, & beaucoup d'addreſſe dans toutes les affaires, qu'ils entreprenent."

Wheeler, who was Spon's fellow-traveller, ſays as follows, when he and his company approached Athens: "We began now to think ourſelves in a more civilized country than we had yet paſt: for not a ſhepherd that we met, but bid us welcome, and wiſhed us a good journey." p. 335. Speaking of the Athenians, he adds, "This muſt with great truth be ſaid of them, their bad fortune hath not been able to take from them what they have by nature, that is, much ſubtlety or wit." p. 347. And again. "The Athenians, notwithſtanding the long poſſeſſion that barbariſm hath had of this place, ſeem to be much more poliſhed, in point of manners and converſation, than any other in theſe parts; being civil, and of reſpectful behaviour to all, and highly complimental in their diſcourſe." p. 356.

Stuart ſays of the preſent Athenians, what Spon and Wheeler ſaid of their forefathers;—"he found in them the ſame addreſs, the ſame natural acuteneſs, though ſeverely curbed by their deſpotic maſters."

One cuſtom I cannot omit. He tells me, that frequently at their convivial meetings, one of the company takes what they now call a lyre, though it is rather a ſpecies of guitar, and after a ſhort prelude on the inſtrument, as if he were waiting for inſpiration, accompanies his inſtrumental muſic with his voice, ſuddenly chanting ſome extempore verſes, which ſeldom exceed two or three diſtichs; that he then delivers the lyre to his neighbour, who, after he has done the ſame, delivers it to another; and that ſo the lyre circulates, till it has paſt round the table.

Nor can I forget his informing me, that, notwithſtanding the various fortunes of Athens, as a city, Attica was ſtill famous for Olives, and Mount Hymettus for Honey. Human inſtitutions periſh, but Nature is permanent. *Harris.*

§ 211. *Anecdote of the Modern* GREEKS.

I ſhall quit the Greeks, after I have related a ſhort narrative; a narrative, ſo far curious, as it helps to prove, that even among the preſent Greeks, in the day of ſervitude, the remembrance of their ancient glory is not totally extinct.

When the late Mr. Anſon (Lord Anſon's brother) was upon his travels in the Eaſt, he hired a veſſel to viſit the iſle of Tenedos. His pilot, an old Greek, as they were ſailing along, ſaid with ſome ſatisfaction, "There 'twas our fleet lay." Mr. Anſon demanded, "What fleet?" "What fleet!" replied the old man (a little piqued at the

question) "why our Grecian fleet at the siege of Troy*."

Harris.

§ 212. *On the different Modes of History.*

The modes indeed of history appear to be different. There is a mode which we may call historical declamation; a mode, where the author, dwelling little upon facts, indulges himself in various and copious reflections.

Whatever good (if any) may be derived from this method, it is not likely to give us much knowledge of facts.

Another mode is, that which I call general or rather public history; a mode abundant in facts, where treaties and alliances, battles and sieges, marches and retreats, are accurately detailed; together with dates, descriptions, tables, plans, and all the collateral helps both of chronology and geography.

In this, no doubt, there is utility: yet the famenefs of the events resembles not a little the famenefs of human bodies. One head, two shoulders, two legs, &c. seem equally to characterise an European and an African; a native of old Rome, and a native of modern.

A third species of history still behind, is that which gives a sample of sentiments and manners.

If the account of these last be faithful, it cannot fail being instructive, since we view through these the interior of human nature. 'Tis by these we perceive what sort of animal man is: so that while not only Europeans are distinguished from Asiatics, but English from French, French from Italians, and (what is still more) every individual from his neighbour; we view at the same time one nature, which is common to them all.

Horace informs us that a drama, where the sentiments and manners are well preserved, will please the audience more than a pompous fable, where they are wanting. Perhaps what is true in dramatic composition, is no less true in historical.

Plutarch, among the Greek historians appears in a peculiar manner to have merited this praise.

Nor ought I to omit (as I shall soon refer to them) some of our best Monkish historians, though prone upon occasion to superstition and the marvellous. As they often lived during the times which they described, 'twas natural they should paint the life and the manners which they saw.

Ibid.

§ 213. *Comparing Natural Beauty to Ideal. The same in all Times.—Examples from the Grecian Temple.—Taste of Virgil and Horace.—Of Milton in describing Paradise.—Accident of last Days of its Palace.—Above compared to Elysian Gardens.—Not wanting in the neglected Fane of the middle Ages.—Seen in Leland, Petrarch, and Bazarius.—Comparison between Foreign Cyrus, and Private in Life of France.*

Let us pass for a moment from the elegant works of Art, to the more elegant works of Nature. The two fair objects are nearly allied, that the love taste shall relish them both.

Now there is nothing more certain, than that the face of inanimate nature has been at all times captivating. The vulgar indeed, look no farther than to forms of culture, because all their views merely terminate in utility. They only remark, that 'tis fine barley; that 'tis rich clover; or an ox or an ass, if they could speak, would inform us. But the liberal have nobler views; and though they give to culture its proper praise, they can be delighted with simple beauties, where culture was never known.

Ages ago they have celebrated with enthusiastic raptures, "a deep retired vale, "with a river rushing through it; a vale "having its sides formed by continued "and opposite mountains, and that also "diversified by woods, precipices, rocks "and romantic caverns." Such was the scene produced by the river Peneus as it ran between the mountains Olympus and Ossa, in that well-known vale the Thessalian Tempe.

Virgil and Horace, the first in rank among the Romans, appear to have been enamoured with the beauties of this character. Horace prefers to a villa where there was a garden, a fountain, and above these a little grove:

Hunc ubi vicini rumpunt jam gramina soles
Et positum Zephyri cras fugat imbre diem, &c.

Virgil wished to enjoy rivers and woods, and to be laid under immovable shade in the cool valleys of mount Haemus:

—O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Haemi
Sistat, &c.

* Thus Livy was called the author, Mr. Hume, by Sir John Hinde Cotton.

The great elements of this ſpecies of beauty, according to theſe principles, were water, wood, and uneven ground; to which may be added a fourth, that is to ſay, lawn. 'Tis the happy mixture of theſe four that produces every ſcene of natural beauty, as 'tis a more myſterious mixture of other elements (perhaps as ſimple, and not more in number) that produces a world or univerſe.

Virgil and Horace having been quoted, we may quote, with equal truth, our great countryman, Milton. Speaking of the flowers of Paradiſe, he calls them flowers,

——which not nice Art
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
Pours forth profuſe on hill, and dale, and plain.
P. L. IV. 245.

Soon after this he ſubjoins—

—— this was the place,
A happy rural ſeat, of various view.

He explains this variety, by recounting the lawns, the flocks, the hillocks, the valleys, the grots, the waterfalls, the lakes, &c. &c. And in another book, deſcribing the approach of Raphael, he informs us, that this divine meſſenger paſt

—— through groves of myrrh,
And flow'ring odours, caſſia, nard, and balm,
A wilderneſs of ſweets; for nature here
Wanton'd as in her prime, and play'd at will
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more ſweet,
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliſs!
IV. 292.

The painters in the preceding century ſeem to have felt the power of theſe elements, and to have transferred them into their landſcapes with ſuch amazing force, that they appear not ſo much to have followed as to have emulated nature. Claude de Lorraine, the Pouſſins, Salvator Roſa, and a few more, may be called ſuperior artiſts in this exquiſite taſte.

Our gardens in the mean time were taſteleſs and inſipid. Thoſe who made them, thought the farther they wandered from nature, the nearer they approached the ſublime. Unfortunately, where they travelled, no ſublime was to be found; and the farther they went, the farther they left it behind.

But perfection, alas! was not the work of a day. Many prejudices were to be removed; many gradual aſcents to be made; aſcents from bad to good, and from good to better, before the delicious amenities of a Claude or a Pouſſin could be rivalled in a Stourhead, a Hagley, or a Stow; or the tremendous charms of a Salvator Roſa be equalled in the ſcenes of a Piercefield, or a Mount Edgecumb.

Not however to forget the ſubject of our inquiry.—Though it was not before the preſent century, that we eſtabliſhed a chaſter taſte; though our neighbours at this inſtant are but learning it from us; and though to the vulgar every where it is totally incomprehenſible (be they vulgar in rank, or vulgar in capacity): yet, even in the darkeſt periods we have been treating of, periods when taſte is often thought to have been loſt, we ſhall ſtill diſcover an enlightened few, who were by no means inſenſible to the power of theſe beauties.

How warmly does Leland deſcribe Guy's Cliff; Sannazarius, his villa of Mergillina; and Petrarch, his favourite Vaucluſe!

Take Guy's Cliff from Leland in his own old Engliſh, mixt with Latin—"It is a "place meet for the Muſes; there is ſy-"lence; a praty wood; antra in vivo ſaxo "(grottos in the living rock); the river "rolling over the ſtones with a praty "noyſe." His Latin is more elegant—"Nemuſculum ibidem opacum, fontes li-"quidi et gemmei, prata, florida, antra "muſcoſa, rivi levis et per ſaxa decurſus, "nec non ſolitudo et quies Muſis amiciſ-"ſima."—Vol. iv. p. 66.

Mergillina, the villa of Sannazarius, near Naples, is thus ſketched in different parts of his poems:

Exciſo in ſcopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Deſpiciens, celſo ie culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautiſque procul venientibus offert.
Sannaz. De partu Virgin. I. 25.

Rupis O! ſacræ, pelagique cuſtos,
Villa, Nympharum cuſtos et propinquæ
Doridos——
Tu mihi ſolos nemorum receſſus
Das, et hærentes per opaca lauros
Saxa: Tu fontes, Aganippedumque
Antra recludis.
Ejuſd. Epigr. I. 2.

—— quæque in primis mihi grata miniſtrat
Otia, Muſarumque cavas per ſaxa latebras,
Mergillina; novos fundunt ubi citria flores.
Citria, Medorum ſacros referentia lucos.
Ejuſd. De partu Virgin. III. ſub. fin.

De Fonte Mergillino.

Eſt mihi rivo vitrens perenni
Fons, arenoſum prope littus, unde
Sæpè deſcendens ſibi nauta rorea
Haurit amicos, &c.
Ejuſd. Epigr. II. 36.

It would be difficult to tranſlate theſe elegant morſels.—It is ſufficient to expreſs

what they mean, collectively—"that the "villa of Mergillina had infinite woods; "tall groves of laurel and ivy; had "greens in the rear, with rivulets and "springs; and that from its lofty situation "it looked down upon the sea, and com-"manded an extensive prospect."

It is no wonder that such a villa should enamour such an owner. So strong was his affection for it, that when, during the subsequent wars in Italy, it was demolished by the imperial troops, this unfortunate event was supposed to have hastened his end.

Vaucluse (Vallis Clausa) the favourite retreat of Petrarch, was a romantic scene, not far from Avignon.

"It is a valley, having on each hand, "as you enter, immense cliffs, but closed "up at one of its ends by a semicircular "ridge of them; from which incident it "derives its name. One of the most stu-"pendous of these cliffs stands in the front "of the semicircle, and has at its foot an "opening into an immense cavern. With-"in the most recess and gloomy part of "this cavern is a large oval lake, the pro-"duction of nature, filled with pellucid and "unfathomable water: and from this re-"ceptacle flows a river of respectable mag-"nitude, dividing, as it runs, the meadows "beneath it, and winding through the pre-"cipices that impend from above."

This is an imperfect sketch of that spot, where Petrarch spent his time with so much delight, as to say that this alone was life to him, the rest but a state of punishment.

In the two preceding narratives I seem to see an anticipation of that taste for natural beauty, which now appears to flourish through Great Britain in such perfection. It is not to be doubted that the owner of Mergillina would have been charmed with Mount Edgcumb; and the owner of Vaucluse have been delighted with Pierremont.

When we read in Xenophon, that the younger Cyrus had with his own hand planted trees for beauty, we are not surprised, though pleased with the story, as the age was polished, and Cyrus an accomplished prince. But when we read, that in the beginning of the 14th century, a king of France (Philip le Bel) should make it penal to cut down a tree, *pas à effe gardé pour sa beauté*, which had been preserved for its beauty; though we praise the law, we cannot help being surprised, that the prince should at such a period have been so far enlightened. *Harris.*

§ 214. *Superior Literature not Confined to the Greek and Latin Classics.—Barbarous and Ignorant Ages.—Sources of Fable illustrated in a Story from Anna Comnena's Alexias.—Church Authority supposed to support Church Barbarity.—How some Authority employed for other good Purposes.—A fine Passage from Jerome.—A fair Trial by Battle.—Mere suggested concerning Lay Monasteries.—Frivolity of the Northern Languages.—Different Genius affected.—Learning during the dark Ages great, though its Encomiasts often unlearned.—Reflections arising from these Observations.*

Before I quit the Latins, I shall make two or three observations on the Europeans in general.

The superior characters for learning here enumerated, whether in the Western or Eastern Christendom (for it is of Christendom only we are now speaking) are by far the greatest part of them ecclesiastics.

In this number we have included among the Greeks the patriarchs of Constantinople, Photius; Michael Psellus, Eustathius and Eustratius, lords of perpetual dignity; Planudes; Cardinal Bessarion—from among the Latins, venerable Bede, Constantine, afterwards Pope Sylvester the second; Ingulphus, Abbot of Croyland; Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours; Peter Abelard; John of Salisbury, Bishop of Chartres; Roger Bacon; Francis Petrarch; many Monkish historians; Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, &c.

Something has been already said concerning each of these, and other ecclesiastics. At present we shall only remark, that it was necessary, from the very profession, that they should read and write accomplishments at that time chiefly confined to themselves.

Those of the Western Church were obliged to acquire some knowledge of Latin and the Greek, as those of the Eastern Church it was still (with a few exceptions) their native language.

If we add to these peculiarities their modes of life, which, being generally with a decent competence, gave them immense leisure; it was no wonder that among such a multitude, no small number should emerge and rise to the rank of genius, above the common level. Similar effects proceed from similar causes. The learning of Egypt was [illegible]

prieſts; who were likewiſe left from their inſtitution to a life of leiſure.

From the laity, on the other ſide, who, from their mean education, wanted all theſe requiſites, they were in fact no better than what Dryden calls them, a tribe of Iſſachar; a race, from their cradle bred in barbarity and ignorance.

A ſample of theſe illuſtrious laymen may be found in Anna Comnena's hiſtory of her father Alexius, who was Grecian emperor in the eleventh century, when the firſt Cruſade arrived at Conſtantinople. So promiſcuous a rout of rude adventurers could not fail of giving umbrage to the Byzantine court, which was ſtately and ceremonious, and conſcious withal of its internal debility.

After ſome altercation, the court permitted them to paſs into Aſia through the Imperial territories, upon their leaders taking an oath of fealty to the emperor.

What happened at the performance of this ceremonial, is thus related by the fair hiſtorian above-mentioned.

" All the commanders being aſſembled, " and Godfrey of Bulloign himſelf among " the reſt, as ſoon as the oath was finiſhed, " one of the counts had the audaciouſneſs " to ſeat himſelf beſide the emperor upon " his throne. Earl Baldwin, one of their " own people, approaching, took the " count by the hand, made him riſe from " the throne, and rebuked him for his " inſolence.

" The count roſe, but made no re- " ply, except it was in his own unknown " jargon, to mutter abuſe upon the em- " peror.

" When all things were diſpatched, the " emperor ſent for this man, and demand- " ed who he was, whence he came, and of " what lineage?—His anſwer was as fol- " lows—I am a genuine Frank, and in the " number of their nobility. One thing I " know, which is, that in a certain part of " the country I came from, and in a place " where three ways meet, there ſtands an " ancient church, where every one who " has a deſire to engage in ſingle combat, " having put himſelf into fighting order, " comes, and there implores the aſſiſtance " of the Deity, and then waits in expecta- " tion of ſome one that will dare attack " him. On this ſpot I myſelf waited a " long time, expecting and ſeeking ſome " one that would arrive and fight me. But " the man, that would dare this, was no " where to be found."

" The emperor, having heard this " ſtrange narrative, replied pleaſantly— " If at the time when you ſought war, " you could not find it, a ſeaſon is now " coming in which you will find wars " enough. I therefore give you this ad- " vice; not to place yourſelf either in the " rear of the army, or in the front, but " to keep among thoſe who ſupport the " centre; for I have long had know- " ledge of the Turkiſh method in their " wars."

This was one of thoſe counts, or barons, the petty tyrants of Weſtern Europe; men, who, when they were not engaged in general wars (ſuch as the ravaging of a neighbouring kingdom, the maſſacring of infidels, heretics, &c.) had no other method of filling up their leiſure, than, through help of their vaſſals, by waging war upon one another.

And here the humanity and wiſdom of the church cannot enough be admired, when by her authority (which was then mighty) ſhe endeavoured to ſhorten that ſcene of bloodſhed, which ſhe could not totally prohibit. The truce of God (a name given it purpoſely to render the meaſure more ſolemn) enjoined theſe ferocious beings, under the terrors of excommunication, not to fight from Wedneſday evening to Monday morning, out of reverence to the myſteries accompliſhed on the other four days; the aſcenſion on Thurſday; the crucifixion on Friday; the deſcent to hell on Saturday; and the reſurrection on Sunday.

I hope a farther obſervation will be pardoned, when I add, that the ſame humanity prevailed during the fourteenth century, and that the terrors of church power were then held forth with an intent equally laudable. A dreadful plague at that period deſolated all Europe. The Germans, with no better reaſon than their own ſenſeleſs ſuperſtition, imputed this calamity to the Jews, who then lived among them in great opulence and ſplendour. Many thouſands of theſe unhappy people were inhumanly maſſacred, till the pope benevolently interfered, and prohibited, by the ſevereſt bulls, ſo mad and ſanguinary a proceeding.

I could not omit two ſuch ſalutary exertions of church power, as they both occur within the period of this inquiry. I might add a third, I mean the oppoſing and endeavouring to check that abſurdeſt of all practices, the trial by battle, which Spel-

man expressly tells us, that the church in all ages condemned.

It must be confessed, that *the bull* published, concerning the pretended count, at the court of Constantinople, is rather against the order of Chronology, for it happended during the *first* crusade. It serves, however, to shew the manners of the Latin, or Western laity, in the beginning of that holy war. They did not in a succession of years, grow better, but worse.

It was a century after, that another crusade, in their march against infidels, sacked this very city; deposed the then emperor; and committed devastations, which no one would have committed but the most ignorant, as well as cruel barbarians.

But a question here occurs, easier to propose than to answer—"To what are we to "attribute that character of ferocity, which "seems to have then prevailed through the "laity of Europe?"

Shall we say it was climate, and the nature of the country?—These, we must confess, have, in some instances, great influence.

"The Indians, first a few years since by Mr. Byron in the southern parts of South America, were brutal and savage to an enormous excess. One of them, for a trivial offence, murdered his own child (an infant) by dashing it against the rocks.—The Cyclopes, as described by Homer, were much of the *same sort*; each of them gave law to his own family, without regard for one another; and besides this, they were Atheists and Man-eaters.

May we not suppose, that a stormy sea, together with a frozen, barren, and inhospitable shore, might work on the imagination of these Indians, so as, by banishing all pleasing and benign ideas, to fill them with habitual gloom, and a propensity to be cruel?—Or might not the tremendous scenes of Ætna have had a like effect upon the Cyclopes, who lived amid smoke, thunderings, eruptions of fire, and earthquakes? If we may believe Fazellus, who wrote upon Sicily about two hundred years ago, the inhabitants near Ætna were in his time a similar race.

If therefore these limited regions had such an effect upon their natives, may not a similar effect be presumed from the vast regions of the North? may not its cold barren, uncomfortable climate, have made its numerous tribes equally rude and savage?

If this be not enough, we may add another cause, I mean their political circumstances. Nothing marks the wide difference between culture and rudeness more than the power to define, either from example or description, to form a general idea.

We may add a further circumstance still, which is, that when they had acquired somewhat better than their own, they became with the same military force through which they had conquered; and were in fact, when settled, a sort of army after a campaign, quartered upon the wretched remains of the ancient inhabitants, by whom they were attended under the different names of serfs, vassals, villains, &c.

It was not likely the ferocity of the conquerors should abate with regard to their vassals, whom, as strangers, they were more likely to suspect than to love.

It was not likely it should abate with regard to one another, when the subjecting hand of their castles, and the contagion of their territories, must have given occasion (as we learn from history) for endless dissension. But this we have to the letter in feudal tenures.

We shall add to the preceding reasons one more, somewhat similar, and yet perfectly different; which is, that though the darkness in Western Europe, during the period here mentioned, was (to adopt a language) "a darkness that might be felt," yet it is surprising, that during a period so obscure, many admirable inventions found their way into the world; I mean such as clocks, telescopes, paper, gunpowder, the mariner's needle, printing, and a number more omitted.

It is surprising too, if we consider the importance of these arts, and their extensive utility, that it should be either unknown, or at least doubtful, by whom they were invented.

A lively fancy might almost imagine, that every art, as it was wanted, had suddenly started forth, addressing that that sought it, as Rome did his companions——

——Cupere quos quærimus adesse. Virg.

And yet, fancy apart, of this we may be assured, that though the particular inventors may unfortunately be forgotten, the inventions themselves are plainly referrible to man; to that subtle and active principle, human wit, or ingenuity.

Let me then submit the following query—

If the human mind be so ready at [illegible]

origin as every other part of the universe; and if every other part of the universe bear testimony to its author; do not the inventions above-mentioned give us reason to assert, that God, in the operations of man, never leaves himself without a witness?

Harris.

§ 215. *Opinions on Past Ages and the Present.—Conclusion arising from the Discussion of these Opinions.—Conclusion of the Whole.*

And now having done with the Middle Age, we venture to say a word upon the Present.

Every past age has in its turn been a present age. This indeed is obvious, but this is not all; for every past age, when present, has been the object of abuse. Men have been represented by their contemporaries not only as bad, but degenerate; as inferior to their predecessors both in morals and bodily powers.

This is an opinion so generally received, that Virgil (in conformity to it) when he would express former times, calls them simply better, as if the term, *better*, implied *former* of course.

Hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
Magnanimi heroes, nati melioribus annis.
Æn. vi. 648.

The same opinion is ascribed by Homer to old Nestor, when that venerable chief speaks of those heroes whom he had known in his youth. He relates some of their names. Perithous, Dryas, Cæneus, Theseus; and some also of their exploits; as how they had extirpated the savage Centaurs.—He then subjoins

——— κείνοισι δ' ἂν οὔτις,
Τῶν οἱ νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν ἐπιχθόνιοι, μαχέοιτο.
Ιλ. Α. 271.

——— with these no one
Of earthly race, as men are now, could fight.

As these heroes were supposed to exceed in strength those of the Trojan war, so were the heroes of that period to exceed those that came after. Hence, from the time of the Trojan war to that of Homer, we learn that human strength was decreased by a complete half.

Thus the same Homer,

——— ὁ δὲ χερμάδιον λάβε χειρί
Τυδείδης, μετὰ ἔργον, ὃ οὐ δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι· ὁ δὲ μιν ῥέα πάλλε καὶ οἶος.
Ιλ. Ε. 302.

Then grasp'd Tydides in his hand a stone,
A bulk immense, which not two men could bear,
As men are now, but he alone with ease
Hurl'd at ———

Virgil goes farther, and tells us, that not twelve men of his time (and those too chosen ones) could even carry the stone which Turnus flung:

Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus:
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem.
Æn. xii. 899.

Thus human strength, which in Homer's time was lessened to half, in Virgil's time was lessened to a twelfth. If strength and bulk (as commonly happens) be proportioned, what pygmies in stature must the men of Virgil's time have been, when their strength, as he informs us, was so far diminished! A man only eight times as strong (and not, according to the poet, twelve times) must at least have been between five and six feet higher than they were.

But we all know the privilege claimed by poets and painters.

It is in virtue of this privilege that Horace, when he mentions the moral degeneracies of his contemporaries, asserts that "their fathers were worse than their grandfathers; that they were worse than their fathers; and that their children would be worse than they were;" describing no fewer, after the grandfather, than three successions of degeneracy:

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorum.
Hor. Od. L. iii. 6.

We need only ask, were this a fact, what would the Romans have been, had they degenerated in this proportion for five or six generations more?

Yet Juvenal, subsequent to all this, supposes a similar progression; a progression in vice and infamy, which was not complete till his own times.

Then truly we learn, it could go no farther:

Nil erit ulterius, nostris quod moribus addat
Posteritas, &c.
Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit, &c.
Sat. i. 147, &c.

But even Juvenal, it seems, was mistaken, bad as we must allow his times to have been. Several centuries after, without regard to Juvenal, the same doctrine was inculcated with greater zeal than ever.

When the Western empire began to decline, and Europe and Africa were ravaged by barbarians, the calamities then happening (and formidable they were) naturally led

led men, who felt them, to eſteem their own age the worſt.

The enemies of Chriſtianity (for Paganiſm was not then extinct) abſurdly turned theſe calamities to the diſcredit of the Chriſtian religion, and ſaid, the times were ſo unhappy, becauſe the gods were diſhonoured, and the ancient worſhip neglected. Oroſius, a Chriſtian, did not deny the melancholy facts, but, to obviate an objection ſo diſhonourable to the true religion, he endeavours to prove from hiſtorians, both ſacred and profane, that calamities of every ſort had exiſted in every age, as many and as great as thoſe that exiſted then.

If Oroſius has reaſoned right (and his work is an elaborate one) it follows, that the lamentations made then, and made ever ſince, are no more than natural declamations incidental to man; declamations naturally ariſing (let him live at any period) from the ſuperior efficacy of preſent events upon preſent ſenſations.

There is a praiſe belonging to the paſt, congenial with this cenſure; a praiſe formed from negatives, and beſt illuſtrated by examples.

Thus a declaimer might aſſert, (ſuppoſing he had a wiſh, by exalting the eleventh century, to debaſe the preſent) that "in "the time of the Norman conqueror we "had no routs, no ridottos, no Newmar-"kets, no candidates to bribe, no voters to "be bribed, &c." and living on negatives, as long as he thought proper.

What then are we to do, when we hear ſuch panegyric?—Are we to deny the facts?—That cannot be.—Are we to admit the concluſion?—That appears not quite agreeable.—No method is left, but to compare evils with evils; the evils of 1066 with thoſe of 1780; and ſee whether the former age had not evils of its own, ſuch as the preſent never experienced, becauſe they do not now exiſt.

We may allow the evils of the preſent day to be real—we may even allow that a much larger number might have been added—but then we may alledge evils, by way of return, felt in thoſe days ſeverely, but now not felt at all.

We may aſſert, "we have not now, as "happened then, ſeen our country con-"quered by foreign invaders, nor our pro-"perty taken from us, and diſtributed "among the conquerors; nor ourſelves, "from freemen, debaſed into ſlaves; nor "our rights ſubmitted to unknown laws, "imported, without our conſent, from fo-"reign countries."

Should the ſame reaſonings be urged in favour of times nearly as remote, and other imputations of evil be brought, which, though well known now, did not then exiſt, we may ſtill retort that—"we are no "longer now, as they were then, ſubject to "feudal oppreſſion; nor dragged to war, "as they were then, by the petty tyrant of "a neighbouring caſtle; nor involved in "ſcenes of blood, as they were then, and "that for many years, during the unintel-"reſting diſputes between a Stephen and a "Maud."

Should the ſame declaimer paſs to a later period, and praiſe, after the ſame manner, the reign of Henry the Second, we have then to retort, "that we have now no "Beckets." Should he proceed to Richard the Firſt, "that we have now no "holy wars"—to John Lackland, and his ſon Henry, "that we have now no barons "wars"—and with regard to both of them, "that, though we enjoy at this inſtant all "the benefits of Magna Charta, we have "not been compelled to purchaſe them at "the price of our blood."

A ſeries of convulſions, bring us, in a few years more, to the wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter—thence from the fall of the Lancaſter family to the calamities of the York family, and its final deſtruction in Richard the Third—thence to the oppreſſive period of his avaricious ſucceſſor; and from him to the formidable reign of his relentleſs ſon, when neither the coronet, nor the mitre, nor even the crown, could protect their wearers; and when (to the amazement of poſterity) thoſe, by whom church authority was denied, and thoſe, by whom it was maintained, were dragged together to Smithfield, and burnt at one and the ſame ſtake.

The reign of his ſucceſſor was ſhort and turpid, and ſoon followed by the gloomy one of a bigotted woman.

We ſtop here, thinking we have inſtances enough. Thoſe, who hear any portion of theſe paſt times praiſed for the invidious purpoſe above-mentioned, may anſwer by thus retorting the calamities and crimes which exiſted at the time praiſed, but which now exiſt no more. A true eſtimate can never be formed, but in conſequence of ſuch a compariſon; for if we drop the laudable, and alledge only the bad, or drop the bad, and alledge only the laudable, there is no age, whatever its real character, but

may be made to paſs at pleaſure either for a good one or a bad one.

If I may be permitted in this place to add an obſervation, it ſhall be an obſervation founded upon many years experience. I have often heard declamations againſt the preſent race of men; declamations againſt them, as if they were the worſt of animals; treacherous, falſe, ſelfiſh, envious, oppreſſive, tyrannical, &c. &c. This (I ſay) I have often heard from grave declaimers, and have heard the ſentiment delivered with a kind of oracular pomp.—Yet I never heard any ſuch declaimer ſay (what would have been ſincere at leaſt, if it had been nothing more) "I prove my aſſertion by "an example, where I cannot err; I aſſert "myſelf to be the wretch I have been juſt "deſcribing."

So far from this, it would be perhaps dangerous to aſk him, even in a gentle whiſper—"You have been talking, with much confidence, about certain profligate beings—Are you certain, that you yourſelf are not one of the number?"

I hope I may be pardoned for the following anecdote, although compelled, in relating it, to make myſelf a party.

"Sitting once in my library with a "friend, a worthy but melancholy man, I "read him, out of a book, the following "paſſage——

"In our time it may be ſpoken more "truly than of old, that virtue is gone; the "church is under foot; the clergy is in "error; the devil reigneth, &c. &c. My "friend interrupted me with a ſigh, and "ſaid, Alas! how true! How juſt a pic-"ture of the times!—I aſked him, of what "times?—Of what times! replied he with "emotion; can you ſuppoſe any other but "the preſent? were any before ever ſo "bad, ſo corrupt, ſo, &c.?—Forgive me "(ſaid I) for ſtopping you—the times I "am reading of are older than you ima-"gine; the ſentiment was delivered about "four hundred years ago; its author Sir "John Mandeville, who died in 1371."

As man is by nature a ſocial animal, good-humour ſeems an ingredient highly neceſſary to his character. It is the ſalt which gives a ſeaſoning to the feaſt of life; and which, if it be wanting, ſurely renders the feaſt incomplete. Many cauſes contribute to impair this amiable quality, and nothing perhaps more than bad opinions of mankind. Bad opinions of mankind naturally lead us to Miſanthropy. If theſe bad opinions go farther, and are applied to the univerſe, then they lead to ſomething worſe, for they lead to Atheiſm. The melancholy and moroſe character being thus inſenſibly formed, morals and piety ſink of courſe; for what equals have we to love, or what ſuperior have we to revere, when we have no other objects left than thoſe of hatred or of terror?

It ſhould ſeem then expedient, if we value our better principles, nay, if we value our own happineſs, to withſtand ſuch dreary ſentiments. It was the advice of a wiſe man—"Say not thou, what is the cauſe that the former days were better than theſe? For thou doſt not inquire wiſely concerning this." Eccl. vii. 10.

Things preſent make impreſſions amazingly ſuperior to things remote; ſo that, in objects of every kind, we are eaſily miſtaken as to their comparative magnitude. Upon the canvaſs of the ſame picture a near ſparrow occupies the ſpace of a diſtant eagle; a near mole-hill, that of a diſtant mountain. In the perpetration of crimes there are few perſons, I believe, who would not be more ſhocked at actually ſeeing a ſingle man aſſaſſinated (even taking away the idea of perſonal danger) than they would be ſhocked in reading the maſſacre of Paris.

The wiſe man, juſt quoted, wiſhes to ſave us from theſe errors. He has already informed us—"The thing that hath been, is that which ſhall be; and there is no new thing under the ſun. Is there any thing whereof it may be ſaid, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." He then ſubjoins the cauſe of this apparent novelty—"things paſt, when they return, appear new, if they are forgotten; and things preſent will appear ſo, ſhould they too be forgotten, when they return." Eccl. i. 9. ii. 16.

This forgetfulneſs of what is ſimilar in events which return (for in every returning event ſuch ſimilarity exiſts) is the forgetfulneſs of a mind uninſtructed and weak; a mind ignorant of that great, that providential circulation, which never ceaſes for a moment through every part of the univerſe.

It is not like that forgetfulneſs which I once remember in a man of letters; who when, at the concluſion of a long life, he found his memory began to fail, ſaid chearfully—"Now I ſhall have a "pleaſure I could not have before; that of "reading my old books, and finding them "all new."

There

There was in this conſolation ſomething philoſophical and pleaſing. And yet perhaps it is a higher philoſophy (could we attain it) not to forget the paſt, but in contemplation of the paſt to view the future; ſo that we may ſay, on the worſt proſpects, with a becoming reſignation, what Eneas ſaid of old to the Cumean Propheteſs,

———Virgin, no ſcenes of ill
To me, or new, or unexpected riſe;
I've ſeen 'em all; have ſeen, and long before
Within myſelf revolv'd 'em in my mind.
Æn. VI. 103, 104, 105.

In ſuch a conduct, if well founded, there is not only fortitude, but piety: Fortitude, which never ſinks, from a conſcious integrity; and Piety, which never reſiſts, by referring all to the Divine Will.

Harris.

§ 216. *The Character of the Man of Buſineſs often united with, and adorned by that of the Scholar and Philoſopher.*

Philoſophy, taking its name from the love of wiſdom, and having for its end the inveſtigation of truth, has an equal regard both to practice and ſpeculation, in as much as truth of every kind is ſimilar and congenial. Hence we find that ſome of the moſt illuſtrious actors upon the great theatre of the world have been engaged at times in philoſophical ſpeculation. Pericles, who governed Athens, was the diſciple of Anaxagoras; Epaminondas ſpent his youth in the Pythagorean ſchool; Alexander the Great had Ariſtotle for his preceptor; and Scipio made Polybius his companion and friend. Why need I mention Cicero, or Cato, or Brutus? The orations, the epiſtles, and the philoſophical works of the firſt, ſhew him ſufficiently converſant both in action and contemplation. So eager was Cato for knowledge, even when ſurrounded with buſineſs, that he uſed to read philoſophy in the ſenate-houſe, while the ſenate was aſſembling; and as for the patriot Brutus, though his life was a continual ſcene of the moſt important actions, he found time not only to ſtudy, but to compoſe a Treatiſe upon Virtue.

When theſe were gone, and the worſt of times ſucceeded, Thraſea Partus, and Helvidius Priſcus, were at the ſame period both ſenators and philoſophers; and appear to have ſupported the ſevereſt trials of tyrannic oppreſſion, by the manly ſyſtem of the Stoic moral. The beſt emperor whom the Romans, or perhaps any nation, ever knew, Marcus Antoninus, was involved during his whole life in buſineſs of the laſt conſequence; ſometimes conſpiracies forming, which he was obliged to diſſipate; formidable wars ariſing at other times, when he was obliged to take the field. Yet during none of theſe periods did he forſake philoſophy, but ſtill perſiſted in meditation, and in committing his thoughts to writing, during moments, gained by ſtealth from the hurry of courts and campaigns.

If we deſcend to later ages, and ſearch our own country, we ſhall find Sir Thomas More, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Milton, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Temple, and many others, to have been all of them eminent in public life, and yet at the ſame time conſpicuous for their ſpeculations and literature. If we look abroad, examples of like characters will occur in other countries. Grotius, the poet, the critic, the philoſopher, and the divine, was employed by the court of Sweden as ambaſſador to France; and De Witt, that acute but unfortunate ſtateſman, that pattern of parſimony and political accompliſhments, was an able mathematician, wrote upon the Elements of Curves, and applied his algebra with accuracy to the trade and commerce of his country.

And ſo much in defence of Philoſophy, againſt thoſe who may poſſibly undervalue her, becauſe they have ſucceeded without her; thoſe I mean (and it muſt be confeſt they are many) who, having ſpent their whole lives in what Milton calls the "busy hum of men," have acquired to themſelves habits of amazing efficacy, unaſſiſted by the helps of ſcience and erudition. To ſuch the retired ſtudent may appear an awkward being, becauſe they want a juſt ſtandard to meaſure his merit. But let them recur to the bright examples before alledged: let them remember that theſe were eminent in their own way; were men of action and buſineſs; men of the world; and yet did they not diſdain to cultivate philoſophy, nay, were many of them perhaps indebted to her for the ſplendor of their active character.

This reaſoning has a farther end. It juſtifies me in the addreſs of theſe philoſophical arrangements, "as your Lord-

ſhip

hip* has been diſtinguiſhed in either cha-
acter, I mean in your public one, as well
s in your private. Thoſe who know the
iſtory of our foreign tranſactions, know
he reputation that you acquired in Ger-
nany, by negociations of the laſt im-
ortance: and thoſe who are honoured
ith your nearer friendſhip, know that
ou can ſpeculate as well as act, and can
mploy your pen both with elegance and
nſtruction.

It may not perhaps be unentertaining
o your Lordſhip to ſee in what manner
he 'Preceptor of Alexander the Great
rranged his pupil's ideas, ſo that they
night not cauſe confuſion, for want of
ccurate diſpoſition.' It may be thought
lſo a fact worthy your notice, that he
ecame acquainted with this method from
he venerable Pythagoras, who, unleſs he
drew it from remoter ſources, to us un-
known, was, perhaps, himſelf its inventor
nd original teacher. *Harris.*

§ 217. *The Progreſſions of Art diſguſtful, the Completion beautiful.*

Fables relate that Venus was wedded to Vulcan, the goddeſs of beauty to the god of deformity. The tale, as ſome explain it, gives a double repreſentation of art; Vulcan ſhewing us the progreſſions of art, and Venus the completions. The progreſſions, ſuch as the hewing of ſtone, the grinding of colours, the fuſion of metals, theſe all of them are laborious, and many times diſguſtful; the completions, ſuch as the temple, the palace, the picture, the ſtatue, theſe all of them are beauties, and juſtly call for admiration.

Now if logic be one of thoſe arts, which help to improve human reaſon, it muſt neceſſarily be an art of the progreſſive character; an art which, not ending with itſelf, has a view to ſomething farther. If then, in the ſpeculations upon it, it ſhould appear dry rather than elegant, ſevere rather than pleaſing, let it plead, by way of defence, that, though its importance may be great, it partakes from its very nature (which cannot be changed) more of the deformed god, than of the beautiful goddeſs. *Ibid.*

§ 218. *Thoughts on Elegance.*

Having anſwered the objections uſually brought againſt a permanent ſenſe of beauty, let us now proceed to ſingle out the particular ſpecies or kinds of beauty; and begin with elegance of perſon, that ſo wonderfully elevates the human character.

Elegance, the moſt undoubted offspring and viſible image of fine taſte, the moment it appears, is univerſally admired: men diſagree about the other conſtituent parts of beauty, but they all unite without heſitation to acknowledge the power of elegance.

The general opinion is, that this moſt conſpicuous part of beauty, that is perceived and acknowledged by every body, is yet utterly inexplicable, and retires from our ſearch when we would diſcover what it is. Where ſhall I find the ſecret retreat of the graces, to explain to me the elegance they dictate, and to paint, in viſible colours, the fugitive and varying enchantment that hovers round a graceful perſon, yet leaves us for ever in agreeable ſuſpence and confuſion? I need not ſeek for them, madam; the graces are but emblems of the human mind, in its lovelieſt appearances; and while I write for you, it is impoſſible not to feel their influence.

Perſonal elegance, for that is the object of our preſent enquiry, may be defined the image and reflection of the grandeur and beauty of the inviſible ſoul. Grandeur and beauty in the ſoul itſelf are not objects of ſenſe; colours cannot paint them, but they are united to ſentiments that appear viſible; they beſtow a noble meaning and importance of attitude, and diffuſe inexpreſſible lovelineſs over the perſon.

When two or more paſſions or ſentiments unite, they are not ſo readily diſtinguiſhed, as if they had appeared ſeparate; however, it is eaſy to obſerve, that the complacency and admiration we feel in the preſence of elegant perſons, is made up of reſpect and affection; and that we are diſappointed when we ſee ſuch perſons act a baſe or indecent part. Theſe ſymptoms plainly ſhew, that perſonal elegance appears to us to be the image and reflection of an elevated and beautiful mind. In ſome characters, the grandeur of ſoul is predominant; in whom beauty is majeſtic and awful. In this ſtyle is Miſs F——. In other characters, a ſoft and attracting grace is more conſpicuous: this latter kind is more pleaſing, for an obvious reaſon. But elegance

* Addreſſed to the right honourable Thomas Lord Hyde, chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaſter, &c.

elegance cannot exist in either alone, without a mixture of the other; for majesty without the beautiful, would be haughty and disgusting; and easy accessible beauty would lose the idea of elegance, and become an object of contempt.

The grandeur and beauty of the soul charm us universally, who have all of us implanted in our bosoms, even in the midst of misery, notions of high descent, immortal ambition, and romantic hopes. You may conceive an imprisoned bird, whose wild notes, prompted by the approach of spring, gave her a confused notion of joy, although she has no distinct idea of airy flights and summer groves; or when man emerging from wretchedness assumes a nobler character, and the elevation of the human genius appears openly, we view, with secret joy and delightful amazement, the rare evidence and pledge of our dignity: the mind e'ches fire by a train that lies within itself, and expands with conscious pride and merit, like a generous youth over the images of his country's heroes. Of the inherent and engaging part of elegance, I shall have occasion to speak at large hereafter.

Personal elegance or grace is a fugitive lustre, that never settles in any part of the body, you see it glance and disappear in the features and motions of a graceful person; it strikes your view; it shines like an exhalation: but the moment you follow it, the wandering flame vanishes, and immediately lights up in something else: you may as well think of fixing the pleasing delusion of your dreams, or the colours of a dissolving rainbow.

You have often early at times, in the summer season, to take the advantage of the cool of the morning, to ride abroad. Let us suppose you have ridden an hour or two, and had got out a few minutes before the rising of the sun. You see the fields and woods that lay the night before in obscurity, attiring themselves in beauty and verdure; you see a profusion of brilliants shining in the dew; you see the flowers gradually admitting the light into their pure bosoms; and you hear the birds, which are awakened by a rapture, that comes upon them from the morning. If the eastern sky be clear, you see it glow with the promise of a flame that has not yet appeared; and if it be overcast with clouds, you see their clouds flained by a bright red, beautified with gold or silver, that by the change appear volatile, and ready to vanish. How various and beautiful are these appearances, which are but the fine, but remote effects of a never shifting cause! In like manner the soul fixes inexpressible charms over the human person, and gilds it, but then the cause is less known, because the soul for ever shines behind a veil, and is always veiled from our senses.

You conceive why elegance suits a fugitive nature, and quits already in motion: as it is communicated by the principle of action that governs the whole person, it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The motion of it with expression purifies the wandering beauty, which is lost with surprise at every turn, but is never able to overtake it. It is a waving flame, that, like the reflection of the sun from water, will settle; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body; it diffuses powers through attitude and motion for us to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arms, the legs, the head, the neck, and in short the whole frame: but if grace has any fixed throne, it is the face, the reflection of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just falling into view.

Elegance assumes to itself an empire equal to that of the soul; it rules and inspires every part of the body, and makes use of all the human powers; but is particularly taken the passions under its sway and direction, and turns them into a kind of artillery, with which it does immediate execution.

The passions that are favourable to the graces are manifold, good sense particularly when it is heightened by a small colouring of affection into gaiety, and that fine language which seems to be formed of a mixture of full joy and pleasing surprise, shame, and even grief and regret, have appeared pleasing under proper restrictions; for it must be observed, that all excess is shocking and disagreeable, and that even the most pleasing passions appear to small advantage when the tincture they call over the countenance is entire blush and gentle. The passions that are enemies to the graces are impudence, affectation, strong and sullen degrees of pride, malice and anger.

Love

There is an union of the fine paſſions, ut ſo delicate that you cannot conceive ny one of them ſeparate from the reſt, alled *ſenſibility*, which is requiſite in an legant deportment; it chiefly reſides in he eye, which is indeed the ſeat of the aſſions.

I have ſpoken of the paſſions only as hey are ſubſervient to grace, which is he object of our preſent attention. The ace is the mother-country, if I may call ſo, or the habitation of grace; and it iſits the other parts of the body only as iſtant provinces, with ſome little partia- ity to the neck, and the fine baſis that upports it; but the countenance is the ery palace in which it takes up its reſi- ence; it is there it revels through its arious apartments: you ſee it wrapped n clouded majeſty upon the brow; you iſcover it about the lips hardly riſing o a ſmile, and vaniſhing in a moment, hen it is rather perceived than ſeen; nd then by the moſt engaging viciſſi- ude, it enlivens, flames, and diſſolves n the eye.

You have, I ſuppoſe, all along ob- erved, that I am not treating of beauty, hich depends on different principles, but f that elegance which is the effect of a elicate and awakened taſte, and in every ind of form is the enchantment that at- racts and pleaſes univerſally, even with- ut the aſſiſtance of any other charm; hereas without it no degree of beauty is harming. You have undoubtedly ſeen omen lovely without much beauty, and andſome without being lovely; it is raceſulneſs cauſes this variation, and hrows a luſtre over diſagreeable features, s the ſun paints a ſhowery cloud with he colours of the rainbow.

I before remarked, that the grace of very elegant perſon is varied agreeable o the character and diſpoſition of the erſon it beautifies; I am ſenſible you adily conceive the reaſon. Elegance is he natural habit and image of the ſoul eaming forth in action; it muſt therefore e expreſſed by the peculiar features, air, nd diſpoſition of the perſon; it muſt ow from nature, and flow with eaſe and propriety that diſtinguiſhes it. The mitation of any particular perſon, how- ver graceful, is dangerous, leſt the af- ectation appear; but the unſtudied ele- ance of nature is acquired by the ex- mple and converſation of ſeveral elegant erſons of different characters, which peo- ple adapt to the import of their own geſ- tures, without knowing how.

It is alſo becauſe elegance is the re- flection of the ſoul appearing in action, that good ſtatues, and pictures drawn from life, are laid before the eye in mo- tion. If you look at the old Gothic churches built in barbarous ages, you will ſee the ſtatues reared up dead and inani- mate againſt the walls.

I ſaid, at the beginning of this little diſcourſe, that the beauty of dreſs reſults from mode or faſhion, and it certainly does ſo in a great meaſure; but I muſt limit that aſſertion by the following obſervation, that there is alſo a real beauty in attire that does not depend on the mode: thoſe robes which leave the whole perſon at liberty in its motions, and that give to the imagination the natural proportions and ſymmetry of the body, are always more becoming than ſuch as reſtrain any part of the body, or in which it is loſt or diſfigur- ed. You may eaſily imagine how a pair of ſtays laced tightly about the Minerva we admired, would oppreſs the ſublime beauty of her comportment and figure. Since perſons of rank cannot chuſe their own dreſs, but muſt run along with the preſent faſhion, the ſecret of dreſſing gracefully muſt conſiſt in the ſlender va- riations that cannot be obſerved to deſert the faſhion, and yet approach nigher to the complexion and import of the coun- tenance, and that at the ſame time allows to the whole body the greateſt poſ- ſible freedom, eaſe, and imagery: by imagery I mean, that as a good painter will ſhew the effect of the muſcles that do not appear to the eye, ſo a perſon ſkilful in dreſs will diſplay the elegance of the form, though it be covered and out of view. As the taſte of dreſs approaches to perfection all art diſappears, and it ſeems the effect of negligence and inſtinc- tive inattention; for this reaſon its beau- ties ariſe from the manner and general air rather than from the richneſs, which laſt, when it becomes too groſs and op- preſſive, deſtroys the elegance. A bril- liancy and parade in dreſs is therefore the infallible ſign of bad taſte, that in this contraband manner endeavours to make amends for the want of true elegance, and bears a relation to the heaps of ornament that encumbered the Gothic buildings. Apelles obſerving an Helen painted by one of his ſcholars, that was overcharged with a rich dreſs, "I find, young man," ſaid

ſaid he, "not being able to paint her beautiful, you have made her fine."

Harſh and violent motions are always unbecoming. Milton attributes the ſame kind of motion to his angels that the Heathens did to their deities, *ſoft, ſliding, without ſtep*. It is impoſſible to preſerve the attractions in a country dance that attend on a minuet; as the ſtep quickens, the moſt delicate of the graces retire. The rule holds univerſally through all action, whether quick or ſlow; it ſhould always partake of the ſame poliſhed and ſoftened motion, particularly in the tranſitions of the countenance, where the genius of the perſon ſeems to hover and reſide.

The degrees run very high upon the ſcale of elegance, and probably few have arrived near the higheſt pitch; but it is certain, that the idea of ſurpriſing beauty, that was familiar in Greece, has been hardly conceived by the moderns: many of their ſtatues remain the objects of our admiration, but wholly ſuperior to imitation; their pictures, that have ſunk in the wreck of time, appear in the deſcriptions made of them to have equal imagination with the ſtatues; and their poetry abounds with the ſame celeſtial imagery. But what puts this matter out of doubt is, that their celebrated beauties were the models of their artiſts, and it is known, that the elegancies of Thais and Phryne were copied by the famous painters of Greece, and conſigned to canvaſs and marble to aſtoniſh and charm diſtant ages.

Perſonal elegance, in which taſte aſſumes the moſt conſpicuous and noble appearance, confuſes us in our enquiries after it, by the quickneſs and variety of its changes, as well as by a complication that is not eaſily unravelled. I defined it to be the image and reflection of a great and beautiful ſoul; let us ſeparate the diſtinct parts of this variety; when they appear aſunder you will find them perfectly familiar and intelligible.

The firſt, and moſt reſpectable part, that enters into the compoſition of elegance, is the lofty conſciouſneſs of worth or virtue, which ſuſtains an habitual decency, and becoming pride.

The ſecond, and moſt pleaſing part, is a diſplay of good-nature approaching to affection, of gentle affability, and, in general, of the pleaſing paſſions. It ſeems difficult to reconcile theſe two parts, and in fact it is ſo; but when they unite, then they appear like a reſerved and virgin kindneſs, that is at once noble and ſoft, that may be won, but muſt be courted with delicacy.

The third part of elegance is the appearance of a poliſhed and tranquil habit of mind, that ſoftens the actions and emotions, and gives a covert proſpect of innocence and undiſturbed repoſe. I will treat of theſe ſeparate, and firſt of dignity of ſoul.

I obſerved, near the beginning of this diſcourſe, in anſwer to an objection you made, that the mind has always a taſte for truth, for gratitude, for generoſity, and greatneſs of ſoul: theſe, which are peculiarly called *ſentiments*, ſtamp upon the human ſpirit a dignity and worth not to be found in any other animated being. However great and ſurpriſing the moſt glorious objects in nature be, the heaving ocean, the moon that guides it, and caſts a ſoftened luſtre over the night, the ſtarry firmament, or the ſun itſelf; yet their beauty and grandeur inſtantly appear of an inferior kind, beyond all compariſon, to this of the ſoul of man. Theſe ſentiments are united under the general name of virtue; and ſuch are the embelliſhments they diffuſe over the mind, that Plato, a very polite philoſopher, ſays finely, "If Virtue was to appear in a viſible ſhape, all men would be enamoured of her."

Virtue and truth are inſeparable, and take their flight together. A mind devoid of truth is a frightful wreck; it is like a great city in ruins, whoſe mouldering towers, juſt bring to the imagination the mirth and life that once were there, and is now no more. Truth is the genius of taſte, and enters into the eſſence of ſimple beauty, in wit, in writing, and throughout the fine arts.

Generoſity covers almoſt all other defects, and raiſes a blaze around them in which they diſappear and are loſt: like ſovereign beauty, it makes a ſhort cut to our affections; it wins our hearts without reſiſtance or delay, and unites all the world to favour and ſupport its deſigns.

Grandeur of ſoul, fortitude, and a reſolution that haughtily ſtruggles with deſpair, and will neither yield to, nor make terms with misfortunes; which, through every ſituation, repoſes a noble confidence in itſelf, and has an immoveable view to future glory and honour, aſtoniſhes the world with admiration and delight. We, as it were, lean forward with ſurpriſe and trembling joy to behold the human ſoul collecting its ſtrength

ſtrength, and aſſerting a right to ſuperior fates. When you leave man out of your account, and view the whole viſible creation beſide, you indeed ſee ſeveral traces of grandeur and unſpeakable power, and the intermixture of a rich ſcenery of beauty; yet ſtill the whole appears to be but a ſolemn abſurdity, and to have a littleneſs and inſignificancy. But when you reſtore man to proſpect, and put him at the head of it, endued with genius and an immortal ſoul; when you give him a paſſion for truth, boundleſs views that ſpread along through eternity, and a fortitude that ſtruggles with fate, and yields not to misfortunes, then the ſkies, the ocean, and the earth, take the ſtamp of worth and dignity from the noble inhabitant whoſe purpoſes they ſerve.

A mind fraught with the virtues is the natural ſoil of elegance. Unaffected truth, generoſity, and grandeur of ſoul, for ever pleaſe and charm: even when they break from the common forms, and appear wild and unmethodized by education, they are ſtill beautiful. On the contrary, as ſoon as we diſcover that outward elegance, which is formed by the mode, to want truth, generoſity, or grandeur of ſoul, it inſtantly ſinks in our eſteem like counterfeit coin, and we are ſenſible of a reluctant diſappointment, like that of the lover in the epigram, who became enamoured with the lady's voice and the ſoftneſs of her hand in the dark, but was cured of his paſſion as ſoon as he had light to view her.

Let us now paſs on to the moſt pleaſing part of elegance, an habitual diſplay of the kind and gentle paſſions.

We are naturally inclined to love thoſe who bear an affection to us; and we are warmed with the homage that is paid to our merit: by theſe weakneſſes politeneſs attacks us. The well-bred gentleman always in his behaviour inſinuates a regard for others, tempered with reſpect. His attention to pleaſe confeſſes plainly his kindneſs to you, and the high eſteem he holds you in. The aſſiduous prevention of our wiſhes, and that yielding ſweetneſs complaiſance puts on for our ſake, are irreſiſtible; and although we know this kind of flattery to be proſtitute and habitual, yet it is not indifferent to us; we receive it in a manner that ſhows how much it gratifies us.

The deſire of being agreeable, finds out the art of being ſo without ſtudy or labour. Ruſtics who fall in love, grow unuſually polite and engaging. This new charm, that has altered their natures, and ſuddenly endued them with the powers of pleaſing, is nothing more than an enlivened attention to pleaſe, that has taken poſſeſſion of their minds, and tinctured their actions. We ought not to wonder that love is thus enchanting: its tender aſſiduity is but the natural addreſs of the paſſion; politeneſs borrows the flattering form of affection, and becomes agreeable by the appearance of kindneſs.

What pleaſes us generally appears beautiful. Complaiſance, that is ſo engaging, gives an agreeableneſs to the whole perſon, and creates a beauty that nature gave not to the features; it ſubmits, it promiſes, it applauds in the countenance; the heart lays itſelf in ſmiles at your feet, and a voice that is indulgent and tender, is always heard with pleaſure.

The laſt conſtituent part of elegance is the picture of a tranquil ſoul, that appears in ſoftening the actions and emotions, and exhibits a retired proſpect of happineſs and innocence.

A calm of mind that is ſeen in graceful eaſy action, and in the enfeeblement of our paſſions, gives us an idea of the golden age, when human nature, adorned with innocence, and the peace that attends it, repoſed in the arms of content. This ſerene proſpect of human nature always pleaſes us; and although the content, whoſe image it is, be viſionary in this world, and we cannot arrive at it, yet it is the point in imagination we have finally in view, in all the purſuits of life, and the native home for which we do not ceaſe to languiſh.

The ſentiment of tranquillity particularly beautifies paſtoral poetry. The images of calm and happy quiet that appear in ſhaded groves, in ſilent vales, and ſlumbers by falling ſtreams, invite the poet to indulge his genius in rural ſcenes. The muſic that lulls and compoſes the mind, at the ſame time enchants it. The hue of this beauteous eaſe, caſt over the human actions and emotions, forms a very delightful part of elegance, and gives the other conſtituent parts an appearance of nature and truth: for in a tranquil ſtate of mind, undiſturbed by wants or fears, the views of men are generous and elevated. From the combination of theſe fine parts, grandeur of ſoul, complacency, and eaſe, ariſe the enchantments of elegance; but the appearance of the two laſt are oftener found together, and then they form Politeneſs.

When we take a view of the ſeparate

parts that conſtitute perſonal elegance, we immediately know the ſeeds that are proper to be cheriſhed in the infant mind, to bring forth the beauteous production. The virtues ſhould be cultivated early with ſacred care. Good-nature, modeſty, affability, and a kind concern for others, ſhould be carefully inculcated; and an eaſy unconſtrained dominion acquired by habit over the paſſions. A mind thus finely prepared, is capable of the higheſt luſtre of elegance; which is afterwards attained with as little labour as our firſt language, by only aſſociating with graceful people of different characters, from whom an habitual gracefulneſs will be acquired, that will bear the natural unaffected ſtamp of our own minds; in ſhort, it will be our own character and genius ſtripped of its native rudeneſs, and enriched with beauty and attraction.

Nature, that beſtows her favours without reſpect of perſons, often denies to the great the capacity of diſtinguiſhed elegance, and flings it away in obſcure villages. You ſometimes ſee it at a country fair ſpread an amiableneſs over a ſun-burnt girl, like the light of the moon through a miſt; but ſuch, madam, is the neceſſity of habitual elegance acquired by education and converſe, that if even you were born in that low claſs, you could be no more than the faireſt damſel at the may-pole, and the object of the hope and jealouſy of a few ruſtics.

People are rendered totally incapable of elegance by the want of good-nature, and the other gentle paſſions; by the want of modeſty and ſenſibility; and by a want of that noble pride, which ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of loſty and generous ſentiments. The abſence of theſe native charms is generally ſupplied by a briſk ſtupidity, an impudence unconſcious of defect, a caſt of malice, and an uncommon tendency to ridicule; as if nature had given theſe her ſtep-children an inſtinctive intelligence, that they can riſe out of contempt only by the depreſſion of others. For the ſame reaſon it is, that perſons of true and finiſhed taſte ſeldom affect ridicule, becauſe they are conſcious of their own ſuperior merit. Pride is the cauſe of ridicule in the one, as it is of candour in the other; but the effects differ as the ſtudied parade of poverty does from the negligent grandeur of riches. You will ſee nothing more common in the world, than for people, who by ſtupidity and inſenſibility are incapable of the graces, to commence wits on the ſtrength of the *petite* talents of mimicry and the briſk tartneſs that ill-nature never fails to ſupply.

From what I have ſaid it appears, that a ſenſe of elegance is a ſenſe of dignity, of virtue, and innocence, united. Is it not natural then to expect, that in the courſe of a liberal education, men ſhould cultivate the generous qualities they approve and aſſume? But inſtead of them, men only aim at the appearances, which require no ſelf-denial; and thus, without acquiring the virtues, they ſacrifice their honeſty and ſincerity: whence it comes to paſs, that there is often the leaſt virtue, where there is the greateſt appearance of it; and that the poliſhed part of mankind only arrive at the ſubtil corruption, of uniting vice with the dreſs and complexion of virtue.

I have dwelt on perſonal elegance, becauſe the ideas and principles in this part of good taſte are more familiar to you. We may then take them for a foundation, in our future obſervations, ſince the ſame principles of eaſy grace and ſimple grandeur, will animate our ideas with an unſtudied propriety, and enlighten our judgments in beauty, in literature, in ſculpture, painting, and the other departments of fine taſte. *Uſher.*

§ 219. *On Perſonal Beauty.*

I ſhall but ſlightly touch on our taſte of perſonal beauty, becauſe it requires no directions to be known. To aſk what is beauty, ſays a philoſopher, is the queſtion of a blind man. I ſhall therefore only make a few reflections on this head, that lie out of the common track. But, prior to what I have to ſay, it is neceſſary to make ſome obſervations on phyſiognomy.

There is an obvious relation between the mind and the turn of the features, ſo well known by inſtinct, that every one is more or leſs expert at reading the countenance. We look as well as ſpeak our minds; and amongſt people of little experience, the look is generally moſt ſincere. This is ſo well underſtood, that it is become a part of education to learn to diſguiſe the countenance, which yet requires a habit from early youth, and the continual practice of hypocriſy, to deceive an intelligent eye. The natural virtues and vices not only have their places in the aſpect, even acquired habits that much affect the mind ſettle there; contemplation, in length of time, gives a caſt of thought on the countenance.

Now to come back to our ſubject. The aſſemblage

aſſemblage called beauty, is the image of noble ſentiments and amiable paſſions in he face; but ſo blended and confuſed that ve are not able to ſeparate and diſtinguiſh hem. The mind has a ſenſibility, and lear knowledge, in many inſtances without eflection, or even the power of reaſoning pon its own perceptions. We can no iore account for the relation between the affions of the mind and a ſet of features, han we can account for the relation beween the ſounds of muſic and the paſſions; ie eye is judge of the one without princiles or rules, as the ear is of the other. : is impoſſible you ſhould not take notice f the remarkable difference of beauty in ie ſame face, in a good and in ill humour: d if the gentle paſſions, in an indifferent ce, do not change it to perfect beauty, it becauſe nature did not originally model ie features to the juſt and familiar expreſon of thoſe paſſions, and the genuine exreſſions of nature can never be wholly obterated. But it is neceſſary to obſerve, at the engaging import that forms beau-, is often the ſymbol of paſſions that, alough pleaſing, are dangerous to virtue; d that a firmneſs of mind, whoſe caſt of ature is much leſs pleaſing, is more faourable to virtue. From the affinity beeen beauty and the paſſions it muſt folw, that beauty is relative, that is, a ſenſe human beauty is confined to our ſpecies; d alſo, as far as we have power over the ffions, we are able to improve the face, d tranſplant charms into it; both of hich obſervations have been often made. rom the various principles of beauty, and e agreeable combinations, of which the ce gives intelligence, ſprings that variety und in the ſtyle of beauty.

Complexion is a kind of beauty that is ly pleaſing by aſſociation. The brown, e fair, the black, are not any of them orial beauty; but when the complexion is ited in one picture on the imagination, th the aſſemblage that forms the image of e tender paſſions, with gentle ſmiles, and d endearments, it is then inſeparable from r idea of beauty, and forms a part of it. rom the ſame cauſe, a national ſet of feares appear amiable to the inhabitants, who ve been accuſtomed to ſee the amiable diſſitions through them. This obſervation ſolves a difficulty, that often occurs in the flections of men on our preſent ſubject. e all ſpeak of beauty as if it were acnowledged and ſettled by a public ſtanrd; yet we find, in fact, that people, in acing their affections, often have little regard to the common notions of beauty. The truth is, complexion and form being the charms that are viſible and conſpicuous, the common ſtandard of beauty is generally reſtrained to thoſe general attractions: but ſince perſonal grace and the engaging paſſions, although they cannot be delineated, have a more univerſal and uniform power, it is no wonder people, in reſigning their hearts, ſo often contradict the common received ſtandard. Accordingly, as the engaging paſſions and the addreſs are diſcovered in converſation, the tender attachments of people are generally fixed by an intercourſe of ſentiment, and ſeldom by a tranſient view, except in romances and novels. It is further to be obſerved, that when once the affections are fixed, a new face with a higher degree of beauty will not always have a higher degree of power to remove them, becauſe our affections ariſe from a ſource within ourſelves, as well as from external beauty; and when the tender paſſion is attached by a particular object, the imagination ſurrounds that object with a thouſand ideal embelliſhments that exiſt only in the mind of the lover.

The hiſtory of the ſhort life of beauty may be collected from what I have ſaid. In youth that borders on infancy, the paſſions are in a ſtate of vegetation, they only appear in full bloom in maturity; for which reaſon the beauty of youth is no more than the dawn and promiſe of future beauty. The features, as we grow into years, gradually form along with the mind: different ſenſibilities gather into the countenance, and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip, and enrich it. When the eloquent force and delicacy of ſentiment has continued ſome little time, age begins to ſtiffen the features, and deſtroy the engaging variety and vivacity of the countenance, the eye gradually loſes its fire, and is no longer the mirror of the agreeable paſſions. Finally, old age furrows the face with wrinkles, as a barbarous conqueror overturns a city from the foundation, and tranſitory beauty is extinguiſhed.

Beauty and elegance are nearly related, their difference conſiſts in this, that elegance is the image of the mind diſplayed in motion and deportment; beauty is an image of the mind in the countenance and form; conſequently beauty is of a more fixed nature, and owes leſs to art and habit.

When I ſpeak of beauty, it is not wholly out of my way to make a ſingular obſervation on the tender paſſion in our ſpecies.

innocent and virtuous love casts a beauteous hue over human nature; it quickens and strengthens our admiration of virtue, and our detestation of vice; it opens our eyes to our imperfections, and gives us a pride in excelling; it inspires us with heroic sentiments, generosity, a contempt of life, a boldness for enterprise, civility, and purity of sentiment. It takes a multitude in devotion, and almost deifies the object of passion. People whose breasts are dulled with vice, or dispirited by nature, call this passion romantic love; but when it was the mode, it was the diagnostic of a virtuous age. These symptoms of heroism spring from an exclusive principle, that in a noble mind native itself with every pulsinate view in life; this nameless principle is distinguished by endowing people with extraordinary powers and enthusiasm in the pursuit of their favourite wishes, and by disgust and disappointment when we arrive at the point were our wishes seem to be compleated. It has made great conquerors despise dangers and death in their way to victory, and sigh afterwards when they had no more to conquer. * *Usher.*

§ 220. *On Conversation.*

From external beauty we come to the charms of conversation and writing. Words, by representing ideas, become the picture of our thoughts, and communicate them with the greatest fidelity. But they are not only the signs of sensible ideas, they exhibit the very image and distinguishing likeness of the mind that utters them.

Conversation does not require the same means to please that writing does. The human soul is endued with a kind of natural expression, which it does not acquire. The expression I speak of consists in the significant modulations and tones of voice, accompanied, in unaffected people, by a propriety of gesture. This native language was not intended by nature to represent the transitory ideas that come by the senses to the imagination, but the passions of the mind and its emotions only; therefore modulation and gesture give life and passion to words; their mighty force in oratory is very conspicuous; but although their effects be milder in conversation, yet they are very sensible; they agitate the soul by a variety of gentle sensations, and help to form that sweet charm that makes the most trifling subjects engaging. This fine expression, which is not learned, is not so much understood as it deserves, because it is not described by the art of criticism or good language. The modern system of philosophy has not conducted us far from our ordinary.

It is in conversation people exert their genius and appear in the light of good breeding. It is certain, politeness between individuals of the same species creates nothing new (I mean a generation) but only draws forth into public with skill and address, the agreeable qualities and sentiments that lay hid in the mind. You may call good-breeding artificial; but it is like the art of the gardener, under whose hand a tree or vine puts forth its own bloom, and is covered with its proper fruit. It is scarce possible to conceive any thing in real goodness of an assembly of people elaborately educated, who assume a character superior to ordinary life, and support it with ease and familiarity.

The heart is won by conversation by its own passions. Its pride, its goodness, its affections, lay it open to the sentiments of an insinuating address. Flattery has a great charm, but who is proof against a gentle and yielding diffidence, that puts your superiority with a delicacy in love that you cannot see the blush it would occasion? Generosity, disinterestedness, a noble love of truth that will not wound a feeling of the distress of others, are the greatest of foils, inspire us with admiration along with love, and take our affections as it were by storm; but above all, we are softened by a view of the mild and affectionate passions; they carry an infection, and the heart is insensibly warmed by its own forces. If we are to judge by symptoms, the soul that engages us most powerfully by its reflected passions, is the object of infinite beauty. I cannot help observing that the resemblance of the human face that expresses the soul, more or powerfully, and indeed we are affected by its most minutiæ of the mind expressed in the simplest language. In short, the force of that, in conversation and the commerce of life, lays hold upon our affections. It is a just address to the engaging passions of the human breast. But the true politeness, like beauty, is the gift of nature.

Soft pleading looks and graceful motions move,
No arts can gain them, but the gods above.

Pope.

From the various combinations of the ſeveral endearing paſſions and lofty ſentiments, ariſe the variety of pleaſing characters that beautify human ſociety.

There is a different ſource of pleaſure in converſation from what I have ſpoken of, called wit; which diverts the world ſo much, that I cannot venture to omit it, although delicacy and a refined taſte heſitate a little, and will not allow its value to be equal to its currency. Wit deals largely in alluſion and whimſical ſimilitudes; its countenance is always double, and it unites the true and the fantaſtic by a nice gradation of colouring that cannot be perceived. You obſerve that I am only ſpeaking of the ready wit of converſation.

Wit is properly called in to ſupport a converſation where the heart or affections are not concerned; and its proper buſineſs is to relieve the mind from ſolitary inattention, where there is no room to move it by paſſion; the mind's eye, when diſengaged, is diverted by being fixed upon a vapour, that dances, as it were, on the ſurface of the imagination, and continually alters its aſpect: the motley image, whoſe comic ſide we had only time to ſurvey, is too unimportant to be attentively conſidered, and luckily vaniſhes before we can view it on every ſide. Shallow folks expect that thoſe who diverted them in converſation, and made happy *bon mots*, ought to write well; and imagine that they themſelves were made to laugh by the force of genius: but they are generally diſappointed when they ſee the admired character deſcend upon paper. The truth is, the frivolous turn and habit of a comic companion, is almoſt diametrically oppoſite to true genius, whoſe natural exerciſe is deep and ſlow-paced reflection. You may as well expect that a man ſhould, like Cæſar, form conſiſtent ſchemes for ſubduing the world, and employ the principal part of his time in catching flies. I have often heard people expreſs a ſurpriſe, that Swift and Addiſon, the two greateſt maſters of humour of the laſt age, were eaſily put out of countenance, as if pun, mimicry, or rapartee, were the offspring of genius.

Whatever ſimilitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in converſation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in converſation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brighteſt when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it ariſes, in its genuine new-born dreſs. Men a little elevated by liquor, ſeem to have a peculiar facility at ſtriking out the capricious and fantaſtic images that raiſe our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in ſallies of wit, is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiſcretion, or malice, while at the ſame time they preſerve thought, ſubtlety, and good-humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whoſe whimſical conſiſtency we cannot account for.

People are pleaſed at wit for the ſame reaſon that they are fond of diverſion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but becauſe the mind is not able to bear an intenſe train of thinking; and yet the ceaſing of thought is inſufferable, or rather impoſſible. In ſuch an uneaſy dilemma, the unſteady excurſions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination without requiring any reflection. Thoſe who have an eternal appetite for wit, like thoſe who are ever in queſt of diverſion, betray a frivolous minute genius, incapable of thinking.

Uſher.

§ 221. *On Muſic.*

There are few who have not felt the charms of muſic, and acknowledged its expreſſions to be intelligibe to the heart. It is a language of delightful ſenſations, that is far more eloquent than words: it breathes to the ear the cleareſt intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the meaning of ſome of its moſt affecting ſtrains, we know not.

We feel plainly that muſic touches and gently agitates the agreeable and ſublime paſſions; that it wraps us in melancholy, and elevates in joy; that it diſſolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderneſs, and rouſes to rage: but its ſtrokes are ſo fine and delicate, that, like a tragedy, even the paſſions that are wounded pleaſe; its ſorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful; as people feel the particular paſſions with different degrees of force, their taſte of harmony muſt proportionably vary. Muſic then is a language directed to the paſſions; but the rudeſt paſſions put on a new nature, and

become pleasing in harmony: let me add, also, that it awakens some passions which we perceive not in ordinary life. Particularly the most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently perceivable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it sinks and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The noblest charm of music then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Harmony is always understood by the crowd, and almost always mistaken by musicians; who are, with hardly any exception, servile followers of the taste of mode, and who having expended much time and pains on the mechanic and practical part, lay a stress on the dexterities of hand, which yet have no real value, but as they serve to produce those collections of sound that move the passions. The present Italian taste for music is exactly correspondent to the taste of tragi-comedy, that about a century ago gained ground upon the stage. The musicians of the present day are charmed at the union they form between the grave and the fantastic, and at the surprising transitions they make between extremes, while every hearer who has the least remainder of the taste of nature left, is shocked at the strange jargon. If the same taste should prevail in painting, we must soon expect to see the woman's head, a horse's body, and a fish's tail, united by soft gradations, greatly admired at our public exhibitions. Musical gentlemen should take particular care to preserve in its full vigour and sensibility their original natural taste, which alone feels and discovers the true beauty of music.

If Milton, Shakespeare, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as for poetry, and had passed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it prepossession in favour of the flights and dexterities of hand, then would their notes be tuned to passions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in discourse. The music and the thought would not make different expeditions: the hearers would only think imperiously; and the effect of the music would be to give the ideas a tumultuous violence and divine impulse upon the mind. Any person conversant with the classic poets, &c. instantly that the passionate power of music I speak of, was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients; that the music of the Greeks always sung, and their sing was the echo of the subject, which lifted their poetry into enthusiasm and rapture. An enquiry into the nature and merit of the ancient music, and a comparison there of with modern composition, by a person of poetic genius and an admirer of harmony, who is free from the fetters of practice, and the prejudices of the mode, aided by the countenance of a few men of rank, of elevated and true taste, would probably lay the present half-Gothic state of music in ruins, like those towers whose little laboured ornaments it is a exact picture, and restore the Grecian taste of passionate harmony once more to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as from the disposition of things and the force of fashion, we cannot hope in our time to restore the sacred lyre, and to it put into the hands of men of genius, can only recall you to your own natural feeling of harmony, and observe to you that its emotions are not found in the laboured, fantastic, and surprising compositions that form the modern style of music; but you meet them in some few good that are the growth of wild uncultivated taste: you discover them in the swelling sounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that utter the lover's sighs, and that make the breast with gentle pains; in the noble strokes that call up the courage and fire of the soul, or that lull it in contented visions of joy: in short, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inmost recesses of the heart:

Dissolving all the Lydian heart, &c.
The subtle thief of youth. Milton.

§ 222. *On Sculpture and Painting.*

Sculpture and painting have their foundation in nature; and their principles differ only according to the different manner made use of in these arts. The painter has his colours, and the far farther extended the painter is at liberty to range his imagination

objects, give him a vaſt ſcope for ornament, variety, harmony of parts, and oppoſition, to pleaſe the mind, and divert it from too ſtrict an examination. The ſculptor being ſo much confined, has nothing to move with but beauty, paſſion, and force of attitude; ſculpture therefore admits of no mediocrity; its works are either intolerable, or very fine. In Greece, the finiſhing of a ſingle ſtatue was often the work of many years.

Sculpture and painting take their merit from the ſame ſpirit that poetry does; a juſtneſs, a grandeur, and force of expreſſion: and their principal objects are, the ſublime, the beautiful, and the paſſionate. Painting, on account of its great latitude, approaches alſo very near to the variety of poetry; in general their principles vary only according to the different materials of each.

Poetry is capable of taking a ſeries of ſucceſſive facts, which comprehend a whole action from the beginning. It puts the paſſions in motion gradually, and winds them up by ſucceſſive efforts, that all conduce to the intended effect; the mind could never be agitated ſo violently, if the ſtorm had not come on by degrees: beſides, language, by its capacity of repreſenting thoughts, of forming the communication of mind with mind, and deſcribing emotions, takes in ſeveral great, awful, and paſſionate ideas that colours cannot repreſent; but the painter is confined to objects of viſion, or to one point or inſtant of time: and is not to bring into view any events which did not, or at leaſt might not happen, at one and the ſame inſtant. The chief art of the hiſtory-painter, is to hit upon a point of time, that unites the whole ſucceſſive action in one view, and ſtrikes out the emotion you are deſirous of raiſing. Some painters have had the power of preſerving the traces of a receding paſſion, or the mixed diſturbed emotions of the mind, without impairing the principal paſſion. The Medea of Timomachus was a miracle of this kind; her wild love, her rage, and her maternal pity, were all poured forth to the eye, in one portrait. From this mixture of paſſions, which is in nature, the murderess appeared dreadfully affecting.

It is very neceſſary, for the union of deſign in painting, that one principal figure appear eminently in view, and that all the reſt be ſubordinate to it; that is, the paſſion or attention of that principal object ſhould give a caſt to the whole piece: for inſtance, if it be a wreſtler, or a courſer in the race, the whole ſcene ſhould not only be active, but the attentions and paſſions of the reſt of the figures ſhould all be directed by that object. If it be a fiſherman over the ſtream, the whole ſcene muſt be ſilent and meditative; if ruins, a bridge, or waterfall, even the living perſons muſt be ſubordinate, and the traveller ſhould gaze and look back with wonder. This ſtrict union and concord is rather more neceſſary in painting than in poetry; the reaſon is, painting is almoſt palpably a deception, and requires the utmoſt ſkill in ſelecting a vicinity of probable ideas, to give it the air of reality and nature. For this reaſon alſo nothing ſtrange, wonderful, or ſhocking to credulity, ought to be admitted in paintings that are deſigned after real life.

The principal art of the landſcape-painter lies in ſelecting thoſe objects of view that are beautiful or great, provided there be a propriety and a juſt neighbourhood preſerved in the aſſemblage, along with a careleſs diſtribution that ſolicits your eye to the principal object where it reſts; in giving ſuch a glance or confuſed view of thoſe that retire out of proſpect, as to raiſe curioſity, and create in the imagination affecting ideas that do not appear; and in beſtowing as much life and action as poſſible, without overcharging the piece. A landſcape is enlivened by putting the animated figures into action; by flinging over it the chearful aſpect which the ſun beſtows, either by a proper diſpoſition of ſhade, or by the appearances that beautify his riſing or ſetting; and by a judicious proſpect of water, which always conveys the ideas of motion: a few diſhevelled clouds have the ſame effect, but with ſomewhat leſs vivacity.

The excellence of portrait-painting and ſculpture ſprings from the ſame principles that affect us in life; they are not the perſons who perform at a comedy or tragedy we go to ſee with ſo much pleaſure, but the paſſions and emotions they diſplay: in like manner, the value of ſtatues and pictures riſes in proportion to the ſtrength and clearneſs of the expreſſion of the paſſions, and to the peculiar and diſtinguiſhing air of character. Great painters almoſt always chuſe a fine face to exhibit the paſſions in. If you recollect what I ſaid on beauty, you will eaſily conceive the reaſon

why the agreeable paſſions are moſt lively in a beautiful face; beauty is the natural vehicle of the agreeable paſſions. For the ſame reaſon the tempeſtuous paſſions appear ſtrongeſt in a fine face; it ſuffers the moſt violent derangement by them. To which we may add, upon the ſame principle, that dignity or courage cannot be mixed in a very ill-favoured countenance; and that the painter after exerting his whole ſkill, finds in their ſtead pride and terror. Theſe obſervations, which have been often made, ſerve to illuſtrate our thoughts on beauty. Beſides the ſtrict propriety of nature, ſculpture and figure-painting is a kind of deſcription, which, like poetry, is under the direction of genius; that, while it preſerves nature, ſometimes, in a fine flight of fancy, throws an ideal ſplendor over the figures that never exiſted in real life. Such is the ſublime and celeſtial character that breathes over the Apollo Belvedere, and the inexpreſſible beauties that dwell upon the Venus of Medici, and ſeem to ſhed an illumination around her. This ſuperior beauty muſt be varied with propriety, as well as the paſſions; the elegance of Juno, muſt be decent, lofty, and elated; of Minerva, maſculine, confident, and chaſte; and of Venus, winning, ſoft, and conſcious of pleaſing. Theſe ſiſter arts, painting and ſtatuary, as well as poetry, put it out of all doubt, that the imagination carries the ideas of the beautiful and the ſublime far beyond viſible nature; ſince no mortal ever poſſeſſed the blaze of divine charms that ſurrounds the Apollo Belvedere, or the Venus of Medici, I have juſt mentioned.

A variety and fluſh of colouring is generally the refuge of painters, who are not able to animate their deſigns. We may call a luſtre of colouring, the rant and fuſtian of painting, under which are hid the want of ſtrength and nature. None but a painter of real genius can be ſevere and modeſt in his colouring, and pleaſe at the ſame time. It muſt be obſerved, that the glow and variety of colours give a pleaſure of a very different kind from the object of painting. When foreign ornaments, gilding, and carving come to be conſidered as neceſſary to the beauty of pictures, they are a plain diagnoſtic of a decay in taſte and power. *Dyer.*

§ 223. *On Architecture.*

A free and eaſy proportion, united with ſimplicity, ſeem to conſtitute the elegance of form in building. A ſubordination of parts to one evident deſign forms ſimplicity; when the members thus evidently related are great, the union is always very great. In the proportions of a noble edifice, you ſee the image of a creating mind reſult from the whole. The evident uniformity of the rotunda, and its unparalleled ſimplicity, are probably the ſources of its ſuperior beauty. When we look up at a vaulted roof, that ſeems to reſt upon our horizon, we are aſtoniſhed at the magnificence, more than at the viſible extent.

When I am taking a review of the objects of beauty and grandeur, can I paſs by unnoticed the ſource of colours and viſible beauty? When the light is withdrawn all nature retires from view, viſible bodies are annihilated, and the ſoul mourns the univerſal abſence in ſolitude; when it returns, it brings along with it the creation, and reſtores joy as well as beauty.

Ibid.

§ 224. *Thoughts on Colours and Lights.*

If I ſhould diſtinguiſh the perceptions of the ſenſes from each other, according to the ſtrength of the traces left on the imagination, I ſhould call thoſe of hearing, feeling, ſmelling, and taſting, *notions*, which impreſs the memory but weakly; while thoſe of colours I ſhould call ideas, to denote their ſtrength and peculiar clearneſs upon the imagination. This diſtinction deſerves particular notice. The author of nature has drawn an impenetrable veil over the fixed material world that ſurrounds us; ſolid matter refuſes our acquaintance, and will be known to us only by reſiſting the touch; but how obſcure are the informations of feeling? light comes like an intimate acquaintance to relieve us: it introduces all nature to us, the fields, the trees, the flowers, the cryſtal ſtreams, and azure ſky. But all this beauteous diverſity is no more than an agreeable enchantment formed by the light that ſpreads itſelf to view; the fixed parts of nature are eternally entombed beneath the light, and we ſee nothing in fact but a creation of colours. Schoolmen, with their uſual arrogance, will tell you their ideas are tranſcripts of nature, and aſſure you that the veracity of God requires they ſhould be ſo, becauſe we cannot well avoid thinking ſo: but nothing is an object of viſion but light; the picture we ſee is not annexed to the earth, but comes with angelic celerity to meet our eyes. That which is called body or ſub-

ſtance,

lance, that reflects the various colours of the light, and lies hid beneath the appearance, is wrapt in impenetrable obscurity; it is fatally shut out from our eyes and imagination, and only causes in us the ideas of feeling, tasting, or smelling, which yet are not resemblances of any part of matter. I do not know if I appear too strong when I call colours the expression of the Divinity. Light strikes with such vivacity and force, that we can hardly call it inanimate or unintelligent. *Usher.*

§ 225. *On Uniformity.*

Shall we admit uniformity into our list of beauty, or first examine its real merits? When we look into the works of nature, we cannot avoid observing that uniformity is but the beauty of minute objects. The opposite sides of a leaf divided in the middle, and the leaves of the same species of vegetables, retain a striking uniformity; but the branch, the tree, and forest, desert this similarity, and take a noble irregularity with vast advantage. Cut a tree into a regular form, and you change its lofty port for a minute prettiness. What forms the beauty of country scenes, but the want of uniformity? No two hills, vales, rivers, or prospects, are alike; and you are charmed by the variety. Let us now suppose a country made up of the most beautiful hills and descents imaginable, but every hill and every vale alike, and at an equal distance; they soon tire you, and you find the delight vanishes with the novelty.

There are, I own, certain assemblages that form a powerful beauty by their union, of which a fine face is incontestible evidence. But the charm does not seem by any means to reside in the uniformity, which in the human countenance is not very exact. The human countenance may be planned out much more regularly, but I fancy without adding to the beauty, for which we must seek another source. In truth, the finest eye in the world without meaning, and the finest mouth without a smile, are insipid. An agreeable countenance includes in the idea thereof an agreeable and gentle disposition. How the countenance, and an arrangement of colours and features, can express the idea of an unseen mind, we know not; but so the fact is, and to this fine intelligent picture, whether it be false or true, certain I am, that the beauty of the human countenance is owing, more than to uniformity. Shall we then say, that the greatest uniformity, along with the greatest variety, forms beauty? But this is a repetition of words without distinct ideas, and explicates a well-known effect by an obscure cause. Uniformity, as far as it extends, excludes variety; and variety, as far as it reaches, excludes uniformity. Variety is by far more pleasing than uniformity, but it does not constitute beauty; for it is impossible that can be called beauty, which, when well known, ceases to please: whereas a fine piece of music shall charm after being heard a hundred times; and a lovely countenance makes a stronger impression on the mind by being often seen, because there beauty is real. I think we may, upon the whole, conclude, that if uniformity be a beauty, it is but the beauty of minute objects; and that it pleases only by the visible design, and the evident footsteps of intelligence it discovers. *Ibid.*

§ 226. *On Novelty.*

I must say something of the evanescent charms of novelty. When our curiosity is excited at the opening of new scenes, our ideas are affecting and beyond life, and we see objects in a brighter hue than they after appear in. For when curiosity is sated, the objects grow dull, and our ideas fall to their diminutive natural size. What I have said may account for the raptured prospect of our youth we see backward; novelty always recommends, because expectations of the unknown are ever high; and in youth we have an eternal novelty; unexperienced credulous youth gilds our young ideas, and ever meets a fresh lustre that is not yet allayed by doubts. In age, experience corrects our hopes, and the imagination cools; for this reason, wisdom, and high pleasure do not reside together.

I have observed through this discourse, that the delight we receive from the visible objects of nature, or from the fine arts, may be divided into the conceptions of the sublime, and conceptions of the beautiful. Of the origin of the sublime I spoke hypothetically, and with diffidence; all we certainly know on this head is, that the sensations of the sublime we receive from external objects, are attended with obscure ideas of power and immensity; the origin of our sensations of beauty are still more unintelligible; however, I think there is some foundation for classing the objects of beauty under different heads, by a correspondence or similarity, that may be observed between several particulars. *Ibid.*

§ 227.

§ 227. *On the Origin of our general Ideas of Beauty.*

A full and conſiſtent evidence of deſign, eſpecially if the deſign be attended with an important effect, gives the idea of beauty: thus a ſhip under ſail, a greyhound, a well-ſhaped horſe, are beautiful, becauſe they diſplay with eaſe a great deſign. Birds and beaſts of prey, completely armed for deſtruction, are for the ſame reaſon beautiful, although objects of terror.

Where different deſigns at a ſingle view, appear to concur to one effect, the beauty accumulates; as in the Grecian architecture: where different deſigns, leading to different effects, unite in the ſame whole, they cauſe confuſion, and diminiſh the idea of beauty, as in the Gothic buildings. Upon the ſame principle, confuſion and diſorder are ugly or frightful; the figures made by ſpilled liquors are always ugly. Regular figures are handſome; and the circular, the moſt regular, is the moſt beautiful. This regulation holds only where the ſublime does not enter; for in that caſe the irregularity and careleſſneſs add to the ideas of power, and raiſe in proportion our admiration. The confuſion in which we ſee the ſtars ſcattered over the heavens, and the rude arrangement of mountains, add to their grandeur.

A mixture of the ſublime aids exceedingly the idea of beauty, and heightens the horrors of diſorder and uglineſs. Perſonal beauty is vaſtly raiſed by a noble air; on the contrary, the diſſolution and ruins of a large city, diſtreſs the mind proportionally: but while we mourn over great ruins, at the deſtruction of our ſpecies, we are alſo ſoothed by the generous commiſeration we feel in our own breaſts, and therefore ruins give us the ſame kind of grateful melancholy we feel at a tragedy. Of all the objects of diſcord and confuſion, no other is ſo ſhocking as the human ſoul in madneſs. When we ſee the principle of thought and beauty diſordered, the horror is too high, like that of a maſſacre committed before our eyes, to ſuffer the mind to make any reflex act on the god-like traces of pity that diſtinguiſh our ſpecies; and we feel no ſenſations but thoſe of diſmay and terror.

Regular motion and life ſhewn in inanimate objects, give us alſo the ſecret pleaſure we call beauty. Thus waves ſpent, and ſucceſſively breaking upon the ſhore, and waving fields of corn and graſs in continued motion, are ever beautiful. The beauty of colours may perhaps be arranged under this head: colours, like notes of muſic, affect the paſſions; red incites anger, black to melancholy; white brings a gentle joy to the mind; the ſofter colours refreſh or relax it. The mixtures and gradations of colours have an effect correſpondent to the tranſitions and combinations of ſounds; but the ſtrokes are too tranſient and feeble to become the objects of expreſſion.

Beauty alſo reſults from every diſpoſition of nature that plainly diſcovers her favour and indulgence to us. Thus the ſpring ſeaſon, when the weather becomes mild, the verdant fields, trees loaded with fruit or covered with ſhade, clear ſprings, but particularly the human face, where the gentle paſſions are delineated, are beyond expreſſion beautiful. On the ſame principle, inclement wintry ſkies, trees ſtripped of their verdure, deſert barren lands, and, above all, death, are frightful and ſhocking. I muſt, however, obſerve, that I do not by any means ſuppoſe, that the ſentiment of beauty ariſes from a reflex conſiderate act of the mind, upon the obſervation of the deſigns of nature or of art; the ſentiment of beauty is inſtantaneous, and depends upon no prior reflections. All I mean is, that deſign and beauty are in an arbitrary manner united together; ſo that where we ſee the one, whether we reflect on it or no, we perceive the other. I muſt further add, that there may be other diviſions of beauty eaſily diſcoverable, which I have not taken notice of.

The general ſenſe of beauty, as well as of grandeur, ſeems peculiar to man in the creation. The herd in common with him enjoy the gentle breath of ſpring; they lie down to repoſe on the flowery bank, and hear the peaceful humming of the bee; they enjoy the green fields and paſtures: but we have reaſon to think, that it is man only who ſees the image of beauty over the happy proſpect, and rejoices at it; that it is hid from the brute creation, and depends not upon ſenſe, but on the intelligent mind.

We have juſt taken a tranſient view of the principal departments of taſte; let us now, madam, make a few general reflections upon our ſubject. *Uſher.*

§ 228. *Senſe, Taſte, and Genius diſtinguiſhed.*

The human genius, with the beſt aſſiſtance, and the fineſt examples, breaks forth but

but ſlowly; and the greateſt men have but gradually acquired a juſt taſte, and chaſte ſimple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the ſenſe of beauty is weak and confuſed, and requires an exceſs of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to juſtneſs, a groſs falſe wit to the engaging light of nature, and the ſhewy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taſte; but as the human genius ſtrengthens and grows to maturity, if it be aſſiſted by a happy education, the ſenſe of univerſal beauty awakes; it begins to be diſguſted with the falſe and miſhapen deceptions that pleaſed before, and reſts with delight on elegant ſimplicity, on pictures of eaſy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progreſs of the fine arts in the human mind may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftieſt height. The baſis is a ſenſe of beauty and of the ſublime, the ſecond ſtep we may call taſte, and the laſt genius.

A ſenſe of the beautiful and of the great is univerſal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the moſt diſtant ages and nations. What was engaging and ſublime in ancient Greece and Rome, are ſo at this day: and, as I obſerved before, there is not the leaſt neceſſity of improvement or ſcience, to diſcover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine, but an ineffectual light in the breaſt of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her luſtre, the immenſe diſtance from which we judged her beams iſſued, and the ſilence of the night, all concurred to ſtrike us with an agreeable amazement. But ſhe ſhone in diſtinguiſhed beauty, without giving ſufficient light to direct our ſteps, or ſhew us the objects around us. Thus in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and uſeleſs. In utter barbarity, our proſpect of it is ſtill leſs fixed; it appears, and then again ſeems wholly to vaniſh in the ſavage breaſt, like the ſame planet Venus, when ſhe has but juſt raiſed her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now deſcried, and now loſt, through the ſwelling billows.

The next ſtep is taſte, the ſubject of our enquiry, which conſiſts in a diſtinct, unconfuſed knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you ſee not many poſſeſſed of a good taſte, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good taſte by habit and fine examples, ſo that a delicacy of judgment ſeemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city: we find a manly and elevated ſenſe diſtinguiſh the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preſerved in thoſe cities; while the Plebeians had a ſhare in the government, and an utter ſeparation was not made between them and the nobles, by wealth and luxury. But when once the common people are rent aſunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made ſubſervient to the luxury of the latter; then the taſte of nature infallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor by a ſordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views, and the rich by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and coſtly, loſe view of ſimple beauty and grandeur. It may ſeem a paradox, and yet I am firmly perſuaded, that it would be eaſier at this day to give a good taſte to the young ſavages of America, than to the noble youth of Europe.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the creation, has been poſſeſſed but by few, even in the brighteſt ages. Men of ſuperior genius, while they ſee the reſt of mankind painfully ſtruggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themſelves through the moſt remote conſequences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They ſee the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning ſun does the ſcenes he riſes upon; and in ſeveral inſtances, communicate to objects a morning freſhneſs and unaccountable luſtre, that is not ſeen in the creation of nature. The poet, the ſtatuary, the painter, have produced images that left nature far behind.

The conſtellations of extraordinary perſonages who appeared in Greece and Rome, at or near the ſame period of time, after ages of darkneſs to which we know no beginning; and the long barrenneſs of thoſe countries after in great men, prove that genius owes much of its luſtre to a perſonal conteſt of glory, and the ſtrong rivalſhip of great examples within actual view and knowledge; and that great parts alone are not able to lift a perſon out of barbarity. It is further to be obſerved, that when the inſpiring ſpirit of the fine arts retired, and left inanimate and cold the

breaſts

breaſts of poets, painters, and ſtatuaries, men of taſte ſtill remained, who diſtinguiſhed and admired the beauteous monuments of genius; but the power of execution was loſt; and although monarchs loved and courted the arts, yet they refuſed to return. From whence it is evident, that neither taſte, nor natural parts, form the creating genius that inſpired the great maſters of antiquity, and that they owed their extraordinary powers to ſomething different from both.

If we conſider the numbers of men who wrote well, and excelled in every department of the liberal arts, in the ages of genius, and the ſimplicity that always attends beauty; we muſt be led to think, that although few perhaps can reach to the ſupreme beauty of imagination diſplayed by the firſt rate poets, orators, and philoſophers; yet moſt men are capable of juſt thinking and agreeable writing. Nature lies very near our reflections, and will appear, if we be not miſled and prejudiced before the ſenſe of beauty grows to maturity. The populace of Athens and Rome prove ſtrongly, that uncommon parts or great learning are not neceſſary to make men think juſtly. *Uſher.*

§ 229. *Thoughts on the Human Capacity.*

We know not the bounds of taſte, becauſe we are unacquainted with the extent and boundaries of the human genius. The mind in ignorance is like a ſleeping giant; it has immenſe capacities without the power of uſing them. By liſtening to the lectures of Socrates, men grew heroes, philoſophers, and legiſlators; for he of all mankind ſeemed to have diſcovered the ſhort and lightſome path to the faculties of the mind. To give you an inſtance of the human capacity, that comes more immediately within your notice, what graces, what ſentiments, have been tranſplanted into the motion of a minuet, of which a ſavage has no conception! We know not to what degree of rapture harmony is capable of being carried, nor what hidden powers may be in yet unexperienced beauties of the imagination, whoſe objects are in ſcenes and in worlds we are ſtrangers to. Children, who die young, have no conception of the ſentiment of perſonal beauty. Are we certain that we are not yet children in reſpect to ſeveral ſpecies of beauties? We are ignorant whether there be not paſſions in the ſoul, that have hitherto remained unawaked and undiſcovered for want of objects to rouſe them; we feel plainly that ſome ſuch are greatly agitated and moved by certain notes of muſic. In reality, we know one but the taſte and capacity of beauty and grandeur in the ſoul, may extend as far beyond all we actually perceive, as this whole world exceeds the ſphere of a cockle or an oyſter. *Ibid.*

§ 230. *Taſte how depraved and loſt.*

Let us now conſider by what means taſte is uſually depraved and loſt in a nation that is neither conquered by barbarians nor has loſt the improvements in agriculture, huſbandry, and defence, that allow men leiſure for reflection and embelliſhment. I obſerved before that this natural light is not ſo clear in the greateſt men but it may lie oppreſſed by barbarity. When people of mean parts, and of pride without genius, get into elevated ſtations, they want a taſte for ſimple grandeur, and miſtake for it what is uncommonly glaring and extraordinary; whence proceeds falſe wit of every kind, a gaudy richneſs in dreſs, an oppreſſive load of ornament in building, and a grandeur overſtrained and puerile univerſally. I muſt obſerve, that people of bad taſte and little genius almoſt always lay a great ſtreſs on trivial matters, and are oſtentatious and exact in ſingularities, or in a decorum in trifles. When people of mean parts appear in high ſtations, and at the head of the faſhionable world, they cannot fail to introduce a falſe embroidered habit of mind: people of nearly the ſame genius, who make up the crowd, will admire and follow them; and at length ſolitary taſte, adorned only by noble ſimplicity, will be loſt in the general example.

Alſo when a nation is much corrupted; when avarice and a love of gain have ſeized upon the hearts of men; when the nobles ignominiouſly bend their necks to corruption and bribery, or enter into the baſe myſteries of gaming; then decency, elevated principles, and greatneſs of ſoul, expire; and all that remains is a comedy or puppet-ſhew of elegance, in which the dancing-maſter and peer are upon a level, and the mind is underſtood to have no part in the drama of politeneſs, or elſe to act under a mean diſguiſe of virtues which it is not poſſeſſed of. *Ibid.*

§ 231.

§ 231. *Some Reflections on the Human Mind.*

Upon putting together the whole of our reflections you ſee two different natures laying claim to the human race, and dragging it different ways. You ſee a neceſſity, that ariſes from our ſituation and circumſtances, bending us down into unworthy miſery and ſordid baſeneſs; and you ſee, when we can eſcape from the inſulting tyranny of our fate, and acquire eaſe and freedom, a generous nature, that lay ſtupified and oppreſſed, begin to awake and charm us with proſpects of beauty and glory. This awaking genius gazes in rapture at the beauteous and elevating ſcenes of nature. The beauties of nature are familiar, and charm it like a mother's boſom; and the objects which have the plain marks of immenſe power and grandeur, raiſe in it a ſtill, an inquiſitive, and trembling delight: but genius often throws over the objects of its conceptions colours finer than thoſe of nature, and opens a paradiſe that exiſts no where but in its own creations. The bright and peaceful ſcenes of Arcadia, and the lovely deſcriptions of paſtoral poetry, never exiſted on earth, no more than Pope's ſhepherds or the river gods of Windſor foreſt: it is all but a charming illuſion, which the mind firſt paints with celeſtial colours and then languiſhes for. Knight-errantry is another kind of deluſion, which, though it be fictitious in fact, yet is true in ſentiment. I believe there are few people who in their youth, before they be corrupted by the commerce of the world, are not knight-errants and princeſſes in their hearts. The ſoul, in a beauteous ecſtacy, communicates a flame to words which they had not; and poetry, by its quick tranſitions, bold figures, lively images, and the variety of efforts to paint the latent rapture, bears witneſs, that the confuſed ideas of the mind are ſtill infinitely ſuperior, and beyond the reach of all deſcription. It is this divine ſpirit that, when rouſed from its lethargy, breathes in noble ſentiments, that charms in elegance, that ſtamps upon marble or canvaſs the figures of gods and heroes, that inſpires them with an air above humanity, and leads the ſoul through the enchanting meanders of muſic in a waking viſion, through which it cannot break, to diſcover the near objects that charm it.

How ſhall we venture to trace the object of this ſurprizing beauty peculiar to genius, which evidently does not come to the mind from the ſenſes? It is not conveyed in ſound, for we feel the ſounds of muſic charm us by gently agitating and ſwelling the paſſions, and ſetting ſome paſſions afloat, for which we have no name, and knew not until they were awaked in the mind by harmony. This beauty does not arrive at the mind by the ideas of viſion, though it be moved by them; for it evidently beſtows on the mimic repreſentations and images the mind makes of the objects of ſenſe, an enchanting lovelineſs that never exiſted in thoſe objects. Where ſhall the ſoul find this amazing beauty, whoſe very ſhadow, glimmering upon the imagination, opens unſpeakable raptures in it, and diſtracts it with languiſhing pleaſure? What are thoſe ſtranger ſentiments that lie in wait in the ſoul, until muſic calls them forth? What is the obſcure but unavoidable value or merit of virtue? or who is the law-maker in the mind who gives it a worth and dignity beyond all eſtimation, and puniſhes the breach of it with conſcious terror and deſpair? What is it, in objects of immeaſurable power and grandeur, that we look for with ſtill amazement and awful delight?—But I find, madam, we have been inſenſibly led into ſubjects too abſtruſe and ſevere; I muſt not put the graces with whom we have been converſing to flight, and draw the ſerious air of meditation over that countenance where the ſmiles naturally dwell.

I have, in conſequence of your permiſſion, put together ſuch thoughts as occurred to me on good taſte. I told you, if I had leiſure hereafter, I would diſpoſe of them with more regularity, and add any new obſervations that I may make. Before I finiſh, I muſt in juſtice make my acknowledgments of the aſſiſtance I received. I took notice, at the beginning, that Rollin's Obſervations on Taſte gave occaſion to this diſcourſe. Sir Harry Beaumont's poliſhed dialogue on beauty, called Crito, was of ſervice to me; and I have availed myſelf of the writings and ſentiments of the ancients, particularly of the poets and ſtatuaries of Greece, which was the native and original country of the graces and fine arts. But I ſhould be very unjuſt, if I did not make my chief acknowledgments where they are more peculiarly due. If your modeſty will not ſuffer me to draw that picture from which I borrowed my ideas of elegance, I am bound

bound at leaſt, in honeſty, to diſclaim every merit but that of copying from a bright original. *Usher.*

§ 251. *General Reflections upon what is called Good Taſte. From* ROLLIN'S *Belles Lettres.*

Taſte as it now falls under our conſideration, that is, with reference to the reading of authors and compoſition, is a clear, lively, and diſtinct diſcerning of all the beauty, truth, and juſtneſs of the thoughts and expreſſions, which compoſe a diſcourſe. It diſtinguiſhes what is conformable to eloquence and propriety in every character, and ſuitable in different circumſtances. And whilſt, with a delicate, and exquiſite ſagacity, it notes the graces, turns, manners, and expreſſions, moſt likely to pleaſe, it perceives alſo all the defects which produce the contrary effect, and diſtinguiſhes preciſely wherein thoſe defects conſiſt, and how far they are removed from the ſtrict rules of art, and the real beauties of nature.

This happy faculty, which it is more eaſy to conceive than define, is leſs the effect of genius than judgment, and a kind of natural reaſon wrought up to perfection by ſtudy. It ſerves in compoſition to guide and direct the underſtanding. It makes uſe of the imagination, but without ſubmitting to it, and keeps it always in ſubjection. It conſults nature univerſally, follows it ſtep by ſtep, and is a faithful image of it. Reſerved and ſparing in the midſt of abundance and riches, it diſpenſes the beauties and graces of diſcourſe with temper and wiſdom. It never ſuffers itſelf to be dazzled with the falſe, how glittering a figure ſoever it may make. 'Tis equally offended with too much and too little. It knows preciſely where it muſt ſtop, and cuts off, without regret or mercy, whatever exceeds the beautiful and perfect. 'Tis the want of this quality which occaſions the various ſpecies of bad ſtyle; as bombaſt, conceit, and witticiſm; in which as Quinctilian ſays, the genius is void of judgment, and ſuffers itſelf to be carried away with an appearance of beauty, *quæ rerum ingenium judicio carere, & ſpecie boni fallitur.*

Taſte, ſimple and uniform in its principle, is varied and multiplied an infinite number of ways, yet ſo as under a thouſand different forms, in proſe or verſe, in a declamatory or conciſe, ſublime or ſimple, jocoſe or ſerious ſtyle, 'tis always the ſame, and carries with it a certain character of the true and natural, immediately perceived by all perſons of judgment. We cannot try the ſtyle of Terence, Plautus, Salluſt, Cæſar, Tully, Livy, Virgil, or Horace, is the ſame. And yet they have all, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, a certain tincture of a common ſpirit, which in that diverſity of genius and ſtyle makes an affinity between them, and a viſible difference alſo between them and the other writers, who have not the ſtamp of the beſt age of antiquity upon them.

I have already ſaid, that this diſtinguiſhing faculty was a kind of natural reaſon wrought up to perfection by ſtudy. In reality all men bring the firſt principles of taſte with them into the world, as well as thoſe of rhetoric and logic. As a proof of this, we may urge, that every good ſtroke is almoſt always infallibly approved of by the people, and that there is no difference of taſte and ſentiment upon this point, as Tully obſerves, between the ignorant and the learned.

The caſe is the ſame with muſic and painting. A concert, that has all its parts well compoſed and well executed, both as to inſtruments and voices, pleaſes univerſally. But if any diſcord ariſes, any ill tone of voice be intermixed, it ſhall diſpleaſe even thoſe who are abſolutely ignorant of muſic. They know not what it is that offends them, but they find ſomething grating in it to their ears. And this proceeds from the taſte and ſenſe of harmony implanted in them by nature. In the manner a fine picture charms and tranſports a ſpectator, who has no idea of painting. Aſk him what pleaſes him, and why it pleaſes him, and he cannot eaſily give an account, or ſpecify the real cauſes; but natural ſentiment works almoſt the ſame effect in him as art and uſe in connoiſſeurs.

The like obſervations will hold good as to the taſte we are here ſpeaking of. Moſt men have the firſt principles of it in themſelves, though in the greater part of them they lie dormant in a manner, for want of inſtruction or reflection; as they are often ſtifled or corrupted by a vicious education, bad cuſtoms, or reigning prejudices of the age and country.

But how depraved ſoever the taſte may be, it is never abſolutely loſt. There are certain fixed remains of it, deeply rooted in the underſtanding, wherein all men agree. Where theſe ſecret ſeeds are ſtifled

ivated with care, they may be carried to far greater height of perfection. And f it ſo happens that any freſh light awak-ns theſe firſt notions, and renders the mind ttentive to the immutable rules of truth nd beauty, ſo as to diſcover the natu-al and neceſſary conſequences of them, nd ſerves at the ſame time for a model o facilitate the application of them; we enerally ſee, that men of the beſt ſenſe gladly caſt off their ancient errors, correct he miſtakes of their former judgments, nd return to the juſtneſs, and delicacy, vhich are the effects of a refined taſte, and y degrees draw others after them into the ame way of thinking.

To be convinced of this, we need only ook upon the ſucceſs of certain great ora-ors and celebrated authors, who, by their atural talents, have recalled theſe primi-ive ideas, and given freſh life to theſe eeds, which lie concealed in the mind of very man. In a little time they united the voices of thoſe who made the beſt uſe of their reaſon, in their favour; and ſoon after gained the applauſe of every age and condition, both ignorant and learned. It would be eaſy to point out amongſt us the date of the good taſte, which now reigns in all arts and ſciences; by tracing each up to its original, we ſhould ſee that a ſmall number of men of genius have ac-quired the nation this glory and advan-tage.

Even theſe, who live in the politer ages without any application to learning or ſtudy, do not fail to gain ſome tincture of the prevailing good taſte, which has a ſhare without their perceiving it themſelves, in their converſation, letters, and behaviour. There are few of our ſoldiers at preſent, who would not write more correctly and elegantly than Ville-Hardouin, and the other officers who lived in a ruder and more barbarous age.

From what I have ſaid, we may con-clude, that rules and precepts may be laid down for the improvement of this diſcern-ing faculty; and I cannot perceive why Quinctilian, who juſtly ſets ſuch a value upon it, ſhould ſay that it is no more to be obtained by art, than the taſte or ſmell; *Non magis arte traditur, quam guſtus aut odor*; unleſs he meant, that ſome perſons are ſo ſtupid, and have ſo little uſe of their judgment, as might tempt one to believe that it was in reality the gift of nature alone.

Neither do I think that Quinctilian is abſolutely in the right in the inſtance he produces at leaſt with reſpect to taſte. We need only imagine what paſſes in cer-tain nations, in which long cuſtom has in-troduced a fondneſs for certain odd and extravagant diſhes. They readily com-mend good liquors, elegant food, and good cookery. They ſoon learn to diſcern the delicacy of the ſeaſoning, when a ſkilful maſter in that way has pointed it out to them, and to prefer it to the groſſneſs of their former diet. When I talk thus, I would not be underſtood to think thoſe nations had great cauſe to complain, for the want of knowledge and ability in what is become ſo fatal to us. But we may judge from hence the reſemblance there is between the taſte of the body and mind, and how proper the firſt is to deſcribe the characters of the ſecond.

The good taſte we ſpeak of, which is that of literature, is not limited to what we call the ſciences, but extends itſelf imperceptibly to other arts, ſuch as archi-tecture, painting, ſculpture, and muſic. 'Tis the ſame diſcerning faculty which in-troduces univerſally the ſame elegance, the ſame ſymmetry, and the ſame order in the diſpoſition of the parts; which in-clines us to a noble ſimplicity, to natural beauties, and a judicious choice of orna-ments. On the other hand, the depra-vation of taſte in arts has been always a mark and conſequence of the deprivation of taſte in literature. The heavy, con-fuſed, and groſs ornaments of the old Go-thic buildings, placed uſually without ele-gance, contrary to all good rules, and out of all true proportions, were the image of the writings of the authors of the ſame age.

The good taſte of literature reaches alſo to public cuſtoms and the manner of liv-ing. An habit of conſulting the beſt rules upon one ſubject, naturally leads to the doing it alſo upon others. Paulus Æmi-lius, whoſe genius was ſo univerſally ex-tenſive, having made a great feaſt for the entertainment of all Greece upon the con-queſt of Macedon, and obſerving that his gueſts looked upon it as conducted with more elegance and art than might be ex-pected from a ſoldier, told them they were much in the wrong to be ſurpriſed at it; for the ſame genius, which taught how to draw up an army to advantage, naturally pointed out the proper diſpoſition of a table.

But by a ſtrange, though frequent re-volution, which is one great proof of the weakneſs,

worldly, or rather the corruption of human understanding, this very delicacy and elegance which the good taste of literature and eloquence usually introduces into common life, for buildings, for instance, and entertainments, coming by little and little to degenerate into excess and luxury, introduces in its turn the bad taste in literature and eloquence. This Seneca informs us in a very ingenious manner, in one of his epistles, where he seems to have drawn a good description of himself, though he did not perceive it.

One of his friends had asked him, whence the alteration could possibly arise which was sometimes observable in eloquence, and which carried most people into certain general faults; such as the affectation of bold and extravagant figures, metaphors flung all without reading or caution, sentences so blunt and abrupt, that they left people rather to guess what they meant, than conveyed a meaning.

Seneca answers this question by a common proverb among the Greeks; "As is their life, so is their discourse." *Talis hominibus fere oratio, qualis vita.* As a private person lets us into his character by his table, *in the reigning style is often an image* of the public manners. The heart carries the understanding away with it, and communicates its vices to it, as well as its virtues. When men strive to be distinguished from the rest of the world by novelty, and refinement in their furniture, buildings, and entertainments, and a fastidious search after every thing that is not in common use; the same rule will prevail in eloquence, and introduce novelty and irregularity there. When the mind is once accustomed to despise rules in manners, it will not follow them in style. Nothing will then go down but what strikes by its being new and glaring, extraordinary and affected. Trifling and childish thoughts will take place of such as are bold and overflowing to an excess. We shall affect a sleek and fluid style, and an elocution pompous indeed, but with little more than pure found in it.

And this sort of faults is generally the effect of a single man's example, who, having gained reputation enough to be followed by the multitude, rises up for a master, and gives the strain to others. 'Tis enough unreasonable to imitate him, to observe and copy after him, and his style becomes the rule and model of the public taste.

As then luxury in diet and dress is a plain indication that the manners are under so great a corruption as they must be; so a licentiousness of wit, wherever it comes public and general, shews evidently a depravation and corruption in the understandings of mankind.

To remedy this evil, and reduce to thoughts and expressions, and to style, it will be requisite to search the springs whence they proceed. 'Tis there the evil must be cured. When that is sound and vigorous, eloquence will be lively and becomes healthful and bewitching when the mind is enfeebled and enervated by pleasures and delights. In a word, it is the spirit that presides, and directs, and gives name to the whole, and all the rest subject to its impressions.

He has observed elsewhere, that a style too studied and far-fetched is a mark of a little genius. He would have us write especially when upon a grave and serious subject, be less curious about words and the manner of placing them, than of the matter, and the chance of the expression. When you see a discourse laboured and filled with so much carefulness and art, you may conclude, for sure, that it comes from a mean capacity, that falls far of the mark. A writer of great genius will stand for such minute things. He thinks and speaks with more manliness and freedom, and we may discern, as it were, a certain easy and natural air about a man of real riches, who does not affect to appear so. He then compares the laboured eloquence to young people painted, set out and powdered, and continually viewing their glass and the toilet. *Facile omnium, quæ supra se videt.* Nothing can be finished that is copied from the imperfect like with mistakes. The manners are a mirror of the mind. If the decked out, trifled up and painted, a figure there is found dead in the mind, and all is not sound within. Ornaments displayed with such art and flourish, are the proper ornament of eloquence. *Sit gravitas cum lenitate, severitas cum hilaritate.*

Who would not think, upon hearing this talk thus, that he was a contemporary of bad taste, and that no one was more capable of inventing and practising the like? And yet it will be, more than any other, that contributed to the destruction of taste, and corruption of eloquence. I shall take an occasion to speak of it more fully in another place, and shall

the more freely, as there is cauſe to fear leſt the bad taſte for bright thoughts, and turns of expreſſion, which is properly the character of Seneca, ſhould prevail in our own age. And I queſtion whether this be not a mark and preſage of the ruin of eloquence we are threatened with, as the immoderate luxury that now reigns more than ever, and the almoſt general decay of good manners, are perhaps alſo the fatal harbingers of it.

One ſingle perſon of reputation ſometimes, as Seneca obſerves, and he himſelf is an inſtance of it, who by his eminent qualifications ſhall have acquired the eſteem of the public, may ſuffice to introduce this bad taſte, and corrupt ſtyle. Whilſt moved by a ſecret ambition, a man of this character ſtrives to diſtinguiſh himſelf from the reſt of the orators and writers of his age, and to open a new path, where he thinks it better to march alone at the head of his new diſciples, than follow at the heels of the old maſters; whilſt he prefers the reputation of wit to that of ſolidity, purſues what is bright rather than what is ſolid, and ſets the marvellous above the natural and true; whilſt he chuſes rather to apply to the fancy than to the judgment, to dazzle reaſon than convince it, to ſurpriſe the hearer into an approbation, rather than deſerve it; and by a kind of deluſion and ſoft enchantment carry off the admiration and applauſes of ſuperficial minds (and ſuch the multitude always are); other writers, ſeduced by the charms of novelty, and the hopes of like ſucceſs, will ſuffer themſelves inſenſibly to be hurried down the ſtream, and add ſtrength to it by following it. And thus the old taſte, though better in itſelf, muſt give way to the new one without redreſs, which ſhall preſently aſſume the force of law, and draw a whole nation after it.

This ſhould awaken the diligence of the maſters in the univerſity, to prevent and hinder, as much as in them lies, the ruin of good taſte; and as they are entruſted with the public inſtruction of youth, they ſhould look upon this care as an eſſential part of their duty. The cuſtom, manners, and laws of the ancients have changed; they are often oppoſite to our way of life, and the uſages that prevail amongſt us; and the knowledge of them may be therefore leſs neceſſary for us. Their actions are gone and cannot return; great events have had their courſe, without any reaſon left for us to expect the like; and the revolutions of ſtates and empires have perhaps very little relation to their preſent ſituation and wants, and therefore become of leſs concern to us. But good taſte, which is grounded upon immutable principles, is always the ſame in every age; and it is the principal advantage that young perſons ſhould be taught to obtain from reading of ancient authors, who have ever been looked upon with reaſon as the maſters, depoſitories, and guardians of ſound eloquence and good taſte. In fine, of all that may anywiſe contribute to the cultivating the mind, we may truly ſay this is the moſt eſſential part, and what ought to be preferred before all others.

This good taſte is not confined to literature; it takes in alſo, as we have already ſuggeſted, all arts and ſciences, and branches of knowledge. It conſiſts therefore in a certain juſt and exact diſcernment, which points out to us, in each of the ſciences and branches of knowledge, whatever is moſt curious, beautiful, and uſeful, whatever is moſt eſſential, ſuitable, or neceſſary to thoſe who apply to it; how far conſequently we ſhould carry the ſtudy of it; what ought to be removed from it; what deſerves a particular application and preference before the reſt. For want of this diſcernment, a man may fall ſhort of the moſt eſſential part of his profeſſion, without perceiving it: nor is the caſe ſo rare as one might imagine. An inſtance taken from the Cyropædia of Xenophon will ſet the matter in a clear light.

The young Cyrus, ſon of Cambyſes King of Perſia, had long been under the tuition of a maſter in the art of war, who was without doubt a perſon of the greateſt abilities and beſt reputation in his time. One day, as Cambyſes was diſcourſing with his ſon, he took occaſion to mention his maſter, whom the young Prince had in great veneration, and from whom he pretended he had learnt in general whatever was neceſſary for the command of an army. Has your maſter, ſays Cambyſes, given you any lectures of œconomy; that is, has he taught you how to provide your troops with neceſſaries, to ſupply them with proviſions, to prevent the diſtempers that are incident to them, to cure them when they are ſick, to ſtrengthen their bodies by frequent exerciſe, to raiſe emulation among them, how to make yourſelf obeyed, eſteemed, and beloved by them? Upon

all theſe points, anſwered Cyrus, and ſeveral others the King ran over to him, he has not ſpoke one word, and they are all new to me. And what has he taught you then? To exerciſe my arms, replies the young Prince, to ride, to draw the bow, to caſt a ſpear, to form a camp, to draw the plan of a fortification, to range my troops in order of battle, to make a review, to ſee that they march, file off, and encamp. Cambyſes ſmiled, and let his ſon ſee, that he had learnt nothing of what was moſt eſſential to the making of a good officer, and an able general; and taught him far more in one converſation, which cetainly deſerves well to be ſtudied by young gentlemen that are deſigned for the army, than his famous maſter had done in many years.

Every profeſſion is liable to the ſame inconvenience, either from our not being ſufficiently attentive to the principal end we ſhould have in view in our applications to it, or from taking cuſtom for our guide, and blindly following the footſteps of others, who have gone before us. There is nothing more uſeful than the knowledge of hiſtory. But if we reſt ſatisfied in loading our memory with a multitude of facts of no great curioſity or importance, if we dwell only upon dates and difficulties in chronology or geography, and take no pains to get acquainted with the genius, manners, and characters of the great men we read of, we ſhall have learnt a great deal, and know but very little. A treatiſe of rhetoric may be extenſive, enter into a long detail of precept, define very exactly every trope and figure, explain well their differences, and largely treat ſuch queſtions as were warmly debated by the rhetoricians of old; and with all this be very like that diſcourſe of rhetoric Tully ſpeaks of, which was only fit to teach people not to ſpeak at all, or not to the purpoſe. *Scripſit artem rhetoricam Cleanthes, ſed ſic, ut, ſi quis obmuteſcere concupierit, nihil aliud legere debeat.* In philoſophy one might ſpend abundance of time in knotty and abſtruſe diſputes, and even learn a great many fine and curious things, and at the ſame time neglect the eſſential part of the ſtudy, which is to form the judgment and direct the manners.

In a word, the moſt neceſſary qualification, not only in the art of ſpeaking and the ſciences, but in the whole conduct of our life, is that taſte, prudence, and diſcretion, which upon all ſubjects and on every occaſion teaches us what we ſhould do, and how to do it. *Illud dicere ſatis habe, nihil eſſe, non modo in orando, ſed in omni vita, prius conſilio.* Rollin.

§ 233. Dr. Johnson's *Preface to his Edition of* Shakespeare.

That praiſes are without reaſon laviſhed on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by thoſe, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the herefies of paradox; or thoſe, who, being forced by diſappointment upon conſolatory expedients, are willing to hope from poſterity what the preſent age refuſes, and flatter themſelves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at laſt beſtowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reaſon, but from prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that time has ſometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour paſt than preſent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the ſhade of age, as the eye ſurveys the ſun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticiſm is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we eſtimate his powers by his worſt performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not abſolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raiſed upon principles demonſtrative and ſcientific, but appealing wholly to obſervation and experience, no other teſt can be applied than length of duration and continuance of eſteem. What mankind have long poſſeſſed they have often examined and compared; and if they perſiſt to value the poſſeſſion, it is becauſe frequent compariſons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; ſo, in the productions of genius, nothing can be ſtyled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the ſame kind. Demonſtration immediately diſplays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from

from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental muſt be eſtimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is diſcovered in a long ſucceſſion of endeavours. Of the firſt building that was raiſed, it might be with certainty determined, that it was round or ſquare; but whether it was ſpacious or lofty muſt have been referred to time. The Pythagorean ſcale of numbers was at once diſcovered to be perfect: but the poems of Homer we yet know not to tranſcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than tranſpoſe his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphraſe his ſentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long ſubſiſted, ariſes, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the ſuperior wiſdom of paſt ages, or gloomy perſuaſion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable poſitions, that what has been longeſt known has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame and preſcriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly uſed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſion, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topic of merriment, or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhips and his enemies has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as pleaſure is obtained: yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſions they have paſt through variations of taſte and change of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion; it is proper to enquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakeſpeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common ſatiety of life ſends us all in queſt; but the pleaſures of ſudden wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the mind can only repoſe on the ſtability of truth.

Shakeſpeare is, above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions; they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in thoſe of Shakeſpeare, it is commonly a ſpecies.

It is from this wide extenſion of deſign that ſo much inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakeſpeare with practical axioms and domeſtic wiſdom. It was ſaid of Euripides, that every verſe was a precept; and it may be ſaid of Shakeſpeare, that from his works may be collected a ſyſtem of civil and œconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not ſhewn in the ſplendor of particular paſſages, but by the progreſs of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect quotations, will ſucceed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his houſe to ſale, carried a brick in his pocket as a ſpecimen.

It will not eaſily be imagined how much Shakeſpeare excels in accommodating his ſentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was obſerved of the ancient ſchools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the ſtudent diſqualified for the world, becauſe he found nothing there

which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every page but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogues of this author are often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harrass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as modern human never was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no greater influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the drama of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters, thus ample and general, were not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though the same may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; but he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men who, in their real characters, may converse upon the terms of the moment, the incidents before them, as they themselves would have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even when the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disgust us by the want of those general passions and those common incidents which we know to have operated upon us, and of which the world is full. Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks the character violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of the superinduced and adventitious. His kings do not require Romans or Kings, but be finds only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all conditions; and wishing to benefit his country by the example of Rome, he took from the senate house that which the senate house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to draw an usurper and murderer not truly solicitous, but apparently be therefore added to his manly qualities, knowing that kings live en-

like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. Theſe are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the caſual diſtinction of country and condition, as a painter, ſatisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The cenſure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic ſcenes, as it extends to all his works, deſerves more conſideration. Let the fact be firſt ſtated, and then examined.

Shakeſpeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical ſenſe, either tragedies or comedies, but compoſitions of a diſtinct kind; exhibiting the real ſtate of ſublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and ſorrow, mingled with endleſs variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expreſſing the courſe of the world, in which the loſs of one is the gain of another; in which, at the ſame time, the reveller is haſtening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend: in which the malignity of one is ſometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many miſchiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without deſign.

Out of this chaos of mingled purpoſes and caſualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which cuſtom had preſcribed, ſelected ſome the crimes of men, and ſome their abſurdities; ſome the momentous viciſſitudes of life, and ſome the lighter occurrences; ſome the terrors of diſtreſs, and ſome the gaieties of proſperity. Thus roſe the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compoſitions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and conſidered as ſo little allied, that I do not recollect, among the Greeks or Romans, a ſingle writer who attempted both.

Shakeſpeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and ſorrow, not only in one mind, but in one compoſition. Almoſt all his plays are divided between ſerious and ludicrous characters; and in the ſucceſſive evolutions of the deſign, ſometimes produce ſeriouſneſs and ſorrow, and ſometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticiſm will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticiſm to nature. The end of writing is to inſtruct; the end of poetry is to inſtruct by pleaſing. That the mingled drama may convey all the inſtruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, becauſe it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by ſhewing how great machinations and ſlender deſigns may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general ſyſtem by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of ſcenes the paſſions are interrupted in their progreſſion, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at laſt the power to move, which conſtitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reaſoning is ſo ſpecious, that it is received as true even by thoſe who in daily experience feel it to be falſe. The interchanges of mingled ſcenes ſeldom fail to produce the intended viciſſitudes of paſſion. Fiction cannot move ſo much, but that the attention may be eaſily transferred; and though it muſt be allowed that pleaſing melancholy be ſometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be conſidered likewiſe, that melancholy is often not pleaſing, and that the diſturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleaſure conſiſts in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, hiſtories, and tragedies, ſeem not to have diſtinguiſhed the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal perſons, however ſerious or diſtreſsful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion conſtituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongſt us; and plays were written, which, by changing the cataſtrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in thoſe times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous concluſion, with which the common criticiſm of that age was ſatisfied, whatever lighter pleaſure it afforded in its progreſs.

Hiſtory was a ſeries of actions, with no other than chronological ſucceſſion, independent of each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the concluſion. It is not always very nicely diſtinguiſhed from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, than in the hiſtory of Richard the Second. But a hiſtory might be continued

through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels. Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few, the public judgment was unformed: he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance; he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting; but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy, for the greater part, by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution, from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a [illegible] tint, without any remains of [illegible] but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The food heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury to the adamant of Shakespeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always ranking modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hopes of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, and the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness, and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original [illegible] of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant [illegible]. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is [illegible] to be smooth and clear, yet not [illegible] without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the [illegible] upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberancy and cavities.

Shakespeare with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient [illegible]

ſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candour higher than truth.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings, indeed, a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be collected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them, and ſo careleſsly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him, and apparently rejects thoſe exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the ſake of thoſe which are more eaſy.

It may be obſerved, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himſelf near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he ſhortened the labour to ſnatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he ſhould moſt vigorouſly exert them, and his cataſtrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly repreſented.

He had no regard to diſtinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without ſcruple, the cuſtoms, inſtitutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of poſſibility. Theſe faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Ariſtotle, when we ſee the loves of Theſeus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakeſpeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology; for, in the ſame age, Sydney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his Arcadia, confounded the paſtoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and ſecurity, with thoſe of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic ſcenes he is ſeldom very ſucceſsful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of ſmartneſs and conteſts of ſarcaſm; their jeſts are commonly groſs, and their pleaſantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he repreſented the real converſation of his time is not eaſy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly ſuppoſed to have been a time of ſtatelineſs, formality, and reſerve; yet, perhaps the relaxations of that ſeverity were not very elegant. There muſt, however, have been always ſome modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chooſe the beſt.

In tragedy, his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion, which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetic; but whenever he ſolicits his invention or ſtrains his faculties, the offſpring of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tedioufneſs, and obſcurity.

In narration, he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearifome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakeſpeare found it an incumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendor.

His declamations, or ſet ſpeeches, are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, inſtead of inquiring what the occaſion demanded, to ſhew how much his ſtores of knowledge could ſupply, he ſeldom eſcapes without the pity or reſentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy ſentiment, which he cannot well expreſs, and will not reject;

he ſtruggles with it a while, and, if it continues ſtubborn, comprizes it in words ſuch as occur, and leaves it to be diſentangled and envolved by thoſe who have more leiſure to beſtow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is ſubtile, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the quality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial ſentiments and vulgar ideas diſappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by ſonorous epithets and ſwelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have moſt reaſon to complain when he approaches neareſt to his higheſt excellence, and ſeems fully reſolved to ſink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatneſs, the danger of innocence, or the croſſes of love. What he does beſt, he ſoon ceaſes to do. He is not long ſoft and pathetic without ſome idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and terror and pity, as they are riſing in the mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakeſpeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is ſure to lead him out of his way, and ſure to engulf him in the mire. It has ſome malignant power over his mind, and its faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging knowledge, or exalting affection, whether he be amuſing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in ſuſpenſe, let but a quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his work unfiniſhed. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aſide from his career, or ſtoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch delight, that he was content to purchaſe it, by the ſacrifice of reaſon, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he loſt the world, and was content to loſe it.

It will be thought ſtrange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of thoſe laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I reſign him to critical juſtice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the cenſure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I ſhall, with due reverence to that learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His hiſtories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not ſubject to any of their laws; nothing more is neceſſary to all the praiſe which they expect, than that the changes of action be ſo prepared as to be underſtood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters conſiſtent, natural, and diſtinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be ſought.

In his other works he has well enough preſerved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his deſign only to diſcover it; for this is ſeldom the order of real events, and Shakeſpeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Ariſtotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the concluſion follows by eaſy conſequence. There are perhaps ſome incidents that might be ſpared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the ſtage; but the general ſyſtem makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has ſhewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they ſtand, will diminiſh their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by diſcovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleaſure to the auditor.

The neceſſity of obſerving the unities of time and place ariſes from the ſuppoſed neceſſity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impoſſible, that an action of months or years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three hours; or that the ſpectator can ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the theatre, while ambaſſadors go and return between diſtant kings, while armies are levied and towns beſieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his miſtreſs, ſhould lament the untimely fall of his ſon. The mind revolts from evident falſehood, and fiction loſes its force when it departs from the reſemblance of reality.

From

From the narrow limitation of time ne-ceſſarily ariſes the contraction of place. The ſpectator, who knows that he ſaw the firſt act at Alexandria, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at Rome, at a diſtance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in ſo ſhort a time, have tranſported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itſelf; that what was houſe cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Perſepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the miſery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly with-out reſiſtance or reply. It is time, there-fore, to tell him, by the authority of Shake-ſpeare, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtion-able principle, a poſition, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his under-ſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any repreſentation is miſtaken for reality; that any dramatic fable, in its materiality, was ever credible, or, for a ſingle moment, was ever credited.

The objection ariſing from the impoſſi-bility of paſſing the firſt hour at Alexan-dria, and the next at Rome, ſuppoſes, that when the play opens, the ſpectator really imagines himſelf at Alexandria; and be-lieves that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old ac-quaintance are Alexander and Cæſar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharſalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſpections of terreſ-trial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtacy, ſhould count the clock; or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to ſome ac-tion, and an action muſt be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete a ſtory may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent firſt Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By ſuppoſition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapſes for the moſt part be-tween the acts; for, of ſo much of the ac-tion as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt Mithridates are repreſented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without abſurdity, be repreſented, in the cataſtrophe, as hap-pening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lu-cullus are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions; and why may not the ſecond imitation re-preſent an action that happened years after the firſt, if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of ex-iſtence, moſt obſequious to the imagina-tion; a lapſe of years is as eaſily conceiv-ed as a paſſage of hours. In contempla-tion we eaſily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their imitation.

It will be aſked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited? It is credited with all credit due to a drama. It is credited, when-ever it moves, as a juſt picture of a real original; as repreſenting to the auditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The reflection that ſtrikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourſelves may be ex-poſed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourſelves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the poſſibility, than ſuppoſe the preſence of miſery, as a mo-ther weeps over her babe, when ſhe re-members that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our conſciouſneſs of fiction; if we thought murders and treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleaſure, not

because they are miſtaken for realities, but becauſe they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landſcape, the trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us ſhade, or the fountains coolneſs; but we conſider how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the hiſtory of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increaſe or diminiſh its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always leſs. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what geſture can hope to add dignity or force to the ſoliloquy of Cato?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not ſuppoſed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or ſhorter time may be allowed to paſs, and that no more account of ſpace or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may paſs in an hour, the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakeſpeare knew the unities, and rejected them by deſign, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to inquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that, when he *role* to notice, he did not want the examples and admonitions of ſchools and critics, and that he at laſt deliberately preferred to a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is eſſential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place ariſe evidently from falſe aſſumptions, and by circumſcribing the extent of the drama, leſſen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not obſerved: nor, if ſuch another part could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules, merely poſitive, become the comprehenſive genius of Shakeſpeare, and ſuch cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender criticiſm of Voltaire:

> Non ufque adeo permiſcuit imis
> Longus ſummis dies, ut non, &c. vide Metaſt. Artaxerxes hypo. nullus Cattus tibi.

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced upon the other ſide; before ſuch authorities I ſhall not ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by authority, but becauſe it is to be wiſhed, that their perhaps *have not been* yet received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reaſon of my enquiries, in which it would be tedious to hoaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama; that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauty of variety and inſtruction; and that a play written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of great labour and induſtrious art, by which is ſhewn rather what is poſſible than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of arhitecture in a citadel, without any diminution from its ſtrength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may riſe the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own temerity; and when I eſtimate the fame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to lay down in reverential ſilence: as Aeneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he ſaw Neptune ſhaking the wall, and Jupiter heading the beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my arguments cannot perſuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakeſpeare, will eaſily, if they conſider the condition of his life, make ſome allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be juſtly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the ſtate of the age in which he lived, and with the author's own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worth the more for the circumſtances of the author, yet there is always a kind reference of human works to human abilities, and ſcarce any inquiry, how far man may extend his deſigns, or how high he may raiſe his

hope,

orce, is of far greater dignity than in hat rank we ſhall place any particular erformance, curioſity is always buſy to iſcover the inſtruments, as well as to ſurey the workmanſhip, to know how much s to be aſcribed to original powers, and ow much to caſual and adventitious help. he palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, compared to the houſes of European ionarchs; yet who could forbear to view iem with aſtoniſhment, who remembered iat they were built without the uſe of on?

The Engliſh nation, in the time of hakeſpeare, was yet ſtruggling to emerge om barbarity. The philology of Italy ad been tranſplanted hither in the reign f Henry the Eighth; and the learned nguages had been ſucceſsfully cultivated y Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, heke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by mith, Clerk, Haddon, and Aſcham. reek was now taught to boys in the rincipal ſchools; and thoſe who united egance with learning, read, with great iligence, the Italian and Spaniſh poets. ut literature was yet confined to profeſſed holars, or to men and women of high nk. The public was groſs and dark; od to be able to read and write, was an ccompliſhment ſtill valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their inncy. A people, newly awakened to literary curioſity, being yet unacquainted ith the true ſtate of things, knows not ow to judge of that which is propoſed as s reſemblance. Whatever is remote from ommon appearances is always welcome to ulgar, as to childiſh credulity; and of a ountry unenlightened by learning, the hole people is the vulgar. The ſtudy of oſe who then aſpired to plebeian learning as laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. The Death of rthur was the favourite volume.

The mind, which was feaſted on the uxurious wonders of fiction, has no taſte f the inſipidity of truth. A play, which nitated only the common occurrences of ne world, would, upon the admirers of almerin and Guy of Warwick, have ade little impreſſion; he that wrote for uch an audience was under the neceſſity f looking round for ſtrange events and abulous tranſactions; and that incredibiity, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of ritings to unſkilful curioſity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he choſe the moſt popular, ſuch as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the ſtory in their hands.

The ſtories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time acceſſible and familiar. The fable of As you like it, which is ſuppoſed to be copied from Chaucer's Gamelyn, was a little pamphlet of thoſe times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain Engliſh proſe, which the critics have now to ſeek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His Engliſh hiſtories he took from Engliſh chronicles and Engliſh ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by verſions, they ſupplied him with new ſubjects; he dilated ſome of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been tranſlated by North.

His plots, whether hiſtorical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more eaſily caught than by ſentiment or argumentation; and ſuch is the power of the marvellous, even over thoſe who deſpiſe it, that every man finds his mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the tragedies of Shakeſpeare than of any other writer; others pleaſe us by particular ſpeeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps, excelled all but Homer in ſecuring the firſt purpoſe of a writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable curioſity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The ſhows and buſtle, with which his plays abound have the ſame original. As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Thoſe to whom our author's labours were exhibited, had more ſkill in pomps or proceſſions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we ſtill find, that on our ſtage ſomething muſt be done, as well as ſaid, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his wonder, that our author's

author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of Cato. Let him be anſwered, that Addiſon ſpeaks the language of poets, and Shakeſpeare of men. We find in Cato innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of obſervation impregnated by genius. Cato affords a ſplendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers juſt and noble ſentiments, in diction eaſy, elevated and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the compoſition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addiſon.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with ſhades, and ſcented with flowers; the compoſition of Shakeſpeare is a foreſt, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interſperſed ſometimes with weeds and brambles, and ſometimes giving ſhelter to myrtles and to roſes; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity. Other poets diſplay cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought into ſhape, and poliſhed into brightneſs. Shakeſpeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhauſtible plenty, though clouded by incruſtations, debaſed by impurities, and mingled with a maſs of meaner minerals.

It has been much diſputed whether Shakeſpeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of ſcholaſtic education, the precepts of critical ſcience, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakeſpeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much ſkill in the dead languages. Jonſon, his friend, affirms, that *he had ſmall Latin and leſs Greek*; who, beſides that he had no imaginable temptation to falſehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquiſitions of Shakeſpeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controverſy, unleſs ſome teſtimony of equal force could be oppoſed.

Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books tranſlated in his time; or were ſuch eaſy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who conſider the ſame ſubjects; or ſuch remarks on life, or axioms of morality, as float in converſation, and are tranſmitted through the world in proverbial ſentences.

I have found it remarked, that in this important ſentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a tranſlation of *I præ, ſequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleaſing dream, ſays, *I cry'd to ſleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the ſame wiſh on the ſame occaſion.

There are a few paſſages which may paſs for imitations, but ſo few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication; and as he uſed what he had, would have uſed more if he had obtained it.

The Comedy of Errors is confeſſedly taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in Engliſh. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more; but that thoſe which were not tranſlated were inacceſſible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have ſome French ſcenes, proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without aſſiſtance. In the ſtory of Romeo and Juliet, he is obſerved to have followed the Engliſh tranſlation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing againſt his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his audience.

It is moſt likely that he had learned Latin ſufficiently to make him acquainted with conſtruction, but that he never advanced to an eaſy peruſal of the Roman authors. Concerning his ſkill in modern languages, I can find no ſufficient ground of determination; but, as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been diſcovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in eſteem, I am inclined to believe that he read little more than Engliſh, and choſe for his fables only ſuch tales as he found tranſlated.

That much knowledge is ſcattered over his works is very juſtly obſerved by [illegible]

ut it is often ſuch knowledge as books ill not ſupply. He that will underſtand Shakeſpeare muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet, he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; moſt of the topics of human diſquiſition had found Engliſh writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the Engliſh ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. Shakeſpeare may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unſettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like thoſe of other writers, in his leaſt perfect works; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that for aught I know,* ſays he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, were the beſt.* But the power of nature is only the power of uſing, to any certain purpoſe, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity ſupplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by ſtudy and experience, can only aſſiſt in combining or applying them. Shakeſpeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and, as he muſt increaſe his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay life better, as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.

There is a vigilance of obſervation, and accuracy of diſtinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; from this, almoſt all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakeſpeare muſt have looked upon mankind with perſpicacity, in the higheſt degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diverſify them only by the accidental appendages of preſent manners; the dreſs is a little varied, but the body is the ſame. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in Engliſh, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which ſhewed life in its native colours.

The conteſt about the original benevolence or malignity of man, had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the mind, to trace the paſſions to their ſources, to unfold the ſeminal principles of vice and virtue, or ſound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All thoſe inquiries, which from the time that human nature became the faſhionable ſtudy, have been made ſometimes with nice diſcernment, but often with idle ſubtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales with which the infancy of learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the cloſet; he that would know the world, was under the neceſſity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling, as he could, in its buſineſs and amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by faciliating his acceſs. Shakeſpeare had no ſuch advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in ſtates of life that appear very little favourable to thought, or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them, is inclined to think that he ſees enterprize and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them. The genius of Shakeſpeare was not to be depreſſed by the weight

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of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were ſhaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpoſitions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himſelf imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted whether, from all his ſucceſſors, more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact ſurveyor of the inanimate world; his deſcriptions have always ſome peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt poets of many nations preſerve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a ſhort celebrity, ſink into oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their ſentiments and deſcriptions immediately from knowledge; the reſemblance is therefore juſt; their deſcriptions are verified by every eye, and their ſentiments acknowledged by every breaſt. Thoſe whom their fame invites to the ſame ſtudies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain ſuch authority, as to ſtand in the place of nature to another; and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at laſt capricious and caſual. Shakeſpeare, whether life or nature be his ſubject, ſhews plainly that he has ſeen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or diſtorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his repreſentations to be juſt, and the learned ſee that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be eaſy to find any author, except Homer, who invented ſo much as Shakeſpeare, who ſo much advanced the ſtudies which he cultivated, or effuſed ſo much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the ſhows of the Engliſh drama are his. *He ſeems*, ſays Dennis, *to have been the very original of our Engliſh tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verſe, diverſified often by diſſyllable and triſſyllable terminations. For the diverſity diſtinguiſhes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common uſe, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verſe we make when we are writing proſe; we make ſuch verſe in common converſation.*

I know not whether this praiſe is rigorouſly juſt. The diſſyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confeſſedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo* *, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reaſon to believe at leaſt as old as his earlieſt plays. This however is certain, that he is the firſt who taught either tragedy or comedy to pleaſe, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are ſought becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce had they been much eſteemed.

To him we muſt aſcribe the praiſe, unleſs Spenſer may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to how much ſmoothneſs and harmony the Engliſh language could be ſoftened. He has ſpeeches, perhaps ſometimes ſcenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed, commonly to ſtrike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpoſe better, than when he tries to ſoothe by ſoftneſs.

Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that, if much of his praiſe is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewiſe given by cuſtom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we ſhould in another loath or deſpiſe. If we endured without praiſing, reſpect for the father of our drama might excuſe us; but I have ſeen, in the book of ſome modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which ſhew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has ſcenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play which if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the concluſion. I am indeed far from

* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew-Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590. STEEVENS.

thinking

thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were ſuch as would ſatisfy the audience, they ſatisfied the writer. It is ſeldom that authors, though more ſtudious of fame than Shakeſpeare, riſe much above the ſtandard of their own age; to add a little to what is beſt, will always be ſufficient for preſent praiſe, and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiaſts, and to ſpare the labour of contending with themſelves.

It does not appear, that Shakeſpeare thought his works worthy of poſterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further proſpect, than of preſent popularity and preſent profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he ſolicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no ſcruple to repeat the ſame jeſts in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the ſame knot of perplexity; which may be at leaſt forgiven him by thoſe who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a maſk, by a deception, which, perhaps, never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careleſs was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to eaſe and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be diſguſted with fatigue, or diſabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor deſired to reſcue thoſe that had been already publiſhed from the depravations that obſcured them, or ſecure to the reſt a better deſtiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine ſtate. *Johnſon.*

§ 234. POPE's *Preface to his* HOMER.

Homer is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt Invention of any writer whatever. The praiſe of Judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the invention that in different degrees diſtinguiſhes all great geniuſes; the utmoſt reach of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſters every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but ſteal wiſely; for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of judgment, there is not even a ſingle beauty in them to which the invention muſt not contribute: as in the moſt regular gardens, art can only reduce the beauties of nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of nature.

Our author's work is a wild paradiſe, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. It is like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſt by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes:

οἱ δ' ἐξ' ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

"They pour along like a fire that ſweeps "the whole earth before it." It is however remarkable that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire, like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought,

thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this "vivida vis animi," in a very few. Even in works where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can overpower criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This fire is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton it glows like a furnace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhew, how this vaſt Invention exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts of his work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its vortex. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions; but, wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of fable. That which Ariſtotle calls the "Soul of poetry," was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt; and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the Probable, the Allegorical, and the Marvellous. The probable fable is the recital of ſuch actions as though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: or of ſuch as, though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an epic poem, the return of Ulyſſes, the ſettlement of the Trojans in Italy, or the like. That of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that ever was choſen by any poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other epic poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular catalogue of an army, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes; and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemoras. If Ulyſſes viſits the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil, and Scipio of Silius, are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the allegorical fable: if we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his allegories, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder will this conſideration afford us! how ſer-

ill that imagination appear, which was ble to clothe all the properties of elements, ie qualifications of the mind, the virtues nd vices, in forms and perſons; and to itroduce them into actions agreeable to ie nature of the things they ſhadowed! his is a field in which no ſucceeding poets ould diſpute with Homer; and whatever ommendations have been allowed them on is head, are by no means for their inention in having enlarged his circle, but r their judgment in having contracted it. or when the mode of learning changed following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as aſonable in the more modern poets to lay afide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of . And perhaps it was no unhappy cirumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in is time that demand upon him of ſo great n invention, as might be capable of furniſhng all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The marvellous fable includes whatver is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the mahines of the gods. He ſeems the firſt who rought them into a ſyſtem of machinery or poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its reateſt importance and dignity. For we nd thoſe authors who have been offended t the literal notion of the gods, conſtantly aying their accuſation againſt Homer as he chief ſupport of it. But whatever auſe there might be to blame his machines n a philoſophical or religious view, they re ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind ave been ever ſince contented to follow hem: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his gods continue to this day the gods of poetry.

We come now to the characters of his perſons; and here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurpriſing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of courage is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice, and ſubject to command: that of Ajax is heavy, and ſelf-confiding; of Hector, active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition; that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in wiſdom; and they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is artificial and various, of the other natural, open, and regular. But they have, beſides, characters of courage; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon caution, the other upon experience. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds.—The characters of Virgil are far from ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently, affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſthus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this track of reflection, if he will purſue it through the epic and tragic writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The ſpeeches are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the Iliad, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. Every thing in it has manners (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it) that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is

leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections or thoughts, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer; all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed; Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the ſentiments, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the ſcripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad.

If we obſerve his deſcriptions, images, and ſimilies, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art, and individual of nature, ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide-views, unobſerved by any painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcriptions of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the Iliad, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any epic poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the expreſſion, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that language of the gods to men. His expreſſion is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, he was the only poet who had found out living words; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author whatever. An arrow is impatient to be on the wing, and a weapon thirſts to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: for in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more perſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude, and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the compound epithets. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the diction, but as it aſſiſted and filled the numbers with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the images. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he has managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet κορυθαίολος, the proſpect of Mount Neritus in that of δασυφυλλος, and ſo of others; which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure. As a metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his verſification, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of [illegible]

is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but earched through its differing dialects with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the Ionic, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables, ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the Attic contractions, the broader Doric, and the feebler Æolic, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and compleated this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a farther repreſentation of his motions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian operas) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue; indeed, the Greek has ſome advantages, both from the natural ſound of its words, and the turn and cadence of its verſe, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer critics have underſtood one language than the other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the Compoſition of Words. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the Muſes dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpiring vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his Invention. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more extenſive and copious than any other, his manners more lively and ſtrongly marked, his ſpeeches more affecting and tranſported, his ſentiments more warm and ſublime, his images and deſcriptions more full and animated, his expreſſion more raiſed and daring, and his numbers more rapid and various. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhing excellence of each: it is in that we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in that we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in Invention, Virgil has in Judgment. Not that we are to think Homer wanted Judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree, or that Virgil wanted Invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work: Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity, Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion, Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow;

Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two poets reſemble the heroes they celebrate; Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightenings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts, as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief objections againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his Marvellous Fictions, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and, like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his ſpeaking horſes, and Virgil his myrtles diſtilling blood, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his ſimilies have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of his faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimilies are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and correſponding images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his groſſer repreſentations of the gods, and the vicious and imperfect manners of his heroes; but I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier, "that * thoſe times and manners are ſo "much the more excellent, as they are "more contrary to ours." Who can be ſo prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of thoſe ages, when a ſpirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was ſhewn but for the ſake of lucre; when the greateſt princes were put to the ſword, and their wives and daughters made ſlaves and concubines? On the other ſide, I would not be ſo delicate as thoſe modern critics, who are ſhocked at the ſervile offices and mean employments in which we ſometimes ſee the heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleaſure in taking a view of that ſimplicity in oppoſition to the luxury of ſucceeding ages, in beholding monarchs without their guards, princes tending their flocks, and princeſſes drawing water from the ſprings. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the moſt ancient author in the heathen world; and thoſe who conſider him in this light will double their pleaſure in the peruſal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are ſtepping almoſt three thouſand years back into the remoteſt antiquity, and entertaining themſelves with a ſtrange and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe

* Preface to her Homer.

to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may farther ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame epithets to his gods and heroes, ſuch as the far-darting Phœbus, the blue-eyed Pallas, the ſwift-footed Achilles, &c which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed; they were a ſort of attributes in which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of ſurnames, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like: as Alexander, the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, &c. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, &c. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a farther conjecture: Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of "Heroes diſtinct from other men: a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called Demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the iſlands of the bleſſed *." Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame; as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: one would imagine, by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe critics never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt; a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two poets ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſes above the Æneis: as that the hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: it is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer, which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them: this is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetices. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardneſs of their own tranſlations; this is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his work; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: and, in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, &c.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil or any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of

* Heſiod, lib. i. ver. 155, &c.

the chief invention; and as long as this (which indeed is the characteriſtic of poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of one ſort of critics: but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the inventor of poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe, it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing. A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation, with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as that is ſeen in the main parts of the poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile, whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered, what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a looſe paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: and I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the latter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the fire of the poem, is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. It is a great ſecret in writing, to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where he is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle; ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into raſtian in a proud confidence of the ſublime; others ſunk into flatneſs in a cold and timorous notion of ſimplicity. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds, (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle); others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle; which his friends muſt agree together to call ſimplicity, and the reſt of the world will call dulneſs. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bald and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: it is one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is nowhere in ſuch perfection as in the Scrip-

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ture and our author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the divine ſpirit made uſe of no other words but what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a farther preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs, thoſe moral ſentences and proverbial ſpeeches which are ſo numerous in this poet. They have ſomething venerable, and I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words, after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as platoon, campaign, junto, or the like (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a ſort of marks, or moles, by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects, and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them as beauties. I ſpeak of his compound epithets, and of his repetitions. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear, or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the cloud-compelling Jove, &c. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſſed in a ſingle word as in a compound one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet λινοσίφετλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally "leaf-ſhaking," but affords a majeſtic idea in the periphraſis: "The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods." Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or "far-ſhooting," is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect to the darts and bow, the enſigns of that god; the other allegorical with regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a god in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer; and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's repetitions, we may divide them into three ſorts; of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches, where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn

forms of prayer, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe, the best rule is, to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression; but it is a question, whether a professed translator be authorised to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the Versification. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must conclude myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby, Chapman has taken the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth book of the Odysses, ver. 312, where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting new meanings out of his author, insomuch as to promise, in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he had revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to strain the obvious sense to this end His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Bussy d'Amboise, &c. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears, from his preface and remarks, to have been of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit which animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general: but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which, if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copied, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which, in my opinion, ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to [illegible] the strongest and most poetical, as [illegible]

agreeing

agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve, in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fulneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods, neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would farther recommend to him, is to ſtudy his author rather from his own text than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the epic poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not modern, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the public, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined me to undertake this taſk, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion, in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge, with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms, of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer; as I wiſh, for the ſake of the world, he had prevented me in the reſt. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a farther opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe goodnature (to give it a great panegyric) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the great have done me, while the firſt names of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe, it is a particular pleaſure to me to find, that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of poet: that his grace the duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the author, to whom he has given (in his excellent Eſſay) ſo complete a praiſe.

"Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
"For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
"Verſe will ſeem Proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
"And Homer will be all the books you need."

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay, whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example. That ſuch a genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critic of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that ſo excellent an imitator of Homer as the noble author of the tragedy of Heroic Love, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

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I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the earl of Carnarvon; but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present secretary of state, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late lord chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no better way oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens, that has been shown me by its learned rival, the university of Oxford. If my author had the wits of after ages for his defenders, his translator has had the Beauties of the present for his advocates; a pleasure too great to be changed for any same in reversion. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties, or the vanities of particular men. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself. *Pope.*

§ 235. *An Essay on Virgil's Georgics, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's Translation.*

Virgil may be reckoned the first who introduced three new kinds of poetry among the Romans, which he copied after three the greatest masters of Greece. Theocritus and Homer have still disputed for the advantage over him in pastoral and heroics; but I think all are unanimous in giving him the precedence to Hesiod in his Georgics. The [illegible] and roughness of a pastoral [illegible] well expressed in any other tongue [illegible] the Greek, when rightly [illegible] with the Dorik [illegible] majesty of an heroic poem [illegible] pear so well as in the language, which [illegible] a natural greatness in it, and [illegible] rendered more deep and [illegible] by the pronunciation of the lenders. But in the middle style, where the writers in both tongues are on a level, we see how far Virgil has excelled all who have written in the same way with him.

There has been abundance of criticism spent on Virgil's Pastorals and Aeneas, but the Georgics are a subject which most of the critics have sufficiently taken into their consideration; most of them passing it over in silence, in calling it under the same head with Pastoral, a division by no means proper, unless we suppose the [illegible] of a husbandman ought to be imitated in a Georgic, as that of a shepherd in a Pastoral. But though the scene of both these poems lies in the same place, the speakers in them are of a quite different character, since the precepts of husbandry are not to be delivered with the simplicity of a plowman, but with the address of a poet. No rules therefore that relate to Pastoral can any way affect the Georgics, since they fall under that class of poetry which consists in giving plain and [illegible] instructions to the reader; whether [illegible] moral duties, as those of Theogny and Pythagoras; or philosophical speculations, as those of Aratus and Lucretius; or rules of practice, as those of Hesiod and Virgil. Among these different kinds of [illegible], that which the Georgics go upon is, I think, the meanest and least improving, but the most pleasing and delightful. The cepts of morality, besides the natural corruption of our tempers, which makes us averse to them, are so abstracted from [illegible] of sense, that they seldom give an opportunity for those beautiful descriptions and images which are the spirit and life of poetry. Natural philosophy has [illegible] sensible objects to work upon, but [illegible] often puzzles the reader with the [illegible] of its notions, and perplexes him with the multitude of its disputes. But this kind of poetry I am now speaking of, [illegible] itself wholly to the imaginations it is altogether convertant among the [illegible] and woods, and has the most delightful part of nature for its province. It makes [illegible]

our minds a pleaſing variety of ſcenes and landſcapes, whilſt it teaches us, and makes the dryeſt of its precepts look like a deſcription. 'A Georgic therefore is ſome 'part of the ſcience of huſbandry put into 'a pleaſing dreſs, and ſet off with all the 'beauties and embelliſhments of poetry.' Now ſince this ſcience of huſbandry is of a very large extent, the poet ſhews his ſkill in ſingling out ſuch precepts to proceed on, as are uſeful, and at the ſame time moſt capable of ornament. Virgil was ſo well acquainted with this ſecret, that to ſet off his firſt Georgic he has run into a ſet of precepts, which are almoſt foreign to his ſubject, in that beautiful account he gives us of the ſigns in nature, which precede the changes of the weather.

And if there be ſo much art in the choice of fit precepts, there is much more required in the treating of them, that they may fall in after each other by a natural inforced method, and ſhew themſelves in the beſt and moſt advantageous light. They ſhould all be ſo finely wrought together in the ſame piece, that no coarſe ſeam may diſcover where they join; as in a curious trede of needle-work one colour falls away by ſuch juſt degrees, and another riſes ſo inſenſibly, that we ſee the variety without being able to diſtinguiſh the total vaniſhing of the one from the firſt appearance of the other. Nor is it ſufficient to range and diſpoſe this body of precepts into a clear and eaſy method, unleſs they are delivered to us in the moſt pleaſing and agreeable manner; for there are ſeveral ways of conveying the ſame truth to the mind of man; and to chooſe the pleaſanteſt of theſe ways, is that which chiefly diſtinguiſhes poetry from proſe, and makes Virgil's rules of huſbandry pleaſanter to read than Varro's. Where the proſe-writer tells us plainly what ought to be done, the poet often conceals the precept in a deſcription, and repreſents his countryman performing the action in which he would inſtruct his reader. Where the one lets out, as fully and diſtinctly as he can, all the parts of the truth which he would communicate to us; the other ſingles out the moſt pleaſing circumſtance of this truth, and ſo conveys the whole in a more diverting manner to the underſtanding. I ſhall give one inſtance out of a multitude of this nature that might be found in the Georgics, where the reader may ſee the different ways Virgil has taken to expreſs the ſame thing, and how much pleaſanter every manner of expreſſion is, than the plain and direct mention of it would have been. It is in the ſecond Georgic, where he tells us what trees will bear grafting on each other:

Et ſæpe alterius ramos impune videmus
Vertere in alterius, mutatamque inſita mala
Ferre pyrum, et prunis lapidoſa rubeſcere corna.
——Steriles Platani malos geſſere valentes,
Caſtanea fagos, ornuſque incanuit albo
Flore pyri: *Glandemque ſues fregere ſub ulmis,*
——Nec longum tempus: & ingens
Exiit ad cœlum ramis felicibus arbos;
Miraturque novas frondes et non ſua poma.

Here we ſee the poet conſidered all the effects of this union between trees of different kinds, and took notice of that effect which had the moſt ſurpriſe, and by conſequence the moſt delight in it, to expreſs the capacity that was in them of being thus united. This way of writing is every where much in uſe among the poets, and is particularly practiſed by Virgil, who loves to ſuggeſt a truth indirectly, and without giving us a full and open view of it, to let us ſee juſt ſo much as will naturally lead the imagination into all the parts that lie concealed. This is wonderfully diverting to the underſtanding, thus to receive a precept, that enters, as it were, through a bye-way, and to apprehend an idea that draws a whole train after it. For here the mind, which is always delighted with its own diſcoveries, only takes the hint from the poet, and ſeems to work out the reſt by the ſtrength of her own faculties.

But ſince the inculcating precept upon precept, will at length prove tireſome to the reader, if he meets with no entertainment, the poet muſt take care not to incumber his poem with too much buſineſs; but ſometimes to relieve the ſubject with a moral reflection, or let it reſt a while, for the ſake of a pleaſant and pertinent digreſſion. Nor is it ſufficient to run out into beautiful and diverting digreſſions (as it is generally thought) unleſs they are brought in aptly, and are ſomething of a piece with the main deſign of the Georgic: for they ought to have a remote alliance at leaſt to the ſubject, that ſo the whole poem may be more uniform and agreeable in all its parts. We ſhould never quite loſe ſight of the country, though we are ſometimes entertained with a diſtant proſpect of it. Of this nature are Virgil's deſcriptions of the original of agriculture, of the fruitfulneſs of Italy, of a country

life,

life, and the like, which are not brought in by force, but naturally riſe out of the principal argument and deſign of the poem. I know no one digreſſion in the Georgics that may ſeem to contradict this obſervation, beſides that in the latter end of the firſt book, where the poet launches out into a diſcourſe of the battle of Pharſalia, and the actions of Auguſtus. But it is worth while to conſider, how admirably he has turned the courſe of his narration into its proper channel, and made his huſbandman concerned even in what relates to the battle, in thoſe inimitable lines:

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exeſa inveniet ſcabrâ rubigine pila:
Aut gravibus raſtris galeas pulſabit inanes,
Grandiaque effoſſis mirabitur oſſa ſepulchris.

And afterwards, ſpeaking of Auguſtus's actions, he ſtill remembers that agriculture ought to be ſome way hinted at throughout the whole poem:

——Non ullus aratro
Dignus honos: ſqualent abductis arva colonis:
Et curvæ rigidum falces conflantur in enſem.

We now come to the ſtyle which is proper to a Georgic; and indeed this is the part on which the poet muſt lay out all his ſtrength, that his words may be warm and glowing, and that every thing he deſcribes may immediately preſent itſelf, and riſe up to the reader's view. He ought, in particular, to be careful of not letting his ſubject debaſe his ſtyle, and betray him into a meanneſs of expreſſion, but every where to keep up his verſe, in all the pomp of numbers and dignity of words.

I think nothing which is a phraſe or ſaying in common talk ſhould be admitted into a ſerious poem; becauſe it takes off from the ſolemnity of the expreſſion, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much leſs ought the low phraſes and terms of art that are adapted to huſbandry, have any place in ſuch a work as the Georgic, which is not to appear in the natural ſimplicity and nakedneſs of its ſubject, but in the pleaſanteſt dreſs that poetry can beſtow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make uſe of *tempore* but *ſydere* in his firſt verſe; and every where elſe abounds with metaphors, Greciſms, and circumlocutions, to give his verſe the greater pomp, and preſerve it from ſinking into a plebeian ſtyle. And herein conſiſts Virgil's maſter-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himſelf in the language of his Georgics; where we receive more ſtrong and lively ideas of things from his words, than we could have done from the objects themſelves; and find our imaginations more affected by his deſcriptions, than they would have been by the very ſight of what he deſcribes.

I ſhall now, after this ſhort ſcheme of rules, conſider the different ſucceſs that Heſiod and Virgil have met with in this kind of poetry, which may give us ſome further notion of the excellence of the Georgics. To begin with Heſiod; if we may gueſs at his character from his writings, he had much more of the huſbandman than the poet in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, diſcreet, and frugal: he lived altogether in the country, and was probably, for his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. Theſe principles of good huſbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandize, for the ſubject of that which is the moſt celebrated of them. He is every where bent on inſtruction, avoids all manner of digreſſions, and does not ſtir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method in deſcribing month after month, with its proper ſeaſons and employments, is too grave and ſimple; it takes off from the ſurpriſe and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verſe. The reader is carried through a courſe of weather, and may before-hand gueſs whether he is to meet with ſnow or rain, clouds or ſunſhine, in the next deſcription. His deſcriptions indeed have abundance of nature in them, but then it is nature in her ſimplicity and undreſs. Thus when he ſpeaks of January, "The wild beaſts," ſays he, "run ſhivering through the woods, "with their heads ſtooping to the ground, "and their tails clapt between their legs; "the goats and oxen are almoſt ſkin'd "with cold; but it is not ſo bad with the "ſheep, becauſe they have a thick coat "of wool about them. The old men too "are bitterly pinched with the weather; "but the young girls feel nothing of it, "who ſit at home with their mothers by "a warm fire-ſide." Thus does the old gentleman give himſelf up to a looſe kind of tattle, rather than endeavour after a poetical deſcription. Nor has he ſhewn more of art or judgment in the precepts he has given us, which are ſown ſo thick

thick, that they clog the poem too much, and are often ſo minute and full of circumſtances, that they weaken and unnerve his verſe. But after all, we are beholden to him for the firſt rough ſketch of a Georgic: where we may ſtill diſcover ſomething venerable in the antiqueneſs of the work; but if we would ſee the deſign enlarged, the figures reformed, the colouring laid on, and the whole piece finiſhed, we muſt expect it from a greater maſter's hand.

Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Heſiod has diſpatched in half a one; but has ſo raiſed the natural rudeneſs and ſimplicity of his ſubject, with ſuch a ſignificancy of expreſſion, ſuch a pomp of verſe, ſuch variety of tranſitions, and ſuch a ſolemn air in his reflections, that if we look on both poets together, we ſee in one the plainneſs of a downright countryman, and in the other ſomething of ruſtic majeſty, like that of a Roman dictator at the plow-tail. He delivers the meaneſt of his precepts with a kind of grandeur; he breaks the clods and toſſes the dung about with an air of gracefulneſs. His prognoſtications of the weather are taken out of Aratus, where we may ſee how judiciouſly he has picked out thoſe that are moſt proper for his huſbandman's obſervation; how he has enforced the expreſſion, and heightened the images, which he found in the original.

The ſecond book has more wit in it, and a greater boldneſs in its metaphors, than any of the reſt. The poet, with a great beauty, applies oblivion, ignorance, wonder, deſire, and the like, to his trees. The laſt Georgic has indeed as many metaphors, but not ſo daring as this; for human thoughts and paſſions may be more naturally aſcribed to a bee, than to an inanimate plant. He who reads over the pleaſures of a country life, as they are deſcribed by Virgil in the latter end of this book, can ſcarce be of Virgil's mind, in preferring even the life of a philoſopher to it.

We may, I think, read the poet's clime in his deſcription; for he ſeems to have been in a ſweat at the writing of it:

——— O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Hæmi
Siſtat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!

And is every where mentioning among his chief pleaſures, the coolneſs of his ſhades and rivers, vales and grottos; which a more northern poet would have omitted, for the deſcription of a ſunny hill and fire-ſide.

The third Georgic ſeems to be the moſt laboured of them all; there is a wonderful vigour and ſpirit in the deſcription of the horſe and chariot-race. The force of love is repreſented in noble inſtances, and very ſublime expreſſions. The Scythian winter-piece appears ſo very cold and bleak to the eye, that a man can ſcarce look on it without ſhivering. The murrain at the end has all the expreſſiveneſs that words can give. It was here that the poet ſtrained hard to outdo Lucretius in the deſcription of his plague; and if the reader would ſee what ſucceſs he had, he may find it at large in Scaliger.

But Virgil ſeems no where ſo well pleaſed as when he is got among his bees, in the fourth Georgic; and ennobles the actions of ſo trivial a creature, with metaphors drawn from the moſt important concerns of mankind. His verſes are not in a greater noiſe and hurry in the battles of Æneas and Turnus, than in the engagement of two ſwarms. And as in his Æneis he compares the labours of his Trojans to thoſe of bees and piſmires, here he compares the labours of the bees to thoſe of the Cyclops. In ſhort, the laſt Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis; and very well ſhewed what the poet could do in the deſcription of what was really great, by his deſcribing the mock grandeur of an inſect, with ſo good a grace. There is more pleaſantneſs in the little platform of a garden, which he gives us about the middle of this book, than in all the ſpacious walks and water-works of Rapin. The ſpeech of Proteus at the end can never be enough admired, and was indeed very fit to conclude ſo divine a work.

After this particular account of the beauties in the Georgics, I ſhould in the next place endeavour to point out its imperfections, if it has any. But though I think there are ſome few parts in it that are not ſo beautiful as the reſt, I ſhall not preſume to name them, as rather ſuſpecting my own judgment, than I can believe a fault to be in that poem, which lay ſo long under Virgil's correction, and had his laſt hand put to it. The firſt Georgic was probably burleſqued in the author's life time; for we ſtill find in the ſcholiaſts a verſe that ridicules part of a line tranſlated from Heſiod—*Nudus ara, ſere nudus*, —And we may eaſily gueſs at the judgment of this extraordinary critic, whoever

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he was, from his cenſuring in this particular precept. We may be ſure Virgil would not have tranſlated it from Heſiod, had he not diſcovered ſome beauty in it; and indeed the beauty of it is what I have before obſerved to be frequently met with in Virgil, the delivering the precept ſo indirectly, and ſingling out the particular circumſtances of ſowing and plowing naked, to ſuggeſt to us that theſe employments are proper only in the hot ſeaſon of the year.

I ſhall not here compare the ſtyle of the Georgics with that of Lucretius, which the reader may ſee already done in the preface to the ſecond volume of Dryden's Miſcellany Poems; but ſhall conclude this poem to be the moſt complete, elaborate, and finiſhed piece of all antiquity. The Æneis, indeed, is of a nobler kind; but the Georgic is more perfect in its kind. The Æneis has a greater variety of beauties in it, but thoſe of the Georgic are more exquiſite. In ſhort, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greateſt poet in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgment ſettled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity. *Addiſon.*

§ 236. *Hiſtory of the* HEATHEN DEITIES.

1. COELUS and TERRA. Cœlus is ſaid to be the ſon of the Air, great father of the gods, and huſband of Terra the daughter of the Earth; by whom he had the Cyclops, Oceanus, Titan, the Hundred Giants, and many other children, the moſt eminent of which was Saturn.

Nothing is more uncertain than what is related of Cœlus and Terra; and the whole fable plainly ſeems to ſignify that the Air and Earth were the common father and parent of all created beings. Cœlus was called Uranus by the Greeks, and Terra was alſo named Veſta; ſhe preſided over all feaſts and banquets; and the firſt fruits of the earth were offered to her in the moſt ſolemn ſacrifices. According to the fable, Cœlus was dethroned by his youngeſt ſon Saturn, and wounded by him, to prevent his having more children.

2. SATURN. Saturn was the ſon of Cœlus and Terra, and the moſt ancient of all the gods. Titan, his elder brother, reſigned his birth-right to him, on condition that he ſhould deſtroy all his male iſſue, that the empire of the world might in time fall to his poſterity. Saturn accepted of this condition; but Titan afterwards ſuſpecting that his brother had broke the contract between them, made war againſt him, and kept him in priſon; from whence he was releaſed by his ſon Jupiter, and re-inſtated in his government: he was afterwards dethroned by Jupiter himſelf.

Saturn being driven from his throne, left the kingdom, and went into Italy, and there lived with king Janus. That part of Italy where he concealed himſelf was called Latium.

He is repreſented as the emblem of Time, with a ſcythe in his hand; and in his time, it is ſaid, was the golden age of the earth, when the ground yielded all ſorts of fruit without culture, and Aſtræa, or Juſtice, dwelt among men, who lived together in perfect love and amity.

The Saturnalia, or Feaſts of Saturn, were inſtituted by Tullus king of the Romans; or, according to Livy, by Sempronius and Minutius the conſuls.

3. CYBELE. Cybele was the wife of Saturn, and accounted mother of the gods: ſhe was called Ops by the Latins, and Rhea by the Greeks. She was alſo named Bona Mater, Veſta, and Terra.

Cybele hath her head crowned with towers, and is the goddeſs of cities, garriſons, and all things that the earth ſuſtains. She is the earth itſelf, on which are built many towers and caſtles.

In her hand ſhe carries a key, becauſe, in winter the earth locks up her treaſures, which in the ſpring ſhe unlooſes, brings forth and diſpenſes with a plentiful hand.

She is ſeated in a chariot, becauſe the earth hangs in the air, being poiſed by its own weight. Her garments were painted with flowers of various colours, and figured with images of ſeveral creatures; which needs no explanation, ſince every one knows, that ſuch a dreſs is ſuitable to the earth.

Divine honours were daily paid to this goddeſs; and the prieſts of Cybele performed their ſacrifices with a confuſed noiſe of timbrels, pipes, cymbals, and other inſtruments; and the ſacrificants profaned both the temple of their goddeſs, and the ears of their hearers, with howling, rage, and every kind of wantonneſs.

The prieſts of this goddeſs were called Galli, from a river in Phrygia. They

were alſo called Curetes, Corybantes, Telchines, Cabiri, and Idæi Dactyli.

4. JUPITER. Jupiter, ſon of Saturn and Cybele, or Ops, is the father and king of gods and men. He is repreſented ſitting on a throne of ivory and gold, holding thunder in his right hand, and in the left a ſcepter made of cyprus; which wood, being free from corruption, is a ſymbol of eternal empire. On this ſcepter ſits an eagle; either becauſe he was brought up by that bird, or that heretofore the eagle ſitting upon his head, portended his reign; or becauſe in the war againſt the Giants, it brought him the thunder, and thence was called his Armour-bearer. He had golden ſhoes, and an embroidered cloak, adorned with various flowers, and figures of animals.

He was educated, as well as born, upon Ida, a mountain in Crete; but by whom, the variety of opinions is wonderful.

There are ſome who affirm, that he was nurſed by the Curetes, or Corybantes; ſome by the Nymphs; and ſome by Amalthea, daughter of Meliſſus king of that iſland. Others, on the contrary, have recorded, that he was fed by the bees with honey; others, by goat's milk.

They add beſides, that the goat being dead, and the ſkin pulled off, Jupiter made of it a ſhield, called Ægis, which he uſed afterwards in the battle againſt the Giants.

Jupiter, after he had depoſed his father Saturn from the throne, and expelled him the kingdom, divided the parental inheritance with his two brothers, Neptune and Pluto. He ſo obliged and aſſiſted mankind by great favours, that he not only got the title of Jupiter, but alſo obtained divine honours, and was eſteemed the common father of gods and men.

Jupiter had names almoſt innumerable; which he obtained, either from the places where he lived, and wherein he was worſhipped, or from the various actions of his life.

The Greeks called him Ammon or Hammon, which ſignifies *ſandy*. He obtained this name firſt in Lybia, where he was worſhipped under the figure of a ram; becauſe when Bacchus was athirſt in the deſarts of Arabia, and implored the aſſiſtance of Jupiter, Jupiter appeared in the form of a ram, opened a fountain with his foot, and diſcovered it to him.

He was called Capitolinus, from the Capitoline hill, on the top whereof he had the firſt temple that ever was built in Rome; which Tarquin the Elder firſt vowed to build, Tarquin the Proud did build, and Horatius the Conſul dedicated. He was beſides called Tarpeius, from the Tarpeian rock on which this temple was built. He was alſo ſtyled Optimus Maximus, from his power and willingneſs to profit all men.

The title of Dodonæus was given Jupiter from the city Dodona in Chaonia, which was ſo called from Dodona, a nymph of the ſea. Near to this city was a grove ſacred to him, which was planted with oaks, and famous, becauſe in it was the moſt ancient oracle of all Greece.

The name Feretrius was given him, becauſe after the Romans had overcome their enemies they carried the imperial ſpoils (Spolia Opima) to his temple. Romulus firſt preſented ſuch ſpoils to Jupiter, after he had ſlain Acron, king of Cænina; and Cornelius Gallus offered the ſame ſpoils, after he had conquered Tolumnius, king of Hetruria; and, thirdly, M. Marcellus, when he had vanquiſhed Viridomarus, king of the Gauls.

Thoſe ſpoils were called Opima, which one general took from the other in battle.

He is alſo named Olympius from Olympus, the name of the maſter who taught him, and of the heaven wherein he reſides.

The Greeks called him Σωτὴρ (*Soter*) Servator, the Saviour, becauſe he delivered them from the Medes.

He was likewiſe called Xenius, or Hoſpitalis; becauſe he was thought the author of the laws and cuſtoms concerning hoſpitality.

5. JUNO. Juno was the Queen of Heaven, both the ſiſter and wife of Jupiter; the daughter of Saturn and Ops; born in the iſland Samos, where ſhe lived while ſhe continued a virgin.

Juno became extremely jealous of Jupiter, and never ceaſed to perplex the children he had by his miſtreſſes. She was mother of Vulcan, Mars, and Hebe; ſhe was alſo called Lucina, and preſided over marriages and births; and is repreſented in a chariot drawn by peacocks, with a ſcepter in her right hand, and a crown on her head; her perſon was auguſt, her carriage noble, and her dreſs elegant and neat.

Iris, the daughter of Thaumas and Electra, was ſervant and peculiar meſſenger of

Juno. Becauſe of her ſwiftneſs, ſhe is painted with wings, ſitting on a rainbow. It was her office to unlooſe the ſouls of dying women from the chains of the body.

6. APOLLO. Apollo is deſcribed as a beardleſs youth, with long hair, crowned with laurel, and ſhining in an embroidered veſtment; holding a bow and arrows in his right hand, and a harp in the left. Sometimes he is ſeen with a ſhield in the one hand, and the Graces in the other. The power of this god is threefold: in heaven, where he is called Sol; in earth, where he is named Liber Pater; and in hell, where he is ſtyled Apollo. He generally is painted with a harp, ſhield, and arrows.

He was the ſon of Jupiter and Latona. His mother, who was the daughter of Cœus the Titan, conceived twins by Jupiter: at which Juno being incenſed, ſent the ſerpent Python againſt her; Latona, to avoid the intended miſchief, fled into the iſland Delos, where ſhe brought forth Apollo and Diana at the ſame birth.

By the invention of phyſic, muſic, poetry, and rhetoric, he deſervedly preſided over the Muſes. He alſo taught the arts of foretelling and archery; by which he ſo much obliged mankind, that he was enrolled in the number of the gods.

He deſtroyed all the Cyclops, the forgers of Jupiter's thunderbolts, with his arrows, to revenge the death of his ſon Æſculapius, whom Jupiter had killed with his thunder, becauſe, by the power of phyſic, he reſtored the dead to life again.

He fell violently in love with the virgin Daphne, ſo famous for her modeſty. When he purſued her ſhe was changed into a laurel, the moſt chaſte of trees; which is never corrupted with the violence of heat or cold, but remains always flouriſhing, always pure.

Apollo raiſed the walls of the city of Troy by the muſic of his harp alone; and was challenged by Marſyas, a proud muſician; but the god flayed him alive, becauſe he preſumed to contend with him in his own art, and afterwards turned him into a river. Alſo when Midas, king of Phrygia, fooliſhly determined the victory to the god Pan, when Apollo and he ſang together, Apollo ſtretched his ears to the length and ſhape of aſſes ears.

This god had many names. He is called Cynthius, from the mountain Cynthus in the iſland of Delos; from whence Diana is alſo called Cynthia; and Delius, from the ſame iſland, becauſe he was born there.

He is called Delphicus, from the city Delphi in Bœotia, where he had the moſt famous temple in the world. They ſay, that this famous oracle became dumb at the birth of our Saviour; and when Auguſtus deſired to know the reaſon of its ſilence, the oracle anſwered him, That, in Judæa, a child was born, who was the ſupreme God, and had commanded him to depart, and return no more anſwers.

He is called Pæan, either from allaying ſorrows, or from his exact ſkill in hunting, wherefore he is armed with arrows.

He is called Phœbus, from the ſwiftneſs of his motion, or from his method of healing by purging.

He was named Pythius, not only from the ſerpent Python, which he had killed, but likewiſe from aſking and conſulting; for none among the gods delivered more reſponſes than he; eſpecially in the temple which he had at Delphi, to which all nations reſorted, ſo that it was called the oracle of all the earth. Theſe oracles were given out by a young virgin, called Pythia from Pythius, one of Apollo's names.

7. SOL. Sol, who enlighteneth the world, is eſteemed the ſame as Apollo. He was the father of Phaëton by Clymene; and, as a proof of his paternal affection, promiſed to grant his ſon whatever he ſhould requeſt. The raſh youth aſked the guidance of his chariot for one day: Sol in vain uſed every argument to diſſuade him from the enterprize; but having ſworn by the river Styx, an oath it was unlawful for the gods to violate, unwillingly granted his requeſt, and gave him the neceſſary inſtructions for his behaviour.

Phaëton, tranſported with joy, mounted the chariot, and began to laſh the flaming ſteeds; but they finding the ignorance of their new driver, ran through the air, and ſet both heaven and earth on fire. Jupiter, to prevent a total conflagration, ſtruck Phaëton with thunder from his chariot, and plunged him into the river Po. His ſiſters, Phaëthuſa, Lampetia, and Phœbe, and alſo Cycnus his friend, immoderately bewailed his death on the banks of the ſame

iver; and, by the pity of the gods, his ſiſters were changed into poplar trees, and is friend Cycnus into a ſwan.

8. MERCURY. Mercury, ſon of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas, was he god of eloquence and merchandize, nd meſſenger of the gods.

He is repreſented a young man, with a heerful countenance, an honeſt look, and vely eyes; fair without paint, with inged ſhoes and hat, and holding in his and a winged rod, bound about with two rpents.

He had many remarkable qualities, on count of which they worſhipped him as god. He is ſaid to have invented letters, nd the uſe of them: it is evident, that he celled in eloquence, and the faculty of eaking; and therefore was accounted the od of rhetoric and oratory. He is reorted to have been the firſt inventor of ontracts, weights, and meaſures: he alſo ught the arts of buying, ſelling, and affic; and thence was called the god of erchants, and of gain.

In the art of thieving, he far exceeded ll the ſharpers that ever have been, and is amed the Prince and God of Tricking. The very day in which he was born, he ole away the cows of king Admetus, hough attended by Apollo himſelf; who, hile he complained of the theft, and bent is bow with an intent of revenge, found imſelf robbed of his quiver and arrows lſo.

He was a wonderful maſter at making eace; and pacified not only mortals, but lſo the gods themſelves, when they quarelled. This faculty is ſignified by the od which he holds in his hand, and which ormerly he got from Apollo, to whom he ad before given a harp.

He had divers offices: the chief were, o carry the commands of Jupiter; alſo to ttend perſons dying, to unlooſe their ſouls om the chains of the body, and carry em down to hell: likewiſe to revive, nd replace into new bodies, thoſe that ad already completed their time in the lyſian fields.

9. MARS. Mars, the ſon of Jupiter nd Juno, or, as is related by Ovid, of uno only, who conceived him by the ouch of a flower ſhewed her by Flora.

Mars is the god of war, fierce in aſpect, ern in countenance, and terrible in dreſs: e ſits in a chariot drawn by two horſes, which are driven by a diſtracted woman. He is covered with armour, and brandiſhes a ſpear in his right hand. Sometimes he is repreſented ſitting on horſeback, formidable with his whip and ſpear, with a cock near him, the emblem of watchfulneſs.

His ſervants are Fear and Terror. Diſcord alſo goes before in a tattered garment, and Clamour and Anger follow him.

Bellona, goddeſs of war, is the companion of Mars, or, according to others, his ſiſter or wife. She prepares for him his chariot and horſes, when he goes to battle.

His name, Mars, ſets forth the power and influence he has in war, where he preſides over the ſoldiers.

He is called Gradivus, from his ſtatelineſs in marching, or from his vigour in brandiſhing his ſpear.

He is called Quirinus from Quris, or Quiris, ſignifying a ſpear. This name was afterwards attributed to Romulus, who, with Remus, was eſteemed the ſon of Mars; from whom the Romans were called Quirites.

10. BACCHUS. Bacchus was ſon of Jupiter and Semele, and is ſaid to have been nouriſhed by Jupiter in his thigh on the death of his mother. As ſoon as he was born, he was committed to the care of Silenus and the Nymphs, to be brought up; and, in reward for their ſervice, the Nymphs were received into heaven, and there changed into ſtars called the Hyades.

Bacchus is a filthy, ſhameful, and immodeſt god; with a body naked, red face, laſcivious look, ſwoln cheeks and belly, diſpirited with luxury, and intoxicated with wine.

He is crowned with ivy and vine-leaves, and in his hand holds a thyrſus for a ſcepter. His chariot is drawn ſometimes by tygers and lions, ſometimes by lynxes and panthers: a drunken band of Satyrs, Demons, and Nymphs, preſiding over the wine-preſſes, fairies of the fountains, and prieſteſſes, attend him as his guard, and old Silenus, riding on an aſs, brings up the rear.

Bacchus invented ſo many things uſeful to mankind, either in finiſhing controverſies, building cities, enacting laws, or obtaining victories, that for this reaſon he was admitted into the council of the

gods, by the joint ſuffrages of the whole world.

He firſt planted the vine and drank the juice of the grape; the tillage of the ground, and making honey, are attributed to Bacchus: when he was king of Phœnicia, he inſtructed his ſubjects in trade and navigation. He promoted ſociety amongſt men, and brought them over to religion and the knowledge of the gods.

He ſubdued the Indians, and many other nations, and triumphed in a chariot drawn by tygers. Riding on an elephant, he travelled Ægypt, Syria, Phrygia, and all the Eaſt, gained many and great victories, and there erected pillars, as Hercules did in the Weſt.

He had various names: he was called Bromius, from the crackling of fire, and noiſe of thunder, that was heard when his mother was killed in the embraces of Jupiter.

Bimater, becauſe he had two mothers.

Evius, or Evous; for in the war with the Giants, when Jupiter did not ſee Bacchus, he thought that he was killed; and cried out, *Alas, Son!* Or, becauſe when he found that Bacchus had overcome the Giants, by changing himſelf into a lion, he cried out again, *Well done, Son!*

Evan, from the acclamations of the Bacchantes, who were therefore called Evantes.

Eleleus and Eleus, from the acclamation wherewith they animated the ſoldiers before the fight, or encouraged them in the battle itſelf. The ſame acclamation was alſo uſed in celebrating the Orgia, which were ſacrifices offered up to Bacchus.

Iacchus was alſo one of the names given to Bacchus, from the noiſe which men when drunk make.

Liber, and Liber Pater, from *libero*, as in Greek they call him Ἐλευθερεύς [*Eleutherius*] the Deliverer.

Alſo Lenæus, and Lyæus; for wine frees the mind from cares, and thoſe who have drank plentifully, ſpeak too often whatſoever comes into their minds.

11. MINERVA. Minerva, or Pallas, the goddeſs of wiſdom, wars, arts, and ſciences, was the daughter of Jupiter; who finding no likelihood of having children by Juno, it is ſaid, deſired Vulcan to ſmite his forehead with his hammer; and, after three months, he brought forth Minerva. She was called Minerva, as ſome ſay, from the threats of her ſtern and fierce look. Inſtead of a woman's dreſs, ſhe is arrayed in armour; wears a golden head-piece, and on it glittering creſts; a brazen coat of mail covers her breaſt; ſhe brandiſhes a lance in her right hand, and in her left holds a ſhield, whereon is painted the griſly head of Meduſa, one of the Gorgons, rough and formidable with ſnakes.

Upon the head of this goddeſs there was an olive crown, which is the ſymbol of peace; either becauſe war is only made that peace may follow; or becauſe ſhe taught men the uſe of that tree.

There were five Minervas; but that one, to whom the reſt are referred, was deſcended of Jupiter. For he, as ſome ſay, finding that his wife was barren, through grief ſtruck his forehead, and brought forth Minerva.

This goddeſs, like Veſta and Diana, was a perpetual virgin; and ſo great a lover of chaſtity, that ſhe deprived Tireſias of his eyes, becauſe he ſaw her bathing in the fountain of Helicon.

Minerva was the inventreſs of divers arts, eſpecially of ſpinning; and therefore the diſtaff is aſcribed to her.

The Athenians were much devoted to her worſhip; and ſhe had been adored by that people before Athens itſelf was built. The Rhodians alſo paid great honour to this goddeſs. She was extremely jealous leſt any one ſhould excel her in any art; and near her are placed divers mathematical inſtruments, as goddeſs of arts and ſciences. The cock and the owl are ſacred to her; the firſt being expreſſive of courage and watchfulneſs, and the latter the emblem of caution and foreſight.

Minerva repreſents wiſdom, that is, uſeful knowledge, joined with diſcreet practice; and comprehends the underſtanding of the moſt noble arts, together with all the virtues, but more eſpecially that of chaſtity. Her birth from Jupiter's head, is moſt certainly an emblem, that all human arts and ſciences are the production of the mind of man, directed by ſuperior wiſdom.

12. VENUS. Venus is ſaid to be the daughter of Jupiter and Dione. She is ſtyled the goddeſs of the Graces, Eloquence, Beauty, Neatneſs, and Cheerfulneſs; in her countenance many charms abound.

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She is clothed with a purple mantle glittering with diamonds, and refulgent with a roſy crown; ſhe breathes pleaſures, and flows in ſoftneſs. Two Cupids attend at her ſides, the Graces ſtand round her, and the lovely Adonis follows after, gently holding up her train. Her chariot is of ivory, finely carved, beautifully painted and gilt, faſhioned in form of a ſhell, and drawn by ſwans, doves, and ſwallows, or ſometimes by ſparrows, as ſhe directs, when ſhe pleaſes to mount it.

She is ſaid to have ſprung from the froth of the ſea; and, being laid in a ſhell, as it were in a cradle, to have been driven by Zephyrus upon the iſland of Cyprus, where the Horæ received her, cheriſhed her in their boſoms, educated, and adorned her; and when ſhe was grown up, they carried her into heaven, and preſented her to the gods, who, being taken with her beauty, all ſtrove to marry her; but at laſt ſhe was betrothed to Vulcan, to whom afterwards ſhe was given in wedlock.

The firſt of Venus's companions was Hymenæus, the god of marriage, and protector of virgins. Maids newly married offered ſacrifices to him, as alſo to the goddeſs Concordia.

Cupid, the god of love, was the next of Venus's companions. She alſo paſſionately loved Adonis, a beautiful youth.

The poets ſpeak of two Cupids; one of which is an ingenious youth, the ſon of Jupiter and Venus, a celeſtial deity; the other a debauchee, ſon of Nox and Erebus, whoſe companions are Drunkenneſs, Sorrow, Enmity, Contention, and other plagues of that kind.

The Graces, called Charities, were three ſiſters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus.—Theſe will be more particularly mentioned in a future place.

Venus was worſhipped under various names: Cypris and Cypria, Cytheris and Cytherea, from the iſlands of Cyprus and Cythera, whither ſhe was firſt carried in a cockle-ſhell.

Erycina, from the mountain Eryx, in the iſland of Sicily; upon which Æneas built a ſplendid and famous temple to her honour, becauſe ſhe was his mother.

Idalia and Acidalia, from the mountain Idalus, in the iſland Cyprus, and the fountain Acidalius, in Bœotia.

Marina, becauſe ſhe was born of the ſea, and begotten of the froth of the waters.

From thence ſhe is called Aphroditis and Anadyomone, that is, *emerging out of the waters*, as Apelles painted her.

She is called Paphia, from the city Paphos in the iſland of Cyprus, where they ſacrificed flowers and frankincenſe to her: alſo the Leſbian Queen, from Leſbos, in the ſame iſland.

On a diſpute at a feaſt of the gods, between Juno, Pallas, and Venus, for the pre-eminence of beauty, Jupiter, not being able to bring them to an agreement, referred the deciſion to Paris, a ſhepherd on Mount Ida, with direction that a golden apple ſhould be given to the faireſt. Paris determined the prize in favour of Venus, and aſſigned to her the golden reward. Venus, in return for this ſingular regard to her, promiſed Paris Helena, the faireſt beauty in the world. Paris ſailed into Greece with a great fleet, and brought away Helen, who had been betrothed to Menelaus, king of Sparta; but he being then abſent, Paris carried her away with him to Troy, which brought on the famous ſiege of that city, as is related in the Grecian Hiſtory.

[Theſe were the principal, or firſt claſs of Deities in the Heathen Mythology; the *Dii Majores*, to whom the higheſt degree of worſhip was paid; as it was univerſally imagined, that theſe deities were more eminently employed in the government of the world, and preſided over the immediate concerns of mankind.

Vulcan, Neptune, Pluto, and ſome others, are alſo eſteemed principal Deities; but mention will be made of theſe as they occur in the ſeveral orders or ranks of Terreſtrial, Marine, and Infernal Deities.]

I. TERRESTRIAL.

1. TITAN. Titan, the elder brother of Saturn, though not a god, claims the firſt place, being the elder ſon of Cœlus and Terra; and, on an agreement with Jupiter his younger brother, he yielded to him his birthright, as is before mentioned. His ſons were the Giants, called from him Titans.

2. VESTA. Veſta, the eldeſt of all the goddeſſes, the mother of Saturn, and the wife of Cœlus, is repreſented as a matron ſitting and holding a drum. She is not reckoned among the Celeſtials, ſhe being the Earth herſelf. Veſta is her name

from cloathing, becauſe the earth is cloathed with plants and fruits. She ſits, becauſe the earth being immoveable, reſts in the loweſt part of the world. She carries a drum, becauſe the earth contains the boiſterous winds in its boſom.

Her head is alſo ſurrounded with divers flowers and plants, voluntarily weaving themſelves into a crown, while animals of every kind play about, and fawn upon her. By reaſon the earth is round, Veſta's temple at Rome was built round; and they ſay, that her image was orbicular in ſome places.

It is no wonder that the firſt oblations were offered to her, ſince all the ſacrifices ſpring from the earth; and the Greeks both began and concluded all ſacrifices with this goddeſs.

3. VULCAN. Vulcan, the huſband of Venus, was ſon of Jupiter and Juno (ſome ſay of Juno only); but, being born deformed, he was caſt down from heaven by Jupiter as ſoon as he was born, and in the fall broke his leg. He was the god of ſubterraneous fires, and preſided over metals.

He firſt made his addreſſes to Minerva, and was refuſed by her: he afterwards married Venus, but that goddeſs diſregarded him for his deformity.

Vulcan made the chariot of the ſun, and ſupplied Jupiter with thunder: he fixed his forges on Mount Ætna, but chiefly in the iſland Lemnos, where he worked for the gods, and taught the natives the art of working iron by fire. His forgemen were the Cyclops, who were repreſented as having only one eye, in the middle of their foreheads. Apollo, it is ſaid, ſlew them all, for having forged the thunder with which Jupiter ſtruck Æſculapius, the god of phyſic. The principal temple of Vulcan was on Mount Ætna; and he is painted with a hat of blue colour, the ſymbol of fire.

He was called Mulciber, or Multifer, from his ſoftening and poliſhing iron.

4. JANUS. Janus was the ſon of Cœlus and Hecate. He had a double face and forehead in one and the ſame head; hence he was called the two-faced god; and therefore is ſaid to ſee things placed behind his back, as well as before his face. In his right hand he holds a key, and in his left a rod; and beneath his feet are twelve altars.

He had ſeveral temples built and dedicated to him, ſome of which had double doors, others four gates; becauſe he was ſometimes repreſented with four faces.

It was a cuſtom among the Romans, that, in his temple, the conſuls were inaugurated, and from thence ſaid to open the year on the kalends of January, when new laurel was put on the ſtatue of the god. The temple of Janus was held in great veneration by the Romans, and was kept open in the time of war, and ſhut in the time of peace; and it is remarkable, that, within the ſpace of ſeven hundred years, this temple was ſhut only thrice: once by Numa; afterwards by the conſuls Marcus Attilius and Titus Manlius, after a league ſtruck up with the Carthagenians; and, laſtly, by Auguſtus, after the victory of Actium.

5. LATONA. Latona was the daughter of Phœbe, and Cœus the Titan; whom, for her great beauty, Jupiter loved and deflowered.

When Juno perceived her with child, ſhe caſt her out of heaven to the earth, having firſt obliged Terra to ſwear, that ſhe would not give her any where an habitation to bring forth her young: and beſides, ſhe ſent the ſerpent Python to perſecute the harlot all over the world. But in vain; for in the iſland Delos, under a palm or an olive-tree, Latona brought forth Diana and Apollo.

6. DIANA. Diana, goddeſs of hunting, was the daughter of Ceres and Jupiter, and ſiſter of Apollo. She is uſually painted in a hunting habit, with a bow in her hand, a quiver full of arrows hanging down from her ſhoulders, and her breaſt covered with the ſkin of a deer: ſhe was the goddeſs of hunting and chaſtity.

She has three different names, and as many offices: in the heavens ſhe is called Luna and Phœbe, on the earth Diana, and in hell Hecate. In the heavens ſhe enlightens all things by her rays; on the earth ſhe ſubdues all the wild beaſts by her bow and darts; and in hell keeps in ſubjection the ghoſts and ſpirits, by her power and authority.

Diana was expoſed by her mother in the ſtreets, and was nouriſhed by ſhepherds: for which reaſon, ſhe was worſhipped in the ſtreets, and her ſtatue uſually ſet before the doors of the houſes.

Many temples were erected to this goddeſs, of which, that of Epheſus was the chief

chief. The woods, groves, and foreſts, were alſo conſecrated to her.

Actæon, grandſon of Cadmus, a famous hunter, introducing himſelf into the privacy of Diana, whilſt ſhe was bathing in a fountain, the goddeſs changed him into a ſtag, and he was devoured by his dogs.

7. AURORA. Aurora was the daughter of Terra and Titan, the ſiſter of the ſun and moon, and mother of all the ſtars.

She ſits high in a golden chariot, drawn by white horſes. She was much taken with the love of Cephalus, a very beautiful youth; and when ſhe could by no perſuaſion move him to violate his faith, plighted to his wife Procris, daughter of the king of Athens, ſhe carried him up into heaven by force.

Aurora being alſo charmed with the ſingular beauty of Tithonus, ſon of Laomedon, and brother of Priamus, carried him up into heaven, joined him to herſelf in wedlock, and from the Fates obtained immortality for him inſtead of a portion.

Memnon was the ſon of this marriage, who, when he came to Troy, to bring aſſiſtance to Priamus, fighting in a ſingle combat with Achilles, was ſlain.

8. CERES. Ceres is repreſented as a lady, tall in ſtature, venerable with majeſty, beautified with yellow hair, and crowned with a turban compoſed of the ears of corn. She holds in her right hand a burning torch, and, in her left, a handful of poppies and ears of corn.

She was daughter of Saturn and Ops, and of ſo great beauty, that ſhe drew the gods into the love and admiration of her perſon.

She firſt invented and taught the art of tilling the earth, of ſowing pulſe and corn, and of making bread; whereas before men ate only acorns. As ſoon as agriculture was introduced, and men began to contend about the limits of thoſe fields, which before were common and uncultivated, ſhe enacted laws, and determined the rights and properties of each perſon when diſputes aroſe.

Ceres is beautiful, becauſe the earth, which ſhe reſembles, gives a very delightful and beautiful ſpectacle to beholders: eſpecially when it is arrayed with plants, diverſified with trees, adorned with flowers, enriched with fruits, and covered with green herbs; when it diſplays the honours of the Spring, and pours forth the gifts of Autumn with a bountiful hand.

She holds a lighted torch, becauſe when Proſerpine was ſtolen away by Pluto, ſhe lighted torches with the flames of mount Ætna, and with them ſought her daughter through the whole world. She alſo carries poppies, becauſe when ſpent with grief, and could not obtain the leaſt reſt or ſleep, Jupiter gave her poppies to eat, which plant, they ſay, has a power of creating ſleep and forgetfulneſs.

Among various nations, the firſt fruits of the earth were offered to Ceres, as goddeſs of corn and agriculture; and the Cerealia, or Myſteries inſtituted in honour of Ceres, both in Greece and Sicily, were of two ſorts: the greater, or chief, were peculiar to Ceres, and called Eleuſinia, from Eleuſis, a city of Attica; and, in the leſſer, ſacrifices were made alſo to Proſerpine.

In theſe feaſts, the votaries ran through the public ſtreets with great noiſe and lamentation, carrying lighted torches in their hands, in repreſentation of the ſearch made by Ceres after her daughter, when ſtolen by Pluto.

II. MARINE DEITIES.

1. NEPTUNE. Neptune was the ſon of Saturn and Ops, and brother of Jupiter and Pluto. His mother preſerved him from the devouring jaws of his father, who ate up all the male children, and conveyed him to ſhepherds to be brought up as is before mentioned. In the diviſion of his father's dominions by Jupiter, the empire of the ſea was allotted to Neptune.

He having joined with Apollo in a conſpiracy againſt Jupiter, they were both driven from heaven; and, by Jupiter's command, forced to ſerve Laomedon in building the walls of Troy. Neptune, not receiving the reward of his ſervice, ſent a ſea-monſter on the coaſts, which ravaged the country.

Neptune afterwards became charmed with the beauty of Amphitrite, and long bore her diſdain; at laſt, by the aſſiſtance of a Dolphin, and the power of flattery, he drew her into marriage. Neptune, as an acknowledgment for this kindneſs, placed the dolphin among the ſtars, and he became a conſtellation.

As to the actions of this god; the poets ſay, that in a diſpute with Minerva, who ſhould give a name to Athens, the capital city of Greece, he ſtruck the ground with his

his trident, and produced a horſe; for which reaſon the Athenians ſacrificed to him that animal. Neptune was called Poſeidon by the Greeks: the Romans gave him alſo the name of Conſus, and erected an altar to him in the circus of Rome. The Circenſian games, or horſe-races, inſtituted in honour of him, were, from this name, called Conſualia. In theſe games, which were celebrated in the months of February and July, the rape of the Sabine virgins was repreſented.

Neptune is eſteemed governor of the ſea, and father of the rivers and fountains. He is repreſented riding on the ſea in a car, in the form of a ſhell, drawn by ſea-horſes, preceded by Tritons. He holds a trident in his hand, as an emblem of his ſovereignty, and is attended by the younger Tritons, and ſea-nymphs.

The other DEITIES *are,*

1. *Oceanus*, a marine deity, deſcended from Cœlus and Veſta; and by the ancients was called, not only the father of rivers, but alſo of animals, and of the gods themſelves.

2. *Thetis*, goddeſs of the ſea, wife of Oceanus, by whom ſhe is ſaid to have had many ſons; the chief of whom was Nereus, who dwelt in the Ægean ſea, and by his wife Doris had fifty daughters, called from him Nereides. Thetis is repreſented ſitting in a chariot, in the form of a ſhell, drawn by dolphins.

3. *Amphitrite*, daughter of Oceanus and Doris, goddeſs of the ſea, and wife of Neptune. She is by the poets frequently taken for the ſea itſelf; and by ſome writers, Thetis and Amphitrite are ſaid to be the ſame perſon.

4. *Triton*, the ſon of Neptune and Amphitrite, was alſo his companion and trumpeter. In the upper part of his body he bears the reſemblance of a man, and of a fiſh in the lower part. Moſt of the ſea-gods from him are called Tritons.

5. The *Syrens* were inhabitants of the ſea. They had faces of women, but the bodies of flying fiſh. Their names were Parthenope, Ligæa, and Leucoſia. Theſe dwelt near the coaſt of Sicily, and drew to them all paſſengers by the ſweetneſs of their ſinging, and then devoured them.

III. INFERNAL DEITIES.

1. PLUTO. Pluto, ſon of Saturn and Rhea, and brother of Jupiter and Neptune. In the diviſion of his father's kingdom, when he was dethroned by Jupiter, Pluto had the weſtern parts aſſigned to him, which gave riſe to the poetical fable, that he was the god of hell.

Theſe infernal kingdoms are attributed to him, not only becauſe the weſtern part of the world fell to him by lot; but alſo becauſe he introduced the uſe of burying and funeral obſequies: hence he is believed to exerciſe a ſovereignty over the dead. He ſits on a dark throne, holding a key inſtead of a ſceptre, and wearing a crown of ebony. Sometimes he is crowned with a diadem, ſometimes with cypreſs, and ſometimes with the daffodil, which flower Proſerpine was gathering when he ſtole her away. He is called Dis by the Latins, and Hades by the Greeks, which laſt ſignifies dark and gloomy. His horſes and chariot are of a black colour; and himſelf is often painted with a rod in his hand for a ſceptre, and covered with a head-piece.

2. PROSERPINE. Proſerpine is queen of hell, the infernal Juno, and wife of Pluto. She was daughter of Jupiter and Ceres.

When none of the goddeſſes would marry Pluto, becauſe of his deformity, the god being vexed that he was deſpiſed, and forced to live a ſingle life, in a rage mounted his chariot, and ſuddenly ſprung up from a den in Sicily amongſt a company of very beautiful virgins, who were gathering flowers in the fields of Enna. Pluto, inflamed with the love of Proſerpine, carried her off with him, and ſunk into the earth, not far from Syracuſe, where ſuddenly a lake aroſe.

The nymphs, her companions, being ſtruck with terror, acquainted her mother with the loſs of her daughter. Ceres, with lighted torches from Mount Ætna, long ſought her in vain: but at laſt, being informed by the nymph Arethuſa, that ſhe was ſtolen by Pluto, ſhe went down into hell, where ſhe found Proſerpine queen of thoſe dark dominions. The enraged mother complained to Jupiter of the violence offered to her daughter by his brother Pluto. Jupiter promiſed that ſhe ſhould return to the earth, provided ſhe had eat nothing in hell: hereupon Ceres went down rejoicing; and Proſerpine was returning with tranſport, when Aſcalaphus declared, that he ſaw Proſerpine eat ſome grains of a pomegranate which ſhe gathered in Pluto's

to's orchard: by this diſcovery her return was ſtopped. The mother, incenſed at this intelligence, changed Aſcalaphus into an owl; and, by her importunate intreaty, extorted from Jupiter, that Proſerpine ſhould live one half of the year with her, and the reſt of the time with her huſband Pluto. Proſerpine afterwards ſo loved this diſagreeable huſband, that ſhe became jealous of him, and changed his miſtreſs Mentha into the herb named Mint.

The other DEITIES *are,*

1. *Plutus*, either from the affinity of the name, or that both were gods of riches, is frequently joined to Pluto. He was ſaid to be blind, void of judgment, and of a nature quite timorous, all which qualities denote ſome peculiar property of this god: blind, and void of judgment, in the unequal diſtribution of riches, as he frequently paſſes by good men, whilſt the wicked are loaded with wealth; and timorous, by reaſon the rich are conſtantly in fear, and watch over their treaſures with great care and anxiety.

2. *Nox*, goddeſs of darkneſs, is the moſt ancient of all the goddeſſes. She married the river Erebus in hell, by whom ſhe had many daughters. Nox is painted in black robes beſet with ſtars.

3. *Charon*, the ſon of Erebus and Nox, is the ferryman of hell. He is repreſented by the poets as a terrible, grim, dirty old fellow. According to the fable, he attended with his boat, and, for a ſmall piece of money, carried over the river Styx the ſouls of the dead; yet not all promiſcuouſly, but only thoſe whoſe bodies were committed to the grave; for the unburied ſhades wandered about the ſhores an hundred years, and then were admitted into the boat, and ferried over the lake.

4. The *Giants* or *Titans* were at firſt inhabitants of the earth; who, truſting to their great ſtature and ſtrength, waged war againſt Jupiter, and attempted to dethrone him from the poſſeſſion of heaven. In this battle, they heaped up mountains upon mountains, and from thence darted trees of fire into heaven. They hurled alſo prodigious ſtones and ſolid rocks, which falling again upon the earth, or in the ſea, became mountains or iſlands: but being unſucceſsful in their attempt, and deſtroyed by the thunder of Jupiter, with the aſſiſtance of the other gods, they were driven from the earth and caſt into hell.

5. The *Fates* were three in number, daughters of Erebus and Nox. Theſe were ſaid to preſide over time paſt, preſent, and to come. Their names are Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos. Their office is to ſuperintend the thread of life; Clotho holds the diſtaff, and draws the thread, Lacheſis turns the ſpindle, and Atropos cuts the thread with her ſciſſars; that is, the firſt calls us into life, the ſecond determines our lot and condition, and the third finiſhes our life.

6. The *Furies*, or *Eumenides*, were daughters of Nox and Acheron. They were three, namely, Alecto, Megæra, Tiſyphone: their abode was in hell, to torment the wicked; they were armed with blazing torches, and ſurrounded with ſnakes, and other inſtruments of horror.

The RIVERS *of* HELL *were,*

1. *Acheron*, Son of Sol and Terra. He ſupplied the Titans with water when they waged war againſt Jupiter; who for this reaſon, changed him into a river, and caſt him into hell. The waters of this river are extremely muddy and bitter.

2. *Styx*, the principal river of hell; and held in ſo great veneration by the gods, that whoever broke the oath he had once made by this river, was deprived of his divinity for one hundred years.

3. *Cocytus*. This river is increaſed by the tears of the wicked; and flows with a lamentable noiſe, imitating the damned.

4. *Phlegethon*. This river ſwells with fiery waves, and rolls ſtreams of fire. The ſouls of the dead, having paſſed over theſe rivers, are carried to Pluto's palace.

5. *Lethe* is a river in hell. If the ghoſts of the dead drink the waters of this river, they are ſaid to loſe the remembrance of all that had paſſed in this world.

[It may here be very properly obſerved, that theſe infernal regions, the reſidence of Pluto, are ſaid to be a ſubterraneous cavern, whither the ſhades or ſouls of mortals deſcended, and were judged by Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanthus, appointed by Pluto judges of hell. This place contained Tartarus, the abode of the unhappy; alſo Elyſium, the abode of thoſe that had lived well. Cerberus, a dog with three heads, was door-keeper, and covered with ſerpents, always waited at the infernal gate, to prevent mortals from entering, or the manes or ſhades from going out. Charon

as is ſaid before, was ferryman of hell, and conducted the departed ſouls to the tribunal of Minos. The Harpies, or birds of prey, were alſo inhabitants of hell. Three were indifferently called Furiæ, Ocypete, and Lamiæ; and were inſtruments in the hands of the gods to raiſe wars in the world, and diſturb the peace of mankind.]

Fable relates two remarkable puniſhments in hell. 1. Ixion, for attempting to ſeduce Juno; was by Jupiter caſt into hell, and condemned to be chained to a wheel, which continually whirled round. 2. Syſiphus, the ſon of Æolus, was doomed in hell to roll a huge round ſtone from the bottom to the top of a mountain, whence it immediately deſcended. This puniſhment was allotted him, becauſe he revealed the ſecrets of the gods, and diſcovered to Aſopus the place where Jupiter had concealed his daughter Ægina.

Inferior Deities.

In the Heathen Mythology, there are many other deities or gods of inferior note, ſtyled *Dii Minores*; and as theſe frequently occur in the writings of the poets, it is neceſſary to make brief mention of them.

The Muses, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemoſyne, goddeſs of memory, were the reputed goddeſſes of the ſeveral arts and ſciences, and preſided over the feaſts and ſolemnities of the gods. They were the companions of Apollo, and inhabited with him chiefly on the hills of Parnaſſus, Helicon, and Pindus. The Hippocrene, and other fountains at the foot of Parnaſſus, were ſacred to them; as were alſo the palm-tree and the laurel. They are repreſented young and very handſome, and are nine in number.

1. *Clio* is ſaid to be the chief muſe. She derives her name from glory and renown. She preſided over hiſtory, and is ſaid to be the inventreſs of the lute.

2. *Calliope*, ſo called from the ſweetneſs of her voice. She preſided over eloquence and heroic poeſy.

3. *Erato*, or the lovely. She preſided over lyric poetry.

4. *Thalia*, from the gaiety and pleaſantry of her ſongs, called the Flouriſhing Maid. She invented comedy and geometry.

5. *Melpomene* was the muſe of that age. She preſided over tragedy, and melancholy ſubjects.

6. *Terpſichore*, or the Jovial. She preſided over muſic and dancing.

7. *Euterpe*, ſo called becauſe ſhe imparts joy. She invented the flute, and preſided over muſic: ſhe is alſo ſaid to be the patroneſs of logic.

8. *Polyhymnia*, ſo called from multiplicity of ſongs. She is ſaid to excel in memory, and preſide over hiſtory.

9. *Urania*, or, the Celeſtial Muſe. She preſided over divine poeſy, and is ſaid to be the inventreſs of aſtronomy.

The Muſes are diſtinguiſhed by maſks, lyres, garlands, globes, and other emblems, expreſſive of their different offices or accompliſhments.

Pegasus, the famous horſe of ancient fable, was an attendant on Apollo and the Muſes; he inhabited the hills of Parnaſſus, Helicon, and other mountains. He is ſaid to be ſprung from the blood of Medusa, killed by Perſeus, and is repreſented by the poets with wings to his ſides, expreſſive of the flights and elevation of the mind in poetry. When Perſeus cut off the head of Meduſa, the horſe Pegaſus ſtruck the ground with his foot; upon which, at the bottom of the hill, a fountain aroſe named Hippocrene. This fountain was ſacred to Apollo and the Muſes.

The Graces, called alſo Charities, were three ſiſters, daughters of Jupiter and Eurynome, or Venus. The firſt was named Aglaia from her chearfulneſs; the ſecond Thalia from her perpetual verdure; and the third Euphroſyne, from delight. They were companions of the Muſes and Mercury, and attendants on Venus. They are repreſented with pleaſing countenances and naked, to denote that our actions ſhould be free and candid, not covered over with diſſimulation or deceit. A chain binds their arms together, to expreſs that the link of love and harmony ſhould be united and unbroken.

Themis, Astrea, and Nemesis, were three goddeſſes: the firſt of law and peace; the ſecond of juſtice; and the third, a rewarder of virtue, and puniſher of vice.

Æolus, god of the winds, and ſon of Jupiter and Aceſta.

Momus, ſon of Nox and Somnus, and god of banter or jeſting.

Pan, ſon of Mercury and Penelope, was the god of the woods and ſhepherds. He is repreſented half man, and half goat.

with a large pair of horns on his head, a crook in one hand, a pipe, compoſed of reeds, in the other. The Arcadians much admired his muſick, and paid him divine honours. The Romans alſo built a temple to Pan, at the foot of Mount Palatine, and his feaſts were called Lupercalia. Sylvanus and Faunus were alſo gods of the foreſts, from whom were deſcended the other rural deities, as Satyrs, Sylvans, Fauns, Nymphs, or Dryades, who were all inhabitants of the woods.

PALES is the goddeſs of the ſhepherds and paſture, and by ſome is called Magna Mater and Veſta. They offered to her milk and wafers of millet for a good growth of paſture. Her feaſts, Palilia, were celebrated about the eleventh or twelfth of the kalends of May, on which day Romulus founded the city of Rome.

FLORA, goddeſs of the ſpring and flowers, and wife of Zephyrus. She is repreſented adorned with garlands, and near her is a baſket of flowers. Feronia is alſo counted the goddeſs of groves and orchards.

POMONA was goddeſs of the gardens, and all fruit-trees and plants. She was beloved of Vertumnus, as Ovid relates.

PRIAPUS, ſon of Venus and Bacchus, an obſcene deity. He alſo preſided over gardens.

TERMINUS was a deity who preſided over the boundaries of lands, which were held ſo ſacred, that whoever removed a land-mark, or ploughed them up, was ſubject to death. On the laſt day of the year, the Romans offered ſacrifice to the god Terminus; and theſe feſtivals were called Terminalia.

CUPID, god of love, ſon of Mars and Venus, is repreſented blind, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows on his ſhoulders, with which he wounds the hearts of lovers.

HYMENÆUS, or Hymen, ſon of Apollo and Urania, or, as ſome ſay, of Bacchus and Venus. He is the god of marriage; and is repreſented under the figure of a young man, holding a torch in his hand, with a crown of roſes, or ſweet marjorum, on his head.

The PENATES and LARES were alſo deemed gods; the firſt preſided over provinces and kingdoms, and the latter over houſes and particular families. The Lares alſo preſided over the highways; and they were wont to ſacrifice to theſe houſhold gods, frankincenſe, wine, bread, corn, and a cock; and, according to ſome writers, a lamb and a hog.

The GENII alſo were ſpirits, or deities, that preſided over all perſons and places. And indeed ſo great were the number of theſe inferior gods, that the ancient mythology furniſhed almoſt as many deities as there are things in nature; for there was no part of the body, or action of life, but had a peculiar divinity, by whom it was ſaid to be immediately directed or protected.

ÆSCULAPIUS, ſon of Apollo and the nymph Coronis, was the god of phyſic: he was ſlain by Jupiter with a thunderbolt forged by the Cyclops, on the complaint of Pluto, for raiſing the dead, or rather recovering men, by his ſkill in medicine, from their ſickneſs. He was worſhipped under the figure of a ſerpent; and ſometimes he is repreſented ſeated on a throne of gold and ivory, with a long beard, holding a rod environed with a ſerpent, and a dog at his feet.

The CYCLOPS, four in number, were ſons of Neptune and Amphitrite. They were ſervants to Vulcan, and had only one eye, placed in the middle of their foreheads: they were ſlain by Apollo, in revenge for forging the thunderbolts with which Jupiter killed Æſculapius, as is before related. They inhabited the iſland of Sicily; and, on account of their great ſtrength, were deemed giants by the poets.

SILENUS was the foſter father of Bacchus. He is accounted the god of abſtruſe myſteries and knowledge. He is repreſented as a fat, old, drunken fellow, riding on an aſs.

ÆGYPTIAN DEITIES.

OSIRUS, Apis, and Serapis, are different names of one and the ſame deity, ſon of Jupiter by Niobe, and huſband to Io, daughter of Inachus and Iſmena. Jupiter became paſſionately in love with Io; and in order to purſue his unlawful paſſion, changed her into a cow. Io, to avoid the reſentment of Juno, fled into Egypt; and Oſirus, after he had reigned many years over the Argives in Peloponneſus, left his kingdom to his brother Ægialus, and ſailed into Egypt to ſeek new dominions. He there married Io, who was alſo named Iſis; and, obtaining the government, they taught the Egyptians huſbandry, alſo every other uſeful art and ſcience, and governed with great wiſdom and equity.

Oſiris, having conferred the greateſt

benefits on his own ſubjects, committed the regency of his kingdom to Iſis; and, with a large body of forces, ſet out in order to civilize the reſt of mankind. This he performed more by the power of perſuaſion, and the ſoothing arts of muſic and poetry, than by the terror of his arms. He marched firſt into Æthiopia, thence to Arabia and India; and, returning to Egypt, was ſlain by his brother Typhon, and buried at Memphis, the chief city of Egypt.

Iſis afterwards vanquiſhed Typhon, reigned happily in Egypt to her death, and was alſo buried at Memphis.

Orus, ſon of Oſiris and Iſis, ſucceeded to the government. The Egyptians deemed him the protector of the river Nile, the averter of evils, governor of the world, and the author of plenty.

Theſe deities of the Egyptians were held in the greateſt veneration. Temples were erected, and divine honours paid to Oſiris under the figure of an ox; and the prieſteſſes of Iſis ſacrificed to that goddeſs under different ſhapes, according to the purpoſes for which they were intended. And, as fable is ſaid to take its origin from the Egyptians, it will appear, from their intercourſe with the Jews long reſident in Egypt, that a mixture of true religion and error increaſed that falſe worſhip, which firſt prevailed in that country, and afterwards ſpread into Rome, and the more diſtant parts of the world. Theſe gods of the Egyptians were worſhipped under various names and characters, according to the prevailing opinion of different countries, or ſome other incident. Thus, according to Herodotus, Oſiris and Bacchus are the ſame; according to Diodorus the hiſtorian, Oſiris is Sol, Jupiter, &c. and Plutarch ſays, Oſiris, Serapis, and Apis of the Egyptians, are Pluto, Oceanus, &c. in the Roman mythology.

Iſis is ſaid to be the ſame with the Roman Cybele, Ceres, Minerva, Luna, &c. and was called the mother of the gods. Orus alſo was the ſymbol of light, and was figured as a winged boy. He was named the Hermes of the Greeks, and the Apollo and Cupid of the Romans.

Both in Egypt and Rome, each deity had his peculiar temple, where the moſt ſolemn ſacrifices were made to them, according to the prevailing notion of their power and influence. The worſhip of theſe gods ſo far prevailed among the Romans, that they erected to their honour a public edifice named the Pantheon, in which, as a general repoſitory, were placed the ſtatues of their ſeveral deities, with their reſpective ſymbols: Jupiter was diſtinguiſhed by a thunderbolt: Juno by a crown; Mars by a helmet; Apollo, or the Sun, by its beams; Diana, or the Moon, by a creſcent; Ceres by a cornucopia, or horn of plenty, or an ear of corn; Cupid by a bundle of arrows; Mercury by wings on his feet, and a caduceus, or wand, in his hand; Bacchus by the ivy; Venus by the beauty of her perſon; and the reſt had the like diſtinguiſhing characters placed above their ſtatues, or in their hands, according to the received opinion of the people, or the ingenuity of the artiſt.

Of Oracles.

The Oracles of the ancients were deemed the predictions, myſterious declarations of the will of the gods: it may, with a kind of certainty, be admitted, that the natural bent of the mind of man to ſearch into futurity gave riſe to this inſtitution.

To whatever cauſe, however, the origin may be aſcribed, the inſtitution of oracles became general, among the idolatrous nations, and increaſed over the face of the whole earth. Not to mention other nations, the oracles of the Egyptians and Greeks were numerous, eſpecially of the latter people, at leaſt we have a more full account of them. The oracle of Dodona, a city of Epirus in Greece, was ſacred to Jupiter; the oracle of Jupiter Hammond was alſo of ancient date, and famous in Lybia; the oracle of Apollo at Heliopolis was of great note; the oracle alſo of Apollo at Delphi, if not the moſt ancient, was the moſt celebrated of all Greece, inſomuch that it was called the oracle of the whole earth. And, indeed, ſo eſtabliſhed was the credit of theſe oracular declarations, that the enacting laws, the reformation of government, alſo peace or war, were not undertaken by ſtates or princes, but even in the more common concerns of life, no material buſineſs was entered upon without the ſanction of the oracle. Each oracle had its prieſt, or prieſteſs, who delivered out the anſwers of the gods. Theſe anſwers, for the moſt part, were in verſe, and couched under ſuch myſterious terms, that they admitted of a double interpretation; inſomuch, that whether the prediction was completed, or the expectation of the ſupplicant diſappointed, the oracle was clear

clear from blame. The oracle of Apollo at Delphos, being in the greateſt reputation, was reſorted to from all parts. The prieſteſs of Apollo was named Pythia, from the ſerpent Python, killed by that god, as is before mentioned. The offerings to the gods on theſe applications were liberal, according to the ability, or the importance of the anſwer required by the ſupplicant; and, it is ſaid, the temple and city of Delphos eſpecially, was, by theſe means, filled with immenſe treaſure.

The principal oracle of the Egyptians was at Memphis, a royal city of Egypt, where they erected an altar, and worſhipped their god Apis, under the figure of an ox. His wife Iſis had alſo worſhip, and her prieſts were called Iſiaci.

The SYBILLINE ORACLES were certain women, whom the ancients believed to be endued with the gift of prophecy. They are ſaid to be ten in number, and were famous in all lands. They had no fixed reſidence, but travelled into different countries, and delivered their predictions in verſe in the Greek tongue. One of theſe Sybils, named Erythræa, or Cumæa, from Cuma, a city in the Ionian ſea, according to Virgil, came into Italy, and was held in the higheſt eſteem by the Romans, who conſulted the oracle of the Sybil on all occaſions that related to the welfare of the republic.

AUGURY, or the art of divination by birds, the meteors of the heavens, or the entrails of beaſts, was held in the higheſt veneration by the idolatrous nations. The people of God, the Jews, were not free from idolatry in the time of Moſes; and we read alſo in holy writ, that Saul, being ſeved in ſpirit, applied to the ſeers, or perſons ſkilled in the knowledge of futurity. But not to go ſo far back, Romulus and Remus conſulted the Auguries before they built Rome; and the foundation of that city was determined by the flight of birds. Numa eſtabliſhed a college of Augurs, and confirmed his regulation of the Roman ſtate by their ſanction. It appears alſo, in the hiſtory of that people, that no national concern was entered upon, without firſt conſulting the Auguries; and, according to the propitious or bad omen, they made peace or war, and appointed magiſtrates. Indeed the Augurs, and their declarations, were held in ſo high regard by the Romans, that whoever contemned them was accounted impious and profane. To conclude, divination, or the ſpirit of prediction, made a conſiderable part of the Pagan theology, eſpecially among the Romans, thoſe lords of the world, who fell into the general deluſion, and adopted almoſt all the gods of every people they ſubdued.

CONCLUSION. *Of fabulous Hiſtory.*

Notwithſtanding the origin of fable ſeems uncertain, and to be loſt in antiquity, it may be ſaid to take its riſe from truth, or ſacred hiſtory. And in the foregoing relation of the Heathen deities, it is evident, many particulars correſpond with the hiſtory of the moſt early tranſactions, as they are recorded by Moſes in holy writ. The golden age of Saturn, the wars of the Giants, the deluge of Deucalion, and the repeopling of the earth, declare their origin from divine truth, as received and delivered down by the patriarchs.

On the confuſion of tongues at the building of Babel, and the diſperſion of mankind, the tradition of the patriarchs became ſubject to variation; and, as is obſerved by the learned Rollin, the change of habitation, and diverſity of language, opened the door of error, and introduced an alteration in worſhip, agreeable to the ſoil, or rather according to the humour, or ſome accidental event of the reſpective colonies.

However confuſed and erroneous the general worſhip of man became, it is evident, from every circumſtance, that, in the firſt ages of the world, mankind knew but one Deity, the SUPREME GOD, and Creator of the univerſe; but afterwards, when men abandoned themſelves to vice, and, as is ſaid in Scripture, "went a whoring "after their own inventions," and departed from the purity of their forefathers, their ideas of the Divinity became weakened, and inſtead of the worſhip of the only TRUE GOD, they ſubſtituted other deities, or objects of worſhip, more agreeable to the comprehenſion of their own depraved nature. Thus, by a mixture of truth and fable, one deity became productive of another, till at laſt the inventive fancy gradually gave life to every viſible object, both in the heavens, and on earth. Thus, "having changed the glory of the uncor-"ruptible God, into an image made like "corruptible man, and to birds, and four-"footed beaſts, and creeping things, and "ſerving the creature more than the Cre-"ator," not only Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and

other

other falſe deities, but ſtars, rivers, and fountains, animals, reptiles, and plants, received divine adoration. At length, great men and heroes, who excelled in any uſeful ſcience, or became famous by conqueſts, or a ſuperior conduct of life, by an eaſy tranſition from admiration to a ſuperſtitious reſpect, were deemed more than human, and had divine honours paid to them alſo under different names, in different countries; or, probably, prompted by ambition, they aſſumed to themſelves the homage and adoration that was due only to the Divine Creator, the ALMIGHTY LORD, and Governor of the world. This accounts for that multitude of deities, both in heaven and on earth, which makes the marvellous part of antient fiction, and became the object of Pagan divinity, when the earth was overwhelmed with darkneſs, and, as is expreſſed in holy writ, "the hearts of men went after their "idols."

The fertile imagination of the poets, who celebrated the exploits of the ancient heroes, and expreſſed the common actions of life in figurative characters, joined to the extravagance of prieſts and orators in their panegyrics on the living and the dead, greatly forwarded the work of fable: and in time, learning being obliterated, their writings were looked upon as regiſters of facts. Thus the world, grown old in error, by the folly and credulity of mankind, fiction got admiſſion into hiſtory, and became at laſt a neceſſary part in compoſing the annals of the early ages of the world.

For this cauſe, an acquaintance with fabulous hiſtory, as is before obſerved, is become a neceſſary part of polite learning in the education of youth, and for the due underſtanding the Greek and Roman authors; alſo the paintings, ſtatues and other monuments of antiquity. By this knowledge, the tender mind will moreover be inſpired with an early abhorrence of the abſurd ceremonies and impious tenets of the Heathen mythology; and, at the ſame time, be impreſſed with the deepeſt ſenſe and veneration for the Chriſtian religion, the light of the Goſpel in CHRIST JESUS, who, in the fulneſs of time, through the tender mercies of God, diſpelled thoſe clouds of darkneſs, ignorance and folly, which had long debaſed human nature, and ſpread over the face of the earth the greateſt and moſt abſurd ſuperſtitions, as is before related, and will farther appear from many incidents in the hiſtories of Greece and Rome.

§ 237. *Concerning the Neglect of Oratorical Numbers.—Obſervations upon Dr.* TILLOTSON's *Style.—The Care of the ancient Orators with reſpect to Numerous Compoſition, ſtated and recommended. In a Letter.*

The paſſage you quote is entirely in my ſentiments. I agree with that celebrated author and yourſelf, that our oratory is by no means in a ſtate of perfection; and, though it has much ſtrength and ſolidity, that it may yet be rendered far more poliſhed and affecting. The growth, indeed, of eloquence, even in thoſe countries where ſhe flouriſhed moſt, has ever been exceedingly ſlow. Athens had been in poſſeſſion of all the other polite improvements, long before her pretenſions to the perſuaſive arts were in any degree conſiderable; as the earlieſt orator of note among the Romans did not appear ſooner than about a century before Tully.

That great maſter of perſuaſion, taking notice of this remarkable circumſtance, aſſigns it as an evidence of the ſuperior difficulty of his favourite art. Poſſibly there may be ſome truth in the obſervation: but whatever the cauſe be, the fact, I believe, is undeniable. Accordingly eloquence has by no means made equal advances, in our own country, with her ſiſter arts; and though we have ſeen ſome excellent poets, and a few good painters, riſe up amongſt us, yet I know not whether our nation can ſupply us with a ſingle orator of deſerved eminence. One cannot but be ſurpriſed at this, when it is conſidered, that we have a profeſſion ſet apart for the purpoſes of perſuaſion, and which not only affords the moſt animating and intereſting topics of rhetoric, but wherein a talent of this kind would prove the likelieſt, perhaps, of any other, to obtain thoſe ambitious prizes which were thought to contribute ſo much to the ſucceſsful progreſs of ancient eloquence.

Among the principal defects of our Engliſh orators, their general diſregard of harmony has, I think, been the leaſt obſerved. It would be injuſtice indeed to deny that we have ſome performances of this kind amongſt us tolerably muſical: but it muſt be acknowledged at the ſame time, that it is more the effect of accident than deſign, and rather a proof of the power of our language, than of the art of our orators.

Dr. Tillotſon, who is frequently mentioned as having carried this ſpecies of eloquence to its higheſt perfection, ſeems to have had no ſort of notion of rhetorical numbers: and may I venture to add, without hazarding the imputation of an affected ſingularity, that I think no man had ever leſs pretenſions to genuine oratory than this celebrated preacher? If any thing could raiſe a flame of eloquence in the breaſt of an orator, there is no occaſion upon which one ſhould imagine it would be more likely to break out, than in celebrating departed merit; yet the two ſermons which he preached on the death of Mr. Gouge and Dr. Whichcote, are as cold and languid performances as were ever, perhaps, produced upon ſuch an animating ſubject. One cannot indeed but regret, that he, who abounds with ſuch noble and generous ſentiments, ſhould want the art of ſetting them off with all the advantage they deſerve; that the ſublime in morals ſhould not be attended with a ſuitable elevation of language. The truth however is, his words are frequently ill-choſen, and almoſt always ill-placed: his periods are both tedious and unharmonious; as his metaphors are generally mean, and often ridiculous. It were eaſy to produce numberleſs inſtances in ſupport of this aſſertion. Thus, in his ſermon preached before queen Anne, when ſhe was princeſs of Denmark, he talks of ſqueezing a parable, thruſting religion by, driving a ſtrict bargain with God, ſharking ſhifts, &c.; and, ſpeaking of the day of judgment, he deſcribes the world as cracking about our ears. I cannot however but acknowledge, in juſtice to the oratorical character of this moſt valuable prelate, that there is a noble ſimplicity, in ſome few of his ſermons; as his excellent diſcourſe on ſincerity deſerves to be mentioned with particular applauſe.

But to ſhow his deficiency in the article I am conſidering at preſent, the following ſtricture will be ſufficient, among many others that might be cited to the ſame purpoſe. "One might be apt," ſays he, "to think, at firſt view, that this parable "was over-done, and wanted ſomething "of a due decorum; it being hardly cre-"dible, that a man, after he had been ſo "mercifully and generouſly dealt withal, "as upon his humble requeſt to have ſo "huge a debt ſo freely forgiven, ſhould, "whilſt the memory of ſo much mercy "was freſh upon him, even in the very "next moment handle his fellow-ſervant, "who had made the ſame humble requeſt "to him which he had done to his lord, "with ſo much roughneſs and cruelty, for "ſo inconſiderable a ſum."

This whole period (not to mention other objections which might juſtly be raiſed againſt it) is unmuſical throughout; but the concluding members, which ought to have been particularly flowing, are moſt miſerably looſe and diſjointed. If the delicacy of Tully's ear was ſo exquiſitely refined, as not always to be ſatisfied even when he read Demoſthenes; how would it have been offended at the harſhneſs and diſſonance of ſo unharmonious a ſentence!

Nothing, perhaps, throws our eloquence at a greater diſtance from that of the ancients, than this Gothic arrangement; as thoſe wonderful effects, which ſometimes attended their elocution, were in all probability, chiefly owing to their ſkill in muſical concords. It was by the charm of numbers, united with the ſtrength of reaſon, that Tully confounded the audacious Cataline, and ſilenced the eloquent Hortenſius. It was this that deprived Curio of all power of recollection, when he roſe up to oppoſe that great maſter of enchanting rhetoric: it was this, in a word, made even Cæſar himſelf tremble; nay, what is yet more extraordinary, made Cæſar alter his determined purpoſe, and acquit the man he had reſolved to condemn.

You will not ſuſpect that I attribute too much to the power of numerous compoſition, when you recollect the inſtance which Tully produces of its wonderful effect. He informs us, you may remember, in one of his rhetorical treatiſes, that he was himſelf a witneſs of its influence, as Carbo was once haranguing to the people. When that orator pronounced the following ſentence, *Patris dictum ſapiens, temeritas filii cōmprōbāvit*, it was aſtoniſhing, ſays he, to obſerve the general applauſe which followed that harmonious cloſe. A modern ear, perhaps, would not be much affected upon this occaſion: and, indeed, it is more than probable, that we are ignorant of the art of pronouncing that period with its genuine emphaſis and cadence. We are, certain, however, that the muſic of it conſiſted in the dichoree with which it is terminated: for Cicero himſelf aſſures us, that if the final meaſure had been changed, and the words placed in a different order, their whole effect would have been abſolutely deſtroyed.

This art was firſt introduced among the Greeks

Greeks by Thraſymachus, though ſome of the admirers of Iſocrates attributed the invention to that orator. It does not appear to have been obſerved by the Romans till near the time of Tully, and even then it was by no means univerſally received. The ancient and leſs numerous manner of compoſition had ſtill many admirers, who were ſuch enthuſiaſts to antiquity as to adopt her very defects. A diſpoſition of the ſame kind may, perhaps, prevent its being received with us; and while the archbiſhop ſhall maintain his authority as an orator, it is not to be expected that any great advancement will be made in this ſpecies of eloquence. That ſtrength of underſtanding likewiſe, and ſolidity of reaſon, which is ſo eminently our national characteriſtic, may add ſomewhat to the difficulty of reconciling us to a ſtudy of this kind; as at firſt glance it may ſeem to lead an orator from his grand and principal aim, and tempt him to make a ſacrifice of ſenſe to ſound. It muſt be acknowledged, indeed, that in the times which ſucceeded the diſſolution of the Roman republic, this art was ſo perverted from its true end, as to become the ſingle ſtudy of their enervated orators. Pliny the younger often complains of this contemptible affectation; and the polite author of that elegant dialogue, which, with very little probability, is attributed either to Tacitus or Quinctilian, aſſures us it was the ridiculous boaſt of certain orators, in the time of the declenſion of genuine eloquence, that their harangues were capable of being ſet to muſic, and ſung upon the ſtage. But it muſt be remembered, that the true end of this art I am recommending, is to aid, not to ſuperſede reaſon; that it is ſo far from being neceſſarily effeminate, that it not only adds grace but ſtrength to the powers of perſuaſion. For this purpoſe Tully and Quinctilian, thoſe great maſters of numerous compoſition, have laid it down as a fixed and invariable rule, that it muſt never appear the effect of labour in the orator; that the tuneful flow of his periods muſt always ſeem the caſual reſult of their diſpoſition; and that it is the higheſt offence againſt the art, to weaken the expreſſion, in order to give a more muſical tone to the cadence. In ſhort, that no unmeaning words are to be thrown in merely to fill up the requiſite meaſure; but that they muſt ſtill riſe in ſenſe as they improve in ſound.

Littleton.

§ 238. *Upon Grace in Writing. In a Letter.*

When I mentioned Grace as eſſential in conſtituting a fine writer, I rather hoped to have found my ſentiments reflected back with a clearer light by yours, than imagined you would have called upon me to explain in form, what I only threw out by accident. To confeſs the truth, I know not whether, after all that can be ſaid to illuſtrate this uncommon quality, it muſt not at laſt be reſolved into the poet's *nequeo monſtrare et ſentio tantùm*. In caſes of this kind, where language does not ſupply us with proper words to expreſs the notions of one's mind, we can only convey our ſentiments in figurative terms: a defect which neceſſarily introduces ſome obſcurity.

I will not, therefore, undertake to mark out with any ſort of preciſion, that idea which I would expreſs by the word Grace: and, perhaps, it can no more be clearly deſcribed than juſtly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compoſitions of genius, I would reſemble it to that eaſy air which ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhes certain perſons of a genteel and liberal caſt. It conſiſts not only in the particular beauty of ſingle parts, but ariſes from the general ſymmetry and conſtruction of the whole. An author may be juſt in his ſentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expreſſion; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finiſhed writers. Thoſe ſeveral members muſt be ſo agreeably united as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other; their arrangement muſt be ſo happily diſpoſed as not to admit of the leaſt tranſpoſition without manifeſt prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction, ſhould appear eaſy and natural, and ſeem to ariſe like ſo many ſpontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced or affected in the ſentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expreſſion, is the very reverſe of Grace. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquet: ſhe is regular without formality, and ſprightly without being fantaſtical. Grace, in ſhort, is to good writing what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only ſhews all the figures in their ſeveral proportions and relations, but ſhows them in the moſt advantageous manner.

As gentility (to reſume my former illuſtration) appears in the minuteſt action, and improves the moſt inconſiderable geſture; ſo Grace is diſcovered in the placing even a ſingle word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpreſſible quality confined to one ſpecies of compoſition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble paſtoral as well as to the lofty epic; from the ſlighteſt letter to the moſt ſolemn diſcourſe.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be conſidered as the firſt of our proſe authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language. At leaſt that quality does not ſeem to have appeared early, or ſpread far, amongſt us. But whereſoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its higheſt perfection in the eſſays of a gentlemen whoſe writings will be diſtinguiſhed ſo long as politeneſs and good-ſenſe have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully eſteemed the criterion of fine compoſition, and which every reader, he ſays, imagines ſo eaſy to be imitated, yet will find ſo difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteriſtic of all that excellent author's moſt elegant performances. In a word, one may juſtly apply to him what Plato in his allegorical language, ſays of Ariſtophanes; that the Graces, having ſearched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, ſettled at laſt in the breaſt of Mr. Addiſon. *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 239. *Concerning the Style of* HORACE, *in his Moral Writings. In a Letter.*

Are you aware how far I may miſlead you, when you are willing to reſign yourſelf to my guidance, through the regions of criticiſm? Remember, however, that I take the lead in theſe paths, not in confidence of my own ſuperior knowledge of them, but in compliance with a requeſt, which I never yet knew how to refuſe. In ſhort, I give you my ſentiments, becauſe it is my ſentiments you require: but I give them at the ſame time rather as doubts than deciſions.

After having thus acknowledged my inſufficiency for the office you have aſſigned me, I will venture to confeſs, that the poet who has gained over your approbation, has been far leſs ſucceſsful with mine. I have ever thought, with a very celebrated modern writer, that

Le vers le mieux rempli, la plus noble penſée,
Ne peut plaire à l'eſprit quand l'oreille eſt bleſſée.
BOILEAU.

Thus, though I admit there is both wit in the raillery, and ſtrength in the ſentiments of your friend's moral epiſtle, it by no means falls in with thoſe notions I have formed to myſelf, concerning the eſſential requiſites in compoſitions of this kind. He ſeems, indeed, to have widely deviated from the model he profeſſes to have had in view, and is no more like Horace, than Hyperion to a Satyr. His deficiency in point of verſification, not to mention his want of elegance in the general manner of his poem, is ſufficient to deſtroy the pretended reſemblance. Nothing, in truth, can be more abſurd, than to write in poetical meaſure, and yet neglect harmony; as, of all the kinds of falſe ſtyle, that which is neither proſe nor verſe, but I know not what inartificial combination of powerleſs words bordered with rhyme, is far, ſurely, the moſt inſufferable.

But you are of opinion, I perceive (and it is an opinion in which you are not ſingular) that a negligence of this kind may be juſtified by the authority of the Roman ſatiriſt: yet ſurely thoſe who entertain that notion, have not thoroughly attended either to the precepts or the practice of Horace. He has attributed, I confeſs, his ſatirical compoſition to the inſpiration of a certain Muſe, whom he diſtinguiſhes by the title of the *muſa pedeſtris*: and it is this expreſſion which ſeems to have miſled the generality of his imitators. But though he will not allow her to fly, he by no means intends ſhe ſhould creep: on the contrary, it may be ſaid of the Muſe of Horace, as of the Eve of Milton, that

—grace is in all her ſteps.

That this was the idea which Horace himſelf had of her, is evident, not only from the general air which prevails in his Satires and Epiſtles, but from ſeveral expreſs declarations, which he lets fall in his progreſs through them. Even when he ſpeaks of her in his greateſt fits of modeſty, and deſcribes her as exhibited in his own moral writings, he particularly inſiſts upon the eaſe and harmony of her motions. Though he humbly diſclaims, indeed, all pretenſions to the higher poetry, the *acer ſpiritus et vis*, as he calls it; he repreſents his ſtyle as being governed by the *tempora certa modoſque*, as flowing with a certain regular and agreeable cadence. Accordingly, we find him particularly condemning his predeceſſor Lucilius for the diſſonance of his numbers; and he profeſſes to have made the experiment, whether the ſame kind

kind of moral ſubjects might not be treated in more ſoft and eaſy meaſures:

Quid vetat et noſmet Lucili ſcripta legentes,
Quærere num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos et euntes
Molius?

The truth is, a tuneful cadence is the ſingle prerogative of poetry, which he pretends to claim to his writings of this kind; and ſo far is he from thinking it uneſſential, that he acknowledges it as the only ſeparation which diſtinguiſhes them from proſe. If that were once to be broken down, and the muſical order of his words deſtroyed, there would not he tells us, be the leaſt appearance of poetry remaining.

Non
Invenias etiam diſjecti membra poetæ.

However, when he delivers himſelf in this humble ſtrain, he is not, you will obſerve, ſketching out a plan of this ſpecies of poetry in general; but ſpeaking merely of his own performances in particular. His demands riſe much higher, when he informs us what he expects of thoſe who would ſucceed in compoſitions of this moral kind. He then not only requires flowing numbers but an expreſſion conciſe and unincumbered; wit exerted with good-breeding, and managed with reſerve; as upon ſome occaſions the ſentiments may be enforced with all the ſtrength of eloquence and poetry: and though in ſome parts the piece may appear with a more ſerious and ſolemn caſt of colouring, yet, upon the whole, he tells us it muſt be lively and *riant*. This I take to be his meaning in the following paſſage:

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Et ſermoni opus eſt modo tragico atque poëtæ;
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto.

Such, then, was the notion which Horace had of this kind of writing. And if there is any propriety in theſe his rules, if they are founded on the truth of taſte and art; I fear the performance in queſtion, with numberleſs others of the ſame ſtamp (which have not however wanted admirers) muſt inevitably ſtand condemned. The truth of it is, moſt of the pieces which are uſually produced upon this plan, rather give one an image of Lucilius, than of Horace: the authors of them ſeem to miſtake the awkward negligence of the favourite of Scipio, for the eaſy air of the friend of Mæcenas.

You will ſtill tell me, perhaps, that the example of Horace himſelf is an unanſwerable objection to the notion I have embraced; as there are numberleſs lines in his Satires and Epiſtles, where the verſification is evidently neglected. But are you ſure, Hortenſius, that thoſe lines which ſound ſo unharmonious to a modern ear, had the ſame effect upon a Roman one? For myſelf, at leaſt, I am much inclined to believe the contrary: and it ſeems highly incredible, that he who had ventured to cenſure Lucilius for the uncouthneſs of his numbers, ſhould himſelf be notoriouſly guilty of the very fault againſt which he ſo ſtrongly exclaims. Moſt certain it is, that the delicacy of the ancients with reſpect to numbers, was far ſuperior to anything that modern taſte can pretend to; and that they diſcovered differences which are to us abſolutely imperceptible. To mention only one remarkable inſtance; a very ancient writer has obſerved upon the following verſe in Virgil,

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris.

that if inſtead of *primus* we were to pronounce it *primis* (*is* being long, and *us* ſhort) the entire harmony of the line would be deſtroyed.—But whoſe ear is now ſo exquiſitely ſenſible, as to perceive the diſtinction between thoſe two quantities? Some refinement of this kind might probably give muſic to thoſe lines in Horace, which now ſeem ſo untuneable.

In ſubjects of this nature it is not poſſible, perhaps, to expreſs one's ideas in any very preciſe and determinate manner, I will only therefore in general obſerve, with reſpect to the requiſite ſtyle of theſe performances, that it conſiſts in a natural eaſe of expreſſion, an elegant familiarity of phraſe, which though formed of the moſt uſual terms of language, has yet a grace and energy, no leſs ſtriking than that of a more elevated diction. There is a certain livelier colouring peculiar to compoſitions in this way, which, without being ſo bright and glowing as is neceſſary for the higher poetry, is nevertheleſs equally removed from whatever appears harſh and dry. But particular inſtances will, perhaps, better illuſtrate my meaning, than any thing I can farther ſay to explain it. There is ſcarce a line in the Moral Epiſtles of Mr. Pope which might not be produced for this purpoſe. I chuſe however to lay before you the following verſes, not as preferring them to many others which might be quoted

rom that inimitable ſatiriſt; but as they ford me an opportunity of comparing hem with a verſion of the ſame original nes, of which they are an imitation; and, y that means, of ſhewing you at one view hat I conceive is, and is not, in the true nner of Horace:

Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more;
But touch me, and no miniſter ſo ſore:
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time,
Slides into verſe, and hitch s in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burden of ſome merry ſong.

will refer you to your own memory for he Latin paſſage, from whence Mr. Pope as taken the general hint of theſe verſes; nd content myſelf with adding a tranſla- ion of the lines from Horace by another and:

Behold me blameleſs bard, How fond of peace!
But he who hurts me (nay, I will be heard)
Had better take a lion by the beard;
His eyes ſhall weep the folly of his tongue,
By laughing crowds in rueful ballad ſung.

There is a ſtrength and ſpirit in the former f theſe paſſages, and a flatneſs and lan- uor in the latter, which cannot fail of be- ng diſcovered by every reader of the leaſt elicacy of diſcernment; and yet the words which compoſe them both are equally ſounding and ſignificant. The rules then, which I juſt now mentioned from Horace, ill point out the real cauſe of the different ffects which theſe two paſſages produce in our minds; as the paſſages themſelves will ſerve to confirm the truth and juſtice of he rules. In the lines of Mr. Pope, one of the principal beauties will be found to conſiſt in the ſhortneſs of the expreſſion; whereas the ſentiments in the other are too much incumbered with words. Thus for inſtance,

Peace is my dear delight,

s pleaſing, becauſe it is conciſe; as,

Behold me blameleſs bard, how fond of peace!

is, in compariſon of the former, the *verba ſegnia onerantia aures*. Another diſtinguiſh- ing perfection in the imitator of Horace, is that ſpirit of gaiety which he has diffuſed through theſe lines, not to mention thoſe happy, though familiar, images of *ſliding* into verſe, and *hitching* in rhyme; which can never be ſufficiently admired. But the tranſlator, on the contrary, has caſt too ſe- rious an air over his numbers, and appears with an emotion and earneſtneſs that diſap- points the force of his ſatire:

Nay, I will be heard,

has the mien of a man in a paſſion; and

His eyes ſhall weep the folly of his tongue,

though a good line in itſelf, is much too ſolemn and tragical for the undiſturbed pleaſantry of Horace.

But I need not enter more minutely into an examination of theſe paſſages. The general hints I have thrown out in this letter will ſuffice to ſhew you wherein I imagine the true manner of Horace conſiſts. And after all, perhaps, it can no more be explained, than acquired, by rules of art. It is what true genius can only execute, and juſt taſte alone diſcover. *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 240. *Concerning the Criterion of Taſte. In a Letter.*

It is well, my friend, that the age of transformation is no more: otherwiſe I ſhould tremble for your ſevere attack upon the Muſes, and expect to ſee the ſtory of your metamorphoſis embelliſh the poetical miracles of ſome modern Ovid. But it is long ſince the fate of the Piërides has gained any credit in the world, and you may now, in full ſecurity, contemn the divinities of Parnaſſus, and ſpeak irreverently of the daughters of Jove himſelf. You ſee, nevertheleſs, how highly the Ancients conceived of them, when they thus repreſented them as the offspring of the great father of gods and men. You reject, I know, this article of the heathen creed: but I may venture, however, to aſſert, that philoſophy will confirm what fable has thus invented, and that the Muſes are, in ſtrict truth, of heavenly extraction.

The charms of the fine arts are, indeed, literally derived from the Author of all nature, and founded in the original frame and conſtitution of the human mind. Accordingly, the general principles of taſte are common to our whole ſpecies, and ariſe from that internal ſenſe of beauty which every man, in ſome degree at leaſt, evidently poſſeſſes. No rational mind can be ſo wholly void of all perceptions of this ſort, as to be capable of contemplating the various objects that ſurround him, with one equal coldneſs and indifference. There are certain forms which muſt neceſſarily fill the ſoul with agreeable ideas; and ſhe is inſtantly determined in her approbation of them, previous to all reaſonings concerning their uſe and convenience. It is upon theſe general principles, that what is called fine taſte in the arts is founded; and conſequently is by no means ſo precarious and

unſettled an idea as you chuſe to deſcribe it. The truth is, taſte is nothing more than this univerſal ſenſe of beauty, rendered more exquiſite by genius, and more correct by cultivation: and it is from the ſimple and original ideas of this ſort, that the mind learns to form her judgment of the higher and more complex kinds. Accordingly, the whole circle of the imitative and oratorical arts is governed by the ſame general rules of criticiſm; and to prove the certainty of theſe with reſpect to any one of them, is to eſtabliſh their validity with regard to all the reſt. I will therefore conſider the Criterion of Taſte in relation only to fine writing.

Each ſpecies of compoſition has its diſtinct perfections: and it would require a much larger compaſs than a letter affords, to prove their reſpective beauties to be derived from truth and nature; and conſequently reducible to a regular and preciſe ſtandard. I will only mention therefore thoſe general properties which are eſſential to them all, and without which they muſt neceſſarily be defective in their ſeveral kinds. Theſe, I think, may be comprehended under uniformity in the deſign, variety and reſemblance in the metaphors and ſimilitudes, together with propriety and harmony in the diction. Now, ſome or all of theſe qualities conſtantly attend our ideas of beauty, and neceſſarily raiſe that agreeable perception of the mind, in what object ſoever they appear. The charms of fine compoſition then, are ſo far from exiſting only in the heated imagination of an enthuſiaſtic admirer, that they reſult from the conſtitution of nature herſelf. And perhaps the principles of criticiſm are as certain and indiſputable, even as thoſe of the mathematics. Thus, for inſtance, that order is preferable to confuſion, that harmony is more pleaſing than diſſonance, with ſome few other axioms upon which the ſcience is built; are truths which ſtrike at once upon the mind with the ſame force of conviction, as that the whole is greater than any of its parts, or, that if from equals you take away equals, the remainder will be equal. And in both caſes, the propoſitions which reſt upon theſe plain and obvious maxims, ſeem equally capable of the ſame evidence of demonſtration.

But as every intellectual, as well as animal, faculty is improved and ſtrengthened by exerciſe; the more the ſoul exerts this her internal ſenſe of beauty upon any particular object, the more ſhe will enlarge and refine her reliſh for that peculiar ſpecies. For this reaſon the works of thoſe great maſters, whoſe performances have been long and generally admired, ſupply a farther criterion of fine taſte, equally fixed and certain as that which is immediately derived from Nature herſelf. The truth is, fine writing is only the art of raiſing agreeable ſenſations of the intellectual kind; and, therefore, as by examining thoſe original forms which are adapted to awaken this perception in the mind, we learn what thoſe qualities are which conſtitute beauty in general; ſo by obſerving the peculiar conſtruction of thoſe compoſitions of genius which have always pleaſed, we perfect our idea of fine writing in particular. It is this united approbation, in perſons of different ages and of various characters and languages, that Longinus has made the teſt of the true ſublime; and he might with equal juſtice have extended the ſame criterion to all the inferior excellencies of elegant compoſition. Thus the deference paid to the performances of the great maſters of antiquity, is fixed upon juſt and ſolid reaſons: it is not becauſe Ariſtotle and Horace have given us the rule of criticiſm, that we muſt ſubmit to their authority; it is becauſe thoſe rules are derived from works which have been diſtinguiſhed by the uninterrupted admiration of all the more improved part of mankind, from their earlieſt appearance down to this preſent hour. For whatever, through a long ſeries of ages, has been univerſally eſteemed as beautiful, cannot but be conformable to our juſt and natural ideas of beauty.

The oppoſition, however, which ſometimes divides the opinions of thoſe whoſe judgments may be ſuppoſed equal and perfect, is urged as a powerful objection againſt the reality of a fixed canon of criticiſm: it is a proof, you think, that after all which can be ſaid of fine taſte, it muſt ultimately be reſolved into the peculiar reliſh of each individual. But this diverſity of ſentiments will not, of itſelf, deſtroy the evidence of the criterion; for the ſame effect may be produced by numberleſs other cauſes. A thouſand accidental circumſtances may concur in counteracting the force of the rule, even allowing it to be ever ſo fixed and invariable when left in its free and uninfluenced action. Not to mention that falſe bias which paſſion or perſonal diſlike may fix upon the mind

the moſt unprejudiced critic will find it difficult to diſengage himſelf entirely from thoſe partial affections in favour of particular beauties, to which either the general courſe of his ſtudies, or the peculiar caſt of his temper, may have rendered him moſt ſenſible. But as perfection in any works of genius reſults from the united beauty and propriety of its ſeveral diſtinct parts, and as it is impoſſible that any human compoſition ſhould poſſeſs all thoſe qualities in their higheſt and moſt ſovereign degree; the mind, when ſhe pronounces judgment upon any piece of this ſort, is apt to decide of its merit, as thoſe circumſtances which ſhe moſt admires, either prevail or are deficient. Thus, for inſtance, the excellency of the Roman maſters in painting, conſiſts in beauty of deſign, nobleneſs of attitude, and delicacy of expreſſion; but the charms of good colouring are wanting. On the contrary, the Venetian ſchool is ſaid to have neglected deſign a little too much; but at the ſame time has been more attentive to the grace and harmony of well-diſpoſed lights and ſhades. Now it will be admitted by all admirers of this noble art, that no compoſition of the pencil can be perfect, where either of theſe qualities are abſent; yet the moſt accompliſhed judge may be ſo particularly ſtruck with one or other of theſe excellencies, in preference to the reſt, as to be influenced in his cenſure or applauſe of the whole tablature, by the predominancy or deficiency of his favourite beauty. Something of this kind (where the meaner prejudices do not operate) is ever, I am perſuaded, the occaſion of that diverſity of ſentences which we occaſionally hear pronounced by the moſt approved judges on the ſame piece. But this only ſhews that much caution is neceſſary, to give a fine taſte its full and unobſtructed effect; not that it is in itſelf uncertain and precarious.

Fitzoſborne.

§ 241. *Reflections upon ſeeing Mr.* POPE's *Houſe at Binfield. In a Letter.*

Your letter found me juſt upon my return from an excurſion into Berkſhire, where I have been paying a viſit to a friend, who is drinking the waters at Sunning-Hill. In one of my morning rides over that delightful country, I accidentally paſſed through a little village, which afforded me much agreeable meditation; as in times to come, perhaps, it will be viſited by the lovers of the polite arts, with as much veneration as Virgil's tomb, or any other celebrated ſpot of antiquity. The place I mean is Binfield, where the Poet, to whom I am indebted (in common with every reader of taſte) for ſo much exquiſite entertainment, ſpent the earlieſt part of his youth. I will not ſcruple to confeſs, that I looked upon the ſcene where he planned ſome of thoſe beautiful performances, which firſt recommended him to the notice of the world, with a degree of enthuſiaſm; and could not but conſider the ground as ſacred, that was impreſſed with the footſteps of a genius that undoubtedly does the higheſt honour to our age and nation.

The ſituation of mind in which I found myſelf upon this occaſion, ſuggeſted to my remembrance a paſſage in Tully, which I thought I never ſo thoroughly entered into the ſpirit of before. That noble author, in one of his philoſophical converſation-pieces, introduces his friend Atticus as obſerving the pleaſing effect which ſcenes of this nature are wont to have upon one's mind: "Movemur enim," ſays that polite Roman, "neſcio quo pacto, locis ipſis, "in quibus eorum, quos diligimus aut ad- "miramur, adſunt veſtigia. Me quidem "ipſæ illæ noſtræ Athenæ, non tam ope- "ribus magnificis exquiſitiſque antiquo- "rum artibus delectant, quam recorda- "tione ſummorum virorum, ubi quiſque "habitare, ubi ſedere, ubi diſputare ſit "ſolitus."

Thus, you ſee, I could defend myſelf by an example of great authority, were I in danger upon this occaſion of being ridiculed as a romantic viſionary. But I am too well acquainted with the refined ſentiments of Orontes, to be under any apprehenſion he will condemn the impreſſions I have here acknowledged. On the contrary, I have often heard you mention with approbation, a circumſtance of this kind which is related of Silius Italicus. The annual ceremonies which that poet performed at Virgil's ſepulchre, gave you a more favourable opinion of his taſte, you confeſſed, than any thing in his works was able to raiſe.

It is certain, that ſome of the greateſt names of antiquity have diſtinguiſhed themſelves, by the high reverence they ſhewed to the poetical character. Scipio, you may remember, deſired to be laid in the ſame tomb with Ennius; and I am inclined to pardon that ſucceſsful madman Alexander many of his extravagancies, for the

generous regard he paid to the memory of Pindar, at the ſacking of Thebes.

There ſeems, indeed, to be ſomething in poetry that raiſes the profeſſors of that very ſingular talent, far higher in the eſtimation of the world in general, than thoſe who excel in any other of the refined arts. And accordingly we find that poets have been diſtinguiſhed by antiquity with the moſt remarkable honours. Thus Homer, we are told, was deified at Smyrna; as the citizens of Mytilene ſtamped the image of Sappho upon their public coin: Anacreon received a ſolemn invitation to ſpend his days at Athens, and Hipparchus, the ſon of Piſiſtratus, fitted out a ſplendid veſſel in order to tranſport him thither: and when Virgil came into the theatre at Rome, the whole audience roſe up and ſaluted him, with the ſame reſpect as they would have paid to Auguſtus himſelf.

Painting, one would imagine, has the faireſt pretenſions of rivalling her ſiſter art in the number of admirers; and yet, where Apelles is mentioned once, Homer is celebrated a thouſand times. Nor can this be accounted for by urging that the works of the latter are ſtill extant, while thoſe of the former have periſhed long ſince: for is not Milton's Paradiſe Loſt more univerſally eſteemed than Raphael's Cartoons?

The truth, I imagine, is, there are more who are natural judges of the harmony of numbers, than of the grace of proportions. One meets with but few who have not, in ſome degree at leaſt, a tolerable ear; but a judicious eye is a far more uncommon poſſeſſion. For as words are the univerſal medium, which all men employ in order to convey their ſentiments to each other; it ſeems a juſt conſequence, that they ſhould be more generally formed for reliſhing and judging of performances in that way: whereas the art of repreſenting ideas by means of lines and colours, lies more out of the road of common uſe, and is therefore leſs adapted to the taſte of the general run of mankind.

I hazard this obſervation, in the hopes of drawing from you your ſentiments upon a ſubject, in which no man is more qualified to decide; as indeed it is to the converſation of Orontes, that I am indebted for the diſcovery of many refined delicacies in the imitative arts, which, without his judicious aſſiſtance, would have lain concealed to me with other common obſervers. *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 242. *Concerning the Uſe of the Ancient Mythology in Modern Poetry. In a Letter.*

If there was any thing in any former letter inconſiſtent with that eſteem which is juſtly due to the ancients, I deſire to retract it in this; and diſavow every expreſſion which might ſeem to give precedency to the moderns in works of genius. I am ſo far indeed from entertaining the ſentiments you impute to me, that I have often endeavoured to account for that ſuperiority which is ſo viſible in the compoſitions of their poets: and have frequently aſſigned their religion as in the number of thoſe cauſes, which probably concurred to give them this remarkable pre-eminence. That enthuſiaſm which is ſo eſſential to every true artiſt in the poetical way, was conſiderably heightened and enflamed by the whole turn of their ſacred doctrines; and the fancied preſence of their Muſes had almoſt as wonderful an effect upon their thoughts and language, as if they had been really and divinely inſpired. Whilſt all nature was ſuppoſed to ſwarm with divinities, and every oak and fountain was believed to be the reſidence of ſome preſiding deity; what wonder if the poet was animated by the imagined preſence of ſuch exalted ſociety, and found himſelf tranſported beyond the ordinary limits of ſober humanity? The mind when attended only by mere mortals of ſuperior powers, is obſerved to riſe in her ſtrength; and her faculties open and enlarge themſelves when ſhe acts in the view of thoſe, for whom ſhe has conceived more than common reverence. But when the force of ſuperſtition moves in concert with the powers of imagination, and genius is enflamed by devotion, poetry muſt ſhine out in all her brighteſt perfection and ſplendor.

Whatever, therefore, the philoſopher might think of the religion of his country, it was the intereſt of the poet to be thoroughly orthodox. If he gave up the creed, he muſt renounce his numbers: and there could be no inſpiration, where there were no Muſes. This is ſo true, that even in compoſitions of the poetical kind, even that the ancients ſeem to have the principal advantage over the moderns: in every other ſpecies of writing one might venture

perhaps

perhaps to aſſert, that theſe latter ages have, at leaſt, equalled them. When I ſay ſo, I do not confine myſelf to the productions of our own nation, but comprehend likewiſe thoſe of our neighbours: and with that extent the obſervation will poſſibly hold true, even without an exception in favour of hiſtory and oratory.

But whatever may with juſtice be determined concerning that queſtion, it is certain, at leaſt, that the practice of all ſucceeding poets confirms the notion for which I am principally contending. Though the altars of Paganiſm have many ages ſince been thrown down, and groves are no longer ſacred; yet the language of the poets has not changed with the religion of the times, but the gods of Greece and Rome are ſtill adored in modern verſe. Is not this a confeſſion, that fancy is enlivened by ſuperſtition, and that the ancient bards catched their rapture from the old mythology? I will own, however, that I think there is ſomething ridiculous in this unnatural adoption, and that a modern poet makes but an aukward figure with his antiquated gods. When the Pagan ſyſtem was ſanctioned by popular belief, a piece of machinery of that kind, as it had the air of probability, afforded a very ſtriking manner of celebrating any remarkable circumſtance, or raiſing any common one. But now that this ſuperſtition is no longer ſupported by vulgar opinion, it has loſt its principal grace and efficacy, and ſeems to be, in general, the moſt cold and unintereſting method in which a poet can work up his ſentiments. What, for inſtance, can be, more unaffecting and ſpiritleſs, than the compliment which Boileau has paid to Louis the XIVth on his famous paſſage over the Rhine? He repreſents the Naiads, you may remember, as alarming the god of that river with an account of the march of the French monarch; upon which the river-god aſſumes the appearance of an old experienced commander, and flies to a Dutch fort, in order to exhort the garriſon to ſally out and diſpute the intended paſſage. Accordingly they range themſelves in form of battle, with the Rhine at their head; who, after ſome vain efforts, obſerving Mars and Bellona on the ſide of the enemy, is ſo terrified with the view of thoſe ſuperior divinities, that he moſt gallantly runs away, and leaves the hero in quiet poſſeſſion of his banks. I know not how far this may be reliſhed by critics, or juſtified by cuſtom; but as I am only mentioning my particular taſte, I will acknowledge, that it appears to me extremely inſipid and puerile.

I have not, however, ſo much of the ſpirit of Typhœus in me, as to make war upon the gods without reſtriction, and attempt to exclude them from their whole poetical dominions. To repreſent natural, moral, or intellectual qualities and affections as perſons, and appropriate to them thoſe general emblems by which their powers and properties are uſually typified in Pagan theology, may be allowed as one of the moſt pleaſing and graceful figures of poetical rhetoric. When Dryden, addreſſing himſelf to the month of May as to a perſon, ſays,

For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours;

one may conſider him as ſpeaking only in metaphor: and when ſuch ſhadowy beings are thus juſt ſhown to the imagination, and immediately withdrawn again, they certainly have a very powerful effect. But I can reliſh them no farther than as figures only; when they are extended in any ſerious compoſition beyond the limits of metaphor, and exhibited under all the various actions of real perſons, I cannot but conſider them as ſo many abſurdities, which cuſtom has unreaſonably patronized. Thus Spenſer, in one of his paſtorals, repreſents the god of love as flying, like a bird, from bough to bough. A ſhepherd, who hears a ruſtling among the buſhes, ſuppoſes it to be ſome game, and accordingly diſcharges his bow. Cupid returns the ſhot, and after ſeveral arrows had been mutually exchanged between them, the unfortunate ſwain diſcovers whom it is he is contending with: but as he is endeavouring to make his eſcape, receives a deſperate wound in the heel. This fiction makes the ſubject of a very pretty idyllium in one of the Greek poets; yet is extremely flat and diſguſting as it is adopted by our Britiſh bard. And the reaſon of the difference is plain: in the former it is ſupported by a popular ſuperſtition; whereas no ſtrain of imagination can give it the leaſt air of probability, as it is worked up by the latter,

Quodcunque mihi oſtendis fic, incredulus odi.
Hor.

I muſt confeſs, at the ſame time, that the inimitable Prior has introduced this fabulous ſcheme with ſuch uncommon grace, and has paid ſo many genteel com-

pliments to his mistress by the assistance of Venus and Cupid, that one is carried off from observing the impropriety of this machinery, by the pleasing address with which he manages it: and I never read his tender poems of this kind, without applying to him what Seneca somewhere says upon a similar occasion: *Major ille est qui judicium abstulit, quam qui moruit.*

To speak my sentiments in one word, I would leave the gods in full possession of allegorical and burlesque poems: in all others I would never suffer them to make their appearance in person and as agents, but to enter only in simile or allusion. It is thus Waller, of all our poets, has most happily employed them: and his application of the story of Daphne and Apollo will serve as an instance, in what manner the ancient mythology may be adopted with the utmost propriety and beauty.

Fitzosborne.

§ 243. *On the Delicacy of every Author of Genius, with respect to his own performances. In a Letter.*

If the ingenious piece you communicated to me, requires any farther touches of your pencil, I must acknowledge the truth to be, what you are inclined to suspect, that my friendship has imposed upon my judgment. But though in the present instance your delicacy seems far too refined; yet, in general, I must agree with you, that works of the most permanent kind, are not the effects of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labour; and that ease, which is so essential to fine writing, has seldom been attained without repeated and severe corrections: *Ludentis speciem dabit et torquebitur*, is a motto that may be applied, I believe, to most successful authors of genius. With as much facility as the numbers of the natural Prior seem to have flowed from him, they were the result (if I am not misinformed) of much application: and a friend of mine, who undertook to transcribe one of the noblest performances of the finest genius that this, or perhaps any age can boast, has often assured me, that there is not a single line, as it is now published, which stands in conformity with the original manuscript. The truth is, every sentiment has its peculiar expression, and every word its precise place, which do not always immediately present themselves, and generally demand frequent trials, before they can be properly adjusted; not to mention the more important difficulties, which necessarily occur in fitting the plan and regulating the higher parts which compose the structure of a finished work.

Those, indeed, who know what pains it cost, even the most fertile genius to be delivered of a just and regular production, might be inclined, perhaps, to cry out with the most ancient of authors, *Oh! who was adversary had written a book!* A writer of refined taste has the continual mortification to find himself incapable of taking entire possession of that ideal beauty which warms and fills his imagination. His conceptions still rise above all the powers of his art, and he can but faintly copy out those images of perfection, which are impressed upon his mind. Never was any thing, says Tully, more beautiful than the Venus of Apelles, or the Jove of Phidias; yet were they by no means equal to those high notions of beauty which animated the geniuses of those wonderful artists. In the same manner, he observes, the great masters of oratory imagined to themselves a certain perfection of eloquence, which they could only contemplate in idea, but in vain attempted to draw out in expression. Perhaps no author ever perpetuated his reputation, who could write up to the full standard of his own judgment: and I am persuaded that he, who upon a survey of his compositions can with entire complacency pronounce them good, will hardly find the world join with him in the most favourable sentence.

The most judicious of all poets, the inimitable Virgil, used to resemble his productions to those of that animal, who, agreeably to the notions of the Ancients, was supposed to bring forth her young into the world, a mere rude and shapeless mass; he was obliged to retouch them again and again, he acknowledged, before they acquired their proper form and beauty. Accordingly we are told, that after having spent eleven years in composing his Æneid, he intended to have set apart three more for the revisal of that glorious performance. But being prevented by his ill sickness from giving those finishing touches, which his exquisite judgment conceived to be still necessary, he directed his friends Tucca and Varius to burn the noblest poem that ever appeared in the Roman language. In the same spirit of delicacy Mr. Dryden tells us, that had he been

more time in tranſlating this author, he might poſſibly have ſucceeded better: but never, he aſſures us, could he have ſucceeded ſo well as to have ſatisfied himſelf.

In a word, Hortenſius, I agree with you, that there is nothing more difficult than to fill up the character of an author, who propoſes to raiſe a juſt and laſting admiration; who is not contented with thoſe little tranſient flaſhes of applauſe, which attend the ordinary race of writers, but conſiders only how he may ſhine out to poſterity; who extends his views beyond the preſent generation, and cultivates thoſe productions which are to flouriſh in future ages. What Sir William Temple obſerves of poetry, may be applied to every other work where taſte and imagination are concerned: "It requires the greateſt contraries to compoſe it; a genius both "penetrating and ſolid; an expreſſion "both ſtrong and delicate. There muſt "be a great agitation of mind to invent, "a great calm to judge and correct: there "muſt be upon the ſame tree, and at the "ſame time, both flower and fruit." But though I know you would not value yourſelf upon any performance, wherein theſe very oppoſite and very ſingular qualities were not conſpicuous: yet I muſt remind you at the ſame time, that when the file ceaſes to poliſh, it muſt neceſſarily weaken. You will remember, therefore, that there is a medium between the immoderate caution of that orator, who was three Olympiads in writing a ſingle oration; and the extravagant expedition of that poet, whoſe funeral pile was compoſed of his own numberleſs productions. *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 244. *Reflections upon Style. In a Letter.*

The beauties of Style ſeem to be generally conſidered as below the attention both of an author and a reader. I know not, therefore, whether I may venture to acknowledge, that among the numberleſs graces of your late performance, I particularly admired that ſtrength and elegance with which you have enforced and adorned the nobleſt ſentiments.

There was a time, however, (and it was a period of the trueſt refinements) when an excellence of this kind was eſteemed in the number of the politeſt accompliſhments; as it was the ambition of ſome of the greateſt names of antiquity to diſtinguiſh themſelves in the improvement of their native tongue. Julius Cæſar, who was not only the greateſt hero, but the fineſt gentleman that ever, perhaps, appeared in the world, was deſirous of adding this talent to his other moſt ſhining endowments: and we are told he ſtudied the language of his country with much application: as we are ſure he poſſeſſed it in its higheſt elegance. What a loſs, Euphronius, is it to the literary world, that the treatiſe which he wrote upon this ſubject, is periſhed with many other valuable works of that age! But though we are deprived of the benefit of his obſervations, we are happily not without an inſtance of their effects; and his own memoirs will ever remain as the beſt and brighteſt exemplar, not only of true generalſhip, but of fine writing. He publiſhed them, indeed, only as materials for the uſe of thoſe who ſhould be diſpoſed to enlarge upon that remarkable period of the Roman ſtory; yet the purity and gracefulneſs of his ſtyle were ſuch, that no judicious writer durſt attempt to touch the ſubject after him.

Having produced ſo illuſtrious an inſtance in favour of an art, for which I have ventured to admire you; it would be impertinent to add a ſecond, were I to cite a leſs authority than that of the immortal Tully. This noble author, in his dialogue concerning the celebrated Roman orators, frequently mentions it as a very high encomium, that they poſſeſſed the elegance of their native language; and introduces Brutus as declaring, that he ſhould prefer the honour of being eſteemed the great maſter and improver of Roman eloquence, even to the glory of many triumphs.

But to add reaſon to precedent, and to view this art in its uſe as well as its dignity; will it not be allowed of ſome importance, when it is conſidered, that eloquence is one of the moſt conſiderable auxiliaries of truth? Nothing indeed contributes more to ſubdue the mind to the force of reaſon, than her being ſupported by the powerful aſſiſtance of maſculine and vigorous oratory. As on the contrary, the moſt legitimate arguments may be diſappointed of that ſucceſs they deſerve, by being attended with a ſpiritleſs and enfeebled expreſſion. Accordingly, that moſt elegant of writers, the inimitable Mr. Addiſon, obſerves, in one of his eſſays, that "there "is as much difference between compre"hending a thought cloathed in Cicero's "language and that of an ordinary writer, "as between ſeeing an object by the light "of a taper and the light of the ſun."

It is ſurely then a very ſtrange conceit

of the celebrated Malbranche, who ſeems to think the pleaſure which ariſes from peruſing a well written piece, is of the criminal kind, and has its ſource in the weakneſs and effeminacy of the human heart. A man muſt have a very uncommon ſeverity of temper indeed, who can find any thing to condemn in adding charms to truth, and gaining the heart by captivating the ear; in uniting roſes with the thorns of ſcience, and joining pleaſure with inſtruction.

The truth is, the mind is delighted with a fine ſtyle, upon the ſame principle that it prefers regularity to confuſion, and beauty to deformity. A taſte of this ſort is indeed ſo far from being a mark of any depravity of our nature, that I ſhould rather conſider it as an evidence, in ſome degree, of the moral rectitude of its conſtitution, as it is a proof of its retaining ſome reliſh at leaſt of harmony and order.

One might be apt indeed to ſuſpect, that certain writers amongſt us had conſidered all beauties of this ſort in the ſame gloomy view with Malbranche: or, at leaſt, that they avoided every refinement in ſtyle, as unworthy a lover of truth and philoſophy. Their ſentiments are ſunk by the loweſt expreſſions, and ſeem condemned to the firſt curſe, of creeping upon the ground all the days of their life. Others, on the contrary, miſtake pomp for dignity; and, in order to raiſe their expreſſions above vulgar language, lift them up beyond common apprehenſions, eſteeming it (one ſhould imagine) a mark of their genius, that it requires ſome ingenuity to penetrate their meaning. But how few writers, like Euphronius, know to hit that true medium which lies between thoſe diſtant extremes! How ſeldom do we meet with an author, whoſe expreſſions, like thoſe of my friend, are glowing but not glaring, whoſe metaphors are natural but not common, whoſe periods are harmonious but not poetical; in a word, whoſe ſentiments are well ſet, and ſhewn to the underſtanding in their trueſt and moſt advantageous luſtre.

Fitzoſborne.

§ 245. *On Thinking. In a Letter.*

If one would rate any particular merit according to its true valuation, it may be neceſſary, perhaps, to conſider how far it can be juſtly claimed by mankind in general. I am ſure, at leaſt, when I read the very uncommon ſentiments of your laſt letter, I found their judicious author riſe in my eſteem, by reflecting, that there is not a more ſingular character in the world, than that of a thinking man. It is not merely having a ſucceſſion of ideas, which lightly ſkim over the mind, that can with any propriety be ſtiled by that denomination. It is obſerving them ſeparately and diſtinctly, and ranging them under their reſpective claſſes; it is calmly and ſteadily viewing our opinions on every ſide, and reſolutely tracing them through all their conſequences and connections, that conſtitutes the man of reflection, and diſtinguiſhes reaſon from fancy. Providence, indeed, does not ſeem to have formed any very conſiderable number of our ſpecies for an extenſive exerciſe of this higher faculty; as the thoughts of the far greater part of mankind are neceſſarily reſtrained within the ordinary purpoſes of animal life. But even if we look up to thoſe who move in much ſuperior orbits, and who have opportunities to improve, as well as leiſure to exerciſe, their underſtandings; we ſhall find, that thinking is one of the leaſt exerted privileges of cultivated humanity.

It is, indeed, an operation of the mind which meets with many obſtructions to check its juſt and free direction; but there are two principles, which prevail more or leſs in the conſtitutions of moſt men, that particularly contribute to keep this faculty of the ſoul unemployed: I mean, pride and indolence. To deſcend to truth through the tedious progreſſion of well-examined deductions, is conſidered as a reproach to the quickneſs of underſtanding; as it is much too laborious a method for any but thoſe who are poſſeſſed of a vigorous and reſolute activity of mind. For this reaſon, the greater part of our ſpecies generally chuſe either to ſeize upon their concluſions at once, or to take them by rebound from others, as beſt ſuiting with their vanity or their lazineſs. Accordingly Mr. Locke obſerves, that there are not ſo many errors and wrong opinions in the world as is generally imagined. Not that he thinks mankind are by any means uniform in embracing truth; but becauſe the majority of them, he maintains, have no thought or opinion at all about thoſe doctrines concerning which they raiſe the greateſt clamour. Like the common ſoldiers in an army, they follow where their leaders direct, without knowing, or even enquiring into the cauſe for which they ſo warmly contend.

This will account for the ſlow ſteps by which

which truth has advanced in the world, on one ſide; and for thoſe abſurd ſyſtems which, at different periods, have had an univerſal currency, on the other. For there is a ſtrange diſpoſition in human nature, either blindly to tread the ſame paths that have been traverſed by others, or to ſtrike out into the moſt devious extravagancies: the greater part of the world will either totally renounce their reaſon, or reaſon only from the wild ſuggeſtions of an heated imagination.

From the ſame ſource may be derived thoſe diviſions and animoſities which break the union both of public and private ſocieties, and turn the peace and harmony of human intercourſe into diſſonance and contention. For while men judge and act by ſuch meaſures as have not been proved by the ſtandard of diſpaſſionate reaſon, they muſt equally be miſtaken in their eſtimates both of their own conduct and that of others.

If we turn our view from active to contemplative life, we may have occaſion, perhaps to remark, that thinking is no leſs uncommon in the literary than the civil world. The number of thoſe writers who can, with any juſtneſs of expreſſion, be termed thinking authors, would not form a very copious library, though one were to take in all of that kind which both ancient and modern times have produced. Neceſſarily, I imagine, muſt one exclude from a collection of this ſort, all critics, commentators, tranſlators, and, in ſhort, all that numerous under-tribe in the commonwealth of literature, that owe their exiſtence merely to the thoughts of others. I ſhould reject, for the ſame reaſon, ſuch compilers as Valerius Maximus and Aulus Gellius: though it muſt be owned, indeed, their works have acquired an accidental value, as they preſerve to us ſeveral curious traces of antiquity, which time would otherwiſe have entirely worn out. Thoſe teeming geniuſes likewiſe, who have propagated the fruits of their ſtudies through a long ſeries of tracts, would have little pretence, I believe, to be admitted as writers of reflection. For this reaſon I cannot regret the loſs of thoſe incredible numbers of compoſitions which ſome of the Ancients are ſaid to have produced:

> Quale fuit Caſſi rapido ferventius amni
> Ingenium; capſis quem fama eſt eſſe, libriſque
> Ambuſtum propriis. Hor.

Thus Epicurus, we are told, left behind him three hundred volumes of his own works, wherein he had not inſerted a ſingle quotation; and we have it upon the authority of Varro's own words, that he himſelf compoſed four hundred and ninety books. Seneca aſſures us, that Didymus the Grammarian wrote no leſs than four thouſand; but Origin, it ſeems, was yet more prolific, and extended his performances even to ſix thouſand treatiſes. It is obvious to imagine, with what ſort of materials the productions of ſuch expeditious workmen were wrought up: ſound thought and well-matured reflections could have no ſhare, we may be ſure, in theſe haſty performances. Thus are books multiplied, whilſt authors are ſcarce; and ſo much eaſier is it to write than to think! But ſhall I not myſelf, Palamedes, prove an inſtance that it is ſo, if I ſuſpend any longer your own more important reflections, by interrupting you with ſuch as mine?

Fitzoſborne.

§ 246. *Reflections on the Advantages of Converſation.*

It is with much pleaſure I look back upon that philoſophical week which I lately enjoyed at ———; as there is no part, perhaps, of ſocial life which affords more real ſatisfaction than thoſe hours which one paſſes in rational and unreſerved converſation. The free communication of ſentiments amongſt a ſet of ingenious and ſpeculative friends, ſuch as thoſe you gave me the opportunity of meeting, throws the mind into the moſt advantageous exerciſe, and ſhews the ſtrength or weakneſs of its opinions, with greater force of conviction than any other method we can employ.

That "it is not good for man to be alone," is true in more views of our ſpecies than one; and ſociety gives ſtrength to our reaſon, as well as poliſh to our manners. The ſoul, when left entirely to her own ſolitary contemplations, is inſenſibly drawn by a ſort of conſtitutional bias, which generally leads her opinions to the ſide of her inclinations. Hence it is that ſhe contracts thoſe peculiarities of reaſoning, and little habits of thinking, which ſo often confirm her in the moſt fantaſtical errors. But nothing is more likely to recover the mind from this falſe bent, than the counter-warmth of impartial debate. Converſation opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every ſide, and holds them up to a light that diſcovers thoſe latent

tent flaws which would probably have lain concealed in the gloom of unagitated abſtraction. Accordingly, one may remark, that moſt of thoſe wild doctrines, which have been let looſe upon the world, have generally owed their birth to perſons whoſe circumſtances or diſpoſitions have given them the feweſt opportunities of canvaſſing their reſpective ſyſtems in the way of free and friendly debate. Had the authors of many an extravagant hypotheſis diſcuſſed their principles in private circles, ere they had given vent to them in public, the obſervation of Varro had never, perhaps, been made, (or never, at leaſt, with ſo much juſtice) that "there is no opinion ſo abſurd, "but has ſome philoſopher or other to "produce in its ſupport."

Upon this principle, I imagine, it is, that ſome of the fineſt pieces of antiquity are written in the dialogue-manner. Plato and Tully, it ſhould ſeem, thought truth could never be examined with more advantage than amidſt the amicable oppoſition of well regulated converſe. It is probable, indeed, that ſubjects of a ſerious and philoſophical kind were more frequently the topics of Greek and Roman converſations than they are of ours; as the circumſtances of the world had not yet given occaſion to thoſe prudential reaſons which may now, perhaps, reſtrain a more free exchange of ſentiments amongſt us. There was ſomething, likewiſe, in the very ſcenes themſelves where they uſually aſſembled, that almoſt unavoidably turned the ſtream of their converſations into this uſeful channel. Their rooms and gardens were generally adorned, you know, with the ſtatues of the greateſt maſters of reaſon that had then appeared in the world; and while Socrates or Ariſtotle ſtood in their view, it is no wonder their diſcourſe fell upon thoſe ſubjects which ſuch animating repreſentations would naturally ſuggeſt. It is probable, therefore, that many of thoſe ancient pieces which are drawn up in the dialogue-manner, were no imaginary converſations invented by their authors; but faithful tranſcripts from real life. And it is this circumſtance, perhaps, as much as any other, which contributes to give them that remarkable advantage over the generality of modern compoſitions which have been formed upon the ſame plan. I am ſure, at leaſt, I could ſcarce name more than three or four of this kind which have appeared in our language worthy of notice. My lord Shafteſbury's dialogue, intitled "The Moraliſts;" Mr. Addiſon's upon Ancient Coins; Mr. Spence's upon the Odyſſey; together with thoſe of my very ingenious friend, Philemon to Hydaſpes; are, almoſt, the only productions in this way which have hitherto come forth amongſt us with advantage. Theſe, indeed, are all maſterpieces of the kind, and written in the true ſpirit of learning and politeneſs. The converſation in each of theſe moſt elegant performances is conducted, not in the uſual abſurd method of introducing one diſputant to be tamely ſilenced by the other; but in the more lively dramatic manner, where a juſt contraſt of characters is preſerved throughout, and where the ſeveral ſpeakers ſupport their reſpective ſentiments with all the ſtrength and ſpirit of a well-bred oppoſition. *Fitzoſborne.*

§ 247. *On the Great Hiſtorical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all hiſtories are nearly alike, to thoſe who ſeek only to furniſh their memories with facts; but whoſoever thinks, or, what is ſtill more rare, whoſoever has taſte, will find but four ages in the hiſtory of the world. Theſe four happy ages are thoſe in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by ſerving as the æra of the greatneſs of the human mind, are examples for poſterity.

The firſt of theſe ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demoſthenes, an Ariſtotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxitcles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the reſt of the known world was then in a ſtate of barbariſm.

The ſecond age is that of Cæſar and Auguſtus, diſtinguiſhed likewiſe by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Conſtantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was ſeen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Florence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the firſt Greeks had diſtinguiſhed them by the name of Wiſdom. Every thing tended toward perfection,

perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Taſſo, and an Arioſto, flouriſhed. The art of engraving was invented: elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the moſt triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbariſm, which had diſfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taſte.

The arts, always tranſplanted from Greece to Italy, found themſelves in a favourable ſoil, where they inſtantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather theſe fruits; but either they could not live in thoſe climates, or elſe they degenerated very faſt.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but ſuch as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to eſtabliſh ſchools for painting; the Italian maſters whom he invited to France, raiſed no pupils there. Some epigrams and a few looſe tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only proſe-writer in vogue, in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in poſſeſſion of every thing that was beautiful, excepting muſic, which was then but in a rude ſtate; and experimental philoſophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Laſtly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the neareſt to perfection of all the four; enriched by the diſcoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than thoſe three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Auguſtus, and Alexander; but human reaſon in general was more improved. In this age we firſt became acquainted with ſound philoſophy. It may truly be ſaid, that from the laſt years of Cardinal Richelieu's adminiſtration till thoſe which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened ſuch a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will ſerve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itſelf to England, where it has ſtirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation ſtood in need of at that time; it has introduced taſte into Germany, and the ſciences into Ruſſia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languiſhing; and Europe is indebted for its politeneſs and ſpirit of ſociety, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this ſide the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It muſt be owned that the French, in ſome degree, deſerved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeneſs. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongſt them; which is a proof that the uſeful arts were likewiſe neglected; for, when once the things of uſe are carried to perfection, the tranſition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that painting, ſculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philoſophy, ſhould be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, though poſſeſſed of harbours on the Weſtern ocean and the Mediterranean ſea, were without ſhips; and who, though fond of luxury to an exceſs, were hardly provided with the moſt common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoeſe, the Venetians, the Portugueſe, the Flemiſh, the Dutch, and the Engliſh, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the firſt principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his acceſſion to the crown, had not a ſingle ſhip; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thouſand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom reſembled thoſe pitiful villages which we ſee on the other ſide of the Loire. The nobility, who were all ſtationed in the country, in dungeons ſurrounded with deep ditches, oppreſſed the peaſant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almoſt impaſſable; the towns were deſtitute of police; and the goverment had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We muſt acknowledge, that, ever ſince the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languiſhed more or leſs in this infirm ſtate, merely for want of the benefit of a good adminiſtration.

For a ſtate to be powerful, the people muſt either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority muſt be fixed beyond all oppoſition. In France, the people were ſlaves till the reign of Philip Auguſtus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority againſt their vaſſals, had neither leiſure to think

about the happineſs of their ſubjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happineſs or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts: but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, ſo that they all periſhed with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raiſing France from the calamities and barbariſms in which ſhe had been plunged by thirty years of diſcord, when he was aſſaſſinated in his capital, in the midſt of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, buſied in humbling the houſe of Auſtria, the Calviniſts, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power ſufficiently undiſturbed to reform the nation; but he had at leaſt the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the ſpace of 900 years, our genius had been almoſt always reſtrained under a Gothic government, in the midſt of diviſions and civil wars; deſtitute of any laws or fixed cuſtoms; changing every ſecond century a language which ſtill continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without diſcipline, and ſtrangers to every thing but war and idleneſs: the clergy lived in diſorder and ignorance; and the common people without induſtry, and ſtupified in their wretchedneſs.

The French had no ſhare either in the great diſcoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the diſcoveries of printing, gunpowder, glaſſes, teleſcopes, the ſector, compaſs, the air-pump, or the true ſyſtem of the univerſe: they were making tournaments, while the Portugueſe and Spaniards were diſcovering and conquering new countries from the eaſt to the weſt of the known world. Charles V. had already ſcattered the treaſures of Mexico over Europe, before the ſubjects of Francis I. had diſcovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the ſixteenth century, we may ſee what they are capable of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

§ 248. *On the Conſtitution of* ENGLAND.

In every government there are three ſorts of power: the legiſlative; the executive, in reſpect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the firſt, the prince or magiſtrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates thoſe that have been already enacted. By the ſecond, he makes peace or war, ſends or receives embaſſies, he eſtabliſhes the public ſecurity, and provides againſt invaſions. By the third, he puniſhes criminals, or determines the diſputes that ariſe between individuals. The latter we ſhall call the judiciary power, and the other ſimply the executive power of the ſtate.

The political liberty of the ſubject is a tranquillity of mind, ariſing from the opinion each perſon has of his ſafety. In order to have this liberty, it is requiſite the government be ſo conſtituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legiſlative and executive powers are united in the ſame perſon, or in the ſame body of magiſtrates, there can be no liberty; becauſe apprehenſions may ariſe, leſt the ſame monarch or ſenate ſhould enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not ſeparated from the legiſlative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legiſlative, the life and liberty of the ſubject would be expoſed to arbitrary controul; for the judge would be then the legiſlator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppreſſor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the ſame man, or the ſame body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to exerciſe thoſe three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public reſolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Moſt kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, becauſe the prince, who is inveſted with the two firſt powers, leaves the third to his ſubjects. In Turky, where theſe three powers are united in the Sultan's perſon, the ſubjects groan under the weight of a moſt frightful oppreſſion.

In the republics of Italy, where theſe three powers are united, there is leſs liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourſe to as violent methods for its ſupport, as even that of the Turks; witneſs the ſtate inquiſitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accuſations.

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What a ſituation muſt the poor ſubject be in under thoſe republics! The ſame body of magiſtrates are poſſeſſed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themſelves in quality of legiſlators. They may plunder the ſtate by their general determinations; and, as they have likewiſe the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular deciſions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a deſpotic ſway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whoſe aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have conſtantly ſet out with uniting in their own perſons all the branches of magiſtracy, and all the great offices of ſtate.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary ariſtocracy of the Italian republics, does not anſwer exactly to the deſpotic power of the eaſtern princes. The number of magiſtrates ſometimes ſoftens the power of the magiſtracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the ſame deſigns; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legiſlative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the miſchief is, that theſe different tribunals are compoſed of magiſtrates all belonging to the ſame body, which conſtitutes almoſt one and the ſame power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a ſtanding ſenate; it ſhould be exerciſed by perſons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and purſuant to a form and manner preſcribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that ſhould laſt only as long as neceſſity requires.

By this means the power of judging, a power ſo terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular ſtate or profeſſion, becomes, as it were, inviſible. People have not then the judges continually preſent to their view; they fear the office, but not the magiſtrate.

In accuſations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the perſon accuſed ſhould have the privilege of chuſing in ſome meaſure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at leaſt he ſhould have a right to except againſt ſo great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magiſtrates or permanent bodies, becauſe they are not exerciſed on any private ſubject; one being no more than the general will of the ſtate, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to ſuch a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in ſociety without knowing exactly the obligation it lays them under.

The judges ought likewiſe to be in the ſame ſtation as the accuſed, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of perſons inclined to treat him with rigour.

If the legiſlature leaves the executive power in poſſeſſion of a right to impriſon thoſe ſubjects who can give ſecurity for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unleſs they are taken up, in order to anſwer without delay to a capital crime: in this caſe they are really free, being ſubject only to the power of the law.

But ſhould the legiſlature think itſelf in danger by ſome ſecret conſpiracy againſt the ſtate, or by a correſpondence with a foreign enemy, it might authoriſe the executive power, for a ſhort and limited time, to impriſon ſuſpected perſons, who in that caſe would loſe their liberty only for a while, to preſerve it for ever.

And this is the only reaſonable method that can be ſubſtituted to the tyrannical magiſtracy of the Ephori, and to the ſtate inquiſitors of Venice, who are alſo deſpotical.

As in a free ſtate, every man who is ſuppoſed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; ſo the legiſlative power ſhould reſide in the whole body of the people. But ſince this is impoſſible in large ſtates, and in ſmall ones is ſubject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people ſhould act by their repreſentatives, what they cannot act by themſelves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and intereſts, than with thoſe of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the reſt of their countrymen. The members therefore of the legiſlature ſhould not be choſen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every conſiderable place, a repreſentative ſhould be elected by the inhabitants.

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The great advantage of repreſentatives is their being capable of diſcuſſing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greateſt inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all neceſſary that the repreſentatives, who have received a general inſtruction from their electors, ſhould wait to be particularly inſtructed in every affair, as is practiſed in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the ſpeeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but, on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the aſſembly; and on the moſt urgent and preſſing occaſions, the ſprings of the nation might be ſtopt by a ſingle caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well obſerves, repreſent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their conſtituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the ſeveral diſtricts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a repreſentative, except ſuch as are in ſo mean a ſituation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in moſt of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active reſolutions, ſuch as require ſome execution; a thing of which they are abſolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the chuſing of repreſentatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing, in general, whether the perſon they chuſe is better qualified than moſt of his neighbours.

Neither ought the repreſentative body to be choſen for active reſolutions, for which it is not ſo fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to ſee whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themſelves can properly perform.

In a ſtate, there are always perſons diſtinguiſhed by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a ſingle vote like the reſt, the common liberty would be their ſlavery, and they would have no intereſt in ſupporting it, as moſt of the popular reſolutions would be againſt them. The ſhare they have, therefore, in the legiſlature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the ſtate; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a ſtop to the enterprizes of the people, as the people have a right to put a ſtop to theirs.

The legiſlative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body choſen to repreſent the people, which have each their aſſemblies and deliberations apart, each their ſeparate views and intereſts.

Of the three powers above-mentioned, the judiciary is in ſome meaſure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as thoſe have need of a regulating power to temper them, the part of the legiſlative body, compoſed of the nobility, is extremely proper for this very purpoſe.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary. In the firſt place it is ſo in its own nature: and in the next, there muſt be a conſiderable intereſt to preſerve its privileges; privileges that in themſelves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of courſe, in a free ſtate, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to purſue its own particular intereſts, and forget thoſe of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a ſingular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the ſupplies, they ſhould have no other ſhare in the legiſlation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of reſolving.

By the power of reſolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be underſtood to mean the right of annulling a reſolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the perſon poſſeſſed of the privilege of rejecting may likewiſe have the right of approving, yet this approbation paſſes for no more than a declaration, that he intends to make no uſe of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be in the hands of a monarch: becauſe this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better adminiſtered by one than by many: whereas whatever depends on the legiſlative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a ſingle perſon.

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But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of perſons ſelected from the legiſlative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reaſon the two powers would be united, as the ſame perſons would actually ſometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a ſhare in both.

Were the legiſlative body to be a conſiderable time without meeting, this would likewiſe put an end to liberty. For one of theſe two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legiſlative reſolutions, and then the ſtate would fall into anarchy; or that theſe reſolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it abſolute.

It would be needleſs for the legiſlative body to continue always aſſembled. This would be troubleſome to the repreſentatives, and moreover wou'd cut out too much work for the executive power, ſo as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legiſlative body to be always aſſembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceaſed members with new repreſentatives; and in that caſe, if the legiſlative body was once corrupted, the evil would be paſt all remedy. When different legiſlative bodies ſucceed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually ſitting, may reaſonably entertain ſome hopes of the next: but were it to be always the ſame body, the people, upon ſeeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of courſe they would either become deſperate, or fall into a ſtate of indolence.

The legiſlative body ſhould not aſſemble of itſelf. For a body is ſuppoſed to have no will but when it is aſſembled: and beſides, were it not to aſſemble unanimouſly it would be impoſſible to determine which was really the legiſlative body, the part aſſembled or the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itſelf, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in caſe it ſhould ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Beſides, there are ſeaſons, ſome of which are more proper than others, for aſſembling the legiſlative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power ſhould regulate the time of convening as well as the duration of thoſe aſſemblies, according to the circumſtances and exigencies of ſtate known to itſelf.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a ſtop to the encroachments of the legiſlative body, the latter would become deſpotic; for as it might arrogate to itſelf what authority it pleaſed, it would ſoon deſtroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legiſlative power ſhould have a right to ſtop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is uſeleſs to confine it; beſides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power, therefore, of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a ſtop not only to the legiſlation, but likewiſe to the execution itſelf; which was attended with infinite miſchiefs.

But if the legiſlative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to ſtop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner its laws have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Coſmi and the Ephori gave no account of their adminiſtration.

But whatever may be the iſſue of that examination, the legiſlative body ought not to have a power of judging the perſon, nor of courſe the conduct, of him who is intruſted with the executive power. His perſon ſhould be ſacred, becauſe, as it is neceſſary for the good of the ſtate to prevent the legiſlative body from rendering themſelves arbitrary, the moment he is accuſed or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this caſe the ſtate would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the perſon intruſted with the executive power cannot abuſe it without bad counſellors, and ſuch as hate the laws as miniſters, though the laws favour them as ſubjects; theſe men may be examined and puniſhed. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no ſuch thing as calling the Amymones * to an account, even after their adminiſtration †; and therefore the people could never obtain any ſatisfaction for the injuries done them.

* Theſe were magiſtrates choſen annually by the people. See Stephen of Byzantium.

† It was lawful to accuſe the Roman magiſtrates after the expiration of their ſeveral offices. See Dionyſ. Halicarn. l. 9. the affair of Genutius the tribune.

Though,

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legiſlative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular intereſt of the party accuſed.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meaneſt ſubject is poſſeſſed of, in a free ſtate, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reaſon, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of the legiſlature which is compoſed of their own body.

It is poſſible that the law, which is clear-ſighted in one ſenſe, and blind in another, might in ſome caſes be too ſevere. But as we have already obſerved, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere paſſive beings, incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legiſlative body, which we have juſt now obſerved to be a neceſſary tribunal on another occaſion, is alſo a neceſſary tribunal in this; it belongs to its ſupreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itſelf, by mitigating the ſentence.

It might alſo happen, that a ſubject intruſted with the adminiſtration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magiſtrates either could not, or would not puniſh. But in general the legiſlative power cannot judge; and much leſs can it be a judge in this particular caſe, where it repreſents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court ſhall it bring its impeachment? Muſt it go and abaſe itſelf before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being compoſed moreover of men who are choſen from the people as well as itſelf, will naturally be ſwayed by the authority of ſo powerful an accuſer? No: in order to preſerve the dignity of the people, and the ſecurity of the ſubject, the legiſlative part which repreſents the people, muſt bring in its charge before the legiſlative part which repreſents the nobility, who have neither the ſame intereſts nor the ſame paſſions.

Here is an advantage which this government has over moſt of the ancient republics, where there was this abuſe, that the people were at the ſame time both judge and accuſer.

The executive power, purſuant to what has been already ſaid, ought to have a ſhare in the legiſlature by the power of rejecting, otherwiſe it would ſoon be ſtripped of its prerogative. But ſhould the legiſlative power uſurp a ſhare of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a ſhare in the legiſlature by the power of reſolving, liberty would be loſt. But as it is neceſſary he ſhould have a ſhare in the legiſlature, for the ſupport of his own prerogative, this ſhare muſt conſiſt in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the ſenate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magiſtrates, who were intruſted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental conſtitution of the government we are treating of. The legiſlative body being compoſed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by the executive power, as the executive is by the legiſlative.

Theſe three powers ſhould naturally form a ſtate of repoſe or inaction. But as there is a neceſſity for movement in the courſe of human affairs, they are forced to move, but ſtill to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legiſlative than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no ſhare in the public debates. It is not even neceſſary that it ſhould propoſe, becauſe, as it may always diſapprove of the reſolutions that ſhall be taken, it may likewiſe reject the deciſions on thoſe propoſals which were made againſt its will.

In ſome ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propoſe and debate with the people, otherwiſe their reſolutions muſt have been attended with a ſtrange confuſion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raiſing of public money, otherwiſe than by giving its conſent, liberty would be at an end; becauſe it would become legiſlative in the moſt important point of legiſlation.

If the legiſlative power was to ſettle the ſubſidies, not from year to year, but for ever,

ever, it would run the riſk of loſing its liberty, becauſe the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was poſſeſſed of ſuch a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itſelf, or of another. The ſame may be ſaid, if it ſhould fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the ſea and land forces with which it is to intruſt the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppreſs, it is requiſite that the armies with which it is intruſted ſhould conſiſt of the people, and have the ſame ſpirit as the people; as was the caſe at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the perſons employed in the army ſhould have ſufficient property to anſwer for their conduct to their fellow-ſubjects, and be enliſted only for a year, as was cuſtomary at Rome: or if there ſhould be a ſtanding army, compoſed chiefly of the moſt deſpicable part of the nation, the legiſlative power ſhould have a right to diſband them as ſoon as it pleaſed; the ſoldiers ſhould live in common with the reſt of the people; and no ſeparate camp, barracks, or fortreſs, ſhould be ſuffered.

When once an army is eſtabliſhed, it ought not to depend immediately on the legiſlative, but on the executive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its buſineſs conſiſting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongſt mankind, they ſet a higher value upon courage than timorouſneſs, on activity than prudence, on ſtrength than counſel. Hence the army will ever deſpiſe a ſenate, and reſpect their own officers. They will naturally ſlight the orders ſent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as ſoon as the army depends on the legiſlative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to ſome extraordinary circumſtances. It is becauſe the army has always kept divided; it is becauſe it was compoſed of ſeveral bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is becauſe the capital towns were ſtrong places, defended by their natural ſituation, and not garriſoned with regular troops. Holland, for inſtance, is ſtill ſafer than Venice; ſhe might drown or ſtarve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furniſhing them with neceſſary ſubſiſtence, this ſubſiſtence is of courſe precarious.

Whoever ſhall read the admirable treatiſe of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the Engliſh have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful ſyſtem was invented firſt in the woods.

As all human things have an end, the ſtate we are ſpeaking of will loſe its liberty, it will periſh. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage periſhed? It will periſh when the legiſlative power ſhall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my buſineſs to examine whether the Engliſh actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe to obſerve, that it is eſtabliſhed by their laws; and I enquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to ſay that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneaſineſs to thoſe who have only a moderate ſhare of it. How ſhould I have any ſuch deſign, I, who think that even the exceſs of reaſon is not always deſirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes?

Harrington, in his Oceana, has alſo inquired into the higheſt point of liberty to which the conſtitution of a ſtate may be carried. But of him indeed it may be ſaid, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he buſied himſelf in purſuit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes. *Monteſquieu.*

§ 249. *Of* COLUMBUS, *and the Diſcovery of* AMERICA.

It is to the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conqueſt of America an obligation, which proved ſo fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themſelves.

This was doubtleſs the moſt important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto ſtrangers to the other. Whatever had been eſteemed moſt great or noble before, ſeemed abſorbed in this kind of new creation. We ſtill mention with reſpectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts,

who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the ſailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many altars would have been raiſed by the ancients to a Greek, who had diſcovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Chriſtopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, ſtruck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portugueſe, imagined that ſomething greater might be done; and from a bare inſpection of the map of our world, concluded that there muſt be another, which might be found by ſailing always weſt. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed ſuperior, ſeeing he had to ſtruggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulſes of ſeveral princes to whom he tendered his ſervices. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his ſchemes as viſionary, and by that means loſt the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not liſten to the propoſals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himſelf was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whoſe attention was wholly employed upon the coaſt of Africa. He had no proſpect of ſucceſs in applying to the French, whoſe marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confuſed than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for ſhipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor ſufficient courage to engage in a ſcheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural averſion of the Genoeſe to theſe people would not ſuffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Iſabella, queen of Caſtile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was ſtill in the poſſeſſion of the Moors; but which Ferdinand ſoon after took from them. The union of theſe two princes had prepared the way for the greateſs of Spain: which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was however obliged to undergo eight years of inceſſant application, before Iſabella's court would conſent to accept of the ineſtimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spaniſh court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance ſeventeen thouſand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length ſet ſail from the port of Palos in Andaluſia, with three ſhips, on Auguſt 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary iſlands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreſhment, when Columbus diſcovered the firſt iſland in America; and during this ſhort run, he ſuffered more from the murmurings and diſcontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refuſals of the princes he had applied to. This iſland, which he diſcovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thouſand leagues from the Canaries; preſently after, he likewiſe diſcovered the Lucayan iſlands, together with thoſe of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Iſabella were in the utmoſt ſurprize to ſee him return, at the end of nine months, with ſome of the American natives of Hiſpaniola, ſeveral rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he preſented their majeſties.

The king and queen made him ſit down in their preſence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary perſon ſent from heaven. Every one was vying who ſhould be foremoſt in aſſiſting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He ſoon ſet ſail again, with a fleet of ſeventeen ſhips. He now made the diſcovery of ſeveral other new iſlands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his firſt voyage; in this admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to theſe titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Iſabella. Nevertheleſs, he was brought home priſoner to Spain, by judges who had been purpoſely ſent out on board to obſerve his conduct. As ſoon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in ſhoals to meet him, as the guardian genius

of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ſhip, and appeared on ſhore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonſeca, biſhop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whoſe ingratitude was as great as the other's ſervices. Iſabella was aſhamed of what ſhe ſaw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however, he was not ſuffered to depart for four years, either becauſe they feared that he would ſeize upon what he had diſcovered for himſelf, or that they were willing to have time to obſerve his behaviour. At length he was ſent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was, that he diſcovered the continent, at ſix degrees diſtance from the equator, and ſaw that part of the coaſt on which Carthagena has been ſince built.

At the time that Columbus firſt promiſed a new hemiſphere, it was inſiſted upon that no ſuch hemiſphere could exiſt; and after he had made the actual diſcovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I ſhall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremberg, who, it is ſaid, went from that city to the ſtraits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Ducheſs of Burgundy, who, as ſhe was not alive at that time, could not iſſue patents. Nor ſhall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are ſtill ſhewn; nor of the evident contradictions which diſcredit this ſtory: but, in ſhort, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Ariſtotle was quoted on the occaſion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between ſome words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow ſo fine an opening. Others were poſitive that the children of Noah, after ſettling in Siberia, paſſed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their deſcendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again, the Chineſe and Japaneſe ſent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diverſion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the diſcoveries made by men of genius. If it ſhould be aſked, how men firſt came upon the continent of America? is it not eaſily anſwered, that they were placed there by the ſame Power who causes trees and graſs to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to ſome of thoſe who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is ſtill famous. Theſe people pretended that nothing could be more eaſy than the diſcoveries he had made; upon which he propoſed to them to ſet an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and ſet it upright with eaſe. They told him any one could do that: How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This ſtory is related of Brunelleſchi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Moſt bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been ſaid before.

The aſhes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do juſtice to the illuſtrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Veſpucci, whom we call Americus Veſpuſius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not poſſeſs one acre of land, and pretended to be the firſt who diſcovered the continent. But ſuppoſing it true, that he was the firſt diſcoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the firſt voyage. Honour, as Newton ſays in his diſpute with Leibnitz, is due only to the firſt inventor; thoſe that follow after are only his ſcholars. Columbus had made three voyages, as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Veſpuſius had made one as a geographer, under the command of Admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had diſcovered a new world, they believed him on his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination ſhould be made before the door of his houſe every three years, on the feaſt of All Saints. And yet could this man be ſaid to deſerve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, ſailed along the coaſt of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the reſt of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Veſpuſius, which ſeems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any concluſive reaſoning. Several French authors are there

complained of, who have done juſtice to Columbus's merit; but the writer ſhould not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spaniſh, who were the firſt that did this juſtice. This writer ſays, that "he "will confound the vanity of the French "nation, who have always attacked with "impunity the honour and ſucceſs of the "Italian nation." What vanity can there be in ſaying, that it was a Genoeſe who firſt diſcovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purpoſely remark this want of equity, good-breeding, and good-ſenſe, as we have too many examples of it; and I muſt ſay, that the good French writers have in general been the leaſt guilty of this inſufferable fault; and one great reaſon of their being ſo univerſally read throughout Europe, is their doing juſtice to all nations.

The inhabitants of theſe iſlands, and of the continent, were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much aſtoniſhed at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ſhips and artillery: they at firſt looked upon theſe new viſitors as monſters or gods, who had come out of the ſky or the ſea. Theſe voyages, and thoſe of the Portugueſe, had now taught us how inconſiderable a ſpot of the globe our Europe was, and what an aſtoniſhing variety reigns in the world. Indoſtan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whoſe complexions were yellow. In Africa and Aſia, at ſome diſtance from the equator, there had been found ſeveral kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chineſe ſtill appear to differ entirely from the reſt of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noſes. But what is ſtill to be remarked is, that into whatſoever regions theſe various races are tranſplanted, their complexions never change, unleſs they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifeſt proof that there is a differential principle in each ſpecies of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are ſeldom known to change. Hence the negroes are ſlaves to other men, and are purchaſed on the coaſt of Africa, like beaſts, for a ſum of money; and the vaſt multitudes of negroes tranſplanted into our American colonies, ſerve as ſlaves under a very inconſiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewiſe taught us how great a ſuperiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where eaſily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thouſand to one ſuperior in numbers.

This part of America was alſo remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of ſo great uſe to us. Horſes, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its uſe in dying has now made us forget the ſcarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was ſoon ſucceeded by that of indigo, cacao, vanilla, and thoſe woods which ſerve for ornament and medicinal purpoſes, particularly the quinquina, or jeſuits bark, which is the only ſpecific againſt intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilſt ſhe had diſperſed the diſeaſe it cured through all the reſt of the world. This new continent likewiſe furniſhed pearls, coloured ſtones, and diamonds.

It is certain, that America at preſent furniſhes the meaneſt citizen of Europe with his conveniencies and pleaſures. The gold and ſilver mines, at their firſt diſcovery, were of ſervice only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the reſt of the world was impoveriſhed by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow buſineſs, found themſelves poſſeſſed of a very ſmall quantity of ſpecie, in compariſon with the immenſe ſums accumulated by thoſe, who had the advantage of the firſt diſcoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and ſilver which was ſent from America, was diſperſed throughout all Europe, and by paſſing into a number of hands, the diſtribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewiſe increaſed in Europe, in proportion to the increaſe of ſpecie.

To comprehend how the treaſures of America paſſed from the poſſeſſion of the

Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be ſufficient to conſider theſe two things: the uſe which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a ſhare in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, neceſſarily diſperſed a great quantity of that ſpecie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he ſent his ſon Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince depoſited in the tower of London twenty-ſeven large cheſts of ſilver in bars, and an hundred horſe-loads of gold and ſilver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, coſt this Philip, according to his own confeſſion, above three thouſand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and ſilver of Peru is diſtributed amongſt all the people of Europe, and from thence is ſent to the Eaſt-Indies, is a ſurpriſing, though well known circumſtance. By a ſtrict law enacted by Ferdinand and Iſabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spaniſh America, but likewiſe from having the leaſt ſhare, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to ſubdue all Europe; and yet Spain ſubſiſts only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furniſh exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the reſt of Europe ſometimes ſend over merchandize to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themſelves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no ſecurity to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, ſupplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time conſigned the gold and ſilver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was ſtill more ſurpriſing. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes, called Meteors: theſe, armed with piſtols at their belt, and a long ſword, carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the rampaits, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and theſe boats carried them on board the ſhips in the road. Theſe meteors and the factors, together with the commiſſaries and the guards, who never diſturbed them, had each a ſtated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewiſe a gainer; ſo that, properly ſpeaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be abſolutely uſeleſs if not eluded, and which, nevertheleſs, cannot yet be abrogated, becauſe old prejudices are always the moſt difficult to be overcome amongſt men.

The greateſt inſtance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His catholic majeſty endeavoured to ſeize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain iſſued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a ſingle Spaniſh factor would betray his French correſpondent. This fidelity, which does ſo much honour to the Spaniſh nation, plainly ſhews, that men only willingly obey thoſe laws, which they themſelves have made for the good of ſociety, and that thoſe which are the mere effects of a ſovereign's will, always meet with oppoſition.

As the diſcovery of America was at firſt the ſource of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occaſioned them many and conſiderable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its ſubjects, by the great numbers neceſſarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a diſeaſe, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the iſland of Hiſpaniola. Several of the companions of Chriſtopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards ſpread over Europe. It is certain, that this poiſon, which taints the ſprings of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the ſmall-pox were diſeaſes originally endemial to the ſouthern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human fleſh, practiſed by ſome of the

American ſavages, occaſioned this diſorder. There were no cannibals on the iſland of Hiſpaniola, where it was moſt frequent and inveterate; neither are we to ſuppoſe, with ſome, that it proceeded from too great an exceſs of ſenſual pleaſures. Nature had never puniſhed exceſſes of this kind with ſuch diſorders in the world; and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been paſſed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and ſhameful ſcourge upon the chaſteſt union.

The great Columbus, after having built ſeveral houſes on theſe iſlands, and diſcovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unſullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, who ſucceeded him, being perſuaded that theſe provinces furniſhed gold, reſolved to make the diſcovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In ſhort, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehenſive of their ſuperior numbers; or that the rage of ſlaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they, in the ſpace of a few years, entirely depopulated Hiſpaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above ſix hundred thouſand.

Bartholomew de la Caſas, biſhop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witneſs to theſe deſolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. Theſe wretched ſavages, almoſt naked and without arms, were purſued like wild beaſts in the foreſts, devoured alive by dogs, ſhot to death, or ſurpriſed and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from ocular teſtimony, that they frequently cauſed a number of theſe miſerable wretches to be ſummoned by a prieſt to come in, and ſubmit to the Chriſtian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injuſtice, they put them to death without the leaſt remorſe.—I believe that De la Caſas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have ſaid ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us ſhudder with horror.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing, that this maſſacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the ſight, and under the adminiſtration of ſeveral religious of the order of St Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime miniſter of Caſtile before the time of Charles V. ſent over four monks of this order, in quality of preſidents of the royal council of the iſland. Doubtleſs they were not able to reſiſt the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new maſters, being with juſt reaſon become implacable, rendered their deſtruction unhappily neceſſary.

Voltaire.

§ 250. *The Influence of the Progreſs of Science on the Manners and Character of Men.*

The progreſs of ſcience, and the cultivation of literature, had conſiderable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now diſtinguiſhed. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had loſt that correct taſte which has rendered the productions of their anceſtors the ſtandards of excellence, and models for imitation to ſucceeding ages, ſtill preſerved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were ſo far from being ſtruck with any admiration of theſe unknown accompliſhments, that they deſpiſed them. They were not arrived at that ſtate of ſociety, in which thoſe faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themſelves. They were ſtrangers to all thoſe wants and deſires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they deſtroyed the monuments of them, with induſtry not inferior to that with which their poſterity have ſince ſtudied to preſerve, or to recover them. The convulſions occaſioned by their ſettlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they eſtabliſhed; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, baniſhed ſecurity and leiſure; prevented the growth of taſte or the culture of ſcience; and kept Europe, during ſeveral centuries, in a ſtate of ignorance. But as ſoon as liberty and independence began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated ſome taſte of the advantages ariſing from commerce, from public order, and from perſonal ſecurity, the human mind became conſcious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or purſuits

of

of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we diſcern the firſt ſymptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been ſunk, and obſerve it turning with curioſity and attention towards new objects.

The firſt literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain ſome degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exerciſed in ſpeculative or abſtract diſquiſition. Men are poets before they are philoſophers. They feel with ſenſibility, and deſcribe with force, when they have made but little progreſs in inveſtigation or reaſoning. The age of Homer and of Heſiod long preceded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our anceſtors, deviating from this courſe which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abſtruſe and metaphyſical enquiry. They had been converted to the Chriſtian faith ſoon after they ſettled in their new conqueſts: but they did not receive it pure. The preſumption of men had added to the ſimple and inſtructive doctrines of Chriſtianity, the theories of a vain philoſophy, that attempted to penetrate into myſteries, and to decide queſtions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to reſolve. Theſe over curious ſpeculations were incorporated with the ſyſtem of religion, and came to be conſidered as the moſt eſſential part of it. As ſoon, then, as curioſity prompted men to inquire and to reaſon, theſe were the ſubjects which firſt preſented themſelves, and engaged their attention. The ſcholaſtic theology, with its infinite train of bold diſquiſitions, and ſubtile diſtinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reaſon, was the firſt production of the ſpirit of enquiry after it began to reſume ſome degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumſtance alone that gave ſuch a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exerciſe talents which they had ſo long neglected. Moſt of the perſons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received inſtruction, or derived their principles of ſcience from the Greeks in the eaſtern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both theſe people, acute and inquiſitive to exceſs, corrupted thoſe ſciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a ſyſtem of ſpeculative refinement, or of endleſs controverſy. The latter communicated to philoſophy a ſpirit of metaphyſical and frivolous ſubtlety. Miſled by theſe guides, the perſons who firſt applied to ſcience were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Inſtead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce ſuch works of invention as might have improved their taſte, and refined their ſentiments; inſtead of cultivating thoſe arts which embelliſh human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led aſtray by example, and waſted the whole force of their genius in ſpeculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitleſs and ill-directed as theſe ſpeculations were, their novelty rouſed, and their boldneſs intereſted, the human mind. The ardour with which men purſued theſe uninviting ſtudies was aſtoniſhing. Genuine philoſophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of thoſe inſtituted by Charlemagne, were opened in every cathedral, and almoſt in every monaſtery of note. Colleges and univerſities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and inveſted with ſeparate and extenſive juriſdiction over their own members. A regular courſe of ſtudies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on maſters and ſcholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the ſchools alone that ſuperiority in ſcience led to reputation and authority; it became the object of reſpect in life, and advanced ſuch as acquired it to a rank of no inconſiderable eminence. Allured by all theſe advantages, an incredible number of ſtudents reſorted to theſe new ſeats of learning, and crowded with eagerneſs into that new path which was open to fame and diſtinction.

But how conſiderable ſoever theſe firſt efforts may appear, there was one circumſtance which prevented the effects of them from being as extenſive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review *, were barbarous. They were deſtitute of elegance, of force, and even of perſpicuity. No attempt had

* From the ſubverſion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the fixteenth century.

been hitherto made to improve or to poliſh them. The Latin tongue was conſecrated by the church to religion. Cuſtom, with authority ſcarce leſs ſacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the ſciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with reſpect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important ſubject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined ſcience within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was ſhut againſt all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkneſs and ignorance.

But though ſcience was thus prevented, during ſeveral ages, from diffuſing itſelf through ſociety, and its influence was circumſcribed, the progreſs of it may be mentioned, nevertheleſs, among the great cauſes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged, ſpirit of inquiry, which I have deſcribed, occaſioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as intereſting. It accuſtomed them to exerciſes and occupations which tended to ſoften their manners, and to give them ſome reliſh for thoſe gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom ſcience hath been cultivated with ſucceſs.

Robertſon.

§ 251. *On the reſpect paid by the* LACEDÆMONIANS *and* ATHENIANS *to old Age.*

It happened at Athens, during a public repreſentation of ſome play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place ſuitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who obſerved the difficulty and confuſion he was in, made ſigns to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they ſat: the good man buſtled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the ſeats to which he was invited, the jeſt was, to ſit cloſe and expoſe him as he ſtood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on thoſe occaſions, there were alſo particular places aſſigned for foreigners: when the good man ſkulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honeſt people, more virtuous than polite, roſe up all to a man, and, with the greateſt reſpect, received him among them. The Athenians, being ſuddenly touched with a ſenſe of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applauſe; and the old man cried out, "The Athe-" nians underſtand what is good, but the " Lacedæmonians practiſe it."

Spectator.

§ 252. *On* PÆTUS *and* ARRIA.

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, was an illuſtrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her huſband and her ſon were both, at the ſame time, attacked with a dangerous illneſs. The ſon died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and perſon which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguiſh of grief; yet ſhe reſolved to conceal the diſtreſſing event from her huſband. She prepared and conducted his funeral ſo privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever ſhe came into her huſband's bed-chamber, ſhe pretended her ſon was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would anſwer, that he had reſted well, or had eaten with an appetite. When ſhe found that ſhe could no longer reſtrain her grief, but her tears were guſhing out, ſhe would leave the room, and, having given vent to her paſſion, return again with dry eyes and a ſerene countenance, as if ſhe had left her ſorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms againſt Claudius, Pætus joined himſelf to his party, and was ſoon after taken priſoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ſhip, Arria beſought them that ſhe might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," ſaid ſhe, " you cannot refuſe a man of conſular dig-" nity, as he is, a few attendants to wait " upon him; but, if you will take me, I " alone will perform their office." This favour, however, was refuſed; upon which ſhe hired a ſmall fiſhing veſſel, and boldly ventured to follow the ſhip.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who preſſing her to diſcover all that ſhe knew of the inſurrection,—"What!" ſaid ſhe,

he, "shall I regard thy advice, who saw 'thy husband murdered in thy very arms, 'and yet survivest him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then, if my life "were to be taken from me, advise your "daughter to die with me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she "had lived as long, and in as much "harmony with you, as I have lived with "Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, "My "Pætus, it is not painful *." *Pliny.*

§ 253. ABDOLONYMUS *raised to the Government of* SIDON.

The city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation.—At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the new-elected prince to be sent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able "to bear my crown with equal moderation: "for when I possessed little, I wanted no "thing; these hands supplied me with "whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon. *Quintus Curtius.*

§ 254. *The Resignation of the Emperor* CHARLES V.

Charles resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction; and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impression on the minds, not only of his subjects,

* In the Tatler, No. 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cæcinna Pætus for Thrasea Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly; charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book iii. Ep. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. lx. and Tacitus, Lib. xvi. § 35.

ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the Low Countries, at Bruſſels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and on the other his ſiſter, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He then read the inſtrument of reſignation, by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip all his territories, juriſdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal which they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles then roſe from his ſeat, and leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience, and, from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea: that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy: that, inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that, for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you by my "death, this rich inheritance, to which I "have made ſuch large additions, ſome "regard would have been juſtly due to my "memory on that account: but now, when "I voluntarily reſign to you what I might "ſtill have retained, I may well expect "the warmeſt expreſſions of thanks on "your part. With theſe, however, I diſ-"penſe; and ſhall conſider your concern "for the welfare of your ſubjects, and your "love of them, as the beſt and moſt ac-"ceptable teſtimony of your gratitude to "me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and "virtuous adminiſtration, to juſtify the "extraordinary proof which I this day "give of my paternal affection; and to "demonſtrate, that you are worthy of the "confidence which I repoſe in you. Pre-"ſerve an inviolable regard for religion; "maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; "let the laws of your country be ſacred in "your eyes; encroach not on the rights "and privileges of your people: and, if "the time ſhall ever come, when you ſhall "wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of private "life, may you have a ſon endowed with

"ſuch

" ſuch qualities, that you can reſign your " ſceptre to him with as much ſatisfaction " as I give up mine to you."

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing to himſelf, but an annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had choſen for his retreat, was the monaſtery of St. Juſtus, in the province of Eſtramadura. It was ſeated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a ſmall brook, and ſurrounded by riſing grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the ſoil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was eſteemed the moſt healthful and delicious ſituation in Spain. Some months before his reſignation, he had ſent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monaſtery, for his accommodation; but he gave ſtrict orders, that the ſtyle of the building ſhould be ſuch as ſuited his preſent ſituation rather than his former dignity. It conſiſted only of ſix rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet ſquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furniſhed in the moſt ſimple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one ſide, into a garden, of which Charles himſelf had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants; intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other ſide, they communicated with the chapel of the monaſtery, in which he was to perform his devotions. In this humble retreat, hardly ſufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domeſtics only. He buried there, in ſolitude and ſilence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all thoſe vaſt projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being ſubjected to his power. *Robertſon.*

§ 255. *An Account of* MULY MOLUC.

When Don Sebaſtian, king of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muly Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and ſet his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a diſtemper which he himſelf knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of ſo formidable an enemy. He was indeed ſo far ſpent with his ſickneſs, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the laſt deciſive battle was given; but knowing the fatal conſequences that would happen to his children and people, in caſe he ſhould die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they ſhould conceal his death from the army, and that they ſhould ride up to the litter in which his corpſe was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as uſual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they ſtood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go againſt him, though he was very near his laſt agonies, he threw himſelf out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the ſide of the Moors. He had no ſooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himſelf utterly ſpent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin ſecrecy to his officers, who ſtood about him, he died a few moments after in that poſture.

Spectator.

§ 256. *An Account of* VALENTINE *and* UNNION.

At the ſiege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion, a corporal, and one Valentine, a private

vate centinel: there happened between theſe two men a diſpute about an affair of love, which, upon ſome aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to ſtrike his rival, and profeſs the ſpite and revenge which moved him to it. The centinal bore it without reſiſtance; but frequently ſaid, he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had ſpent whole months in this manner, the one injuring, the other complaining; when, in the midſt of this rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the attack of the caſtle, where the corporal received a ſhot in the thigh, and fell; the French preſſing on, and he expecting to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midſt of a thick fire of the French, took the corporal upon his back, and brought him through all that danger as far as the abbey of Salſme, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, roſe up, tearing his hair, and then threw himſelf upon the bleeding carcaſs, crying, "Ah Valentine! was it for me, who have ſo barbarouſly uſed thee, that thou haſt died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dreſſed by force; but the next day, ſtill calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorſe. *Tatler.*

§ 257. *An Example of Hiſtorical Narration from* SALLUST.

The Trojans (if we may believe tradition) were the firſt founders of the Roman commonwealth; who, under the conduct of Æneas, having made their eſcape from their own ruined country, got to Italy, and there for ſome time lived a rambling and unſettled life, without any fixed place of abode, among the natives, an uncultivated people, who had neither law nor regular government, but were wholly free from all rule or reſtraint. This mixed multitude, however, crowding together into one city, though originally different in extraction, language, and cuſtoms, united into one body, in a ſurpriſingly ſhort ſpace of time. And as their little ſtate came to be improved by additional numbers, by policy, and by extent of territory, and ſeemed likely to make a figure among the nations, according to the common courſe of things, the appearance of proſperity drew upon them the envy of the neighbouring ſtates; ſo that the princes and people who bordered upon them, began to ſeek occaſions of quarelling with them. The alliances they could form were but few: for moſt of the neighbouring ſtates avoided embroiling themſelves on their account. The Romans, ſeeing that they had nothing to truſt to but their own conduct, found it neceſſary to beſtir themſelves with great diligence, to make vigorous preparations, to excite one another to face their enemies in the field, to hazard their lives in defence of their liberty, their country, and their families. And when, by their valour, they repulſed the enemy, they gave aſſiſtance to their allies, and gained friendſhips by often giving, and ſeldom demanding, favours of that ſort. They had, by this time, eſtabliſhed a regular form of government, to wit, the monarchical. And a ſenate, conſiſting of men advanced in years, and grown wiſe by experience, though infirm of body, conſulted with their kings upon all important matters, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called fathers. Afterwards, when kingly power, which was originally eſtabliſhed for the preſervation of liberty, and the advantage of the ſtate, came to degenerate into lawleſs tyranny, they found it neceſſary to alter the form of government, and to put the ſupreme power into the hands of two chief magiſtrates, to be held for one year only; hoping, by this contrivance, to prevent the bad effects naturally ariſing from the exorbitant licentiouſneſs of princes, and the indefeaſible tenure by which they generally imagine they hold their ſovereignty, &c. *Sall. Bell. Catilinar.*

§ 258. *The Story of* DAMON *and* PYTHIAS.

Damon and Pythias, of the Pythagorean ſect in philoſophy, lived in the time of Dionyſius, the tyrant of Sicily. Their mutual friendſhip was ſo ſtrong, that they were ready to die for one another. One of the two (for it is not known which) being condemned to death by the tyrant, obtained leave to go into his own country, to ſettle his affairs, on condition that the

other

ther ſhould conſent to be impriſoned in his ſtead, and put to death for him, if he did not return before the day of execution. The attention of every one, and eſpecially of the tyrant himſelf, was excited to the higheſt pitch; as every body was curious to ſee what ſhould be the event of ſo ſtrange an affair. When the time was almoſt elapſed, and he who was gone did not appear, the raſhneſs of the other, whoſe ſanguine friendſhip had put him upon running ſo ſeemingly deſperate a hazard, was univerſally blamed. But he ſtill declared, that he had not the leaſt ſhadow of doubt in his mind of his friend's fidelity. The event ſhewed how well he knew him. He came in due time, and ſurrendered himſelf to that fate, which he had no reaſon to think he ſhould eſcape; and which he did not deſire to eſcape by leaving his friend to ſuffer it in his place. Such fidelity ſoftened even the ſavage heart of Dionyſius himſelf. He pardoned the condemned. He gave the two friends to one another; and begged that they would take himſelf in for a third. *Val. Max. Cic.*

§ 259. *The Story of* DIONYSIUS *the Tyrant.*

Dionyſius the tyrant of Sicily, ſhewed how far he was from being happy, even whilſt he had abounded in riches, and all the pleaſures which riches can procure. Damocles, one of his flatterers, was complimenting him upon his power, his treaſures, and the magnificence of his royal ſtate, and affirming, that no monarch ever was greater or happier than he. "Have you a mind, Damocles," ſays the king, "to taſte this happineſs, and know by experience, what my enjoyments are, of which you have ſo high an idea?" Damocles gladly accepted the offer. Upon which the king ordered, that a royal banquet ſhould be prepared, and a gilded couch placed for him, covered with rich embroidery, and ſideboards loaded with gold and ſilver plate of immenſe value. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to wait on him at table; and to obey his commands with the greateſt readineſs, and the moſt profound ſubmiſſion. Neither ointments, chaplets of flowers, or rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the moſt exquiſite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himſelf amongſt the gods. In the midſt of all his happineſs, he ſees, let down from the roof exactly over his neck as he lay indulging himſelf in ſtate, a glittering ſword hung by a ſingle hair. The ſight of deſtruction thus threatening him from on high, ſoon put a ſtop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleaſure. He dreads to ſtretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roſes. He haſtens to remove from his dangerous ſituation, and at laſt begs the king to reſtore him to his former humble condition, having no deſire to enjoy any longer ſuch a dreadful kind of happineſs.

Cic. Tuſc. Queſt.

§ 260. *A remarkable Inſtance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir a woman of ſome rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the priſon. He who had charge of the execution, in conſideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have acceſs to her in priſon; carefully ſearching her, however, as ſhe went in, leſt ſhe ſhould carry with her any ſuſtenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother muſt of courſe periſh for want, and that the ſeverity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days paſſing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daughter ſtill came to viſit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter ſhould live ſo long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what paſſed in the interview between them, he found, to his great aſtoniſhment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, ſupported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the priſon every day, to give her mother her breaſts to ſuck. The ſtrange contrivance between them was repreſented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought ſufficient to give to ſo dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a penſion ſettled on them for life. And the ground upon which the priſon ſtood was conſecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her impriſoned and condemned mother in ſo unuſual a manner!

manner! For what was ever heard of more ſtrange, than a mother ſucking the breaſts of her own daughter? It might even ſeem ſo unnatural as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in ſome ſort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the firſt law of nature.

Val. Max. Plin.

§ 261. *The Continence of* SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The ſoldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of ſuch diſtinguiſhed beauty, that ſhe attracted the eyes of all wherever ſhe went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that ſhe was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be ſent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was ſo exceſſively enamoured of his bride, that he could not ſurvive the loſs of her. For this reaſon, as ſoon as he appeared, and before he ſpoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As "you and I are both young," ſaid he, "we can converſe together with greater "freedom. When your bride, who had "fallen into the hands of my ſoldiers, "was brought before me, I was informed "that you loved her paſſionately; and, in "truth, her perfect beauty left me no "room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful paſſion, I "mean honourable and lawful wedlock, "and were not ſolely engroſſed by the "affairs of my republic, I might have "hoped to have been pardoned my exceſſive love for ſo charming a miſtreſs. "But as I am ſituated, and have it in my "power, with pleaſure I promote your "happineſs. Your future ſpouſe has met "with as civil and modeſt treatment from "me, as if ſhe had been amongſt her own "parents, who are ſoon to be yours too. "I have kept her pure, in order to have "it in my power to make you a preſent "worthy of you and of me. The only "return I aſk of you for this favour is, "that you will be a friend to the Roman "people; and that if you believe me to "be a man of worth, as the ſtates of "Spain formerly experienced my father "and uncle to be, you may know there "are many of Rome who reſemble us; "and there are not a people in the "univerſe, whom you ought leſs to deſire "to be an enemy, or more a friend, to "you or yours." The youth, covered with bluſhes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himſelf was not capable to do it in the degree he himſelf deſired, or he deſerved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great ſum of money to ranſom her. But ſeeing her reſtored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that ſum as a preſent; proteſting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the reſtoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to reſiſt their importunate ſolicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addreſſed Allucius: "To the portion you "are to receive from your father-in-law, "I add this, and beg you would accept it "as a nuptial preſent." So he deſired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himſelf. Tranſported with joy at the preſents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There "is come amongſt us," ſaid he, "a young "hero, like the gods, who conquers all "things as well by generoſity and beneficence, as by arms." For this reaſon, having raiſed troops among his own ſubjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horſe. *Livy.*

§ 262. *The private Life of* ÆMILIUS SCIPIO.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that diſgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it ſeems that, after having ſeen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be loſt labour to conſider him in the repoſe of a private life, in the midſt of his friends, family, and houſehold. The truly great man ought to be ſo in all things. The magiſtrate, general, and prince, may conſtrain themſelves, whilſt they are in a manner exhibiting themſelves as ſpectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themſelves and without the witneſſes who force them to wear the maſk, all their luſtre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them.

and leaves little more to be ſeen in them than meanneſs and narrowneſs of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himſelf in any reſpect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be ſeen only at a diſtance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the moſt learned maſters of thoſe times, as well in polite learning as the ſciences; and the inſtructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to ſupport the leiſure of a private life, with pleaſure and dignity. This is the glorious teſtimony given of him by an hiſtorian: "Nobody "knew better how to mingle leiſure and "action, nor to uſe the intervals of reſt "from public buſineſs with more elegance "and taſte. Divided between arms and "books, between the military labours of "the camp, and the peaceful occupations "of the cloſet, he either exerciſed his body "in the dangers and fatigues of war, or "his mind in the ſtudy of the ſciences *."

The firſt Scipio Africanus uſed to ſay, That he was never leſs idle, than when at leiſure, or leſs alone, than when alone. A fine ſaying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it ſhews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converſe with himſelf. A very extraordinary diſpoſition in perſons accuſtomed to motion and agitation, whom leiſure and ſolitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a diſguſt for every thing, and fill with melancholy; ſo that they are diſpleaſed in every thing with themſelves, and ſink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This ſaying of the firſt Scipio ſeems to me to ſuit the ſecond ſtill better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taſte for polite learning and the ſciences, found in that a great reſource againſt the inconvenience of which we have been ſpeaking. Beſides which, having uſually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is eaſy to judge that his houſe was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the moſt accompliſhed work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are aſcribed to him and Lælius, of whom we ſhall ſoon ſpeak. It was publicly enough reported, that they aſſiſted that poet in the compoſition of his pieces; and Terence himſelf makes it an honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I ſhall undoubtedly not adviſe any body, and leaſt of all perſons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occaſion, let us only conſider taſte in general for letters. Is there a more ingenuous, a more affecting pleaſure, and one more worthy of a wiſe and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more neceſſary to a military perſon, than that which reſults from reading works of wit, and from the converſation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the obſervation of a Pagan, that he ſhould be above thoſe trivial pleaſures, to which perſons without letters, knowledge, curioſity, and taſte for reading, are obliged to give themſelves up.

Another kind of pleaſure, ſtill more ſenſible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, conſtituted the greateſt felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendſhip; a pleaſure ſeldom known by great perſons or princes, becauſe, generally loving only themſelves, they do not deſerve to have friends. However, this is the moſt grateful tie of human ſociety; ſo that the poet Ennius ſays with great reaſon, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and thoſe very illuſtrious: but I ſhall ſpeak here only of Lælius, whoſe probity and prudence acquired him the ſurname of the Wiſe.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better ſuited to each other than thoſe great men. They were almoſt of the ſame age, and had the ſame inclination, benevolence of mind, taſte for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he ſignalized himſelf very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the ſuperiority, in reſpect of eloquence, ſeems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and ſays, that Lælius's ſtyle ſavoured more of the ancient manner, and had ſomething leſs agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himſelf (that is the words

* Velleius Paterculus.

words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the ſtrict union which ſubſiſted between Scipio and him. "As for me," ſays Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, "there are none, I think, comparable to "the happineſs of having Scipio for my "friend. I found in our friendſhip a per-"fect conformity of ſentiments in reſpect "to public affairs; an inexhauſtible fund "of counſels and ſupports in private life; "with a tranquillity and delight not to be "expreſſed. I never gave Scipio the "leaſt offence, to my knowledge, nor "ever heard a word eſcape him that did "not pleaſe me. We had but one houſe, "and one table at our common expence, "the frugality of which was equally the "taſte of both. In war, in travelling, in "the country, we were always together. "I do not mention our ſtudies, and the "attention of us both always to learn "ſomething; this was the employment of "all our leiſure hours, removed from the "ſight and commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendſhip like that which Lælius has juſt deſcribed? What a conſolation is it to have a ſecond ſelf, to whom we have nothing ſecret, and in whoſe heart we may pour out our own with perfect effuſion! Could we taſte proſperity ſo ſenſibly, if we had no one to ſhare in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adverſity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend ſtill more affected with them than ourſelves! What highly exalts the value of the friendſhip we ſpeak of, was its not being founded at all upon intereſt, but ſolely upon eſteem for each other's virtues. "What "occaſion," ſays Lælius, "could Scipio "have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I "of him. But my attachment to him was "the effect of my high eſteem and admi-"ration of his virtues; and his to me aroſe "from the favourable idea of my character "and manners. The friendſhip increaſed "afterwards upon both ſides, by habit and "commerce. We both, indeed, derived "great advantages from it; but thoſe "were not our view, when we began to "love each other."

I cannot place the famous embaſſy of Scipio Africanus into the Eaſt and Egypt, better than here; we ſhall ſee the ſame taſte of ſimplicity and modeſty, as we have juſt been repreſenting in his private life, ſhine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to ſend ambaſſadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illuſtrious perſons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were ſent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Phyſon then reigned, the moſt cruel tyrant mentioned in hiſtory. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongſt the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to viſit Aſia Minor and Greece; to inſpect into the affairs of thoſe countries; to inquire into what manner the treaties made with the Romans were obſerved; and to remedy, as far as poſſible, all the diſorders that ſhou'd come to their knowledge. They acquitted themſelves with ſo much equity, wiſdom, and ability, and did ſuch great ſervices to thoſe to whom they were ſent, in re-eſtabliſhing order amongſt them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambaſſadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the ſenate for having ſent perſons of ſuch great merit to them, whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs they could not ſufficiently commend.

The firſt place to which they went, according to their inſtructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it ſo little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richeſt and moſt powerful perſon of Rome, had only one friend, the philoſopher Panætius, with him, and five domeſtics. His victories, ſays an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were conſidered; and his perſonal virtues and qualities were eſteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and ſilver.

Though, during their whole ſtay in Egypt, the king cauſed their table to be covered with the moſt exquiſite proviſions of every kind, they never touched any but the moſt ſimple and common, deſpiſing all the reſt, which only ſerve to ſoften the mind and enervate the body.—But, on ſuch occaſions, ought not the ambaſſadors of ſo powerful a ſtate as Rome to have ſuſtained its reputation of majeſty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taſte of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all nations of the earth, thought the moſt juſtly of true greatneſs and ſolid glory. *Rollin.*

§ 263.

§ 263. *On Punctuation.*

Punctuation is the art of marking in riting the ſeveral pauſes, or reſts, be-ween ſentences and the parts of ſentences, cording to their proper quantity or pro-rtion, as they are expreſſed in a juſt and curate pronunciation.

As the ſeveral articulate ſounds, the ſyl-bles and words, of which ſentences con-ſt, are marked by letters; ſo the reſts and auſes, between ſentences and their parts, re marked by Points.

But, though the ſeveral articulate ſounds re pretty fully and exactly marked by tters of known and determinate power; et the ſeveral pauſes, which are uſed in a uſt pronunciation of diſcourſe, are very mperfectly expreſſed by Points.

For the different degrees of connexion etween the ſeveral parts of ſentences, nd the different pauſes in a juſt pronun-iation, which expreſs thoſe degrees of onnexion according to their proper value, dmit of great variety; but the whole umber of Points, which we have to ex-preſs this variety, amounts only to four.

Hence it is, that we are under a neceſ-ity of expreſſing pauſes of the ſame quan-ity, on different occaſions, by different Points; and more frequently, of expreſſing pauſes of different quantity by the ſame Points.

So that the doctrine of Punctuation muſt needs be very imperfect: few preciſe rules can be given which will hold with-out exception in all caſes; but much muſt be left to the judgment and taſte of the writer.

On the other hand, if a greater number of marks were invented to expreſs all the poſſible different pauſes of pronunciation; the doctrine of them would be very per-plexed and difficult, and the uſe of them would rather embarraſs than aſſiſt the rea-der.

It remains, therefore, that we be content with the rules of Punctuation, laid down with as much exactneſs as the nature of the ſubject will admit: ſuch as may ſerve for a general direction, to be accommo-dated to different occaſions; and to be ſupplied, where deficient, by the writer's judgment.

The ſeveral degrees of connexion be-tween ſentences, and between their prin-cipal conſtructive parts, Rhetoricians have conſidered under the following diſtinctions, as the moſt obvious and remarkable: the Period, Colon, Semicolon, and Com-ma.

The Period is the whole ſentence, com-plete in itſelf, wanting nothing to make a full and perfect ſenſe, and not connected in conſtruction with a ſubſequent ſentence.

The Colon, or Member, is a chief con-ſtructive part, or greater diviſion, of a ſen-tence.

The Semicolon or Half-member, is a leſs conſtructive part, or ſubdiviſion, of a ſentence or member.

A ſentence or member is again ſubdi-vided into Commas, or Segments; which are the leaſt conſtructive parts of a ſentence or member, in this way of conſidering it; for the next ſubdiviſion would be the reſo-lution of it into phraſes and words.

The Grammarians have followed this diviſion of the Rhetoricians, and have ap-propriated to each of theſe diſtinctions its mark, or point; which takes its name from the part of the ſentence which it is employed to diſtinguiſh: as follows:

The Period	is thus marked	.
The Colon		:
The Semicolon		;
The Comma		,

The proportional quantity, or time, of the points, with reſpect to one another, is determined by the following general rule: The Period is a pauſe in quantity or dura-tion double of the Colon: the Colon is double of the Semicolon; and the Semi-colon is double of the Comma. So that they are in the ſame proportion to one another, as the Semibreſ, the Minim, the Crotchet, and the Quaver, in muſic. The preciſe quantity, or duration, of each pauſe or note cannot be defined; for that varies with the time: and both in diſcourſe and muſic the ſame compoſition may be re-hearſed in a quicker or a ſlower time: but in muſic the proportion between the notes remains ever the ſame; and in diſcourſe, if the doctrine of Punctuation were exact, the proportion between the pauſes would be ever invariable.

The Points then being deſigned to ex-preſs the pauſes, which depend on the dif-ferent degrees of connexion between ſen-tences, and between their principal conſtruc-tive parts; in order to underſtand the mean-ing of the Points, and to know how to apply them properly, we muſt conſider the nature of a ſentence, as divided into its principal conſtructive parts, and the degrees of con-

nexion between thoſe parts upon which ſuch diviſion of it depends.

To begin with the leaſt of theſe principal conſtructive parts, the Comma. In order the more clearly to determine the proper application of the Point which marks it, we muſt diſtinguiſh between an imperfect phraſe, a ſimple ſentence, and a compounded ſentence.

An imperfect phraſe contains no aſſertion, or does not amount to a propoſition or ſentence.

A ſimple ſentence has but one ſubject, and one finite verb.

A compounded ſentence has more than one ſubject, or one finite verb, either expreſſed or underſtood: or it conſiſts of two or more ſimple ſentences connected together.

In a ſentence, the ſubject and the verb may be each of them accompanied with ſeveral adjuncts; as the object, the end, the circumſtances of time, place, manner, and the like; and the ſubject or verb may be either immediately connected with them, or mediately; that is, by being connected with ſome thing, which is connected with ſome other; and ſo on.

If the ſeveral adjuncts affect the ſubject or the verb in a different manner, they are only ſo many imperfect phraſes; and the ſentence is ſimple.

A ſimple ſentence admits of no point, by which it may be divided, or diſtinguiſhed into parts.

If the ſeveral adjuncts affect the ſubject or the verb in the ſame manner, they may be reſolved into ſo many ſimple ſentences; the ſentence then becomes compounded, and it muſt be divided into its parts by Points.

For, if there are ſeveral ſubjects belonging in the ſame manner to one verb, or ſeveral verbs belonging in the ſame manner to one ſubject, the ſubjects and verbs are ſtill to be accounted equal in number: for every verb muſt have its ſubject, and every ſubject its verb; and every one of the ſubjects, or verbs, ſhould or may have its point or diſtinction.

Examples:

"The paſſion for praiſe produces excellent effects in women of ſenſe." Addiſon, Spect. N° 73. In this ſentence *paſſion* is the ſubject, and *produces* the verb; each of which is accompanied and connected with its adjuncts. The ſubject is not paſſion in general, but a particular paſſion determined by its adjunct of ſpecification, as we may call it; the paſſion *for praiſe*. So likewiſe the verb is immediately connected with its object, *excellent effects*; and mediately, that is, by the intervention of the word *effects*, with *women*, the ſubject in which theſe effects are produced; which again is connected with its adjunct of ſpecification; for it is not meaned of women in general, but of women *of ſenſe only*. Laſtly, it is to be obſerved, that the verb is connected with each of theſe ſeveral adjuncts in a different manner; namely with *effects*, as the object; with *women*, as the ſubject of them; with *ſenſe*, as the quality or characteriſtic of thoſe women. The adjuncts therefore are only ſo many imperfect phraſes; the ſentence is a ſimple ſentence, and admits of no point, by which it may be diſtinguiſhed into parts.

"The paſſion for praiſe, which is ſo very vehement in the fair ſex, produces excellent effects in women of ſenſe." Here a new verb is introduced, accompanied with adjuncts of its own; and the ſubject is repeated by the relative pronoun *which*. It now becomes a compounded ſentence, made up of two ſimple ſentences, one of which is inſerted in the middle of the other; it muſt therefore be diſtinguiſhed into its component parts by a point placed on each ſide of the additional ſentence.

"How many inſtances have we [in the fair ſex] of chaſtity, fidelity, devotion! How many ladies diſtinguiſh themſelves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their huſbands; which are the great qualities and atchievements of women-kind; as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the adminiſtration of juſtice, are thoſe by which men grow famous, and get themſelves a name!" *Ibid.*

In the firſt of theſe two ſentences, the adjuncts *chaſtity, fidelity, devotion*, are connected with the verb by the word *inſtances* in the ſame manner, and in effect make ſo many diſtinct ſentences: "how many inſtances have we of chaſtity! how many inſtances have we of fidelity! how many inſtances have we of devotion!" They muſt therefore be ſeparated from one another by a point. The ſame may be ſaid of the adjuncts, "education of their children, &c." in the former part of the next ſentence: as likewiſe of the ſeveral ſubjects "the making of war, &c." in the latter part; which have in effect each their verb,

it-

for each of theſe " is an atchievement by which men grow famous."

As ſentences themſelves are divided into ſimple and compounded, ſo the members of ſentences may be divided likewiſe into ſimple and compounded members: for whole ſentences, whether ſimple or compounded, may become members of other ſentences by means of ſome additional connexion.

Simple members of ſentences cloſely connected together in one compounded member, or ſentence, are diſtinguiſhed or ſeparated by a Comma: as in the foregoing examples.

So likewiſe, the caſe abſolute; nouns in oppoſition, when conſiſting of many terms; the participle with ſomething depending on it; are to be diſtinguiſhed by the Comma: for they may be reſolved into ſimple members.

When an addreſs is made to a perſon, the noun, anſwering to the vocative caſe in Latin, is diſtinguiſhed by a Comma.

Examples:

" This ſaid, He form'd thee, Adam; thee, O man, Duſt of the ground."

" Now morn, her roſy ſteps in th' eaſtern clime Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl."
Milton.

Two nouns, or two adjectives, connected by a ſingle Copulative or Diſjunctive, are not ſeparated by a point: but when there are more than two, or where the conjunction is underſtood, they muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a Comma.

Simple members connected by relatives, and comparatives, are for the moſt part, diſtinguiſhed by a Comma: but when the members are ſhort in comparative ſentences; and when two members are cloſely connected by a relative, reſtraining the general notion of the antecedent to a particular ſenſe; the pauſe becomes almoſt inſenſible, and the Comma is better omitted.

Examples:

" Raptures, tranſports, and extaſies, are the rewards which they confer: ſighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them."
Addiſon, ibid.

" Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt, Whoſe attributes were rage, revenge, or luſt."
Pope.

" What is ſweeter than honey? and what is ſtronger than a lion?"

A circumſtance of importance, though no more than an imperfect phraſe, may be ſet off with a Comma on each ſide, to give it greater force and diſtinction.

Example:

" The principle may be defective or faulty; but the conſequences it produces are ſo good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguiſhed."
Addiſon, ibid.

A member of a ſentence, whether ſimple or compounded, that requires a greater pauſe than a Comma, yet does not of itſelf make a complete ſentence, but is followed by ſomething cloſely depending on it, may be diſtinguiſhed by a Semicolon.

Example:

" But as this paſſion for admiration, when it works according to reaſon, improves the beautiful part of our ſpecies in every thing that is laudable; ſo nothing is more deſtructive to them, when it is governed by vanity and folly."
Addiſon, ibid.

Here the whole ſentence is divided into two parts by the Semicolon; each of which parts is a compounded member, divided into its ſimple members by the Comma.

A member of a ſentence, whether ſimple or compounded, which of itſelf would make a complete ſentence, and ſo requires a greater pauſe than a Semicolon, yet is followed by an additional part making a more full and perfect ſenſe, may be diſtinguiſhed by a Colon.

Example:

" Were all books reduced to their quinteſſence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be ſcarce any ſuch thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few ſhelves: not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated." *Addiſon, Spect.* N° 124.

Here the whole ſentence is divided into four parts by Colons: the firſt and laſt of which are compounded members, each divided by a Comma; the ſecond and third are ſimple members.

When a Semicolon has preceded, and a greater pauſe is ſtill neceſſary; a Colon

may be employed, though the ſentence be incomplete.

The Colon is alſo commonly uſed, when an example, or a ſpeech, is introduced.

When a ſentence is ſo far perfectly finiſhed, as not to be connected in conſtruction with the following ſentence, it is marked with a Period.

In all caſes, the proportion of the ſeveral points in reſpect to one another is rather to be regarded, than their ſuppoſed preciſe quantity, or proper office, when taken ſeparately.

Beſides the points which mark the pauſes in diſcourſe, there are others which denote a different modulation of the voice in correſpondence with the ſenſe. Theſe are

The Interrogation point, } thus marked { ?
The Exclamation point, } thus marked { !
The Parentheſis, } thus marked { ( )

The Interrogation and Exclamation Points are ſufficiently explained by their names: they are indeterminate as to their quantity or time, and may be equivalent in that reſpect to a Semicolon, a Colon, or a Period, as the ſenſe requires. They mark an elevation of the voice.

The Parentheſis incloſes in the body of a ſentence a member inſerted into it, which is neither neceſſary to the ſenſe, nor at all affects the conſtruction. It marks a moderate depreſſion of the voice, with a pauſe greater than a Comma. *Lowth.*

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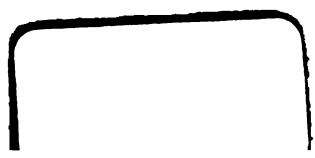
ELEGANT